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THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

VICEROY DE BALBOA TAKING POSSESSION OF THE SEAS, LANDS, AND COASTS, AND PORTS AND ISLANDS OF THE SOUTH,
IN THE NAME OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF CASTILE.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN BY VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA.

THE adventures of the early explorers of the American continent furnished to the wonder-lovers of the sixteenth century the same rich delights which the knights and dames of an earlier age found in the exploits of Charlemagne and his peers, of Roland at Roncesvalles, and of Amadis de Gaul. Even the old black letter men who pored in solitude over the accounts of the Argonautic expedition, or the adventurous rambles of Perseus, and believed them all, because it was impossible to prove them false, began to doubt as they heard of the dazzling conquests of the Spaniards, whether the classic age of marvel was yet passed. There certainly never was an age in which rude physical courage and energy gave more striking manifestations of their power, and we have now only to lament that the sense of justice and humanity was not at that time so fully developed as to make them subservient to the wants and happiness of mankind, instead of pandering to lust and covetousness.

In the character of Columbus himself, and in all his acts, there is everything to admire. There was in him that devout simplicity, that humble aspiration, that chastened and refined enthusiasm which animated the artists of his day, and made art not so much a profession as a religious faith. He followed out his convictions with an earnestness and single-mindedness, which were in themselves the best guarantees of success, and sought his reward, not so much in personal aggrandisement, as in the advance of science and the diffusion of knowledge. It might have been said of him with no less truth than of our own great hero, that no woman ever feared to mention his name with honour, and no priest to couple it with prayer.

The men who followed in his footsteps were of a widely different stamp. They speedily took from the stories of new world exploration all the show of noble daring and disinterestedness which gave to the earlier voyages an air of epic grandeur, and changed an Iliad of sailors into a series of marauding expeditions, full of romance, valour, and audacity to be sure, but tainted by the constant overflow of all the blackest passions of the human heart.

A Spanish colony existed in 1510 at St. Domingo, under the government of Admiral Diego Columbus, and from it bands of adventurers issued at various times, for the purpose of exploring the interior of the southern continent, and in the hope of meeting with rich booty. One of the most daring, most romantic, and most unfortunate, was Alonso de Ojeda, a model of fiery courage, untempered by one grain of prudence or caution. During one of his visits to St. Domingo, when full of hope and enthusiasm, but sorely pressed for money, he so dazzled the imagination of a rich lawyer, whom he there met, named Martin Fernandez de Enciso, by his glowing pictures of the riches and fertility of the forests of the continent, that he induced him to invest all his riches in fitting out an expedition, with a part of which Ojeda started directly himself, leaving Enciso to follow with the remainder. Ojeda passed through wondrous perils and hair breadth escapes, to find himself, at the close of his strange eventful history, a ruined and brokenhearted man. It is not our purpose, however, to follow him through his romantic career. Our attention must for the present be confined to Enciso and his party, who prepared to follow his confederate supplies and reinforcements. When he was on the eve of sailing, all the gentlemen of "doubtful reputation," the swindlers, and other unfortunates, with whom St. Domingo already abounded, became most anxious to accompany him, finding, naturally enough, the vicinity of their

creditors highly disagreeable. The latter, however, getting wind of their intention, placed a close watch around the coast and harbour, and obtained an armed vessel from the admiral to escort Enciso's ship out of the port. The would-be emigrants were thus grievously disappointed, but one among them was determined not to be baffled, and we all know that where there is a will there is a way. He concealed himself in a cask, which he caused to be carried on board, as if containing provisions for the voyage, and when the vessel was fairly at sea, he emerged from his hiding-place, and presented himself to the astonished gaze of the commander on deck. The latter was at first in a great rage, at the deception which had been practised upon him, fumed, shouted, and swore roundly that he would place the delinquent on shore on the first inhabited island they met with. The intruder, however, was a fine tall muscular fellow, bronzed by the sun, and well fitted to fatigue, and there was a look of quiet daring in his eye, which made him, after all, no very unwelcome visitant to the leader of an expedition directing its course to unknown and barbarous shores.

The name of this new recruit was Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He was a native of Xos de los Caballeros, and of poor but noble family. He had been brought up, according to the custom of the time, in the service of a nobleman named Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, and had enlisted amongst the adventurers who accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides in his expedition to America. Peter Martyr, in his Latin Decades, speaks of him as an "egregius degladiator," a skilful swordsman, or, as some say, an adroit fencing-master; and gives him the character of a soldier of fortune, of loose, prodigal habits. He had for a short time taken up his abode at Hispaniola, and had commenced to cultivate a small farm at Salvaterra; but he soon found himself involved in debt, and at last made his escape in the way we have described.

Enciso had expected to find Ojeda comfortably settled in a strong fort called San Sebastian, surrounded by treasure and lordly abundance; but alas! instead of this, he found but a howling wilderness, the fort a heap of blackened ruins, and its garrison gone he knew not whither. The Indians were timid or hostile, and, to add to his misfortunes, his vessel was wrecked on the coast, and the crew escaped with difficulty. His supplies were soon exhausted, but where to seek assistance he knew not. In this dilemma, Vasco Nunez, the contraband passenger, came to his aid, by informing him that he had formerly sailed along the coast, and knew an Indian village on the banks of the river called Darion, where they would find plenty of everything they needed, gold and food. They followed his guidance, attacked the village successfully, and found an immense booty. The soldiers were delighted; their hardships were over. Enciso here fixed his head-quarters, assuming the title of alcalde mayor, and Vasco Nunez became a general favourite. But the first edict of the alcalde forbidding all trafficking with the natives for gold on private account, upon pain of death, produced general dissatisfaction. It was in accordance with the king's command, to be sure; but men who had risked their all for gold were not to be balked in the acquisition of it by any squeamish loyalty. They murmured openly, and Vasco Nunez encouraged them in their murmurings; and at last a powerful party, of which he was the head, denied Enciso's right to the position he had assumed, and at last formally deposed him from his authority. In his place, Vasco Nunez and one Zernudo were elected joint alcaldes, and a cavalier named Valdivia, regidor. Nunez was now in his element, in

the prime of life, tall, well-formed, and vigorous, and with an open prepossessing countenance, and in possession of an authority all but supreme. He determined to carry matters to the extreme against Enciso, and therefore summoned him before him to answer the charge of usurping the powers of alcaide mayor. As might have been expected, he was found guilty, thrown into prison, and his property confiscated. By the intercessions of his friends he was soon liberated, and permitted to return to Spain. As Nunez knew well, however, that he would plead his cause ably before the king, he sent one of his own friends to argue his own cause against him.

Vasco Nunez now (1511) strained every nerve to distinguish himself in his new government, and thus remove any unfavourable impression regarding his proceedings which the home government might be disposed to entertain. His first object was to collect as large a quantity of gold as possible, and for this purpose he instantly sent out exploring parties into the neighbourhood. One of these, under the command of the famous Pizarro, then a subordinate in the army, met with a severe reverse in a conflict with the Indians. Nunez, at last, set out himself at the head of 120 men, and attacked a place named Coyba, surprised the cacique, made him prisoner, and plundered his village. The unfortunate chief finding himself a captive in the hands of his enemies, implored mercy, offered to supply the Spanish troops with provisions, and to reveal the riches of the land, and as a pledge of his good faith gave his daughter in marriage to Nunez. The prayers and tears of the cacique might doubtless have knocked in vain at the door of the conqueror's stern heart, but the beauty of the Indian maiden quite vanquished him. He released the prisoners, entered into an offensive alliance with her father, and on receiving a supply of provisions started on his march for the chastisement of some of his father-in-law's enemies. From some of them whom he owed into subjection, and from whom he extorted vast sums of gold, he first heard of a great ocean which lay beyond the mountains to the westward. He continued his explorations for some time with varied success, suffering terrible hardships from cold, hunger, fatigue, and watching; nightly harassed by vigilant enemies, and daily worn out by toilsome marches through trackless forests, and across precipitous and dreary hills. In the midst of such difficulties any but "men of iron," who carried with them nothing of civilisation but its ingenuity in destruction, and whose sole hopes lay in their valour, must have sunk down in despair. But such spirits as Vasco Nunez had at command were daunted by no perils, and dismayed by no difficulties, and he was advancing from conquest to conquest, when news arrived from Spain, that for the moment paralysed and unnerved him, and seemed to blast every one of his hopes for ever. One of his private friends informed him by letter that Enciso had lodged his complaint before the king, and after a long trial had obtained the condemnation and deposition of Nunez, who was at the same time sentenced to pay costs and damages, and that he would in all probability be shortly summoned to Madrid to answer other criminal charges in person. This was a heavy blow, and Nunez's ancient firmness seemed to have deserted him. But it was only for the moment. He had as yet received no official intimation of the result of the trial, and until that arrived, he was still his own master, and might still hope for extrication from his perils. His only safety lay in the achievement of some striking exploit which should atone for all his past offences, and restore him to the king's favour. Now or never! The choice lay between glory and a prison, and there was little time for deliberation. A thousand men, it is true, would have been necessary for such an expedition as he contemplated, but where were they? Vasco Nunez was not the man to be balked by unpropitious circumstances; so when a thousand men were not to be had, he determined that one-fifth of that number should do their work. Of the hardy and reckless crew that surrounded him, he chose 150 of the most daring, and devoted, to whom danger, mystery, unknown and frightful hazards, were sweet as women's kisses, and arming them with swords, targets,

crossbows, and harquebusses, informed them that he was to put their and his fortunes on the cast, and set forward in search of the great unknown ocean beyond the hills, accompanied by a large number of bloodhounds, long trained in Indian warfare.

On the 6th of September, 1513, he took solemn leave of the main body of his forces, and after a prayer, suitable to the occasion, struck into the wilderness with his little band of explorers. For ten days they pursued their way amidst almost incredible hardships and fatigues, suffering intensely from hunger, torn by briars in the thickets, half drowned in the swamps, and daily exposed to the fierce attacks of the Indians, who hung on the march in great numbers, and every hour threatened to overwhelm them. Often the Spaniards had to fight their way for miles in the face of the most fearful odds, but their unconquerable valour, their fire-arms and bloodhounds, generally brought them unscathed through every encounter. At last they arrived, laden with booty, at the foot of the great mountain range, beyond which they were told lay the object of their search, and after resting here for one night, Vasco Nunez prepared to ascend in the morning early, to get the first glimpse of his new discovery. But of all his followers sixty-seven only were strong enough to climb the mountain to gaze upon the object of their toils and struggles.

When the day dawned, they set forth from the Indian village, in which they had passed the night, and by ten o'clock, by a toilsome ascent, through thick forests, they emerged upon the bare and rugged region, which lay below the summit. The Indian guides here pointed to a craggy eminence, from which the first view of the ocean might be obtained. Nunez commanded his men to halt, and now proceeded alone. With a throbbing heart he ascended the bare mountain top. The crisis of his fate was come, and he trembled with anxiety. At last he stood upon the summit and gazed eagerly westward. Below him lay a vast chaos of rock and wood, and pumpha, and roaring torrent, and, oh, joy unutterable! away in the distance, the long sought ocean danced and glittered in the morning sun.

"Ades, O desiderabilis,
Quem petebamus in tenebris!"

Vasco Nunez fell on his knees on the spot, and poured forth his heart in thanksgiving to God, who had so abundantly blessed him. Here was the great Indian Sea, which washed the isles of spices and of gems, where the golden dreams of the old world poets were living, palpable realities, and Vasco Nunez was the happy discoverer. His followers soon joined him, swore to follow him to death, and having chanted a *Te Deum* on the spot, they made preparations for descending to the sea coast. The way was long and difficult, and the tribes through whose territory they had to pass were fierce and hostile, and before he reached the end of the journey, Nunez was forced to leave behind most of his men to take rest after their fatigues, and advanced himself at the head of a small band of the bravest and best armed, accompanied by the cacique who reigned over the adjoining district, and some of his chosen warriors. The thick forests which covered the mountains descended to the very margin of the sea, surrounding and overshadowing the wide and beautiful bays which penetrated far into the land. The whole coast, as far as the eye could reach, was perfectly wild, the sea without a sail, and both seemed never to have been under the dominion of civilized man. They had arrived on the borders of one of those vast bays to which he gave the name of St. Michael, the saint on whose day it was discovered. The tide was out, and so gradual was the incline of the strand, that the water was full half a league distant. Nunez seated himself under the shade of a tree until it should come in. At last it came dashing on to his very feet with great impetuosity. He started up, seized a banner on which were printed a Virgin and child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon. Then drawing his sword he advanced into the sea until the water was to his knees, and waving the standard, exclaimed with voice,—

"Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don

nand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Arragon, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports, and islands of the south, and all thereunto annexed, and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them, in whatever manner, and by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, christian or infidel, or of any law, sect, or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these islands, or seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indian seas, islands, and terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the tropics of cancer and capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind!" His followers hailed this pompous declaration with loud acclamations, and declared themselves ready to defend his claims against all comers, and advancing to the brink, having tasted the water, and found it to be indeed salt, they returned thanks to God once more. When these ceremonies were concluded Vasco Nunez drew his dagger, and cut three crosses on trees in the neighbourhood, in honour of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and his example was followed by many of his soldiers.

The after history of Nunez was melancholy in the extreme. After going through unparalleled hardships and dangers in exploring the coast of the Pacific, he once more crossed the isthmus, and returned to Darien laden with treasure. During his absence a new governor had arrived, who was animated by the bitterest enmity against him, and although the magnitude of his discoveries had restored him to favour at Madrid, his foes in the colony were numerous and determined. A trumped up charge of treason was brought against him, and he was arrested in the midst of his glory and prosperity; tried hastily and condemned, and executed in the square of Acla, amidst the tears and lamentations of the soldiers and people. He died as he had lived, with undaunted courage, in the forty-second year of his age, and in the prime and vigour of his life, and Spain long mourned him as one of the bravest, the most intrepid, and most enterprising of her great captains.

HISTORY OF SUGAR.

I WAS led to investigate the history of sugar by a casual remark of the late Sir Joseph Banks, one day at breakfast. I forget now how the conversation arose, but he inquired whether I had met with any of the remains of the sugar-cane in Sicily, mentioning that it had been previously produced in the island of Crete, but the sugar manufactured in that island was more crystallised than ours, and was called, from the place where it was boiled, sugar of Candi, otherwise sugar Candy, and it seems never to have been prepared better there than in that form.

It is certain, however, that in the year 1148 considerable quantities of the article were produced in the island of Sicily, and the Venetians traded in it; but I have met with no evidence to support the "*Essai de l'Histoire du Commerce*," in which the author says that the Saracens brought the sugar-cane from India to Sicily.

"The ancient Greeks and Romans," says Dr. William Douglas, "used honey only for sweetening." And Paulus Aegineta, who calls it cane-honey, says it came originally from China, by the East Indies and Arabia, into Europe. *Salmasius* says, however, that it had been used in Arabia 900 years before. But it is certain that sugar was only used in syrups, conserves, and such like Arabian medicinal compositions, when it was first introduced into the west of Europe; but Mr. Wotton, in his "*Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning*," says that the sugar-cane was not anciently un-

known, since it grows naturally in Arabia and Indostan; but so little was the old world acquainted with its delicious juice, that "some of the ablest men," says he, "doubted whether it were a dew like manna, or the juice of the plant itself." It is, however, certain that raw sugar was used in Europe before the discovery of America.

About the year 1419, the Portuguese planted the Island of Madeira with sugar-canes from Sicily; and Giovanni Batoro, in an English translation of his book, in 1606, on the "*Causes of the Magnificence and Grandeur of Cities*," mentions the excellence of the sugar-cane of Madeira, for which it was transported to the West Indies; and there can be no doubt that Madeira was one of the first islands of the Atlantic Ocean in which this important article was earliest manufactured.

It was about this time (1503) that the art of refining sugar was discovered by a Venetian, who is said to have realised 100,000 crowns by the invention. Our ancestors made use of it as it came in juice from the canes, but most commonly used honey in preference.

From the Brazils and the Canaries sugar-canes were brought and planted in the Island of Hispaniola, and in the same year sugar was brought from the Brazils into Europe. The commodity was then very dear, and used only on rare occasions, honey being till then the general ingredient for sweetening of meats and drinks.

When sugar was introduced into this country first is doubtful; but in 1526 it was imported from St. Lucar, in Spain, by certain merchants of Bristol, who brought the article which had been imported there from the Canary Islands.

In the year 1641 the sugar-cane was imported from the Brazils into Barbadoes, and being found to thrive, sugar-mills were established. A Colonel James Drax, who began the cultivation with about £300, declared that he would never return to England till he had made £10,000 a-year; and Colonel Thomas Modyford was still higher in his expectations.

It was from the island of Barbadoes that the slave trade began. The first planters finding such immense profits, induced the merchants at home to send ships with assorted cargoes for the product of the island, but they found it impossible to manage the cultivation of sugar by white people in so hot a climate. The example of the Portuguese gave birth to the negro slave trade, and it flourished till abolished by Act of Parliament; but in that age it was a most flourishing business, and the ports of London and Bristol had the main supply. Barbadoes, in the year 1669, attained its utmost pitch of prosperity. In a pamphlet entitled "*Trade Revived*," it is spoken of as "having given to many men of low degree vast fortunes, equal to noblemen; that upwards of a hundred sail of ships there yearly find employment, by carrying goods and passengers thither, and bringing thence other commodities, whereby seamen are bred and custom increased, our commodities vended, and many thousands employed therein, and in refining our sugar at home, which we formerly had from other countries."

In 1670 our sugar colonies drew the means of support from what were then our North American colonies, particularly New York, Pennsylvania, and the Jerseys; and the first time that sugar was made subject to taxation at home was in 1685. Like other merchandise, it was previously subject to a five per cent poundage.

In 1739 the importation of sugar from the West India Islands was so great, that there was a relaxation of our colonial policy towards them; and they were permitted to carry their sugar to any part south of Cape Finisterre, without being obliged to land them first in Great Britain. From this time sugar has continued to increase, and it is needless to pursue its history further; it was then a great article of trade, and, as an ingredient, the consumption has been continually increasing. Whether the cultivation has exceeded the wants of the commercial world, or that the new colonies have been found more fertile than the old, I cannot pretend to say; but at this moment the proprietors of the sugar estates are suffering at all hands, and their greatest calamity is not the emancipation of their slaves.—From Mr. Gell's *Literary Autobiography*.

MORE ABOUT THE DIGGINGS.



FOREST CREEK, HALF-WAY BETWEEN THE MIDDLE DIGGINGS AND GOLDEN POINT.



WATER HOLE IN THE FOREST CREEK DIGGINGS.

“About the 20th of last month, a prospector at the Forest Creek Diggings was fortunate enough to find a nugget of gold, weighing upwards of 40 lbs. The lucky individual immediately sold it to a speculator for £1,600, and is now on his

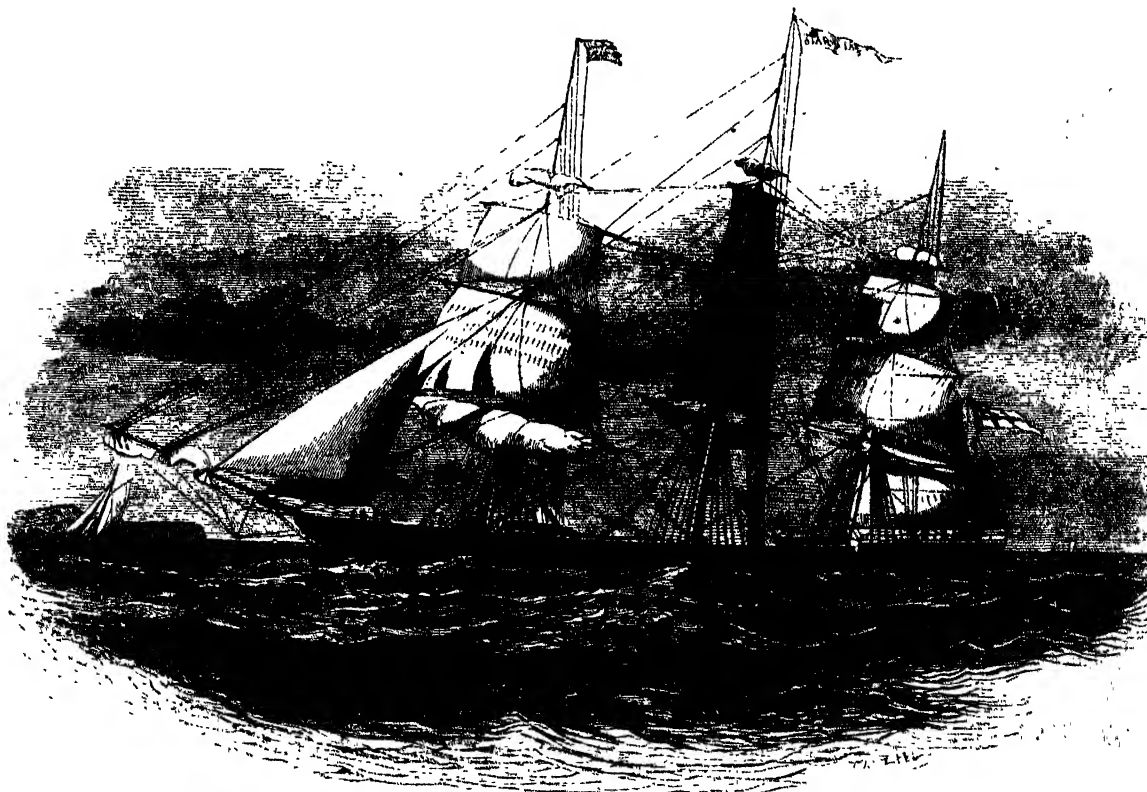
way to England." Some such paragraph as this is every now and then copied from the Sydney or Melbourne newspapers, and speedily makes the "round of the press." As a matter of course, it is read by tens of thousands of people, and—equally as a matter of course, it would seem—out of these tens of thousands, many hundreds of "enterprising young men" find their several ways to the ship-brokers and the docks, and thence across the great Pacific to that wonderful El Dorado in the south. And so it is always: the young and ardent find a home in any land to which fortune may chance to take them; but when they grow old, and weary of the toil of riches, they turn their faces lovingly back to the scenes of their youth, and long to rest their bones in the churchyard,

"Where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Our readers know something about Mount Alexander, from the sketches, both pictorial and literary, which have already appeared* in this work; from the same source—the facile pen and pencil of a lucky digger—we are enabled to present

spade or large knife, and this operation is also called "nuggetting." By this method of working, all the small gold is lost for want of water; but at the various dry diggings many parties have "done wonders." In this way the solid lump of gold found three months ago—October 12th, 1852—at Mount Alexander, weighing 27 lbs. 8 oz., was turned up from a hole a few feet below the surface. "Many of the digging parties have been accumulating heaps of rich earth to be washed when the rains fall, and there can be little doubt that handsome fortunes were made from the soil which was thus stored up during the summer, for the rain has long since come down in great abundance."

Many persons, supposed to be fully competent to form an opinion, have stated that great as has been the quantity of gold brought to Melbourne and Geelong, there is a much greater quantity left in the soil. Indeed it is a well-known fact that those wily diggers have done very well who have been "fossicking," as it is termed; that is to say, going about the deserted holes and heaps of refuse, and washing the soil



STAR OF THE EAST, BELONGING TO THE GOLDEN LINE OF AUSTRALIAN CLIPPERS.

them with a couple of views of the almost equally celebrated Forest Creek. This river has been a famous place of deposit for the uncertain gold. In the winter it is a roaring, boiling torrent; but in the summer,—the November and December of Australia—when our artist made his admirable sketches, the hot sun had dried up the waters, and the diggers had filled the abandoned "holes" with the refuse of their cradles. They were thus enabled to work and to carry on their mining operations in the dry bed of the river.

Upwards of a mile of the creek is here seen to advantage. The washers are busily engaged in the various operations of "puddling" the rich clay in tubs, of "washing in the cradles," and the ever-present "tin dish." The drying up of the creek has enabled the miners to carry on what is called "dry diggings," which is, to excavate until they come to the "gold deposits" of dust or "nuggets." The miners work with a

over again in a tin dish. "All who have any idea of gold diggings," says our Australian friend, "will allow that the soil must be rich indeed to pay in this way, but it has been very common for men to get from half an ounce to two ounces a day each."

Fears have been expressed by many that the rich deposits may fall altogether, and that then an immense number of individuals will be suddenly thrown on the labour market of Australia; but scientific men, who have visited Mount Alexander and the other diggings, fear no such result. Gold is known to exist in large quantities all along the banks of creeks and in the river flats, miles from "the mount," and some express an opinion that "Victoria" will be exporting the precious metal in abundance when California shall fail, or have become, comparatively speaking, exhausted; "in fact," exclaims our enthusiastic artist, "for hundreds of years it will pay the labouring population to seek for gold. The various diggings at Mount Alexander are already extended over a

* Magazine of Art, Vol. I. p. 349-352.

length of forty miles, and during the winter it is expected that many rich diggings will turn up in the "Gullies" in the ranges and spurs of "the mount."

But to return to our engraving, the tall straight tree on the left, in the foreground, is the "stringy bark," with which the banks of Forest Creek are principally wooded; at the foot is the "honeysuckle," a tree seldom growing to a large size. On the right, in the midst of the tents, is seen the "red gum," with its twisted and gnarled trunk and branches. This wood has been much used in the colony for furniture, picture frames, work-boxes, &c. It has a very fine grain, and is capable of receiving a high degree of polish. A little to the left we have the "white gum," easily recognised by its smooth white bark. In the distance is seen the light and graceful "she oak," with its long wiry leaves sighing in the breeze.

The second engraving is a view of a water-hole in the Forest Creek diggings. Here also much gold has been found. It should have been stated that the Forest Creek and Bendigo diggings form part of what is known as the Mount Alexander district. Passing up the Forest Creek—and here again we quote our enterprising traveller—to a spot denominated "the Springs," where the road joins the direct line from Melbourne to Bendigo, the traveller comes upon a broad and well-beaten track running away to the right over a steep and sliding hill. Thence the road winds through a beautiful grassy country, lying immediately at the foot of heavy ranges, one of which is the world-famed Mount Alexander itself, and another, the Mount Byng of Mitchell, until at length he reaches Barker's Creek, some seven miles above the junction of that with the Forest Creek. After crossing this creek, the road follows up its course for some distance, and then breaks off over the tail ends of innumerable short broken ridges, for about four miles, when the Porcupine inn is reached. It is astonishing to mark the change that has taken place in this locality. No longer the insignificant hostelry, known only to those well versed in bush life and travel, it has now become a spot whose name, fame, and reputation have travelled as far as those of the gold of the country around. From this point the road is exceedingly hilly and broken for six or seven miles, and the scenes that the traveller witnesses with jibbing horses and irate bullock drivers would be amusing in the extreme, were it not for the torture inflicted upon the poor dumb beasts to force them to breast their way up the fearful gradients before them. At one point, in particular, a gap in a high stony range has to be crossed, by a road which presents an unbroken ascent for close upon a mile, diversified only by an occasional pinch, every one of which puts the mettle of the teams to a severe test. This range once passed, all is straight forward work—there is, of course, a corresponding descent on the farther side, but the remainder of the road, right up to the Bendigo, runs through a broad grassy flat, with scarcely an undulation to break the level of its surface, continuing until the white tents which form part of the outposts of the diggings are seen glistening through the trees. Not a quarter of a mile further on, the road enters upon the Bendigo itself, just at Black's store, at the end of Golden Point—every Digging has its Golden Point. From Black's store, for about three miles up the creek, the great body of the tents are pitched, as within that distance the larger portion of the gold that has reached Melbourne from Bendigo has been dug out. Beyond this limit, going still up the creek, the tents become more scattered, and after a while terminate suddenly. At this point the character of the scenery becomes more rude and broken, approaching nearer to that of the Forest Creek, though still not so bold or striking as many of the spots in the latter place. Descending the creek from Black's store, we find the flat which borders it on either side gradually expanding, being in many places upwards of a mile in width, whilst the ranges become less and less elevated, less stony and more grassy, until at about a distance of six miles from Golden Point, where the last outlying tent is to be found, a scene such as is to be witnessed only in Australia meets the eye. The points of gentle undulation—they can scarcely be

called hills—well grassed and lightly timbered, fall gracefully down upon the broad and open plain with which they blend, breaking the monotony that might otherwise pervade the view. The flat itself presents the very *beau idéal* of what is known to bushmen as an open forest country; the timber heavy, but the trees only lightly scattered, whilst the rough grass having been eaten off by the half-starved horses and cattle of the diggers, has allowed the young shoots to push forth vigorously and abundantly, forming a verdant and closely-matted covering for the earth: "In addition to this, it was during a sunny moment, after several heavy showers, that I visited the spot, and the old gums were decked out in their brightest livery, in honour of my visit, whilst the parrots and gillimockers in the trees sang out, as well as their unmusical voices would let them, a song of welcome. I can assure you, that for fully half an hour, I luxuriated in the view before me, my old mare, meanwhile, filling her stomach upon the short sweet grass at her feet, quite as complacently as I fed my eyes upon the landscape. Altogether, it was one of the most delightful spots that I have ever come across, but it lacks that absolute necessary, water, not a drop of which could I find, though I searched the creek up and down for some considerable distance."

Altogether, the Bendigo is an exceedingly pretty spot in the eye of a tourist, though for the digger its gentle character has fewer charms. The expansive flat on either side of the bed of the creek, the easy slope of the hills, the want of bold rocky points jutting into the bed and favouring the formation of water-holes, all tend to show that, though in the wet season a perfect torrent may pour down the creek, still but little of it will settle, or become available for permanent use.

At present the whole of the digging on the Bendigo itself is confined to the old claims, which have not yet been worked out, since comparatively few holes have been opened since the failure of the water. "And where," methinks I hear you say, "does all the heap of gold that reaches us from Bendigo come from?" My dear sir, you may take a circuit of two miles from Bendigo, and visit every gully and watercourse within that range, and you will not find one into which the miner's pick has not entered; and in the majority of them you will find a band of hardy diggers snugly ensconced and working away, as usual, with varied success. However, in every gully that has been so pierced, without a single exception, there have always been two, three, or more parties, who have made a rich haul out of their holes. I visited several of these out-of-the-way spots, and was shown holes whence thirty, forty, sixty, and even a hundred and thirty pounds weight of gold had been extracted. In many of these gullies a large number of the owners of claims have pitched their tents, of which I have counted upwards of a hundred and fifty in several instances. When it is remembered that there are hundreds of gullies lying off the creek that are now being worked, and that very many of the holders of claims therein prefer, as diggers ordinarily do, to live as near to their work as possible, some vague idea of the number of persons scattered over this portion of the country may be arrived at. This scattering may also account for my disappointment on reaching the Bendigo; as having just come from the most thickly located portion of Forest Creek, I expected to find as large an assemblage of tents and stores as I had left behind me. This, however, was very far from being the case at the time of my visit, though I am led to believe that, before the want of water drove away the numbers of persons that are now sitting down on the neighbouring creeks, there must have been a larger mass of persons congregated together in one spot, of limited extent, than ever there was either at Forest Creek or any other Australian digging.

A friend of mine, in whose opinion I can place every reliance, assured me that, in the palmy watery days of Bendigo, fully fifteen thousand souls were camped on the banks of the creek within a length of a mile and a half. One spot was pointed out to me, that had obtained the name of Bendigo Terrace, which some short time back formed a long street of some four or five hundred yards in length, running between

regular lines of closely packed tents. The remains only of the terrace were visible on my visit, but the numerous pegs left in the earth showed me plainly what it must have been in its days of glory. That so large a number of persons should be packed in so small a compass, may seem strange; but when it is remembered that all the most richly productive ground lay within the length of a mile and a half along the creek, and that all the diggers were consequently congregated immediately around this spot, the fact may be readily accounted for. However, when the water at Bendigo failed, the Sheepwash Creek had to be resorted to for washing. Many persons engaged in carting or washing, &c., removed there, and thus took from the numbers at the Diggings. At the Sheepwash again, the numerous cradles that were worked soon turned the water holes into mud holes, and a push further a-head to the Emu Creek had to be made. At this latter place there are now some five or six thousand souls located. Both these streams lie easterly from Bendigo. Bullock Creek, on the western side of the Bendigo, was also taken up by the diggers about the same time as the Emu Creek, and boasts of a population very nearly equal to that of the latter. Altogether, taking Bendigo and the adjoining gullies, the Sheepwash, Emu, and Bullock Creeks, there cannot be less than fifteen thousand diggers thereon, and counting women and children, there are over twenty-five thousand souls upon them.

HOW TO GET TO THE DIGGINGS.

Seek out the best house, the house of the highest character, in the Australian emigrant trade, at whatever port you intend to start from, and be guided by them in all things. In all the large ports, there are some four or five ship-brokers to any one of whom it is hardly possible to give the preference over the others of its class, and in selecting the great Liverpool house of Millers and Thompson, it will be seen that the priority we assign them arises not so much from any peculiar advantage their arrangements possess, but because of the new features introduced by them in the employment of vessels of a highly superior class. Elaborate tables of fares and scales of dietary might be furnished, but our present object is to show the spirit of emulation that has seized upon the shipowners engaged in the Australian trade; and for that purpose we give a representation of a vessel that is regarded as an excellent specimen of marine architecture.

This really splendid-sailing clipper-ship was built by Messrs. W. and R. Wright, of St. John's, New Brunswick, and she arrived at Liverpool a few months ago, where her appearance created quite a sensation among nautical circles. Her registered tonnage is 1,219 tons. Her dimensions are:—Length of keel, 206 feet; on deck, 221 feet; from figure-head to taffrail, 237 feet; breadth of beam, 40 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 22 feet; register, new, 1,219 tons; old, 1,650; depth of keel and keelsons, through and through, 8 feet 8 inches (17 inches, sided); mainmast, 41 inches diameter, extreme length, 84 feet; topmast, 19 inches diameter, extreme length, 53 feet; topgallant-mast, 14 inches diameter, extreme length, 75 feet; bowsprit, out-board, 27 feet; gib-boom, 55 feet; length of mainyard, 89 feet; topsail-yard, 70 feet; topgallant-yard, 52 feet; royal-yard, 36 feet; skysail-yard, 27 feet. Her bending suit of sails, exclusive of studding sails, comprises a little over 5,000 yards of canvass.

The *Star of the East* had not been in Liverpool a week before she was purchased for \$16,000 by Mr. James Beazley, the ship-owner. She has been chartered for Australia by Messrs. Millers and Thompson, of Liverpool, the owners of the "Golden Line" of Australian packets, who have lately also despatched the *Miles Barton*, a sister ship, but on a smaller scale. In accordance with her first-class character, they have fitted her out with a view to prove that a fast and well-found vessel is also a paying vessel. She sails early in July for Sydney, and will call at Melbourne to land passengers, all of whom will be well accommodated, as the number she takes, for her size, will be rather limited. From Sydney she will proceed to China, for a cargo of teas, silks, &c.; and she is expected to bring home the first consignment of new teas. *

A CHINA "PLATE."

In looking at a picture of the superb structure which is known as the Palace of the Emperor of China—a building erected at an uncertain date, for the chief of a country of which we have but an indistinct kind of knowledge, belonging to no regular order of architecture, and reminding us rather of some youthful dream of the Tower of Babel than of anything else—we begin to entertain a degree of respect for the Chinese surpassing any that we ever felt before.

China, like Japan, has been almost a sealed book to Europeans till within the last few years. Boasting an historical record which precedes the Mosaic account of the creation of the earth by thousands of years, and inhabiting a widely-extended, beautiful, and thickly-populated land in the centre of the continent of Asia, the Chinese may be regarded as the most original and interesting people in the world.

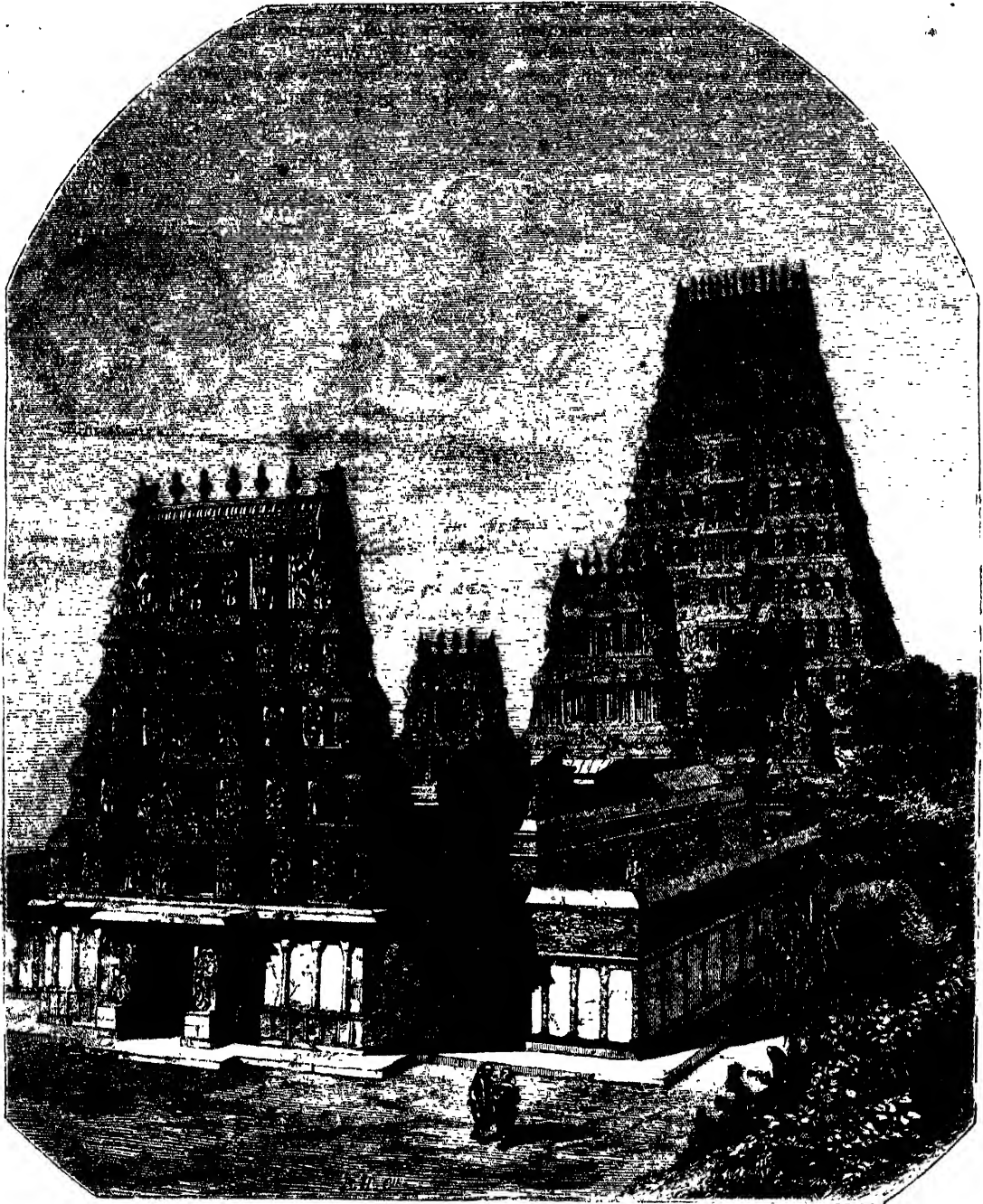
All the knowledge possessed by Europeans regarding "China and the Chinese" is necessarily of a doubtful and second-hand character. It is true that we possess a tolerably correct idea of the geographical outlines and limits of the country, and have dim fancies about the stupendous wall that the inhabitants built a couple of thousand years or so since, to protect the "flowery land" from the invasion of the Tartars, as well as some romantic notions about porcelain pagodas, earthenware towers, and other remarkable edifices; but of the aspect of the country itself,—except in the neighbourhood of Canton, which is made to resemble an European city as much as possible,—and of the manners of its inhabitants, —but for such stray information as can be gleaned from "roving Englishmen," who will be poking their noses into all manner of forbidden, and-to-other-people inaccessible places,—we have really no special and reliable records. Opium wars and intestine struggles have, doubtless, had a tendency to bring Europeans into a somewhat closer intimacy with Chinese authorities than was perhaps altogether agreeable to either parties, but it is nevertheless a fact, that after having just a peep into the book of Oriental manners, just a glimpse of a few of its pretty pictures, the covers of the interesting volume are suddenly and ruthlessly closed, and the pages we would fain read are no longer visible to the eyes of "the barbarian."

And of the history of the Chinese nation we have almost as little real knowledge. How the vast extent of country came to be first inhabited, and how many distinct races and dynasties have lorded it over the contented and impassible natives, it is difficult, perhaps impossible to tell. During the long series of ages that have elapsed since the vast continent of Asia was peopled with wandering tribes, it has repeatedly happened that a multitude of warlike barbarians have issued forth from their homes in the inhospitable regions of the north, and poured down upon the more prosperous, but less hardy, nations of the south, overpowering them in war, and taking possession of their homes, to be themselves dispossessed in their turn by some subsequent immigration from the same quarter. The history of China presents numerous instances of this kind of invasion and subjugation. In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Tartars in full assembly unanimously resolved to follow one of their most eminent leaders, named Tchingis-Khan, whithersoever he went, and to fulfil all his commands. He turned his arms against China, and met with great success in his expedition. But it was not till after his death, in the year A.D. 1227, that China was completely subdued by the Monguls. In the year A.D. 1279, Kublar-Khan, a descendant of Tchingis-Khan, was crowned emperor of China. But the Tartar dynasty was soon overthrown, and the emperor Schunti was compelled to flee for refuge to his native regions, where his son Bidusar afterwards founded the kingdom of the Kalkas-Monguls. Chien, the leader of the first insurrection against the Tartars, then ascended the Chinese throne, and founded the Ming dynasty, which continued through a series of sixteen powerful monarchs, down to the year 1614. In the history of China this period, during which the Ming dynasty swayed the sceptre, is considered the golden age. The seat of empire was at

Nankin. Repeated invasions were made upon the Chinese territory by the Tartars during this interval; and in spite of every attempt to prevent them from gaining a footing on the borders, they at length became powerful enough to commence a formal war against China. Under the last king of the Ming dynasty an insurrection broke out, in which Litshing, the leader of the rebels, got possession of the capital, and the

only about six years of age; and from him is descended the present occupant of the imperial throne.

As we all know, the revolution at this moment going on in China is fomented by what may there be called the "national party," who are seriously endeavouring to overturn the Tartar dynasty, and restore the ancient race to the throne of China. By the latest intelligence received, we learn that the



THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AT NANKIN.

emperor committed suicide. The Chinese general then appealed for assistance to a neighbouring Tartar tribe, by whose aid the rebels were dispersed. But shortly afterwards, in the year 1645, this tribe, under their king Tait song, took Nankin, murdered all the descendants of the Ming dynasty, and got complete possession of the empire. The son of Tait song, a youth named Shintshi, was placed upon the throne, though

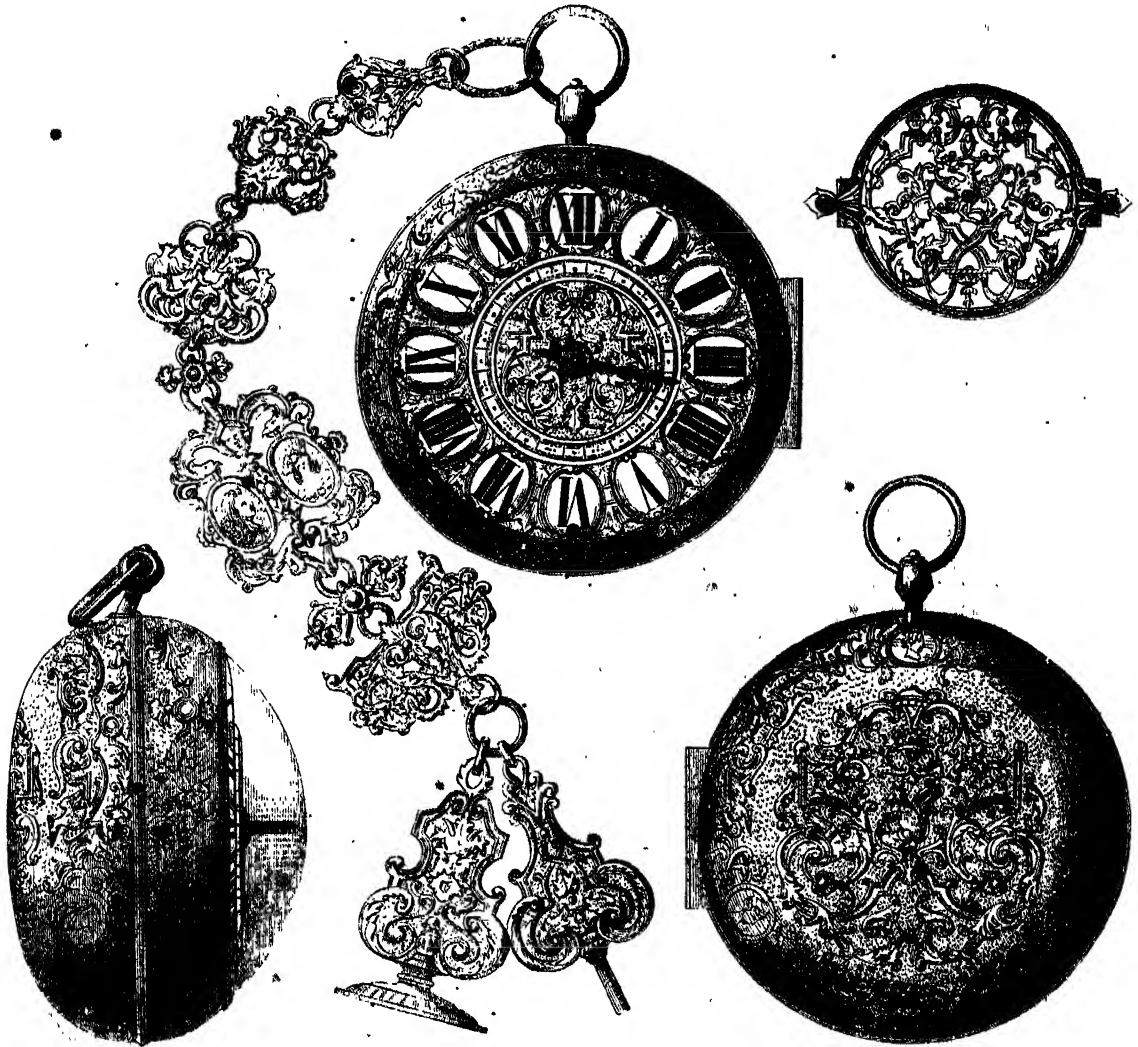
"rebels" have been driven from Nankin, after having made an attempt on the palace of the emperor, and that the "court party" are again paramount. Whether this revolution will be a successful one, and, if successful, whether it will be likely to open up the vast kingdom of China to the enterprise of commerce-loving Englishmen and go-a-head Americans, Time, as the proverb says, alone can tell!

A WATCH OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Our design represents a watch invented by Beaumarchais in the seventeenth century. It is accompanied by the key, seal, and chain, and is a very interesting specimen of horology at that period. In those days watches were formed after the strangest possible fashion, sometimes like an acorn, at others like an olive, a shell in a Latin cross; watchmakers racked their brains to devise a new, and in most cases, incommensurable article, something that should be of the most costly and at the same time the most conspicuous. Utility and convenience were things they did not consider in those good old times. There is a watch of Oliver Cromwell's still preserved which is

plan, and by some slight alterations to make it his own. Hardly he maintained his pretensions to originality, Caron indignantly protested; Paris was divided between the two claimants: the matter was referred to the Academy of Science. The evidence was very carefully prepared, and examined with the utmost attention. After a most minute inquiry the illustrious company declared that Pierre Augustin Caron was the inventor of the escapement, and pronounced their decision entirely in his favour.

This was the first step and the first triumph of Beaumarchais. He profited by the opportunity afforded him in being



WATCH AND APPENDAGES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

about as cumbrous a machine as one could well imagine, but which was doubtless once considered a very fine specimen.

In the eighteenth century the watchmaker Lepine invented a new method of regulating watches. It was a grand secret. His fame and fortune were both made. Watches constructed on the new principle were called Lepine watches. At the same time a young man, Pierre Augustin Caron, after much labour and expense produced a new method of escapement, one which was remarkable for its completeness and simplicity, and which created a great sensation among all the watchmakers of that epoch.

When Lepaute, another skilful horologer, knew of the escapement of young Caron, he set to work to modify the new

called as a witness upon the trial to exhibit his own skill in horology; and so well pleased was Louis XV., that he named him henceforth as his watchmaker. Beaumarchais was employed in the construction of a watch for Madame de Pompadour, which was the admiration of all the court. He had now the means of bringing forward his own improvements, and his unrivalled skill and constant perseverance rendered very great service to the art of horology, both in his days and in ours.

In our engraving three views are given of one of those watches for which Beaumarchais was so justly celebrated. They present, together with the chain and other appurtenances, a very beautiful appearance, being richly engraved after the fashion of the period.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.—PART II.*

"You will; that is right and kind! but when—let us fix now?" said Lucretia. "You would not come back now with us, would you? This is a very sudden thought, I grant—and startling perhaps to you; but never mind, the sooner, the more suddenly, the better for such a hermit as you are. If we left you time for consideration of the subject—we never should see you!"

Leonard smiled. "I will return with you now even, if you really invite me!"

"We do! we do!" repeated the sisters. Mary especially looking greatly pleased. "Meet us," said Lucretia, "in twenty minutes at the corner of Tottenham-court-road. Mary and I have to call at a shop in Oxford-street; and so, until then, good bye." And the sisters were gone.

It was certainly a clever stratagem of the sisters to have thus suddenly taken poor Leonard at his word, and thus arrange this meeting. For no sooner had their bright presence vanished out of the dusky room, than our hero repented him of his promise. The remembrance of his worn clothes rose up with an importance which they never before had had in his eyes—the pain ever in his soul, seemed to return with a bitter violence, as if to reproach him; thus even for a few moments he had enjoyed respite from its gnawing tooth. But the fresh odour from the primroses and violets rose up towards him with the vernal gentleness of the sisters' voices, and their mild eyes seemed full of reproaches. "They are too pure to trouble themselves about my old coat and hat," thought Leonard, with a smile creeping over his sad face. "What a marvellous world this is, where the sternest griefs can even for a moment be mingled up with such ridiculous trifles."

A respite to Leonard's dull grief came whilst he sat in the tiny little sitting-room of the Gaywoods' cottage at their bright little tea-table. Lucretia pouring out the most fragrant tea; and Mary, bringing forth from a Japan cabinet, much too large for the room, all imaginable dainties from the East and the West—preserved ginger, Guaina jelly, and other delicious condiments and confectionaries. "We have long been wanting a guest of especial honour to enjoy all our dainties," laughed Mary, as she dived still deeper into the cabinet, and bringing forth fresh jars and quaint baskets. "Those good brothers of ours, Thomas and Robert, keep our old cabinet always so full, that we really often propose—don't we Lucretia, dear?—to set up shop with our stores. I fancy I could drive a prosperous trade, if Lucretia would only let me have a stall at the Kentish-town gate, near to the old apple-woman's. Every month, almost, Thomas sends us some beautiful things to look at, or some good things to eat; and Robert, who is in India—poor Robert—" with a sigh—"is quite as bad in cramming our poor little cottage with stuffed birds, wonderful shells, shell-baskets, ivory boxes, and Indian idols. This is the reason why Lucretia and I have to live like a couple of 'Nellys' in an 'Old Curiosity Shop!' But do try some of this beautiful jelly; its colour is lovely, is it not? there always seems to be a tropical sunshine glowing within it;" and Mary floated about like sunshine herself.

But not alone were the dainty foods and marvels of the "curiosity shop"—which, by the bye, extended throughout the whole house, from scullery to attic—the sole entertainments offered by Lucretia and Mary to their guest.

Mary glided like a sunbeam out of the room shortly after the disappearance of the tea-tray—in fact, to "wash-up" the tea-cups down in the most ideal of little kitchens—for the Gaywoods kept but one little maid, and such delicate china cups, the gift of "poor Robert," were never entrusted to any unskilful hands. Lucretia and Leonard fell into discourse, such as Leonard had rarely ever enjoyed, and, contracted as was his acquaintance with women, certainly never before with

a woman. Of poetry they talked; of Keats, and Shelley, and the new poet Tennyson as the overture. Then Lucretia's little book-shelves having attracted Leonard's eye, the discovery within it of various periodicals containing fugitive pieces of his father's, all carefully marked by Lucretia's hand, surprised him with a mingled thrill of joy and pain.

"How much," said Lucretia, without looking up from the delicate needle-work at which her fingers were industriously stitching—Lucretia was always seen employed at *idle times*, as she would term them, upon the most delicate of needle-work—needlework which helped out the very slender income of the two sisters—"How much, and how often, I have desired that the poems of your father should some day be collected into a worthy form. Those gems of poetry, scattered as they are through the periodicals of the time, are lost entirely, except to the earnest seeker of his rare genius. Were I rich, that is a labour of true love in which I would indulge; and I should consider that to unite in one great blessing the scattered fancies of such a mind, would be as benevolent an act as the digging of a well in the desert for the reviving of fainting travellers—and, indeed, the draughts of refreshment to my own spirit which I have quaffed from his poetry, would render such an act but a simple one of earnest gratitude."

"I have frequently desired such a thing myself," said Leonard, with his old mournfulness stealing shadow-like over his face; "and one of my thousand fancies has been to sketch a few designs, suggested by various of the poems. It would truly to me be a labour of love, Miss Gaywood; for, with all my unhappy father's weakness, to me he ever appears surrounded by a wondrous glory of even celestial beauty, and—"

"Is it then possible that *you*,"—suddenly interrupted Lucretia, looking up at Leonard with an almost stern reproach in her tone—"that *you* echo the cruel injustice of the world, and fling a stone against the memory of a man certainly more sinned against than sinning, and that man your father. Words such as *his* lips have uttered it were faithless indeed to believe proceeded from any but the most generous, the most noble soul. Oh! Mr. Leonard, let us cultivate an unbounded charity and faith; they alone enable us to pass with joy through the earth. Trust me that, believing in perfection, perfection reveals itself to the believer." Lucretia's usually calm manner was momentarily ruffled, her fingers trembled as she resumed her needlework, and a flush passed over her Madonna-like countenance. "Pardon my warmth," she resumed, with a heavenly sincerity looking forth from soft eyes as they rested upon Leonard's mournful face; "I owe your father too deep a debt of gratitude lightly to hear a shadow of reproach cast upon him, and especially by a son. Whatever strength may be given me to perform the duties of existence—whatever sunshine is cast over Mary's and Andrew's life, and mine—we may in a great measure attribute to your father's influence. Years ago—years before you were born—Mordant was an inmate for one whole summer of our father's house. Our father was the schoolmaster of a village upon the borders of Sherwood Forest. I was quite a little child then, but each word, each look of the poet, remains engraven for ever upon my memory. What a marvellous power did he not possess as the interpreter of nature! With a child's simplicity with a woman's love, and the knowledge of a philosopher, he unfolded the marvels of beauty and joy contained in every natural object around him. He stretched forth his hand and removed the seal; he opened his lips, and behold, the hieroglyphics of God glowed in living fire before even the eyes of an ignorant child! Each acre of the old forest became an acre of paradise, over which the feet of angels eternally paced, leaving the impress of glory, mystery, and joy, behind them. I was, through his teachings, ever hearing the still, small voice of God in the trees, in the murmur of the waters, in the

* Continued from Vol. I. p. 447.

hum of the bees, in the rustle of the flowers—everywhere I beheld “the Burning Bush,” and, removing my sandals, adored, prostrating myself upon the holy ground. And when I tell you that your father’s words, and gentleness to man and bird, and beast and worm, sinking into the child’s heart, as seeds sown in a willing soil, came up in after years and put forth flowers of still deeper thought and purport, do you not acknowledge that that child owes a deep debt of love and gratitude towards the sower of the good seed?”

Lucretia’s eyes rested, with warm tears of emotion swimming in them, upon Leonard; but he did not reply, as he sat with a bowed head. “Incomprehensible, Protean nature of the Poet,” mused he; “what human being can compute the balance between the good and the evil which thou hast produced?” But it was balm to the wounded soul of the son to recognise the lovely fruit brought forth by his father in one human life at least. And this might be but a single sheaf from a vast harvest.

Mary had returned during Lucretia’s unusually excited address; and, sitting upon a low seat at her sister’s knee, was gazing earnestly and silently up into her face. Twilight was stealing into the quaint little room, and no sound for a few seconds was heard but the quick and monotonous click of Lucretia’s needle, as, sitting at the window, she still mechanically pursued her work.

Suddenly a cab, laden with luggage, stopped before the gate of the little garden; there was a violent ringing of the bell. A gentleman’s face looked inquiringly out, and a child was seen convulsively to cling round his neck. Lucretia and Mary starting suddenly up, cried, as with one voice, “That is not Robert—that cannot be little Cuthbert! No, it is not Robert,” cried Lucretia, a sudden paleness spreading over her face; and she flew out of the room, and was seen standing beside the cab-door; and the gentleman was seen speaking hurriedly, and Lucretia stretched her arms towards the child endeavouring to untwine his little hands, clasped tightly round the gentleman’s arm. But the child clasped them ever tighter and tighter, and a sad wail of childlike misery pierced even into the little parlour. Mary, who breathlessly had watched this scene through the window, now also flew to the cab. But no endeavours of the sisters could induce the child to untwine his hands; he fell sobbing upon the breast of the gentleman, who appeared to become more and more impatient. At length he raised the little boy in his arms and bore him, still violently sobbing, into the sitting-room; Lucretia and Mary, with distressed countenances, following hurriedly.

“I regret, ladies, that I cannot stay with this poor little fellow, but it is of vital importance that I start to-night for Scotland; we have already, in seeking you, lost only too much time. Strange, unaccountable, that neither Gaywood’s letter nor mine, sent from Marseilles, should have reached you! But Cuthbert!—Cuthbert, my man, these are your aunts—this is your house—bé a brave little Cuthbert. These ladies love you very much.” And as he spoke, the strong sun-burnt man, with a mother’s tenderness, kissed the boy’s beautiful curling locks, and even the slender little fingers so intricately clasped round his arm. Lucretia and Mary, their loving faces bathed in tears, sought by every possible means to soothe him and attract his attention; but the boy, staring with large mournful deep violet eyes at them for one moment, uttered a sad cry, and once more buried his face upon the stranger’s broad chest.

“It is very painful to resort to force with the poor child,” said the gentleman, in a voice of emotion. “Nothing but this severe illness of my poor mother could induce me to leave my poor little companion in such distress, but we must release his hands;” and the strong man’s hands unclasped the tender fingers of the child; and Lucretia and Mary holding him in their arms, the stranger hurried out of the room, jumped into the cab, and rapidly rolled away.

Little Cuthbert struggled violently, burst from the sisters, and, looking round in wild amaze, caught sight of Leonard, who was gazing at him from the window; he flew to him, clasped Leonard’s hands, and imploringly looked up into his face.

“You, you’ll take me! They frighten me—you are a good man! They frighten me—Papa—Mr. Rutherton—” and the poor little fellow once more burst out into violent sobbing, and clung to Leonard.

“How very extraordinary!” exclaimed the two sisters greatly distressed. “What an unaccountable thing, poor, poor little fellow! It must be that he is not used to women; his father wrote us word that almost from his birth he had been little Cuthbert’s nurse, and that he feared he would grow up very strangely; he has no mother, poor, poor little fellow!” And they looked at each other, and then at Leonard, with a strange uncertainty.

Leonard, sitting upon a sofa, had taken little Cuthbert on his knee; and the child, flinging his slender arms around his neck, sobbed as though his very heart would break. Leonard made no attempt to soothe him, beyond stroking his soft hair and winding his arms tenderly about him. But a sudden, deep, and marked sympathy, had permeated the souls of the unhappy man and the unhappy child. All remained in deep silence. “May I carry Cuthbert into your garden, Miss Gaywood?” at length spoke Leonard. “I fancy, somehow, that that might do him good.”

“Oh, certainly, certainly,” exclaimed the sisters. “Poor, poor little fellow!”

Leonard bore the child, still weeping, out into the twilight garden. The stars were already peeping forth here and there in a silvery grey sky; and long streaks of orange and violet lay upon the horizon, gleaming through the budding trees. All was hushed, except the distant murmur of the city. Leonard seated himself upon a rustic chair beneath a weeping ash upon the little grass-plot, and pressing the weeping child yet closer to him, began in a low voice to speak of this kind Mr. Rutherton, and of the long voyage, and of his home in India. Gradually the little breast heaved less violently, and the child, listening and becoming spell-bound by the tenderness of the voice, began, with convulsive sobs ever and anon breaking through his replies, to freely talk with his new friend. Leonard’s keen sympathy had discovered the key with which to unlock the little heart. Cuthbert’s highly excitable and nervous temperament responded to the imaginative nature of Leonard, and the boy’s eyes opened with eagerness, and his lips poured forth a stream of hurried words whilst he filled up the pictures of his Indian life, the outline to which had been suggested to him by Leonard. And thus the two sat in long discourse till the large full moon rose shining through the trees, and Leonard felt the little figure shiver as it lay nestling up to his breast—his soul all eagerness about “that beautiful, beautiful day when papa took him out to ride with him on Mr. Langton’s beautiful white Zippi—that’s the elephant, sir—such a beauty; and, you know, white ones are very rare, even in India; and—” “But you are cold, dear Cuthbert; let us now go in and tell your aunts about all these wonderful and beautiful things,” urged his friend. “But—but—they make me feel quite—quite afraid, sir; they are strange—all is strange,” whispered the poor child, half weeping, as he crept up to Leonard’s ear, and laid, with an indescribable trustfulness, his little cheek upon Leonard’s shoulder. “Am I not strange, also?” inquired Leonard. “No!” said the child, quite boldly; “I’ve often seen you in my dreams—you are an old friend quite—they are not; and all you say is so nice, and you love India as I do. I’ll always obey you—I know instantly those people I’ll obey. I’m very bad and wicked at times; even papa says so; and then, if people don’t love me, I wish I was dead, like my beautiful mamma, whom I never knew, but who lies buried beneath the great Banian tree. I wonder, now, whether your mother is dead?—I know, though, she is.”

“Let us go into the house,” again urged Leonard; and with slow steps towards the house the two friends walked. But Cuthbert, when he approached the door, was not so easily persuaded to enter. “It’s so dark, and like a box,” he said; “I think it as bad as a ship; now don’t you, sir? I shan’t, I’m sure, like this England—I always dreamed I hated it, and that I was always wishing to go to sleep with my mamma

under the great Banian-tree." "But you will like your aunts if you don't like England," remarked Leonard. "Shall I? Do you like them, dear, kind man? Oh, then, perhaps I shall; only I never had any women about me—papa said always it was a great pity there were no women about me."

Meanwhile, the two poor aunts had been most busy in preparing a bed for the traveller; in having his foreign-looking boxes unpacked, and then in spreading a little repast to tempt the poor child to forget his miseries. Mary had brought out all their Indian dainties, in their native jars and baskets, and arranged them prettily upon the table before the sofa; had lighted the candles, and brought up out of the kitchen, as an attraction to the child, a beautiful parroquet which Robert had sent them over a year or two previous, and whose harsh and jarring cry had caused him to be banished, spite of his gorgeous plumage, to the lower regions. Several times had the sisters glided to the garden door; but seeing Leonard and the child quietly seated beneath the weeping ash, they wisely returned, leaving the pair undisturbed.

The child was now more courteous to his aunts, yet still very shy, and clung with a convulsive grasp to Leonard's arm, sitting beside him upon the sofa, and only choosing to eat such things as he placed upon his plate. But the Indian baskets and jars, and the parroquet especially, reconciled Cuthbert to his new home; and after various lively sallies, the little head sank upon Leonard's breast, and the heavy, swollen eyelids closed in sleep. It appeared, however, as if in slumber the child's anxiety returned shadowy into his soul; for he clung yet closer to his new friend, and heavy, sob-like sighs heaved his little frame.

Dreading to re-awaken such a sad grief in the little unhappy one, Leonard besought the sisters to leave him reposing within his arms yet a little while. "I fear," said he, "it is growing late, and that I may be intruding; but for the sake of this dear child you will, perhaps, pardon such intrusion. In a half-hour or so, perhaps his sleep will be deeper and calmer."

"Oh, we are only too grateful to you!" cried both the sisters. "But with your permission, Mr. Hale," said Lucretia, "we will now perform our little evening duty; for the reading of the beautiful words of Scripture I need not apologise to you; and we endeavour, for the sake of our little maid, to strictly adhere to time and season. Mary, dear, ring the bell for Margery."

The holy hush of the room, through which Mary's deep, earnest, and soulful voice, fell like a quiet blessing as it read:—

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted;

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth;

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;"

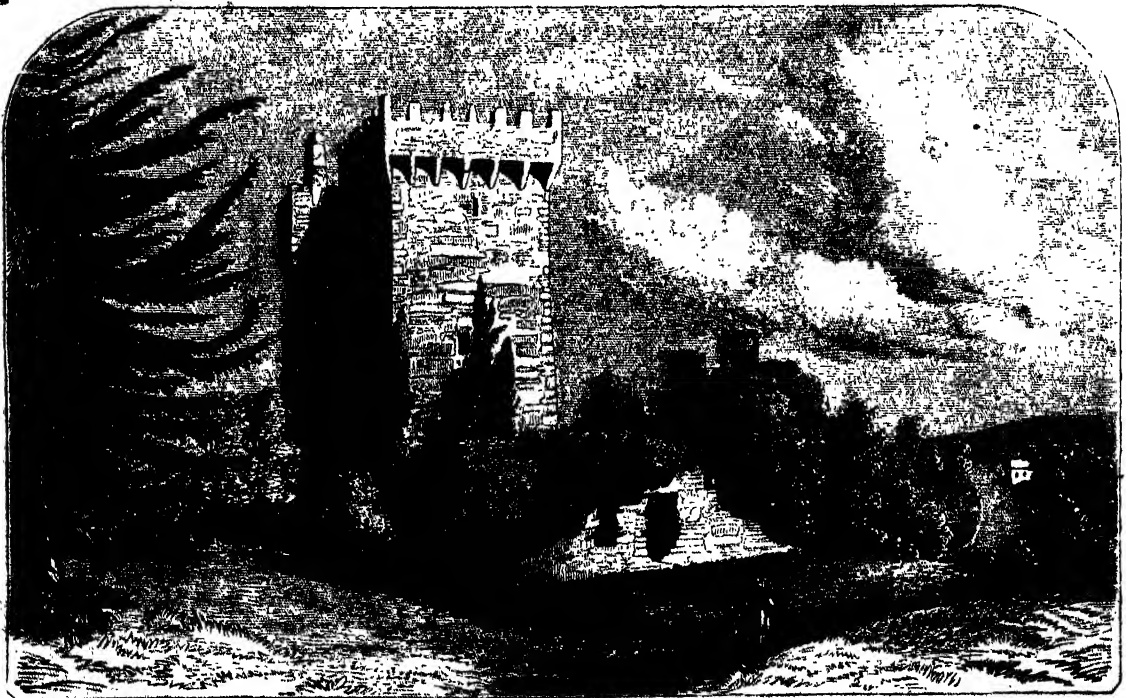
the gentle aspect of the three women, and the warm grasp of the little slumbering mourner, sent a gush of peaceful love through poor Leonard's heart, as though an angel from God had laid upon it his gentle, beneficent, healing hand. And when the three women, kneeling, repeated with a low, deep, fervent murmur, the sublime and tender words of the Lord's Prayer, Leonard sank his face upon the child's head, and bedewed the soft locks with a few trembling, warm tears, such as had not for years gushed up from his soul. It was the sanctification of a fresh chapter in Leonard's life.

ANCIENT CASTLES IN IRELAND.—BLARNEY CASTLE, ETC.

ALL the world—that is to say, all those "good folk in comfortable circumstances," who are in the habit of making short summer trips into the country—are hastening to Ireland to

Connemara and the west, and philosophise upon the past, present, and future of that

"Emerald set in a golden sea,"



BLARNEY CASTLE, COUNTY CORK.—VIEW FROM THE MEADOW.

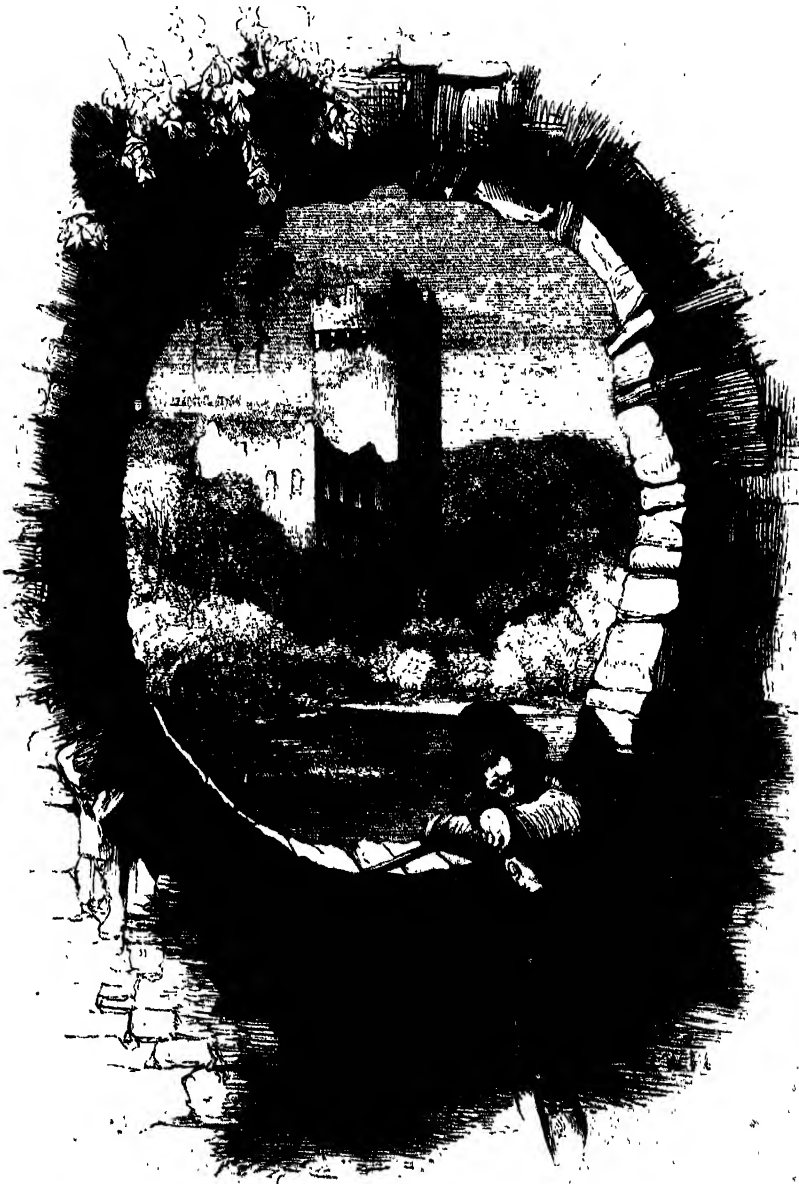
view the wonders of the Great Exhibition; and, mayhap, to wander along the banks of the lovely lakes of Killarney, and make thoughtful, but pleasant, pilgrimage into the wilds of

which has so sorely troubled the politicians of the last century or two. For such kindly-disposed travellers—if any there be among our "world" of readers, as doubtless there are—all

political allusions to state quackeries and solemn shams, as Carlyle would have it, must be distasteful; and, as the line at the head of this paper invites us to a more pleasant theme, we gladly pursue it.

"The antiquities of Ireland," says the well-known author of "Cork and the South of Ireland," "afford a rich and extensive field for research. Her isolation and sequestered position, her freedom from Roman conquest and subjugation, in the period of Rome's highest power, has left to the character of her Celtic archæology features peculiarly her own;

undiscriminating enthusiasm at one side; and again, on the contrary, an over-sceptical theorising rationalism, embarrassing and obstructing its useful culture. Whose effect the vicinity of Roman civilisation produced on the arts and social condition of this country we have no present evidence to determine. The vast variety of implements, utensils, and objects of art disinterred from time to time, and the numerous monuments which still subsist, afford no means to inform us as to the extent or nature of such influence, if any. The character of Irish remains, indeed, is more impressed with an Oriental than



BLARNEY CASTLE, FROM THE PEER HOLE ON THE BRIDGE. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

whilst the acquaintance of her early pagan population with letters, and the large amount of extant literature which has descended to us, capable of throwing so much light on the condition of her ancient races, have invested the whole subject with an importance and interest surpassing that of the antiquities of any other western nation in Europe.

"This broad and inviting field of research has been hitherto but imperfectly and partially wrought, seldom indeed by the scientific inquirer, and but too often only by incompetent or prejudiced labourers. There has been abundance of wild and

a Greek or Roman origin, and tends to sustain the eastern descent claimed by the Irish senachies (or clans) for their ancestry. Some few Roman coins alone, sparingly discovered, tell of a limited Roman intercourse. In like manner the actual presence of the northmen on the Irish soil seems to have been nearly as ineffective. Occupying, for above two centuries, a considerable portion of the island, and especially of its maritime cities, it is strange that they have left hardly any traces or vestiges behind them. Beyond a solitary tower in Waterford, and a few silver coins, the Irish antiquary

cannot really point to a single memorial (save the record of their devastations) on the page of his history. Whilst in England and Scotland, and even in the Isle of Man, the sculptured cross and the Runic inscription still remain to identify their sway, in Ireland neither the one nor the other throughout the whole breadth and length of the land can be found.

"Ireland, then, has no remains of Roman magnificence to exhibit, no vast temples, amphitheatres, or aqueducts; nor does she possess any of those antiquities which the northern archaeologist could identify as of Scandinavian origin; but she has, on the other hand, many relics of early Phœnician intercourse—vestiges of a religion, an architecture, a language, and a literature, claiming derivation and affinity with the remote East.

"The antiquities of Ireland may be classified into three grand divisions—the primæval or pagan, early Christian, and mediæval. In the first are comprised stone monuments appertaining to the Druidical religion, such as circles, cromlechs, pillars, holes, and rocking-stones, rock-basins, &c., raths, cahirs, duns; the fortified residences of the ancient inhabitants, consisting of great earth works, or Cyclopean stone enclosures, lofty round towers, used at once for sepulchral and religious purposes; stones inscribed with the virgular character, called Ogham, dome-roofed structures, round, oblong, and square, with massive walls constructed of uncemented stones. The Cromlech, or Druidical altar, is a monument well known in these islands and in northern Europe, and not unfrequently found in India and America. It is occasionally met with placed within circles of pillar-stones, but it is often difficult to distinguish between it and the kistvaen. The latter monument, when divested of its covering of earth or stones, is to all appearance a perfect cromlech; but there are many of the latter which, from the nature of their sites and peculiarity of construction, could never have served this purpose. It is right to say that the term cromlech seems to be of modern origin; it does not occur in any ancient Irish MS. hitherto examined; the native name is that of *leabhu* or *leacht*, a bed or stone monument.

"There are varieties of the circle, some which must undoubtedly have served for religious or judicial purposes, and others found encompassing tumuli. There can be no precise limits to the number of the stones composing these monuments, but several circles are known to contain only five, which seems to have been a favourite number. There is no doubt but that the cromlech (not the kistvaen) and the circle were used sepulchurally, as remains of interment have been frequently found within them. Ireland contains no circles of equal magnitude to those of Stonehenge and Avebury in England."

But if Ireland may not boast of many Roman antiquities and Druidical circles, she has, on the other hand, some of the most picturesque old castles—many of them, alas! in ruins—which are to be seen in Europe. All over the island, from Dunluce to Bantry, these remains of Ireland's days of glory are to be found. At one time the tourist in the Sister Isle finds himself beside the "treaty stone," in King John's castle, that storied pile in the city of Limerick which was so gallantly defended by the remnant of the Irish army, in 1690; at another, he wanders musingly around the silent and deserted halls of Tara, or moralizes on the littleness of human grandeur within the cold and saddened domain of Dangan. In the very heart of the western mountains, he pauses to think over the ruins of Ross castle, which surrendered to Lord Muskerry in 1652; and still further west, he may remember the deeds of the great Duke, while pondering over the ruined walls of Carbury castle, which once belonged to, and is said to have been built by, his ancestors the Cowleys.

For the present, however, a brief notice of two of the most famous of old Ireland's castles,—or, more properly speaking, of Ireland's old castles,—must suffice.

Blarney Castle, the Blarney Stone, and the "Groves of Blarney," are well known by reputation all over Europe—and indeed, wherever Englishmen and Irishmen chance to travel.

A four mile ride by the railroad, or a walk through pleasant fields will take the visitor from Cork to Blarney. The castle, we are told, comprises a vast square tower erected in or about 1530, by one of the potent sept of the McCarthy Mores, records of whose prowess are everywhere to be met with in this part of Ireland and some evidences of which the tourist will discover as he proceeds further south. But of those of our readers who would at once satisfy themselves on this head, in reference to a spot so renowned as that of which we are now treating, may consult, with great profit, the local historian, Windle, whose "South of Ireland" will be found very valuable, containing nearly fifty pages devoted to Blarney, its castle, stone, cromlagh, tunnel, lake, glen, round tower, and immortal "groves," the authorship of which deathless lyric has begot almost as many claimants as cities erst contended for the birth-place of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." These stanzas have been given in nearly all the tongues of the earth by the laureate of the Lee, Padre Polyglot Prout, whose liquid triplets to that limpid stream we shall presently quote. We need not occupy our space with the original of Millikin's half-dozen verses descriptive of how "the trout and salmon play at backgammon," as no one can be in Cork and find himself at a loss for the song, with *ad libitum* variations, including, of course, Prout's supplemental lines;—

"There is the stone there, that whoever kisses.

Oh! he never misses to grow eloquent;

'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,

Or become a member of Parliament."

"A clever spouter he'll soon turn out, or

An out-and-outer—to be let alone."

Don't hope to hinder him, or to bewilder him—

Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Which is the identical pebble, or real Blarney Stone, is somewhat difficult to point out to the downright plain-dealing English visitor, for the Irish redundant reason that there happen to be two portions of the edifice to which the miraculous power of conferring mellifluous and mesmeric eloquence is attributed by conflicting local authorities. One stone is pointed out to visitors as the veritable *oscultatorium*; and we incline to this opinion, inasmuch as it is much more easy of access, and seems to have suffered from previous devotion in being much worn and broken. Another stone is also indicated, but this is held to be a *lapis offensiois* and a *petra scandali*; and with some reason, for it is situate in the wall just below the edge of the parapet, and requires the party performing the kissing business to be let down by the heels in order to do so, over a parapet some hundred feet from the ground. This perilous predicament, however is not always insisted upon; for Mr. Barrow, in his piquant manner, describing how he went through the process, says:—"I ascended to the summit of the tower, on a corner of which is placed the famous Blarney Stone, which I was very gravely assured possessed the power of making those who kiss it ever after agreeable in their conversation to the ladies. 'A consummation devoutly to be wished,' thought I. 'Och, your honour must kneel down and kiss it three times,' quoth the guide; 'and shure you'll be able to coax the ladies—fait, there's never the gentleman that misses!' 'Now, my friend, tell me truly if you don't mean by "talking blarney," the impudence of telling "mighty big lies" without blushing.' 'Fait, and I believe your honour has just hit it; and shurely don't the gentlemen talk blarney to the ladies, and do it all the better for kissing the stone?' I found there was no resisting the virtues of the Blarney Stone, so down I popped, and the stone having been well washed by the rain, I bestowed upon it three kisses, which, however strong their virtues may be in warming the hearts of the ladies, struck icy cold to my lips." Mr. Windle, whose local *amour propre* might be supposed to incense him against the flinty-hearted Saxon satirists of his slab, ingenuously says himself: "The touch of the Blarney Stone makes a liar of the first magnitude, but a smooth and graceful liar—its eminent perfection is a sweet and graceful tongue in whispering the softest words into the ear of woman, full of guile, and blandishment, and potential flattery, and uncontrollable in its

away over the credulous. Miss Plumptre translates Blarney into the single word 'Rhodomontade,'—a faculty of speech marvellously perceptible in the vicinity around, whose inhabitants, it is said have been mistaken by Boullaye le Gouz and Latocnaye for a colony from Gascony. They are, of a truth, a swaggering, vain glorious, wheedling population." Flattering this, and from the Herodotus of the place too! All these imputations, however, can hardly be true; for even the proprietor's kiss of the stone itself, like the Wonderful Lamp in the hands of the old magician in "Aladdin," did not confer happiness, inasmuch as the castle and all its contents had not very long ago to be sold by public competition—a profanation bemoaned in an appropriate strain by Prout in an inimitable parody on Moore's "Eveleen's Bower," beginning—

"Oh! the muse shed a tear,
When the cruel auctioneer
With a hammer in his hand to sweet Blarney came!"

In 1821, Sir Walter Scott, with his son-in-law, Lockhart, Miss Edgeworth, and other celebrities, paid the homage of their worship to the load-stone, much to the chagrin of the citizens, who were eager that the Wizard should in preference inspect their noble harbour and the lions of "the spreading Lee, that, like an island fair, encloseth Cork with his divided flood," as is said in the "Faerie Queene;" or, as a more modern bard describes it:—

"As crystal its waters are pure,
Each morning they blush like a bride;
And when evening comes grey and demure,
With the softness of silver they glide.

TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE WYE.

THE engineering achievements of modern times have been so singularly characterised for originality and boldness of conception and success in execution, that the word "impossible," as applied to anything which may be required, appears, if not to be repudiated, yet practically, to be ignored. The difficulties which presented themselves in the formation of that mighty and elaborate system of locomotion, which has been established in this and in other countries, seem to have challenged the dormant energies of our engineers only to be vanquished; and one after another noble structures have been reared, not simply to promote in a high degree the welfare of men, but to declare with silent yet impressive eloquence the dignity of the intellectual endowments which have been conferred upon him, for the dominion of the material creation, by the Father of all.

One of the most remarkable and interesting engineering works of modern times is the railway bridge crossing the Wye at Chepstow, which has just been completed. In the planning out of the South Wales Railway, which is to unite Gloucester with Milford Haven, and has already been opened as far west as Carmarthen, it was found necessary to cross the Wye, near Chepstow; and the problem to be solved was not an easy one. As it is a navigable river, the admiralty required that the space over the mid-channel should not be less than 300 feet, and that a clear headway of fifty feet above the highest known tide should be secured; so that across this "tidal chasm" an iron bridge had to be hung, capable of supporting the heaviest burdens that passing trains could impose. The work obviously demanded the highest efforts of mechanical and constructive skill, but the bold and experienced mind of the engineer was not overtaken by the exigencies of the case; and Mr. Brunel has produced a work which is believed to combine perfect efficiency with singular economy of material. In proceeding to describe this remarkable structure, as the two lines of railway are supported by separate though perfectly similar means, it will be necessary make particular reference only to one.

"Of salmon and grey speckled trout
It holds such a plentiful store,
That thousands are forced to leap out,
By the multitude jostled on shore."

Surprisingly enough, however, Lockhart confounded this famous Sponserian stream with the Shannon!—a blunder which forms the text of one of those most instructive "Essays of an Otogenarian," by the erudite and amiable "J. R." of a thousand periodicals—James Roche, formerly a banker, and lately a retired citizen of Cork, which justly and affectionately regarded him as one of the most worthy of her many honoured sons, and now sorrows for his death, since April in the present year.

Renvyle Castle, in the county of Tipperary,—a remarkable ruin overlooking the sea—has a fame of another kind, however. Here again history and romance with their thousand recollections spring up to people the *locale* with the phantoms of the past, as if specially to heighten, as it were, the present charms of that singularly lovely landscape, by reminiscences of the turbulent and bloody deeds of which it was the site, and which are here recalled by the presence of Renvyle Castle—

"Beneath whose battlements, within whose walls,
Power dwelt amid her passions—in proud state
Each feudal chief upheld these armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date:"

a kind of recollection, however, much more suitable for antiquarians and bookworms, than for quiet Irish tourists in the summer of the famous Exhibition year.

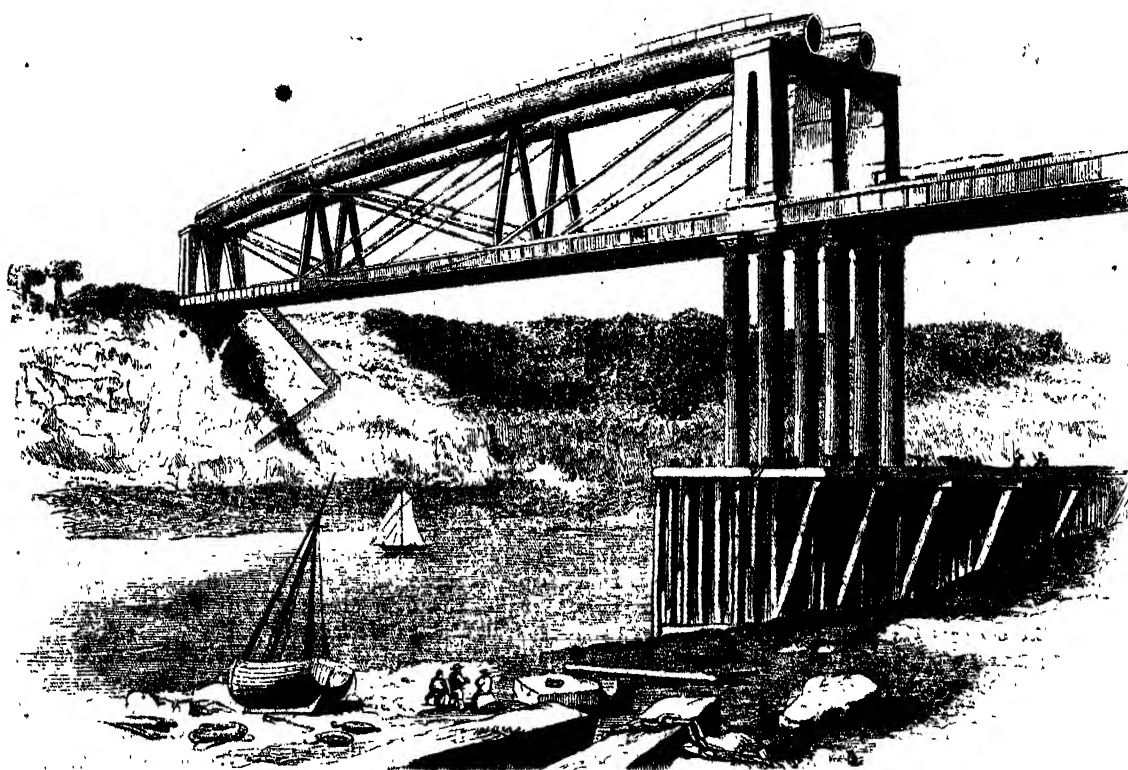
The bridge, which Mr. Brunel has erected, consists of four spans, three of about 100 feet each, and one of 290 feet, extending altogether from bank to bank for 610 feet. The three smaller spans rest upon iron piers, filled with concrete, sustaining cast-iron girders, on which the railing is laid. The fourth and chief span, which is on the suspension principle, is supported by means of a tube more than 300 feet in length, and 9 in diameter. The tube itself rests on the summit of piers erected on the east bank and in the centre of the river, and to the ends of the tubes are attached the suspending chains. Now, in an ordinary suspension bridge, the chains hang in a festoon, and are free to move according to the weights passing under them, which are not in general great. This flexibility, however, would be altogether inadmissible in a railway bridge, for the continuity of the rails would be destroyed if a very small deflexion took place when traversed by a heavy locomotive. With a view to supply the necessary rigidity, Mr. Brunel has introduced at every third part of the tube a stiff wrought-iron girder, firmly connecting the tube with the roadway girders, and, with the aid of other adjusting screws, the suspension chains are stretched as nearly straight as is desirable. Other diagonal chains connect these points, so that at whatever part of the bridge a train may be passing, its weight is distributed over all the tube and chains by these arrangements.

In the operations connected with the sinking of the cylinders which form the piers of the bridge, some curious facts came to light. The workmen had first to pass through nearly thirty feet of blue clay and sand, below which they met with a thin bed of peat containing timber, some solid oak, hazel nuts, and other substances of the same kind. They next came to several feet of fine blue gravel, and then they found the bed of boulders upon which the cylinders were originally intended to rest. After this was a bed of red marl, beneath which they discovered solid rock, resembling what is known as milestone grit, into which the cylinders were sunk. The mode in which this part of the work was performed was

ingenious :—"The cylinders were placed on planks to prevent them cutting into the soft mud. One by one, cylinders were added, until they had reached the top of the stage, about forty feet in height, which had been erected for the purpose of sinking the cylinders. The weight of this column then cut through the plank, and the cylinder sank about six feet into the mud. Men then descended into the cylinder, two or three working there at a time; and as they excavated the soil, so the cylinder gradually sank, and as the column descended, fresh cylinders were added at the top. The excavation then continued, without interruption, until a depth of about seventeen feet was attained, at which point the water broke in from below in such force as to require the constant operation of two thirteen-inch pumps worked by an engine. The water burst in at a moment's warning, as soon as the spring was tapped; and the most remarkable phenomenon attending this occurrence was the fact, that the spring-water invariably rose in the cylinder exactly to that height at which the tube was standing in the

special provision in the computations of the engineer was, that the spring tides on the river Wye rise here from fifty to sixty feet—a greater elevation than in any other river in the kingdom.

Interesting as is this remarkable structure in itself, it is still more important as a link of union between the west-centre of England, and the increasingly prosperous districts of the south of Wales. For some months after the opening of a considerable portion of the South Wales Railway, there was a hiatus at Chepstow, till the bridge could be completed, and while passengers found that it was no small inconvenience to be conveyed by omnibus over a rough country, and then over Chepstow town-bridge to the station on the other side the river, there was even more serious difficulty as regards the goods and mineral traffic, to carry on which was impracticable on any large scale. In the summer of last year the first tube connecting the line was opened for traffic, and within a few weeks the second tube has been raised, the final arrangements completed, and the bridge finished. And now, by one of the



SECTION OF THE CHEPSTOW TUBULAR BRIDGE.

river at this moment. That it was not an irruption of the water of the Wye is considered to be beyond dispute, inasmuch as the river at this point is, from the action of the tide always tainted with mud, which is held in solution in great quantities at all times, while the water which rushed into the cylinder from below was of exceeding purity, and contained not a particle of salt."

From the time of the first tapping of the spring, the pumps of a thirty-horse power engine had to be kept at work until the cylinders had been sunk to the rock; they were then filled with concrete. This irruption of water, at the depth of seventeen feet from the level of the bed of the river was the same in the sinking of all the cylinders for the centre or principal pier; but the water did not interrupt the work to so great an extent in making the other piers, and the workmen proceeded to a greater depth. The spring appeared to be in the bed of gravel, about twelve feet from the point where it first burst into the cylinder. One fact, which demanded

most delightful rides which can be found, the traveller is borne along the banks of the glorious Severn till he reaches a land of surpassing beauty, and far away from the toil and turmoil of business may fill his mind with scenes of loveliness and delight, and store his heart with memories of happiest hours, which he will ever love to recall as he thinks of Chepstow, Tintern, and the Wye.

The proportions of this colossal structure may be inferred from the large amounts of material consumed in its erection, of which the following are the principal items :—

	TONS
Wrought-iron used in three spans of 100 feet each, double line	277
Wrought-iron in girders, &c., of main tube, of 300 feet span, double line	278
Two wrought-iron tubes	302
Suspending links in main chais and diagonals	256
Total employed, including nails, not mentioned above	1231
Cast iron	1093
Masonry in abutment and pier, 3,240 cubic yards.	
Total cost above £65,000.	



UNION OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

UNION OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

We cannot in adequate terms commend the idea of universal brotherhood without doing honour to its originators. Amidst all the wild excesses which have now for long enough desolated the European continent—excesses of despotism no less terrible and destructive than the licence of democracy—this principle has sprung up and flourished like an oak cradled by tempests. The wild hordes who sacked the capitals of Europe in 1818, and kicked crowns and mitres about like boys playing at foot-ball, cherished, in the midst of all their orgies, a vision of universal happiness, in which the rights of weakness should be recognized and respected, in which the long and disastrous alliance of poverty and crime should be dissolved, in which education, gratuitous and obligatory, should become the birthright of every child of the meanest prolettaire, and in which standing armies, the tools of lust and ambition, should melt away before the dawn of knowledge and the spread of commerce, and each citizen become the guardian of his own hearth. That they failed in realising it is a blot, not on their theory, but on human nature. Theories are at all times worthy of reverence, because they are the elaborated productions of human reason, but alas! it is not by forces of this kind that nations are governed. How many passions and prejudices, how much blind bigotry, how much sordid selfishness, battle fiercely against the fairest and best planned schemes of the enthusiastic philanthropist, of which he in his overflowing goodness of heart had taken no account! The lamentable events of 1819 have taught us the bitter lesson that this consolidation of nations separated by seas and mountains, laws and language, is not to be the work of a single revolution, and will not spring from the convulsed and aching body politic, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. Beautiful and glorious it will be when we see it, but like everything else which derives its worth from human hands, it must be the work of labour. The Venus of Phidias was not chiselled in an hour. To have conceived it even is a mighty step in advance. To form a proper estimate of its value, let us only remember the notions which France and England—the two nations who can and will do most to hasten this desirable consummation entertained regarding each other a century and a half ago.

There is still in France a class of men known as *feuilletonistes*, who earn a livelihood by compounding stimulants for the readers of the journals under the shape of short, spicy, but impossible stories. The only limit to the fecundity of these writers is the mechanical labour of inscribing their effusions upon paper. To pay them by the yard would be as fair a way as any. To say that Sheridan's retort applies admirably to them, "that they refer to their memory for their jokes, and to their imagination for their facts," would be only saying what everybody may guess. Their one great aim is to make out the useful quantity of matter, provided always that it be of an exciting kind, and they consequently give themselves little trouble regarding the accuracy or correctness of their statements. When any of them visit England, the results of their observations are transmitted to their readers in Paris in the shape of amusing absurdities, in which many of the old and time-honoured fallacies appear in a new and more attractive form. M. Jules Janin, one of the gayest, happiest, wittiest, most mendacious, and most showy of his class, honoured us with his presence during the Great Exhibition of 1851. He saw written up on the front of the Royal Exchange—"The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;"—and he forthwith took a note of it, and transmitted it to Paris as proof of an assertion which he then and there made, that such was the intensity of the aristocratic feeling amongst the English, that they inscribed on their public buildings an acknowledgment that all the land of the country belonged to the lords. His peregrinations through the metropolis called forth many statements as laughable and as ill-founded as the foregoing, but our space will not permit us to record them. They are so many proofs of the amount of

evil influence which flippant and careless romancers may work in originating and perpetuating prejudices and false notions of the manners and character of other nations, if the poison which enters in at the imagination be not counteracted by the diffusion of sound and correct information.

Happily, we have now an antidote to this poison—for poison it is—in the vast and striking increase of intercommunication between all the European countries, but particularly between France and England since the close of the last war. When we remember what a journey to Paris was in the days of our grandfathers—the time it took, the trouble and expense it entailed, and the dangers that surrounded it,—we can hardly wonder at the existence of the prejudices and misconceptions on both sides. To contrast it with the ease, speed, and comfort with which a journey to the French capital can now be accomplished, would be a repetition of what everybody knows. Who is not tired of seeing a statement in huge letters upon all the walls in London and upon the sides of a host of ponderous vans, to the effect that the journey from London to Paris can now be accomplished in twelve hours, or, as it is concisely, though elliptically, expressed, "PARIS IN TWELVE HOURS?" Or if time be not so much a consideration with you as money, not to know that you can get there and back for 27s. argues you a man of uncommon bluntness of perception or weakness of vision, for there is no fact of which the inhabitants of the metropolis are so frequently reminded. In the transmission of intelligence we have made still greater strides than in creating increased facilities for travelling from the one country to the other. The heading, "By Submarine Telegraph," which precedes these short announcements of the latest news in the morning papers, is pregnant with meaning. It states a fact of more momentous import than any that was ever set forth in the intelligence which usually follows them—the annihilation of distance and of time, the equipment of words with the wings of thought to fly over the land and under the sea, invisible as a dream, but quick as the lightning. Why are we said to have lost our romance? Are we not daily touching every transaction of life, whether of business or of pleasure, with its golden light? Was the conveyance of your letters, a century ago, to your friend in Paris by that slow old coach, and dirty old packet, and the long and wearisome delay which ensued before you could possibly receive an answer, half so romantic, think you, as making your love, and hope, and sympathy, your kind thoughts, your sad regrets, throb along the iron pulse which lies amongst the pearls and amber, and traverses the caves of old ocean? Where was the romance of intelligence brought by a mud-bespattered courier on a jaded horse, or signalled by the ponderous wings of the old semaphore? Did not news of the overthrow of a dynasty, the outbreak of a revolution, the loss of an army, the winning of a victory, lose half its mighty significance, its awfulness, its grandeur, by travelling in the pocket of such a messenger as this—the sublime in the keeping of the ridiculous? If you want to give us an idea of romance, of the romance of power, of science, and knowledge, tell us of events that change the destinies of the world by transmitting the news to us in a flash of lightning along the bed of the ocean; tell us in London all that happened in Paris an hour before; keep up an ever-flowing current of intercommunication, of sympathy, of progress, of new ideas in art and commerce and literature, and weary us not by groundless lamentations over the death of chivalry, of the picturesque, and the romantic.

If we were asked where we see the best guarantees for the peace, and liberty, and welfare of Europe, we should reply, in the cordial union of France and England, undoubtedly, in the multiplication of the ties of commerce and of social intercourse. We look at this question altogether apart from any considerations regarding the government of either country. No man who has been born and bred on English soil can have either sympathy with, or admiration for, the power which now rules the French nation; but it is not with it, but with the

people that we have to do. It is of yesterday—in a year it may have passed away, and have been forgotten like its predecessors; but the people will last, we believe and hope, as long as the world shall last. They are France—the France of Louis XI., and Louis XIV., and Napoleon the Great, to be sure; but still, in each advancing year, a wiser, and a better and abler France, full of noble aspirations, of high thoughts and deep sympathies with all that is good and great in humanity, enthusiastic in the pursuit of science, brave, generous, and courteous, with thousands of great names on the roll of her history which we ourselves would be proud to own. For centuries we have combated her by land and sea, urged on by the wicked and detestable teachings which pointed her out as our natural enemy, and led us to believe that our glory, safety, and welfare lay in conquering her. We now know better. The railways have taught us a new lesson. The French have come here in shoals, and examined us for themselves. They have found in us much to love and admire, have discovered that we don't sell our wives, are generally moderate in our cups, and don't constantly keep exclaiming "gottam!" and occasionally taste other food than *rosbif*. Feuilletonistes may fabricate and blunder, but they will not get many to believe them. We, on our part, have got over our infantine creed on the subject of wooden shoes and brass money, frogs, and starvation, and cowardice. We like French cookery, we admire French genius; we study the French literature, and we speak the French language. To confirm and promote the good feelings which have thus been generated, every effort has been recently made. The submarine telegraph is a bond which will do more to promote the solid unity of the people than any schemes of social regeneration, which propose to shut men up in huge barracks, and make them live in a sort of Agapemone, where everybody will have everything in common,—a capital plan; we should imagine, for making everybody as morose and as uncomfortable as he could be.

It is undeniable that men often need only to be known that they may be loved. If you wish to make people hate each other, keep them apart. If you wish to promote union and sympathy, make railways, give freedom to trade, let them travel, see one another, and trade with one another, and the good genius of humanity will do the rest. This is a truth which governments are at last beginning to recognise. We already see the results. We see England and France more and more banded together, aye, and despite the plans and policy of despots or diplomatists, banded for liberty and right. Their united fleets now thunder defiance against the grasping and detestable injustice of Russia. The two nations have come forward as the guardians of international faith—as the police of the public law of the world. A constant interchange of good offices is kept up between them in every quarter of the globe, while the energies of each, instead of relaxing under the influence of peace and harmony, are stimulated by a generous rivalry which has for its object the happiness and well-being of mankind. A copyright convention has secured to the authors of both the fruits of their industry, in whatever part of each country his works may penetrate. A larger public is thus opened up, and genius and intellect are stimulated and encouraged by the thought that the two greatest nations of the world will peruse their creations, but that neither will peruse without rewarding.

He who does not see in all this omens of untold blessings for the whole world, must be a dweller in Cimmerium darkness. While two great peoples are in the advanced guard of the army of progress, we may look forward with hope and confidence to the day which so many martyrs and patriots have died to hasten. The doctrine of brotherhood between all mankind, which Christ came on earth to preach, finds its best support, not in the cold discourses which fall heavily on dull ears, but in the promotion of material enterprises. Strange and providential adaptation of means often base, and often unworthy to a noble and glorious end! The covetousness, or avarice, which causes a railway to traverse a neglected and isolated district, proves the harbinger of knowledge and enlightenment and

comfort to thousands, who might otherwise have sat in darkness. Let not, therefore, the *gens d'esprits*, and the "idealists" rail too fiercely against the money-hunting bourgeoisie—against the *concessionnaires*, and *rentiers*, and *agents de change*. These men are hastening the fulfilment of their best hopes, it may be in a way that seems roundabout, or mischievous, but it is the way appointed by Providence, and in the long run its wisdom will assuredly appear.

In concluding, we are glad that all we have said is illustrated and enforced by an engraving from a cunning hand, that will, perhaps, convey to the eye of the reader a more vivid picture of what we rejoice over in the present relations of France and England, and look for in their future intercourse, than we have been able to portray by the pen. Peace sits enthroned in light, and grasping in her right hand the Union Jack and tri-colour, war-worn flags, consecrated by a thousand triumphs by land and sea, surrounded by a thousand ennobling memories of bravery, generosity, and heroism. Both flags of liberty and glory, so long divided and hostile, are now mingling their folds peacefully in the sunlight; at the feet of the goddess, the workman and the *ouvrier*, representatives of classes which all the world over are unrivalled, in courage, endurance, and intelligence, ingenuity and skill, clasp their hard hands in friendship across the hive of the busy bee, the emblem of their strength and boast, and their only escutcheon, though full as proud a one as that of the Montmorencis or the Percys. Below them are the youth of both countries, their *jeunesse dorée*, surrounded in profusion by evidences of the taste and ingenuity of their fathers, and engaged in the pursuit of the arts, sciences, commerce, and literature, with an ardour which promises to make them, like Homer's heroes, abler men than they. On the one side we see the curtain being drawn over the Past, and on the other the shadow which hitherto veiled the landscape is rapidly passing away and revealing the light beyond. While one shrinks with horror from the contemplation of the battle-field, where the smoke of the destroying cannon, and the scent of carnage linger even yet, another points exultingly to the promise of the Coming Time, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into reaping-hooks. The ocean, covered with the ships of both nations, bearing hither and thither the fruits of the replenished and subdued earth; the railroad annihilating distance, and acquainting men one with another; the electric telegraph, a band of union which, it is to be hoped, will never be broken asunder; free-trade in all that is necessary to the welfare of either nation—verily, these are as fit emblems of the Present as tilts and tournaments, men-at-arms, and knightly prowess in blood-stained fields, were of the mighty Past. The ripe harvest of golden grain is a better representation of national prosperity and national content than was ever "flag that braved a thousand years," be it tricolour, or Union Jack, or any other. These are the foundations on which enterprise and industry shall rest. These are glorious emblems, but the "bow of promise," which hangs in the cloud, is full of still nobler meaning,—for it points to an epoch, in which the thousand ills which still afflict us, which blast our best anticipations, disconcert our best planned schemes, and oftentimes cast the best and greatest of us back into despair—despair of mankind and his destiny—shall pass away like a cloud, and leave behind nought but light—the light which shall "shine more and more unto the perfect day."

The Future is truly the idol of our souls.

"To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
Unlock their fangs, and leave his spirit free;
To thee, the poet, 'mid his toil aspires,
And grief and hunger climb about his knee,
Welcome as children; thou upholdest
The lone Inventor by his demon haunted
The prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest,
And gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,
Sees the drowsied soul awaken at thy kiss,
And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted."

THE MOSQUE EL MOYED.

MAHOMET is one of the men whom history is forced to commemorate. Everywhere in the east you are reminded of his life and doings. Centuries have rolled away since he inscribed his Koran on the shoulder blades of mutton, but all day long the priests still read his strange old book, and the traffickers in the busy market bow down when the voice of the priest is heard—"to prayers, to prayers, God is the true God—to prayers, to prayers—Mahomet is his prophet." What a wonderful change that wild son of the desert effected in the habits and feelings of those eastern people—how changed are

edifice are very costly and beautiful. The ceiling is divided into different compartments by rich mouldings, painted and gilt. Within the most sacred portion of the mosque there is a gorgeous display of valuable jewels set in gold and silver, while curiously wrought tapestries of the finest material, arrayed in graceful folds, add to the magnificence of the scene.

Three minarets are erected on the mosque, one at the north-west angle of the building, and the other two at the south-east angle. These two last abut upon the gate of the Bazaar



VIEW OF THE MOSQUE EL MOYED, AT CAIRO.

they since they went on pilgrimage to the black stone and worshipped at Kaaba!

Strange places are the eastern mosques; speaking of those of Cairo, Bartlett, in his "Nile Boat," says, "Among the four hundred mosques in the city, many of which are in a state of decay, very beautiful specimens may be met with." One of them our engraving represents. The Mosque-el-Moyed, or Medrecet-el-Moyed, was erected at the beginning of the fifteenth century (in the year 807 of the hegira), by the sultan Abou-el-Nars, Sheik-el-Mamoudy, surnamed Melik-el-Moyed, of the illustrious family of the Daherites, upon the spot formerly occupied by a prison, where the Emir Meutech was detained captive. The interior decorations of this religious

el Soukarieh. From the galleries of the minarets the priests call the faithful to prayers. A number of shops are attached to the exterior walls of the mosque, and the tenants have to keep the place in good repair. It is a fine old specimen of eastern architecture, perhaps one of the finest in all Cairo. In the Mosque-el-Moyed there is great care displayed for the accommodation of the priests in ascending the minaret at the time of worship, as one of the most important parts of their religious economy is this public declaration of the hour of prayer, and of their faith in Mahomet, who fell like a spark on black unnoticeable sand, "but lo, the sand proved explosive powder, and blazed heaven high from Delhi to Grenada!"

THE DEAD BRIDAL.
A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.



BIANCA, GIULO, AND JACQUES, IN THE BOUDOIR.

CHAPTER VIII.

Herm. "— -- Pray you sit by us,

And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall't be?

Herm. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;

I have one of spirits and goblins.

Herm. Let's have that, sir;

Come on, sit down, come on and do your best

To fright me with your spirits."—*Winter's Tale.*

THE day was far spent when the two youths, Giulio Polani, and the *Sieur de la Mole* found themselves, once again in the streets of Venice. The spot at which the former arrested the steps of his companion was one which might well command the attention of a stranger. It was close to the north-western angle of the grand-ducal palace, and the spectator could obtain a full view either due westward along the great piazza, terminated by the church of St. Gimignano, or, turning his head southward, survey the piazzetta through its whole line, till the eye rested on the waters of the Giudecca. The lower story of the palace was supported upon arches that sprang from massive pillars, and thus formed a magnificent arcade down the whole western front. This was the favourite promenade of the Venetian nobility, both in the morning between six and eleven o'clock, and in the evening between five and eight. The "*Broglio*," as it was called, was in fact the exchange of Venice for the nobility, quite as much as the Rialto was the exchange for the merchants; and in good truth as much business was done in the one locality as in the other; and though the actors were of a different class, the transactions themselves were often very similar in their character. If at the Rialto the merchant sold his merchandize to the best purchaser, so too at the *Broglio*, the noble often sold his influence, his vote, it might be his honour, to the highest bidder, the only difference in the two transactions being the openness with which the one, and the secrecy with which the other made his bargain. If the usurious money-lender overreached or oppressed in the one place, the greedy aristocrat circumvented and ensnared in the other. In the one there were frauds, and chicane, and the tricks of trade; in the other, corruption, and intrigues, and the specious deceptions of polished life. Each had their class-vices, and venalities, whether practised beneath the gown of the patrician or the cloak of the merchant.

But no such sentiments as these were suggested to the mind of the foreigner as he viewed the scene before him. Notwithstanding that the vast majority of the nobility was now absent from the city, serving in the army and on board the fleet at Palestrina, there were still left a sufficient number, especially of those to whom the regulation of the state was committed, and whose presence in the city was indispensable, to give brilliancy and effect to the concourse. Beneath the arcade might now be seen groups of nobles, some in couples, others, but less frequently, in larger numbers, promenading to and fro. It was noticeable, too, that the mechanics and artisans, and indeed all classes of the citizens who were not noble, did not venture to intrude themselves beneath the sanctity of the arcade; while a closer observer would have discovered that, even among those who assumed the right to walk within the pillars, a certain etiquette was observed, which separated even the nobles into classes; and distinct portions of the promenade seemed to have been conventionally appropriated for each class, upon which the others carefully abstained from intruding.

Outside the line of the arcade, the piazzetta was crowded with persons of every grade of the citizens below the rank of noble, and in addition were to be seen the denizens of most of the nations of the world, whom the commerce of Venice brought constantly to the city. Persians and Turks, Dalmatians and Greeks, Jews from every region, and Christians from all parts of Christendom. These, as they passed to and fro, or stood in groups, added infinitely to the picturesque effect of the scene, by the variety and contrasts of their

costumes, and the brilliant colours of their attire, compared with the sobriety and sameness of the garb of the Venetian citizen.

It was not without some excusable pride that Giulio noticed the manifest admiration of his friend, as he looked around him and contemplated one of the most imposing spectacles of the kind that even a travelled man could then behold, for assuredly in no country could one see more architectural magnificence grouped together—a nobler square, a purer sky, or a richer assemblage than the piazza and piazzetta di San Marco exhibited on a fine evening in the end of spring, or during the early summer. At length the young stranger turned to his friend and said:—

"In good faith, my Giulio, thou hast done well to bring me hither at such an hour as this. He who should miss this sight would carry away with him but an imperfect idea of your fair Venice."

Giulio made no reply, but his smile showed that he appreciated and enjoyed his friend's remark: the latter resumed:—

"Come now, thou shalt explain to me the significance of the various robes which I perceive the nobles wear. In truth, I thought your citizens affected but little distinction in dress, deeming all denizens of the republic on an equality—is it not so?"

Giulio smiled once again, but with an import different from before—it was the smile of one who cared not to answer a question when he scarce knew whether it was prompted by naivete or a pleasant malice.

"The mere citizens all wear the cloak of Paduan cloth, as you may perceive," he at length replied. "But the clausimi who bear any office in the state wear their gowns of office."

"Ah! I comprehend. Well then, who may that distinguished person be who wears the long gown of red damask, with the full sleeves, and the flap falling over his left shoulder?"

"What, he with the red hose and shoes? oh, that is the chief of the Council of Ten. The other with whom he walks in such earnest conversation is one of the secretaries of the council,—he with the gown of blue cloth with blue flaps edged with taffeta."

"Truly a mysterious-looking pair they seem," said the foreigner, laughing gaily; then checking himself as he observed the serious visage of his friend, he continued: "Pardie, I forgot, dear Giulio, that I am in Venice, and not in La Belle France. Well, there is a fine, martial-looking fellow in the gown of black damask, within which, as it opens, you can see his crimson doublet and hose. He is not one of your city *savi*, surely?"

"No," replied Giulio; "that is a knight of the Terra Firma."

"Ma foi! Say you so, indeed? In good sooth I should not care to get upon my war-horse in such a cumbrous garment, if I were the good knight. It would be sorely in the way of a demipique saddle, and one would scarce be able to put lance in rest or flourish a brand with these long sleeves trailing about."

"But thou shouldst see our knights of the Terra Firma upon the terra firma, Jacques," retorted Giulio, with some show of irritation: "thou wouldst then know how they can lay aside the long gown for the hauberk, and the felt hat for the canail *de fer*."

"Ah, I cry you mercy," said the Frenchman, interrupting

him, with an apologetic bow. "I forgot that you have no horses in the city of the lagoon."

In observations such as these the young men continued to indulge for a space as they walked down the piazzetta towards the water's edge.

"And now, Giulio," said his friend, "thou hast shown me much to-day, but there is one sight which I would fain see beyond them all."

"Name it, dear Jacques."

"And thou wilt promise to gratify my wish?"

"Assuredly, if it be within my power."

"Well, that is reasonable. Dost remember, Giulio, one lovely moonlight night, when thou and I lingered in our pinnace by a fair villa upon the banks of the Seine?"

"Ah, yes, Jacques: but what of it now, I prithee?"

"Why this, Giulio. Thou didst then speak of thy own home and thy own kin, and, in chief, of one whom thou didst call sister, though sister she was not at all; and I thought then, that if ever I should come to Venice, I would ask thee to show me a woman such as thou didst then describe. And I told thee, Giulio—did I not?—how that brothers were but partial judges. And thou didst maintain that our Gallie maidens were not fair as she of thine own Venice. Then, Giulio, we made a sportive wager of I forget how many crowns, each maintaining the beauty of his own land; and thou saidst that if I should come to Venice I should be convinced by my own eyes, and should give judgment against myself with mine own lips. Was it not so, Giulio?"

"In truth, dear Jacques, it was even as thou sayest. But the matter passed altogether from my mind, even until thou hast now recalled it."

"Well, art thou prepared to yield the palm to our French demoiselles, or art thou still as confident in Venetian beauty?"

"Nay, it is thou, Jacques, that shalt yield. What sayest thou? Shall we leave the noise of the city and seek the placid lagoons, as the sun is sinking? Must gladly will Bianca receive as her friend one who is the friend of her brother."

"Be it so, then," said Jacques; "and now let us lose no more time."

There was then, as there is now, and we make no doubt will ever be, while one stone of Venice remains upon another, a traghetto, or boat-stand, at the foot of the steps of the piazzetta. Several gondolas were lying at the water's edge, the gondoliers stretched lazily along the benches waiting for some chance fare.

"Antonio!" cried Giulio, hailing one of the boatmen.

"Eccomi, eccomi, signor. Son pronto io," responded a young man, springing upright, and with a sweep of his oar-blade sending his little craft right up to the foot of the stairs.

The young men entered. Giulio pointed with his hand beyond the Giudecca in a north-easterly direction.

"Ah, sì, sì, eccellenza: capisco ben," said the young gondolier, with a sly smile, and a stroke of his oar that drove them swiftly along the water.

"Well then, Antonio, if thou dost know whither thou art to go, I shall have the less to tell thee. And how is thy mother?"

"The Virgin be praised, eccellenza, the old woman bears up bravely, especially when she can get half an hour's gossip with a friend, as she did yesterday, when good mistress Giudetta called to see her."

By this time the gondola had clef its way into the middle of the Canale di Giudecca, and was nearly opposite the Island of San Giorgio Maggiore. The noble church which now stands upon the island had not yet been reared, but the convent and ancient chapel of the Benedictine monks were to be seen casting their shadows eastward upon the water.

"How calmly the water laves the shore of yonder isle," remarked Jacques, "what a picture of that dreamy repose which one can fancy is never broken by a ruffle."

"And yet," replied his friend, "at times the wind sweeps across its surface, and the waves roll in from the Adriatic, so that few gondolas would venture to cross the water."

"Ah! true, eccellenza," said Antonio, "unless the blessed San Giorgio himself should take it under his protection, as he did when the city was saved."

"And how was that, pray?" asked Jacques.

"What! has the signore never heard of the miracle of the three holy saints?"

"Never," said Jacques.

"Oh, che crederia?" exclaimed the boatman in surprise; but pardon,—the signore is perhaps a stranger?"

"It is even so; but thou shalt tell me the tale."

"Nay, signore, it is no tale, it is as true as the blessed Gospel. I heard my father tell it a thousand times—and he heard it from old Domenico himself, for they were great friends."

"Well, then, Antonio, thou canst tell it to the signore all the better, I suppose," said Giulio.

"Ay, eccellenza, I have it as pat off as if it were written out for me in a book and I could read it."

"Commence then, good youth, for I am anxious to hear it."

"Volontieri, signore?"—and so Antonio proceeded with

THE LEGEND OF THE THREE SAINTS.

"Well, then, good gentlemen, it is about forty years ago, as well as I can count, that what I am going to tell your excellencies took place. The season was a terribly wet one: the rain fell, fell day and night, just as if the clouds had no bottom to them; and then the Brenta, and all the other rivers that flow into the lagoons, were swollen to the top of their banks, and poured down in oceans. For thirty days the flood continued to increase, and the waters to rise all round the city and the islands, till people began to think that God was going to destroy the world once again with a deluge. Well, signori, on the thirtieth day, as it was coming on towards midnight, a tremendous tempest of wind sprang up all of a sudden, so awful, they say who heard it, that it seemed as if all the devils in hell had broken their chains and come howling and sweeping through the air. Just at this very time, a poor old fisherman, that went by the name of Domenico, was drawing up his little boat as well as he could to the bank of the Terra Nuova—"

"Nay, there thou art going astray, assuredly, Antonio," said Giulio, interrupting the chronicler. "It was at the Riva of the Canale di San Marco that old Domenico chanced to be when the tempest caught him,—so they who knew best affirm."

"Under favour, signore," replied the gondolier, "he who knew best where old Domenico made fast his boat that night, was, I should suppose, old Domenico himself, and he told my father 'twas at the Terra Nuova—and my father told me 'twas at the Terra Nuova, and I tell your excellencies 'twas at the Terra Nuova, and "

"Proceed, in the name of the Virgin, then, after your own fashion," cried the youth, cutting short the discussion.

"Sure, signore: one should not commit any mistake in so important a matter. Well, then, the poor fellow was in a sad plight, drenched to the skin, and hungry, and weary; for he had been toiling all the day, trying to catch a few fish, but the fish were all frightened and would not take any bait. So when he had moored the boat in the best shelter he could find, he was just stepping upon the bank when he perceived a man standing in front of him.

"You are in luck," said the stranger; 'just in the nick of time.'

"As to luck," replied Domenico, 'I never was in luck in my life; but I am just in time, I believe, to save myself from spending the night in the bottom of the canal.'

"Thou art in luck," repeated the other; 'thou shalt earn a good fare, and ferry me across to San Giorgio.'

"Diavolo!" cried Domenico, 'come si può andare a San Giorgio? How the devil, signore, could one get across to San Giorgio such a wild night as this? Noi ci annegheremo. By the blessed San Marco, we should be drowned to a certainty.'

"By the blessed San Marco," said the other solemnly, 'not a hair of your head shall be wet. Come.'

"The stranger spoke with an air of authority that Domenico found himself unable to resist, and stepping in he sat down at the stern, while the fisherman pulled away with all his might for the island. The will of God so appointing it, he reached the shore in perfect safety. Then the stranger, who during the time had neither spoken nor moved, arose, and ere Domenico could demand his fare, he was on the bank.

"Aspettate qui un poco," said he to the old man, with a wave of his hand, 'wait for me here for a moment;' and so he vanished in the darkness.

"Domenico was very angry, for he thought that the stranger had played him a slippery trick, cheating him of his fare as well as putting his life in jeopardy. However, when he looked back across the dark and troubled waters, he thought the best thing he could do was to stay where he was for the night. He had scarcely made up his mind to this, when he saw the stranger returning with another person, seemingly a young man of a warlike appearance. The two stepped into the boat, and the former, turning to Domenico, said in the same authoritative voice—

"Va verso San Nicolo di Lido."

"To San Nicolo di Lido!" repeated the old man in astonishment. 'Chi mai potrebbe andare a un remo? In the name of the Holy Virgin, who would be able to row to San Nicolo di Lido?'

"But the other said in a very quiet calm voice, 'Va Sicuramente che tu potrai andare. Be well assured that thou canst accomplish the task. And then, he added, seeing Domenico still hesitating, 'e sarai ben pagato.'

"Well, off he pulled lustily, commending himself to God and the Virgin, and though the water was rough, and the night as wild as ever, they reached San Nicolo in safety. The two men now left the boat and quickly returned with a third, a venerable-looking person, who seemed, as Domenico told my father, like an ecclesiastic. They were no sooner seated than the same who had heretofore spoken, directed Domenico to pull away out as far as the two castles. This seemed the strangest order of all, nevertheless he felt somehow as if he had no power to refuse: so he took to his oars once more, and made the direction of the castles. All the way the storm was at the highest, and as they were just getting out into the open sea, they beheld coming towards them from the two castles at a marvellous speed, as if flying along the waters, a galley full of devils; such, at all events, Domenico took them to be, from their terrible looks and their awful curses and denunciations; and as they came close up to the little boat, he could hear them vowing that they would inundate all Venice, and plunge her for ever in the abyss. Suddenly the sea, which up to this time was tossing in the most turbulent manner, as the old man used to declare, became as calm and tranquil as it is this moment. Then the three men stood up, and making each the sign of the cross, they addressed the demons, and they conjured them in the name of Christ to depart and go their ways. No sooner had they done this, than in an instant the galley disappeared and was never again seen or heard of. Then the three men caused Domenico to row them back again to the Lido, where the ecclesiastic got out, and thereupon his first acquaintance said to the boatman, 'Now for San Giorgio Maggiore.' Away pulled Domenico, for by this time he felt that he was in company with those whom it would not be very safe to gainsay: besides, he had lost all sense of danger, so away he pulled till he ran the boat up beside the very self-same spot on the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, where he had taken in the soldier. No sooner was the boat at rest than out stepped the second of his mysterious fares, and disappeared as strangely as he had come. There was now only the original person left in the boat. Domenico looked at him for further directions, whereupon he merely said, 'A Terra Nuova.' To the Terra Nuova accordingly the old man shaped his course, and at last arrived at the very post where he was about to moor his boat when he met

with this singular adventure. The stranger was just stopping ashore as the others did, when old Domenico bethought him that it was now high time to remind him of his promise. With somewhat of a fearful heart, for, as he said, he knew well he was dealing with no ordinary person, he ventured to say,—

"Eccellentissimo. I have seen a great miracle, no doubt. Nevertheless, miracles will not fill a poor fisherman's belly now-a-days. Your worship will, I humbly hope, pay me as you have promised for my hard night's work."

"What thou sayest is just enough," replied the other. 'Tu hai ragione. Go then in the morning to the Doge, and to the Procuratori di San Marco; tell them what thou hast seen and heard, and desire them to pay you.'

"Ah, Dio, noble sir," said the old man, 'were I to tell them all these marvellous things, they would not believe a word of them, and they would, I fear, pay me with the lash or the prison.'

"They shall believe thee," said the other. 'Tell them thou hadst San Marco in thy boat, and the cavallero San Giorgio, as likewise the holy bishop, San Nicolo, and that Venice would have been drowned, but for us three and thyself, who served us so bravely!'

"The old man knew not what to say when he found himself in the presence of the great patron saint of our city. At length he shook his head and said,—'Evangelista Santissimo, eglino non me crederanno. Alas! they will not credit such a one as I.'

"They shall," said the saint, 'I tell thee, they shall. Here, take this ring and show it to them in the morning, and say I gave it to thee.'

"Thereupon he departed, leaving the old man full of perplexity, not well knowing whether the whole was not a dream—except that he really had a rich gold ring in his hand, studded with precious stones. So when the morrow came, the old fisherman presented himself before the Doge, and told his tale, ending it by showing the ring. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of his highness at this, for he knew the ring in an instant. However, he sent off to the sanctuary of San Marco, to find if the ring was in its place, and lo, it was missing from its place. Just at this moment intelligence was brought that the water was falling rapidly in the lagunes, which gave such confirmation to the fisherman's narrative, that no one was impious enough any longer to doubt a word of it. His highness gave the ring, forthwith, to Ser Marco Loredano and Ser Andrea Dandolo, who were then the Procuratori of Saint Marks, and they lodged it in its place in the sanctuary, where it is, they say, up to this day!"

"Well, and what became of Domenico? was he paid his fare in the long run?" asked Jacques.

"Ah! Per Bacco, his fortune was made. The signory did not neglect the saint's directions, but they settled a state pension on the old man, which made him comfortable for the rest of his life. So that, eccellenza, is the true account of how the three saints saved the city of Venice."

Ere Antonio had concluded the legend of the three saints, the gondola had passed from the lagunes and entered the Adriatic. A short time sufficed to bring the party to the point of the shore, near which stood the villa with which the reader is already acquainted—that in which Bianca Morosini now resided. In that same sweet boudoir, with its balcony looking out upon the sea, was the maiden seated when the young men entered the house. What was the subject of her thoughts just then, one would scarce have needed to ask who could have seen the abandon of that graceful form half reclining on the couch, and marked the long black lash of the closed lid as it reposed on the upper part of the cheek, whose paleness was not invaded by the faint blush that tinged the face a little lower. He would have at once pronounced the subject was one in which the fancy was busily at work, and which engrossed the heart much more than the intellect—and that smile upon the scarce parted lips betrayed that the pictures of the fancy and the speculations of the heart were both pleasurable. At the farther end of the apartment a young

maiden, apparently about her own age, was employed arranging some flowers in a vase. She was attired in a variety of bright colours, and in a costume somewhat fantastic, and as she moved about, the toss of her head and the coquettish expression of her eyes announced the lady's maid—such as she was in Venice—one who, by her own freedom of manners, amply made up for the reserve in those of her mistress, or, one who, in the church, or at the public gardens, or passing through the public streets behind her mistress, was ever on the alert to watch every favourable opportunity to facilitate the little love adventures of herself or her mistress, to tell young gallants *by accident* where they were to be found in the evening, what mask her lady appeared in at the ball, and learn in return the colour of the gentleman's *domino*, and to make assignments at the *ridotto*, or at the chapel, or in the saloon of some common friend, who might be favourably disposed towards the young people. In no part of the world, not excepting Spain, had the ladies' maid more arduous functions to discharge than in the fair city of Venice. Nor will this be wondered at when it is remembered that nowhere were the daughters of noble houses watched with more strictness than in Venice. The greatest possible horror of *mesalliances* was entertained by those proud aristocrats, and parents who could not obtain suitable matches for their daughters preferred to consign them to convents rather than to the protection of husbands beneath their own rank. To guard against any mischance of this nature was, therefore, a principal object with those who had the care of the young Venetian ladies, and so they contrived to keep them as much as possible from that free intercourse with the other sex which was more or less liberally accorded in other countries. To counterplot parents and guardians in this respect was, after all, a natural, though certainly not a very commendable, consequence of the over strictness which was exercised, and hence a thousand ingenious devices and contrivances were resorted to by clever lacqueys and smart ladies' maids, to forward the love affairs of those whom they served. One had only to look at the sparkling black eyes of Giovanna, and the quick and restless glances with which they roved about from object to object, to be convinced that she was fully endowed with those qualities of intrigue, sagacity, and readiness that were necessary for a lady's maid; and yet never were such inestimable qualities more totally useless, at least so far as the mistress was concerned than in the present instance. Dear, simple-hearted Bianca! She had no lovers, no gallants—no heart affairs—save one, and that one was too sacred for the intermeddling of a waiting-maid; and so Giovanna was forced to content herself with rendering the ordinary and more legitimate services of her station; and of cultivating her talent for intrigue in the affairs of her own heart only.

The entrance of Giulio and his friend caused, of course, some little excitement in the boudoir. The faint flush deepened and mounted on the cheek of Bianca, as, after welcoming Giulio, she received the courtesies of the stranger. The serving-maiden did not fail to admire the fine figure and fashionable attire of the foreigner, and to fall into instant speculation as to who he was, what he was, and why he was here. She contrived to throw the flowers out of the vase, that she might have the excuse of waiting in the apartment to re-arrange them; but this was at length accomplished, and she retired, leaving the three to enjoy their own society without the surveillance of others.

And why should not we follow her example? Why should not we permit one episode in the social existence of three young people to pass without recording every word, anatomising every sentiment, moralising upon every action? Already have we given our readers an insight into the heart of one of the three—that clear, pure heart that one might look through as he would look through the translucent water, or the clear crystal. The heart of man is less easily read, for there are many things to tincture its purity, to make opaque that which should be transparent—complex feelings, conflicting master-passions, contending interests. What, then, were the sentiments which the two others of the party enter-

tained for the beautiful girl in whose presence they sat, it would be premature to say. One of them, Giulio, felt at least all the love of a brother, all the pride of a brother; but did he feel anything more? Was his love stronger, tenderer, more exacting than the love of a brother? Did he feel even a momentary pang of jealousy as he witnessed the admiration of his friend, which the latter did not even seek to conceal? Did the gallantries of anyone but himself to the girl seem misplaced, and did he long for the hour when he should enjoy her converse without the presence of a third; and, above all, of a third of his own sex, and of attractions such as he could not help admitting Jacques was possessed of? All these questions we shall not now answer; nor shall we speculate on the precise nature of the feelings which Jacques entertained towards the lady. Certain it is, however, that upon the return of the two youths that evening to Venice, their conversation was by no means as unconstrained and as animated as it was wont to be of old. Giulio was abstracted, moody, and for minutes together totally silent. Jacques appeared less gay and careless in his manner; and, at times, Giulio surprised him gazing upon his face with an expression of melancholy, yet kind, interest, as if he had penetrated the young Venetian's secret love, even before the latter had fully acknowledged it to himself. It seemed as if the memory of the ciarlatano's prediction of the morning came upon the young men like a dark shadow, from whose gloom they could not altogether emerge.

It was not till many hours of the early night had passed over their heads, as they sat in the Palazzo Polani, recounting over the wine-flask some of their pleasant days, that their wonted cheeriness of tone and manner returned to either. At length they parted with a cordial embrace at midnight, each returning to his apartment, having planned the pleasures of the succeeding day.

In the morning, when Giulio had dressed, he sought his friend's apartment, but it was empty. As he was returning to the saloon, wondering at the early movements of his guest, Tomaso handed him a letter: breaking the silken thread that tied it, Giulio read the following words,—

"It is necessary that I leave Venice without delay. Till we meet again, accept my thanks and confide in my love. I have lost the wager, dear Giulio, and thou hast won. Be it so. I shall pay thee, assuredly—perhaps when thou least expectest it.

"Adieu.

"JACQUES."

Giulio was both surprised and grieved at this sudden departure of his friend. To all his enquiries he could get no other answer than this, that early in the morning his guest had gone out, but returned shortly after, apparently in haste with a packet in his hand, which looked as if just received. He announced to Tomaso that he had suddenly received information which required his immediate departure, and ordered his cloak-bag to be put in the gondola which awaited him at the water-gate of the palazzo. He then wrote the few lines which he left for Giulio, with directions to give them to him when he left his chamber, but by no means to disturb him in the meantime. And so he departed.

After turning the matter again and again in his mind, the young Venetian came to the conclusion that his guest had gone to the osteria, and there found a letter for him, which required his presence speedily elsewhere. What the nature of this summons might be he had no means of forming any idea, but the fact of Jacques having been seen with a letter in his hand upon his return to the palazzo seemed to justify the conclusion to which he had come. At length he dismissed the subject, with the belief that a little time would clear up the matter, as he had no doubt that Jacques would soon write to explain it; and so, when he had taken his morning's repast, his thoughts turned not unnaturally to the scene of the previous evening, and then he thought of Bianca, and then—he stepped into the family gondola, and desired Beppe to row to the Villa Morosini.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S EXPERIMENTAL INVESTIGATION OF TABLE-MOVING.

THE "new power," which table-moving has been thought to disclose, has at length been investigated by an experimental philosopher. The conclusion to which he has arrived is, that tables are moved simply by unconscious muscular action, having nothing to do with electricity, magnetism, attraction, or any unknown force whatever, much less, as some have boldly asserted, the motion of the earth, or supernatural agency. The morbid state of the public mind, both in Europe and America, on the subject of table-moving, required some corrective; and Professor Faraday, with a view to lunish false notions respecting it, has taken considerable pains to discover the real motive-power by which the various phenomena of table-moving are produced. The results of his ingenious and successful experiments, and the methods by which he arrived at them, have been communicated to the public by that eminent scientific authority. That our readers may retain in a permanent form that which otherwise might exist only in the pages of a newspaper, we present them with a brief epitome of the professor's experiments.

After explaining his reasons for making the inquiry—not that his own doubts on the subject of table-moving might be satisfied, for he never had any, but that he might be enabled to give a decided opinion, founded on facts, to the many who applied to him—the professor proceeds to show by what steps he arrived at the conclusion that the table, or any other inert matter, had no power of moving except that which was communicated directly to it from the hands of the operators. He associated with him several honourable, but sincere, believers in the table-moving mania; and, after a few experiments, in which abundant motion was communicated to the pieces of furniture operated upon, he clearly saw that the table moved under the action of ordinary mechanical power, when the parties did not intend, and did not believe, that they moved it by any such means.

But he sought to *prove* to these honourable believers, and through them to the public, that they really did *move* the table in this way, and that the influence of expectation on their minds was the actual cause of their hands moving the table, and that the table did not move their hands. His first object, therefore, was to remove all suspicion of electrical agency. Hence plates of the most opposite electric affinities, namely, sand-paper, millboard, glass, moist clay, tinfoil, cardboard, gutta-percha, vulcanised india-rubber, wood, &c., were made into a bundle and placed on the table under the hands of the operators. The table turned, nevertheless, though no electric or magnetic effects could be produced. Bundles of other substances were used and placed under the hands of different persons, but still the table turned. Neither during the use of these substances, nor at any other time while the experiments were in progress, could any apparent motion be observed in the hands of the operators; and no form of operation or mode of observation gave the slightest indication of any peculiar natural force. No attractions or repulsions, or signs of tangential power, appeared—nor anything that could be referred to other than the mere mechanical pressure exerted moderately by the operators. The tables went round, forwards, backwards, and sideways, at the will of the turners, and nothing of either "collusion, illusion, or delusion" was apparent.

But this cursory examination did not satisfy the professor. He therefore proceeded to analyse the kind of pressure exerted, at first unknown to the operators. Several pellets of a cement made of wax and turpentine were fixed on the under side of a piece of cardboard, and then placed on the table. The table turners laid their hands on the cardboard, and the professor waited the result. The table moved as before; but on examining the under side of the cardboard it was easy to see "by the displacement of the pellets that the hands had moved farther than the table, and that the latter had lagged behind; that the hands, in fact, had pushed the card to the left, and that the table had followed and been dragged by it." It

was evident, therefore, that the table had not drawn the hands and persons, nor had it moved simultaneously with the hands. The hands had left all things under them behind, and the table evidently tended continually to keep the hands back.

"The next step was to arrange an index which should show whether the table moved first, or the hand moved before the table, or both moved or remained at rest together." Various ingenious contrivances were invented and applied, "the result of which was," says Professor Faraday, "that when the operators saw the index it remained very steady; when it was hidden from them, or they looked away from it, it moved about, though they believed that they always pressed directly downwards; and, when the table did not move, there was still a resultant of handforce by which it was wished the table should move; which, however, was exercised quite unwittingly by the party operating. This resultant it is which, in the course of the waiting time, whilst the fingers and hands become stiff, numb, and insensible, by continued pressure, grows up to an amount sufficient to move the table or the substances pressed upon. But the most valuable test of this index apparatus (which was afterwards made more perfect and independent of the table), is the corrective power it possesses over the mind of the table turner. As soon as the index is placed before the most earnest, and they perceive—as in my presence they have always done—that it tells truly whether they are pressing downwards or only obliquely, then all effects of table-turning cease, even though the parties persevere, earnestly desiring motion, till they become weary and worn-out. No prompting or checking of the hands is needed—the power is gone; and this, only because the parties are made conscious of what they are really doing mechanically, and so are unable unwittingly to deceive themselves. I know that some may say that it is the cardboard next the fingers which moves first, and that it both drags the table and the table turner with it. All I have to reply is, that the cardboard may in practice be reduced to a thin sheet of paper weighing only a few grains, or to a piece of goldbeaters'-skin, or even—in principle—to the very cuticle of the fingers itself. Then the results that follow are too absurd to be admitted; the table becomes an incumbrance, and a person holding out his fingers in the air, either naked or tipped with goldbeaters'-skin or cardboard, may be drawn about the room, &c.; but I refrain from considering imaginary yet consequent results which have nothing philosophical or real in them."

The professor's conclusion is, that the mind becomes absorbed, and the muscles follow the will of the operator without his being aware of it; just as, in the process of walking, the legs move without a direct appeal to the senses, the mind having once determined that they *shall* walk. It is not insinuated that the experimentalists in table-moving are not perfectly honest in their desire to arrive at the truth; all that the professor declares is, that they are self-deceived. "Persons do not know," says this authority, "how difficult it is to press directly downwards, or in any given direction against a fixed obstacle; or even to *know* only whether they are doing so or not, unless they have some indicator, which, by visible motion or otherwise, shall instruct them; and this is more especially the case when the muscles of the fingers have been cramped and rendered either tingling or insensible by cold or long-continued pressure. If a finger be pressed constantly in the corner of a window-frame for ten minutes or more, and then, continuing the pressure, the mind be directed to judge whether the force at a given moment is all upward, or all downward, or how much is in one direction, and how much in the other, it will find great difficulty in deciding; and will, at last, become altogether uncertain."

It is proper to observe that, notwithstanding the high position which Professor Faraday deservedly occupies in the scientific world, both the fairness of his experiments and the soundness of his conclusion have been called in question. Facts have been communicated to the public which certainly do not, at first sight, appear easy to be reconciled with his theory. The subject must be still further investigated before it can be considered as satisfactorily settled.

ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.—LOWESTOFT.

We need only look into the periodicals of the last century—the “Spectators,” “Ramblers,” and “Freeholders”—to get a tolerably true idea of the way in which our ancestors spent their summers. Then, as now, town-bred ladies and gentlemen, professional men and merchants, authors and shop-keepers, soldiers and sailors, and tinkers and tailors, were glad enough to get away from business in the city and to enjoy a little fresh air “out of town.” But their choice of retreats was rather circumscribed; for, with the exception of Bath, Tunbridge Wells, and Cheltenham, there were few places which possessed sufficient attractions for the Lord Harrys and Lady Bettys of the time, and fewer still which had sufficient energy to call public attention to their beauties, much less to provide for any sudden influx of holiday-makers. The meeting of frilled and powdered gentlemen and hooped and furbelowed old-young ladies in the pump-rooms at Cheltenham, or the assemblies at Bath, where a system of stiff and formal courtesy, very suitable to the disciples of Beau Nash, solemnly carried on, was the extent of fashionable recreation—varied now and then by a little scandal, gambling, and love-making. In fact, the genteel folk of that day, as of this, invariably carried their town manners into the country with them.

Bath, and Cheltenham, and Tunbridge Wells have gone out of fashion, and no one now-a-days thinks of meeting the “best society” in those very clean and exclusive watering places; but the halo of their former glory hangs about them still, and it is not difficult, standing at one end of the Long Walk at the wells, to imagine burly Dr. Johnson holding a conversation with Steele and Goldsmith at the other, with a well-dressed group of delighted listeners standing under the shade of the old elm trees.

The growth of the population—more than doubled within fifty years—necessitated, as it were, the discovery of new Meccas and Medinas for the toil-stained pilgrims from London; and the rapid extension of the railway and steam-packet system has enabled thousands to get out of town for a day or two, who, under the old *regime* of post-horses and mail coaches, would have died, perhaps, without so much as looking at the sea from Margate Jetty.

And so now—thanks, again, all-powerful steam—we are enabled, in an hour or two, if not altogether to

“Breathe the fresh air of the mountains,”

at least to recreate our bodies, and refresh our minds amidst the delightful scenery of Devonshire, or the Isle of Wight; or, if not inclined to go quite so “far away from home,” we may “get a blow” on the Thames to Gravesend or Ramsgate, or, quietly dropping down to Bishopsgate-street, or London Bridge, find ourselves speeding away, at forty miles an hour, in the direction of Brighton or Lowestoft.

Both these towns have achieved popularity in comparatively recent times. George the Fourth, as became the “finest gentleman in Europe,” brought old Brighthelmston into fashion, and Mr. Kemp, a merchant and builder, munificently completed what the sovereign had begun, by building an entirely new town, which has been called after his name. Lowestoft, however, has not had the advantage of princely patronage, but mainly owes its present importance as a watering place to the desire of the Eastern Counties’ Railway directors to make it a packet station for Denmark and the North of Europe.

Various opinions prevail as to the derivation of the word Lowestoft. By some it is supposed to be derived from Lod-brog, a Danish king who, it is said, having jumped into a boat to save a favourite hawk which had fallen into the sea, was carried across by a storm up the mouth of the Yare to Reedham, in Suffolk. Here he was kindly received by the inhabitants, and conducted to king Edmund who was then with his court at Caistor, about ten miles off. After having resided with the king for some time he was murdered by his falconer through jealousy of his success in hawking. Another

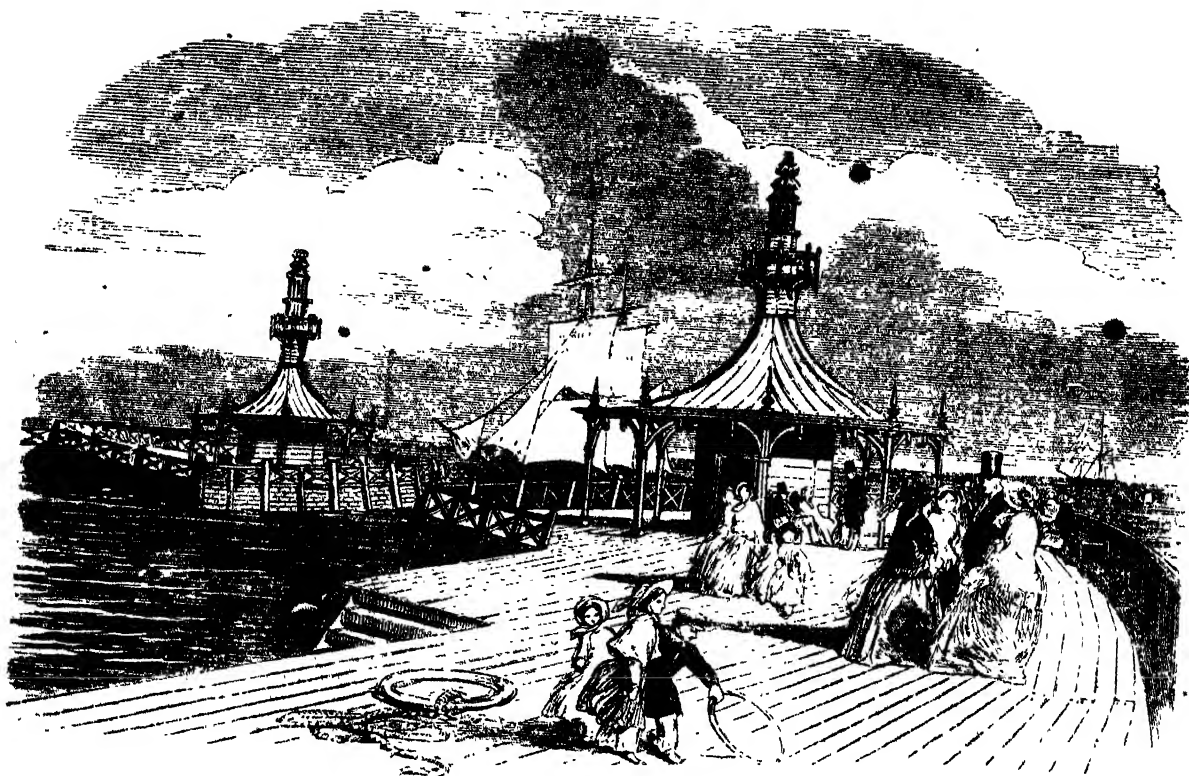
derivation of the name is that it comes from *Lothor Wistoft*, a *toft*, or cluster of houses, by *loth* or slow river—a description peculiarly applicable to the Waveney, which flows with a languid stream strongly contrasting with the rapidity of the *Gor*, or *rapid* near Gorleston. These questions, more interesting to antiquarians than general readers, we cannot enter into at present. Similar, though not perhaps equal, obscurity veils the early history of the town, in consequence of its destruction by fire in 1606, involving the loss of the town records, which were preserved in the vicarage. Little is known beyond the fact that it was perpetually at war with Yarmouth, on account of the attempt of the corporation of that town to monopolise the sale of herrings. The amity between the two places was exhibited in the time of Charles the First, when they took opposite sides, and contended with great fury and alternate success.

In point of position, there are few towns within a few hours’ railway journey from London, which can rival Lowestoft. The most easterly point of land in England, this little town is rapidly rising into public favour, on account of the extreme salubrity of its atmosphere, notwithstanding its apparently exposed situation, and the easy means of access it possesses with the metropolis, and the whole eastern division of England, through its connexion with the above railway,

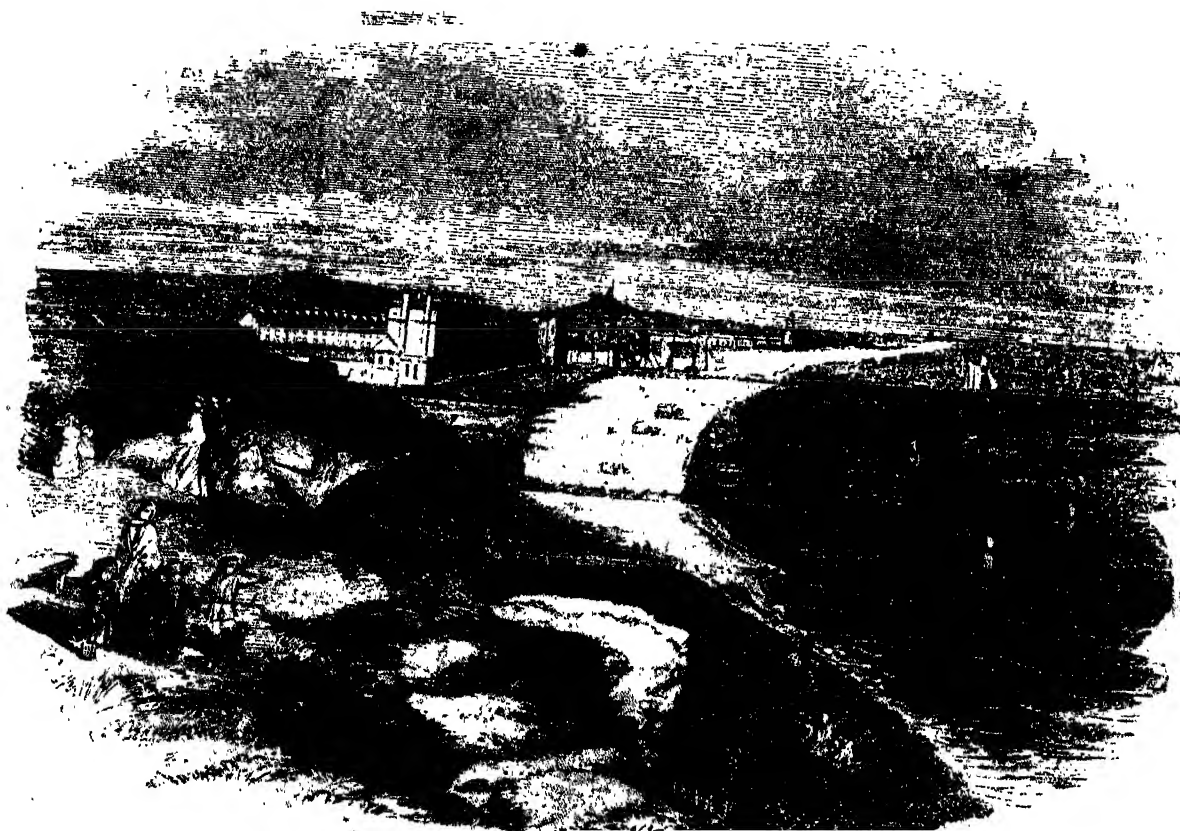
“Enthroned upon an ancient hill it rests,
Calmly it lifts its time-worn head: and first
Of all old England’s busy towns, whispers
Its orisons, and greets the rising morn.”

Although only recently erected into a “watering-place,” Lowestoft is one of the most ancient towns in the empire; or, to speak in more strictly correct language, there is little doubt that the Romans had a station on or near this spot. The present town consists of a single street, directly facing the beach, and “commanding an extensive prospect of the German Ocean,” as an auctioneer would say, if he had to advertise Lowestoft as “a snug little property in the Eastern Counties.” But in this one long street there are to be found “all the conveniences appertaining to the most complete” watering-place; together with—to carry on the auctioneer’s phraseology—“that splendour and elegance” which belongs to the new town, and “that quaintness and bustle” peculiar to the old. Wide sands extend from the sea-shore almost to the pathways of the street; and the bathing on the shelving coast is both safe and practicable at all times of the tide. Of course there are the usual hotels,—the Royal Hotel taking the lead in public estimation,—a banking house, and the usual number of churches and chapels proper to a well-frequented and rapidly rising town. Fortunately for the peace of both the visitors and the inhabitants, Lowestoft has not yet arrived at the distinction of a parliamentary borough, or even of a mayor and corporation, like Gravesend and Garratt. But it has attractions of a far weightier kind in its beautiful Marine Parade, opposite the beach; and a couple of piers, each running about a quarter of a mile into the sea. From the esplanade, the sea view is very fine; for there is scarcely an hour in the twenty-four in which the aspect of the scene remains the same. Now a gay yacht or two skim lightly over the waves; now the offing is crowded with foreign-looking craft from France and Holland and the North of Europe, jostling with a mosquito fleet of fishing-boats on their way to the opposite coasts, in search of cod and whiting for the London markets; and again, light wherries, impelled by brawny arms, shoot across the way of black, heavy-looking colliers, and row-boats full of merry-looking girls and boys— young men and women they call themselves—disporting about the harbour in all the luxury of summer idleness.

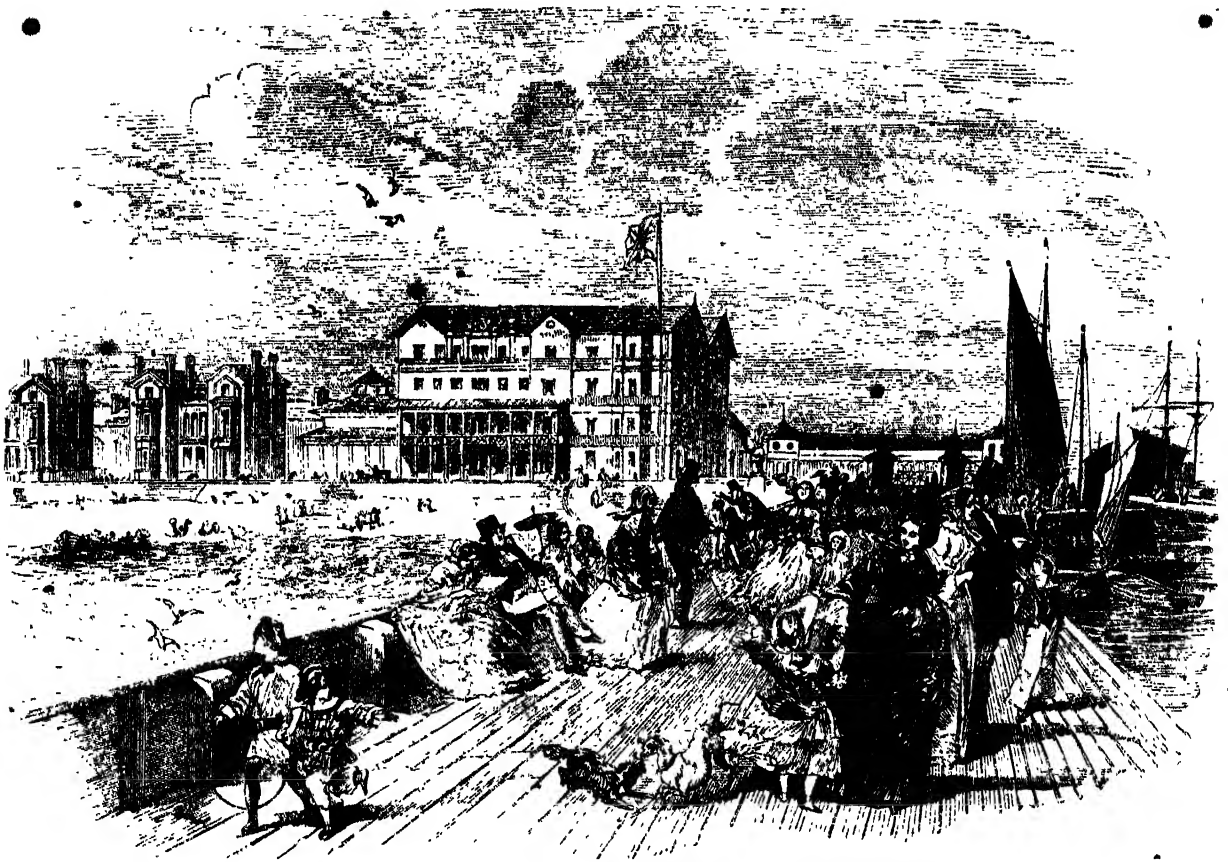
And then the fishmarket, and the lighthouses, and the chalk cliffs, and the harbour, each claim notice—had we space; but the artist’s pencil is more eloquent than the writer’s pen, and so let that suffice.



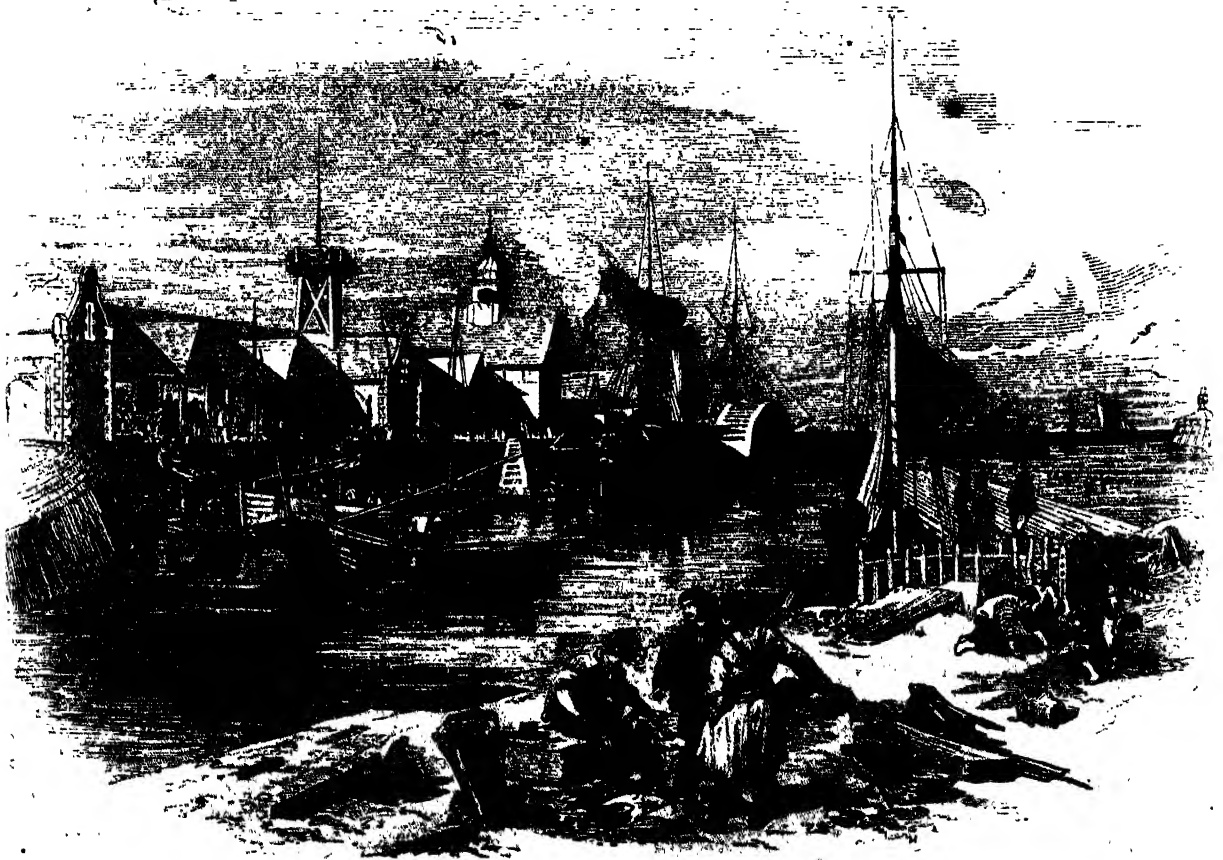
ENTRANCE TO LOWESTOFT HARBOUR.



VIEW OF LOWESTOFT—FROM PARKFIELD CLIFF.



HOWETT'S ROYAL HOTEL, LOWESTOFT.—FROM THE PIER.



THE FISH MARKET, LOWESTOFT.

SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

TRADESMEN'S SIGNS.

THE rapid strides which have taken place, in the form of renovations, to accord with the tastes of the present race of the citizens of London, have conspired to erase almost all trace of the curious signs which formerly occupied so prominent and conspicuous a place in their streets. These signs may fairly be regarded as a species of heraldry or symbolism, and as such are deserving the attention of the antiquary, not only in exhibiting peculiar features in the appearance of the city, but as illustrations of the manners and customs of our ancestors. Although as a rule these distinguishing marks have been abolished, we have still types of the custom preserved. The gold-beater still exhibits his "Golden Arm and Hammer" projecting from the wall of his house; the fishing-rod maker, the trout dangling at the end of a line, the "Barber's Pole," the "Virginian Black" and the roll of the tobacconist, the "Black Doll" of the rag shops, and some few others, are met with in most of the streets; neither ought we to omit the more costly, and sometimes elegant, signs of the insurance offices, and which in many cases add greatly to the embellishment of our streets. But while this is the case, even the lowest description of our public-houses and inns, with their stuccoed renovations, appear to aim at an entire change from their former appearance, and carefully conceal their original sign.

The introduction of devices and signs against houses appears to have been a very early custom; indeed, it was the only mode of identification before the introduction of numbering, which was not adopted till the middle of the last century. These distinguishing marks were not only used by tradespeople and places of resort, but by private families. At the same time, the practice was not universal in either case, as we find in the descriptions of houses as "over against the Condyt," "neer to the May Pole," next Paull's Cross," "adjoining St. Dunstons," &c.

Some of these descriptions appear to us of very inconvenient length, and in some instances exceedingly elaborate, as in the case of the address of William Faithorne, the engraver, in 1691, "at the sign of the 'Ship,' next to the 'Drake,' opposite to the 'Palgrave Head Tavern,' without Temple Barr," and in an advertisement, in 1701, of a public exhibition, "at the 'White Head,' near Pall Mall, facing the Haymarket, within two doors of the glass lamps." In the early part of the last century, we find, by the different communications to the newspapers, that the state of the streets caused great dissatisfaction to the public, not only from the encroachments made by the shopkeepers, who vied with each other in trespassing on the public way by their bow-windows, and who emulated to thrust each new one beyond his neighbour's. Notwithstanding the many complaints that were constantly made, it was not until 1766, that the subject was entered into by the corporation, who determined to remove many of the inconveniences and obstructions. By the evidence then published, it appeared that they chiefly consisted in projections or pent-houses, and these, when loaded with flower-pots, often occasioned accidents, from their falling into the streets, and were exceedingly unpleasant to the passengers below, when these hanging gardens were over-watered. A writer of the period describes the extravagance of the signs, as "very large, very fine, with gilding and carving; but as very absurd. Golden periwigs, saws, axes, razors, trees, lancons, knives, salmon, cheese, blacks' heads, with gilt hair, half moons, sugar loaves, and Westphalia hams, repeated without mercy from the Borough to Clerkenwell, and from Whitechapel to the Haymarket."*

* The old song records them thus—

"I'm amused at the signs
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture—
A Magpie and Crown ;

London was not the only city decorated with signs. In the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., the inhabitants of Paris made a successful appeal to the king for their removal. It appears that their city was in a very sickly condition; and the mortality very great. The report made by the faculty was to the effect, that the signs prevented a free circulation of air through the streets, on which an edict was published, that no sign should be more than eighteen inches by twelve, and the weight limited to four or five pounds. At this time many of the iron signs in London weighed 400 or 500 pounds, and some a great deal more. In 1718, the front of a house, opposite Bride-lane, Fleet-street, fell down, and killed two young ladies, a cobbler, the king's jeweller, and several others, besides many maimed. This was occasioned by the wind blowing hard against the large sign and iron. The newspapers of the period recount many instances of accidents from the signs becoming detached from their frail supports, and it is even within the memory of many now living, that this was the case. Amongst the many objections which were then raised against them, and called for their removal, was that of the owners not always keeping them in proper repair, and allowing them to be blown down on the heads of the people. Besides this, those which swung, suspended by projecting poles or from hooks, kept up, in windy weather especially, a constant grating, creaking, squeaking, and other inharmonious and discordant noises, to the special annoyance of strangers sojourning in the neighbourhood.*

The court of Common Council appointed a committee in the same year, to consider the subject of the removal of these nuisances, which were ordered henceforth to be fixed to the front of the houses, flat against the wall. The spirit of improvement did not stop here; the water spouts, which had contrived to distribute their contents over the passengers, were removed; the streets were for the first time inscribed at the corners with their names; brass plates were introduced on the doors of the gentry, and the numbering of houses completed this portion of the great work of amendment.

From this time the streets wore a different aspect. The shops, which before had, for the most part, been little better than cribs for storing away goods, and in many instances without glass windows, now adopted them, and exhibited their different wares. Many of the shopkeepers abandoned their signs altogether, while others adopted the plan suggested by the authorities, by having their signs painted on boards or flat pieces of iron, and nailed against the wall. These, in their turn, vanished, when the front of the old wooden projections decayed; and the signs themselves found their way to the old iron shops, or in a few cases were preserved by the owners as relics for the gaze of future generations. All that has been left to us are a very few and scattered examples.

The signs adopted by the tradespeople of London almost set at defiance a hope of achieving anything approaching to a satisfactory classification. At first sight, they appear to have been selected without reference to the trade or occupation of the owner of the house. We find the old sign often retained

The Whale and the Crow ;
The Razor and Hen ;
The Leg and Seven Stars ;
The Axe and the Bottle ;
The Tun and the Lute ;
The Eagle and Child ;
The Shovel and Boot."

* Gay, in his *Trivia*, in reverting to this subject, says :—

"But when the swinging signs your ears offend,
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;
Soon shall the kennel swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames."

And in his directions to the stranger walking the streets of London,—

"If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town ;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train."

by a new tenant selling totally different wares, and sometimes a joint occupation of different callings, as in the case of Isaac Walton, who sold his goods in the shop of another, in Fleet-street, at the sign of the "Harrow."

While some signs were taken from the crest or heraldic bearing of the family owning the business, as in the case of the "Grasshopper of the Greshams," others have a reference to that of their patrons, as in the case of William Seres, a bookseller, in 1566, in St. Paul's Churchyard, who lived at the sign of the "Hedgehog," the badge of his patron, Sir Henry Sidney. The crests of various noble families are constantly met with, as, for instance, the "Eagle and Child" of the Stanleys, in several parts of Westminster, as well as in the city; and a still more common practice of adopting the entire arms or supporters of the different companies owning the property, or to which the tradesman belonged, and which accounts for the constant recurrence of the "Three Tuns" of the vintners. The "Queens' Heads," which form the crest of the mercers and others, are still found in stone inserted in the brickwork in many parts of the city.

In the investigation of this subject it is curious to remark upon the little assistance there is to be obtained by the most careful examination of engravings and drawings of that period. In many cases the signs were either omitted altogether, or so carelessly drawn, as rather to mislead than guide us in our researches; amongst other channels for information, and not the least valuable, will be found in the tradesmen's tokens, the subject on the obverse being mostly chosen from the sign of the house from which they were issued. The majority of these interesting evidences emanated from inns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort. A list of several hundred tokens relating to London, has been published in an admirable work by J. Y. Akerman.* Another source of information is the titles of books; but this, of course, relates exclusively to the trade of bookselling and stationery. Of all the motives which induced a selection of subjects for signs, perhaps, the most singular is that of a play upon the name. We find, for example, William Norton, the printer, used the rebus of a sweet-william growing out of a tun, with the word "non" upon it. Pelham More, at Moorgate; his sign was a blackamoor's head and sun. John Day, the well-known printer, lived by the Little Conduit in Cheap-side, at the sign of the "Resurrection," and which represented a boy being aroused from sleep, the rising sun, and the motto, "Arise, for it is daye." The sign of Grafton; the publisher and chronicler, was a branch or graft of a tree growing in a tun, and which gave rise to a witty remark of his rival, John Stowe, who said, in allusion to his chronicle, that it was the noise of empty *tonnes* and unfruitful *graftes*, to which Grafton replied by calling Stowe's work "lyes foolishly storred together." Numerous other examples are found in the "Salmon and Bowl" of John Salmon, in Spitalfields, the same sign of Mrs. Salmon of the well-known wax-works in Fleet Street; the "Heart" of Jane Hart, in Southwark; the "Bell" of John Bell, in Wood Street; the "Key" of Jane Keye, in Bloomsbury market, and many others. The booksellers often seemed to aim at appropriate signs in reference to the works they sold. The sign of the "Evangelists" often occurs. Robert Wyer, in 1527, kept a shop "in Saynt Martyns Paryshe, at the signe of St. Johan Evangelyste," and perhaps the signs of the most frequent occurrence are those of the signs appropriated to the Evangelists, as the "Eagle" of St. John, the "Lion" of St. Mark, the "Bull" of St. Luke, and the "Angel" of St. Matthew. Others, more common, have the same reference. Abraham Veal, the printer, in 1548, kept a shop "in Paule's Chayne, at "John Baptist," and Henry Smythe, at the "Holy Trinity," without Temple Bar. In 1509, Henry Pepwell kept the "Trinity," and Michael Lobby the sign of "Saynte Mychell." Reynold Wolff at the

"Brazen Serpent," which was supported by a "Fox" and a "Wolf," in allusion to his names, and it may be here worthy of remark that by his will he bequeathed his sign to his son Robert, a proof of the value of these objects, as well as of the estimation in which they were held. In the same locality, Gabriel Cawood had for his sign the "Holy Ghost." Others of a more terrestrial conception, and savouring of Romish ascendancy, were used, as the "Mitre," "Crosier," "Cardinal's Cap," and "Golden Cross." Hewghe Singleton dwelt at the "Dobblehood," in Thames Street; Thomas Hacket, at the "Pope's Head," in Lombard Street; and Juhan Notary, the well-known bookseller, kept his shop, as he tells us by his titles, "Juxta Templum-barre, sub intersignio trium regum," and another shop in "St. Pauls churche yarde, at the west dore, besyde my lorde of London's, Palayse, at the sign of the 'Three Kings.'" These were doubtless meant for the three kings of Cologne, of which tradition we have other indications in London. The sign of the "Keys" and the "Cross Keys" are common, and which may have reference to the keys of St. Peter. Bernard Kintot had his shop between Temple gates, at the sign of the "Cross Keys." The titular saints have also contributed subjects, as the "Whel of St. Catherine," and the "Dragon of St. George," as well as these saints themselves. "The shyp of folys of the worlde, emprented by me Richard Pynson, in Flete Strete, at the sygne of the George, MCCCCVIIII.

Our shyp here levyth the sees brode,
By the help of God Almyght, and quyetly
At anker we lye within the rode;
But who that lysteth of them lye,
In Flete-streete shall them fynde truly,
At the George in Richard Pynson's place,
Prynter unto the Kyng's noble Grace."

William Middleton, in 1541, who succeeded Pynson, kept up the same sign, and used, as his rebus, a *tun* in the middle of a shield between two angels. The gridiron of St. Lawrence is another example; and we cannot omit the "Devil" of St. Dunstan, which was the sign of a well-known house in that parish, the resort of the wits of the last two centuries. In the same parish was the "Little Devil," where the members of the embryo society of antiquaries were wont to meet, before they removed to the "Mitre," which is still in existence.

The sports and pastimes of the people have contributed their subjects; for instance, the "Maypole" was to be found in the immediate vicinity of the spots on which they erected them, as well as the objects with which they were decorated. Robert and William Copeland, the former of whom was servant to Wynkin de Worde, kept a shop, in 1516, at the sign of the "Rose Garland," in Fleet-street. The old scrivener, "Thon Waylande, at the signe of the Blew Garlande," in the same street. "Lilies, Violets, Sunflowers, and Marygolds," were not uncommon; while sports in the arena have provided us with "Bears, Bulls, and Cocks," without number; as well as the "Horn" of the huntsman. The "Falcon" was a favourite sign. Wynkin de Worde set up a press on the spot now occupied by No. 32, Fleet-street, and afterwards by Griffiths, "at the signe of the Faucon, in Sainte Dunstone's church-yarde, in the west of London, 1565;" as well as by a succession of printers and publishers, including John Murray, the publisher of Byron's works, and Samuel Highly, the well-known medical bookseller of our time. The court at the side of the house still goes by the name of this sign. John Harrison, who published the first edition of "Venus and Adonis," and "Rape of Lucrece," dwelt at the sign of the "White Greyhound;" and the first edition of Richard II. was printed at the sign of the "Fox." The celestial bodies furnished subjects: "Suns, Moons, and Stars" were interminable. Wynkin de Worde, "at the signe of the Sonne," Richard Tottel and Richard Pynson both lived at the "Hande and Starre," which is the house now occupied by Butterworth, the publisher; the site of their printing-office being now occupied by Duck's coffee-house. At the "Star," on Snow-hill, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, John Bunyan died, in 1688.

* "Tradesmen's Tokens current in London and its Vicinity between the Years 1548 and 1672, by John Younge Akerman, Follow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries." J. R. Smith. London, 1849.

JAMES WATT.

JAMES WATT was born at Greenock, on the 19th of January, 1734. His great-grandfather owned a small estate in Aberdeenshire; but having joined in Montrose's insurrection, he was killed in battle, leaving an infant son to be brought up by relatives. When the orphan child grew to manhood; he showed great capacity for mathematical pursuits, and followed the profession of a teacher of mathematics in Greenock, where he died at the age of ninety-one. Two sons survived him: the elder, John, adopted his father's profession, to which he added that of a surveyor, and was much employed in Ayr and Glasgow, but died a few years after his father; the younger, James, was a block-maker and ship-chandler in Greenock, engaging occasionally also in ship and house building and general trading. He was an active and enterprising man, much esteemed by his fellow citizens, who chose him to fill some of the municipal posts of honour. Latterly, however, his concerns did not prosper—perhaps he had too many trades—and he retired from business with reduced means and impaired faculties, some years before the close of his life. His family consisted of two sons—James, the subject of our sketch, and John, who was drowned at sea in his twenty-third year. Of the mother, Agnes Muirhead, little is known, farther than that she belonged to a respectable family, so that we have not the means of discovering whether this case affords confirmation or the reverse of the assertion so often made, that the mothers of great men are almost always found to be persons of superior mental endowments.

When a child, James Watt's health was so delicate, that his school education was much interrupted. His mother taught him reading, his father writing and arithmetic. As is often the case with children compelled by ill health to a sedentary life, he became an incessant reader, and likewise formed habits of reflection far beyond his years. Some anecdotes of his childhood, which have been preserved, show how early the peculiar bent of his genius developed itself. A gentleman one day calling upon his father, observed the child bending over a marble hearth, with a piece of coloured chalk in his hand. "Mr. Watt," said he, "you ought to send that boy to school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how my child is employed before you condemn," replied the father. The gentleman then observed that the child had drawn mathematical lines and circles on the hearth. He put various questions to the boy, and was astonished and gratified with the mixture of intelligence, quickness, and simplicity displayed in his answers. He was then trying to solve a problem in geometry. Another story tells how his aunt, Mrs. Muirhead, sitting with him one evening at the tea-table, said, "James, I never saw such an idle boy! Take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last half-hour you have not spoken a word," but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and counting the drops of water. At the same time the boy showed other talents of a very dissimilar kind. Nobody could tell a story like James Watt. His mother once left him in Glasgow, at the house of a friend, and was astonished, on her return, by a request from the lady whose guest he was, to take her son home; for, said she, "I cannot stand the degree of excitement he keeps me in: I am worn out for want of sleep. Every evening, before ten o'clock, our usual hour of retiring to rest, he contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that the family all listen to him with breathless attention, and, hour after hour passes unheeded." This accomplishment he retained in an extraordinary degree through life; and those who went into his company with the expectation of finding a grave, reserved man, absorbed in his own peculiar pursuits, were astonished to meet instead, one of the most genial, humorous, and fascinating companions. The lad had a taste for all kinds of knowledge, and everything he took up he

studied with characteristic enthusiasm. On the banks of Loch Lomond, whither he was often sent for health, botany and the traditional lore of the neighbourhood were his delight. At home, chemistry, and natural philosophy in various branches, with medicine, surgery, and mechanical contrivances, filled up his busy hours.

At the age of eighteen he went to London, to learn the business of a mathematical instrument maker; but in little more than a year was compelled, by ill health, to return home. The two following years he spent under the paternal roof or in visits to his mother's relatives in Glasgow. He was not idle, however, but diligently occupied in perfecting himself in his business. In 1757, he determined to settle in Glasgow, but some of the trade's corporations stood on their privileges, and would give no place to the new comer. In this dilemma, the professors of the university kindly came to his relief, and naming him mathematical instrument maker to the university, gave him apartments within their premises, in which to carry on his business. The University of Glasgow could then boast of Adam Smith, Robert Simson, Dr. Black, and Dr. Dick, and it may be inferred that the person who could at twenty-one secure their zealous aid, must have given no doubtful indications of ability. Here Watt formed a lasting friendship with Dr. Black, and about the same time commenced his friendship with Robison, who was then a student at Glasgow, and afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. The intelligent young instrument maker's shop became a favourite resort with the choice spirits of the place, in which to discuss all curious questions in science, art, or literature. "Whenever any puzzle came in the way of his students," says Robison, "we went to Mr. Watt. He needed only to be prompted; for everything became to him the beginning of a new and serious study, and we knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance, or made something of it. He learnt the German language in order to peruse Leopold's 'Theatrum Machinarum.' So did I, to know what he was about. Similar reasons made us both learn the Italian language. When to his superiority of knowledge is added the naïve simplicity and candour of Mr. Watt's character, it is no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was strong." I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But this superiority was concealed under the most amiable candour, and a liberal allowance of merit to every man." Here is an instructive picture. A young tradesman, most diligent in his workshop labours, yet finding time to learn foreign languages, and acquire so much general information as to be the superior companion of men, whose lives were spent in intellectual pursuits. And how charming, too, the modesty and candour which accompanied his great attainments. This is the crowning grace of all.

In 1763, he left the college, and opened a shop in the town, previously to his marriage with his cousin, Miss Miller. The steam engine had been a frequent subject of conversation with his friend Mr. Robison, who had suggested the possibility of applying steam power in moving wheel carriages. In the year 1761 or 1762, Watt had tried some experiments on the force of steam in a Papin's digester, but it was not until the winter of 1763-4 that the incident occurred which led to his great discovery. The history of this event had better be given in the words of his son, taken from the memoir of his father, furnished by him to the Encyclopedia Britannica. A working model of a steam-engine, upon Newcomen's construction, had been sent him for repair by Anderson, professor of natural philosophy. "When he had repaired it and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though large in proportion to the cylinder, was barely sufficient to supply it with steam for a few strokes per minute, and that a great quantity of injection water was required, though it was but slightly loaded by

the pump attached to it. It soon occurred to him that the cause lay in the little cylinder (two inches diameter, six inches stroke), exposing a greater surface to condense the steam than the cylinders of larger engines did, in proportion to their respective contents. By shortening the column of water in the pump, less steam and less injection water were required, and the model worked at a proper speed. Thus the purpose for which it was put into his hands was accomplished, and with this mode of accounting for the defect, and this

ascertained from experiments made with boilers of various constructions, that the evaporation of boiling water is neither in proportion to the evaporating surface nor to the quantity of water, as had been supposed, but to the heat that enters it, and that the latter depends chiefly on the quantity of surface exposed to the action of the fire. He likewise determined the weight of coal required for the evaporation of any given quantity of water. Being convinced that there existed a great error in the statement which had been previously given of th



result, most artists would have been satisfied ; but the case was different with Mr. Watt. He had now become aware of a great consumption of steam, and his curiosity was excited to a more accurate investigation of the causes, in which he proceeded in a truly philosophical manner. The cylinder of his small model being of brass, he conceived that less steam would be condensed by substituting cylinders of some material which would transmit heat more slowly. He made a larger model, with a cylinder (six inches diameter and one foot stroke) of wood soaked in oil and baked to dryness. He

bulk of water when converted into steam, he proceeded to examine that point by experiment, and discovered that water converted into steam of the heat of boiling water was expanded to 1,800 times its bulk, or, as a rule for ready calculation, that a cubic inch of water produced a cubic foot of steam. He constructed a boiler to be applied to his model, which showed, by inspection, the quantity of water evaporated, and consequently enabled him to calculate the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine. This he now proved to be several times the volume of the cylinder. He also observed

that all attempts to improve the vacuum, by throwing in more injection water, caused a disproportionate waste of steam; and it occurred to him that the cause of this was the boiling of water in vacuo at very low heat (recently determined, by Dr. Fuller, to be under 100°), consequently, at greater heats, the injection water was converted into steam in the cylinder, and resisted the descent of the piston. He now perceived clearly, that the great waste of steam proceeded from its being chilled and condensed by the coldness of the cylinder before it was sufficiently heated to retain it in an elastic state, and that, to derive the greatest advantage, the cylinder should always be kept as hot as the steam which entered it; and that when the steam was condensed, it should be cooled down to 100° , or lower, in order to make the vacuum complete. Early in 1765 the fortunate thought occurred to him of accomplishing this by condensing the steam in a separate vessel, exhausted of air, and kept cool by injection, between which and the cylinder a communication was to be opened every time steam was to be condensed, while the cylinder itself was to be kept constantly hot. No sooner had this occurred to him than the means of effecting it presented themselves in rapid succession. A model was constructed, and the experiments made with it placed the correctness of the theory, and the advantages of the invention, beyond the reach of doubt.

In the course of these trials he was much struck by the great heat communicated to the injection water by a small quantity of steam, and he proceeded by a very simple experiment to satisfy himself upon that subject, when he discovered that water converted into steam will heat about six times its own weight of water at 47° or 48° to 212° . He mentioned this extraordinary fact to Dr. Black, who then explained to him his doctrine of latent heat, to the support of which Mr. Watt had afterwards the satisfaction of contributing his experiments. From some of these he was led to suppose the latent heat of steam to be above 1,000°, but he afterwards considered 960° a more accurate determination. From others he deduced the important conclusion that the sum of the latent and sensible heat of steam, at different temperatures, is a constant quantity, the latent heat increasing as the sensible heat diminishes, or, in other words, that a given weight of water in the state of steam contains nearly the same quantity of heat, whatever may be the bulk or density of the steam.

The invention now complete, the next consideration was how to obtain funds to execute it on a large scale. At length Mr. Watt applied to Dr. Roebuck, of the Carron Ironworks, and a partnership was formed, by the terms of which Dr. Roebuck was to receive two-thirds of the profits of the improvement. A large steam-engine was then constructed by Mr. Watt, at Kinneil, near Borrowstonness, Dr. Roebuck's residence; the trials with which realised their most sanguine anticipations. Soon after, however, Dr. Roebuck's circumstances became embarrassed, and this, along with Mr. Watt's engineering engagements, delayed for some time the introduction of his discovery to the public.

A patent was obtained for it in 1769, but for some years nothing further was done in regard to it. In the meantime Watt had relinquished his business of mathematical instrument maker, and adopted that of civil engineer. In 1767, he made a survey for a canal of junction between the rivers Forth and Clyde, by what was called the Lomond passage, but the bill for it was lost in Parliament. He surveyed and superintended the making of the Monkland Canal. For the Craman and Caledonian Canals, also, surveys were made by him at different times; the former was executed several years afterwards by Mr. Rennie, and the latter by Mr. Telford, on a much larger scale than was originally intended. He was employed likewise in improving the harbours of Ayr, Port Glasgow, and Greenock, in deepening, and improving for navigable purposes the Clyde and other rivers, in building bridges at Hamilton and Rutherglen, and other works of public utility. While engaged in one of his surveys, in the end of 1772, he received the afflictive intelligence of the death of his wife, who left him a son and daughter.

Not long after, Mr. Boulton, of Soho Foundry, near Birmingham, a man of great intelligence and enterprise, and possessing large capital, bought Dr. Roebuck's interest in the steam-engine patent, and took the inventor into partnership—a connexion fortunate for the parties immediately concerned, and most important in the history of the world's material progress. Watt now removed to England, and obtaining an extension of the term of his patent to twenty-five years, the making of steam-engines was commenced at Soho by the firm of Boulton and Watt. About this time he entered into a second marriage, with Miss M'Gregor, the daughter of an old Glasgow friend, and in her we are told he found "a zealous and able coadjutor."

The engines made at Soho were at first only used for mining purposes. They were soon introduced into Cornwall, and found of the greatest value. The saving in fuel amounted "to three-fourths of the quantity consumed by those of the best construction previously in use." The patentees were entitled to a third of this saving. Many attempts, however, were made to defraud them of their dues, as well as to pirate Watt's inventions. From 1792 to 1799, they were engaged in vexatious law-suits in defence of their rights. Watt jocularly writes to his friend, Dr. Black:—"We have been so beset with plagiarists, that if I had not a very good memory of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvements in the steam-engine, and the ill-will of those we had most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly prejudicial to the commonwealth." All the proceedings terminated in the full confirmation of Watt's claims. During these years enterprising men were engaged in various quarters in attempting to adapt the steam-engine to water conveyances. Long before Watt's time, indeed, the practicability of employing steam power in navigation had been frequently suggested. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, both Savary and Papin indicated the possibility of some such use being made of their engines. In 1730, Dr. John Allen "proposed to give motion to vessels by forcibly ejecting a stream of water or current of air from their stern;" and seven years after, Jonathan Hulls published an account of a steam-boat invented by him. "In 1757, the celebrated Daniel Bernoulli, in an essay which obtained a prize from the Academy of Sciences, after demonstrating the effects of many mechanical contrivances which might be substituted for ours in moving vessels, suggests paddle-wheels moved by steam power or the force of gunpowder." About seventeen years later, experiments with steam-boats were made on the Seine by the Comte d'Anxiron, under the auspices of a company formed for the purpose. They failed, and a year or two after were repeated by M. J. L. Perrier, with improved machinery, but not much success. All similar attempts showed the same results, till Watt's engine, with its wonderful power of universal adaptation, was brought into use.

The first really successful steam-boat experiment was made in Dalawinton Lake, Dumfriesshire, in October, 1788, by Mr. Miller, of Dalawinton. This gentleman had been experimenting for some time on the best mode of impelling vessels by the power of men and of horses applied to the paddle-wheels. The idea of using steam power he owed to the tutor of his family, Mr. Taylor. The difficulty was, how to apply the engine to the boat, and Mr. Symington, an engineer, who was at that time endeavouring to adapt the steam-engine to wheel carriages, was consulted. By the joint exertions of the three, a plan was formed, and a twin or double pleasure boat built with the engine in a strong oak frame placed on one side, the boiler on the opposite side, and the paddle-wheels in the middle. The success of the experiment was complete, and the boat went at the rate of five miles an hour. Mr. Miller had a larger boat built soon after, which was tried in the presence of many spectators; but unfortunately the paddle-wheels broke. A second trial was made with stronger wheels, on the 26th of December, 1789, when it was found that the vessel sailed at the speed of seven miles an hour.

In 1801, Mr. Symington was employed by Lord Dundas to

make a tug boat for dragging vessels on the canal. The *Charlotte Dundas* was accordingly constructed, which "took in drag," says Mr. Symington, "two loaded vessels, each upwards of seventy tons burden, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and Clyde Canal to Port Dundas, a distance of nineteen miles and a half in six hours, although the whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead." Its use was relinquished from an opinion, held by some of the canal proprietors, that the paddle wheels injured the banks of the canal.

A year or two after, Symington was visited by an American, Mr. Fulton, who had been engaged in steam-boat experiments on the Seine, under the patronage of Mr. Livingstone, the American chancellor. Symington took him on board the *Charlotte Dundas*, had it put into motion, and furnished him with all the information he desired. Fulton then ordered an engine of Boulton and Watt, it is said under an assumed name, had it conveyed to America, and, in 1807, the *Clermont* with the Soho engine was launched in the Hudson river, to sail between New York and Albany—the first American steamer, and the first steam ship anywhere, regularly employed for commercial purposes. The Americans have also the credit of being the first to venture on deep sea navigation in steamers; this bold feat—as it was then accounted—being accomplished by Mr. Stevens of Hoboken, who had his vessel taken from the Hudson to the Delaware by sea.

In 1813, the *Cornet*, a vessel of about twenty-five tons, was built at Port Glasgow, by order of Mr. Henry Bell, and was the first steam passage ship in Britain. It plied on the Frith of Forth. By and bye, others were started, and such sea voyages as between Great Britain and Ireland, and from Leith to London, or Glasgow to Liverpool, were ventured upon.

The next great advance in steam navigation was made by Mr. Napier, by whose means a regular steam communication was established between Greenock and Belfast, and to him is due the praise also of getting post-office steam packets established. In 1822, the "*James Watt*" steam vessel was built, to ply between Leith and London. "With the exception of the low proportion of its power to its tonnage," says the historian of steam navigation in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "the '*James Watt*' possesses almost all the qualities of the most improved vessels of the present day." In 1826, the "*United Kingdom*" was built, the first of the Leviathan class of steamers; and, in 1838, notwithstanding the outcry as to its impracticability, regular steam communication across the Atlantic was established, thus bringing the old and new worlds into close neighbourhood.

It is time to return from this digression to Watt's personal history. He had been peculiarly happy in the choice of a partner, for Mr. Boulton, in the most judicious manner, took all the cares of business on himself, so as to leave Watt free to devote all the energies of his inventive mind to the advancement of science and the useful arts. The application of the powers of steam to give a rotary motion to mills, occupied much of his attention. After various unsuccessful attempts, he was induced "to turn his thoughts to the adaptation of the reciprocating motion to the production of a continued regular rotary one. This he accomplished by a series of improvements, the exclusive property of which he secured by successive patents in the years 1781, 1782, 1784, and 1785; including, among other inventions, the rotary motion of the sun and planet wheels, the expansive principle, the double engine, the parallel motion, and the smokeless furnace. The application of the centrifugal regulating force of the governor gave the finishing stroke to the machine."* Thus perfected, how truly is it found to justify Lord Jeffrey's remarks, that it "has increased indefinitely the mass of human comforts and enjoyments, and rendered cheap and accessible all over the world the materials of wealth and prosperity. It has armed the feeble hand of man, in short, with a power to which no limits can be assigned, completed the dominion of mind over the most refractory qualities of matter, and laid a sure founda-

tion for all those future miracles of mechanic power, which are to aid and reward the labours of after generations."

In 1780, Watt invented a machine for copying letters and drawings; and in the winter of 1784 contrived an apparatus for heating the room in which he wrote by steam. In 1786, he and Mr. Boulton went to Paris, by invitation of the French government, to suggest improvements in the mode of raising water at Marly. While there, Berthollet communicated to him his discovery of the bleaching properties of chlorine. On his return, Watt informed his father-in-law of the process, and under his direction it was successfully tried at Mr. McGregor's bleach-field, near Glasgow. The introduction of this valuable improvement into Britain must, therefore, be numbered amongst the many benefits bestowed upon it by means of this great man.

From early youth he had been fond of chemical studies, and in this department, likewise, he was destined to be a successful inquirer. In a letter, written to Dr. Priestley, on the 28th of April, 1783, he announces his hypothesis as to the composition of water, to which he had been led by some of Priestley's experiments. Cavendish, as is well known, came to similar conclusions about the same time, and verified them by experiment. We do not enter on the vexed question as to whom the honour rightly belongs of being considered the discoverer of the composition of water, "the greatest and most prolific discovery," says M. Arago, "of modern chemistry;" but it is certain that Watt did not borrow his theory from any other person.

On the expiration of his patent, in 1800, he retired from business, with abundant wealth, full of years, and loaded with honours, an active, prosperous, cheerful old man. But even he had to feel, that in his best estate "man walks in a vain show." Death entered his family and snatched from the affectionate parent the dearly-cherished youngest son. Gregory Watt, who had, with his elder brother, succeeded to his father's business, was a young man of high mental endowments, distinguished attainments, and brightest promise, when disease and death came to withdraw him from all earthly occupations. It was a sore stroke to the aged father, and reads a salutary lesson to all.

Although no longer in business, Watt was still busily and usefully employed. Having been applied to by a Glasgow company for advice as to the conveyance of water across the river from a well which afforded a natural filter, he proposed to lay across the bed of the river a flexible main with ball and socket joints, the idea of which was suggested to him by a lobster's tail; and some time after it was effected with entire success.

He paid his last visit to Scotland in 1817, when his friends were delighted to find him active and cheerful as ever. The next year Mr. Watt invented a machine for copying pieces of sculpture. Though never finished, several specimens were executed by it, which he distributed amongst his friends as "the work of a young artist just entering his eighty-third year."

Early in 1819, symptoms of declining health alarmed his friends, and on the 25th of August his long and useful life closed, at Mr. Watt's own residence, Heathfield, in Staffordshire. His health had been delicate from childhood, and during a large portion of his life he suffered greatly from headache; yet, notwithstanding his incessant labours, he lived to see his eighty-fourth year. No doubt the simplicity and temperance of his habits tended to counteract the natural debility of his constitution. In life many honours had been bestowed upon him. He was a member of the Royal Societies both of London and Edinburgh, and a corresponding member of the Batavian Society. The University of Glasgow bestowed on him the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1806, and he was one of the foreign members of the National Institute of France. After death, filial affection and public gratitude awarded him such homage as monuments and statues can give. A marble statue, by Chantrey, rests on his tomb; another, by the same artist, was presented by his son to the University of Glasgow; and, far better, £3,500 was expended by the younger Watt

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

in a handsome building for a library in his father's native town, in which the inhabitants have placed a statue of their distinguished townsman. Every one who has visited Westminster Abbey will remember the colossal statue of Watt, also the work of Chantrey, which stands there, bearing an inscription from the pen of Lord Brougham.

Mr. Watt was no less beloved for his private virtues than respected for his public services. He is another instance,

added to the many already on record, of greatness and amiableness combined,—of a man with intellect sufficient to conceive and execute the greatest designs, and the plain, practical good sense and good temper which give security to friendship and happiness to all around. He claimed no right of genius to infringe the laws of social life, and indulge his own whims at the expense of the feelings and convenience of others.

THE SACRED IBIS.

THE ancient Egyptians rendered divine honours to the Ibis. They religiously preserved it in their temples, and esteemed it

verer; and different ancient authors after Herodotus,—Cicero in his "Nature of the Gods," Pomponius in his "History of the



THE SACRED IBIS.

as the incarnation of deity. They attributed to it the most exalted virtue, associated it with the mysteries of Isis and Osiris, recognised in it the guardian of the land, and made it the object of idolatrous service at all their solemn banquets. The priests of Hermopolis preserved in their temple an ibis, which was said to be immortal. The reason for worshipping this peculiar bird was that it had rendered great services, true or supposed, to the land of Egypt; so it was reared with the tenderest solicitude, wandered unmolested through their towns, and he who killed an ibis, though inadvertently, was punished with death.

Herodotus tells us, that the ibis saved Egypt from the invasion of a host of winged serpents, and that in consequence, the Egyptians entertained a great veneration for their deli-

Universe," and others,—relate the same story. It was commonly believed that the ibis not only killed but devoured the serpents, and as these fiery flying creatures were deadly foes to man, the bird who became their enemy was the friend of man, more than a friend—a guardian—a god.

Other reasons which may have given rise to the honours anciently bestowed upon the ibis, have been suggested in modern times. The bird inhabiting the borders of the Nile would become associated with that sacred river. The inundations of that stream, which fertilised the surrounding districts and secured plentiful harvests, was, and still is, one of the greatest blessings of the land; and in those distant times, when to man's untutored intellect all was godlike or God, the bird which found its home near the fructifying river, may

have been regarded as the guardian of the stream, and so, the benefactor of the country. As to the story of the winged serpents there is nothing, it was formerly argued, in the habits, the conformation, or the propensities of the ibis, to warrant its acceptance and belief, and by many, the narrative of Herodotus is regarded as a fable; but fable or not, the thing

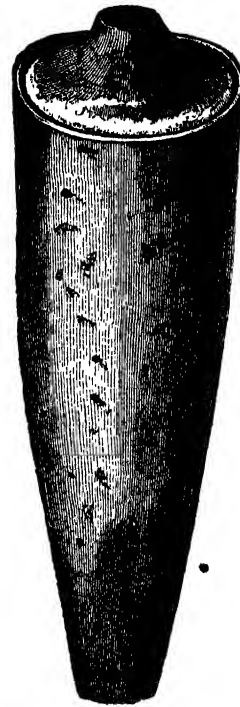
cloth arranged like trellis-work; in the interior the birds are always disposed in one form, being closely packed together, strongly impregnated with bitumen; and the bird, with its linen covering, is then enclosed in an earthen pot, of a peculiar shape, tapering towards the lower extremity. The opening of



MUMMY OF THE EGYPTIAN IBIS.

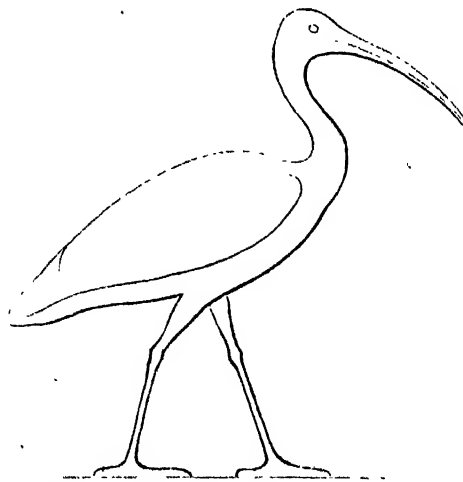
was once devoutly believed, and so great was Egyptian veneration for the bird, that when an alien army besieged an Egyptian city, the inhabitants durst not resist them, because in their company an ibis was seen.

In our own time, antiquarian research has discovered many curious remains of this holy bird of the Egyptians. Perfect specimens of the ibis have been found in the catacombs of



EARTHEN PITCHER CONTAINING THE MUMMY OF THE EGYPTIAN IBIS.

the pot is covered with an earthen lid, hermetically sealed. In the catacombs of Memphis there is a large collection of these mummies, systematically arranged, one above the other; the place is called the Bird-pit, and some very interesting specimens have been brought to Europe.



EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE OF THE SACRED IBIS.

Egypt. Very many mummies in a state of preservation have been found at Saccara, Memphis, and Thebes, for the old Egyptians were careful to preserve from corruption even the dead bodies of these birds. The mummies are remarkable for the attention which has evidently been bestowed upon them. Their exterior is composed of fillets of linen-

The general characteristics of the ibis are: a long beak, bent, almost square at the base, but round and obtuse at the point; the nostrils are small, and situated very near the commencement of the beak; the head and upper part of the neck black, and devoid of plumage; the legs are long and slender, and the claws very remarkable in appearance. There is a

great variety of species, common to different countries, which possess the same characteristics as the ibis, but it has been doubted whether the bird which the Egyptians worshipped as divine is really known at the present day.

The inquiries of the learned have, however, satisfactorily answered the question. The researches of Savigny and Cuvier were not without result. The catacombs of Thebes and Memphis have disclosed the secret. The mummies, which long ago were so carefully prepared by the wise men of Egypt, have afforded the means of ascertaining the nature of the deified bird. It appears that there are two species, perfectly distinguished from one another. They are those which ornithologists designate under the names of the white ibis (*ibis religiosa*) and the black or green ibis (*ibis falcinella*).

The white ibis, or sacred ibis, has a full robust body, the head and neck denuded of feathers, the tail short. The general plumage is clear, spotless white, with the exception of the tips of the quill-feathers, which are generally black, reflecting a bright violet or green. Travellers have observed this species on the banks of the Nile, and it is identical with the white ibis represented in old Egyptian sculptures and found in Egyptian tombs.

The black or green ibis is of a black plumage, which reflects in certain lights a green or violet colour. This bird is found in Europe, India, and the United States. It received, as well as the sacred ibis, divine honours, but is less frequently found among the mummies.

The ibis dwells in society. They are found in flocks of six or eight; the flocks of the black ibis sometimes exceed thirty or forty. The parent birds carefully build the nest for the young, and rear the little ones with the utmost solicitude, so that poets have celebrated them as models of tenderness and fidelity, whose love is only destroyed by death. Their habits are peaceable and affectionate. In youth the neck is partially covered with down or small feathers of a blackish tint, which fall off when the plumage is mature, leaving the head and neck bare, which, with the beak and feet, are of a decidedly black colour.

Bruce was the first who broke through the popular errors respecting the ibis, and made it quite clear to all, that the true sacred ibis, such as was of old worshipped in Egypt,—such as is still found in the mummy-pitchers, represented in the pictures discovered at Herculaneum, and sculptured on ancient medals and vases,—was no other than the bird known by the name of Abou-Hannes, or Father John, of modern Egypt. Speaking of two mummies taken from the pits of Saccara, Cuvier says:—"On carefully exposing them, we perceived that the bones of the embalmed bird were much smaller than those of the *tantalus ibis* of Linnaeus; that they did not much exceed those of the curlew in size; that its beak resembled that of the latter, being only a little shorter in proportion to its thickness, and not at all like that of the *tantalus*; and lastly, that its plumage was white, with the quills marked with black, as the ancients have described it. We found, after some inquiries, that the mummies of the ibis which had been opened before by different naturalists were similar to ours."

It seems that the errors once prevalent regarding the ibis arose from that strange old story of Herodotus about the bird's devouring flying serpents. It was thought that a bird which could do this must be strong and powerful, and armed with a large beak; and naturalists therefore sought for the bird among such as possessed these characteristics. Cuvier, without arguing the truth of the story, says:—"Positive proofs, such as descriptions, figures, and mummies, ought to preponderate always over accounts of habits too often imagined without any other motive than to justify the different worships rendered to animals." "It might," he says, "be added, that the serpents from which the ibis delivered Egypt are represented to us as very venomous, but not as very large. I have even obtained direct proofs that the birds preserved as mummies, and which have had a beak precisely similar to that of our bird, were true serpent-eaters; for I found in one of their mummies the still undigested remains of the skin and scales of serpents, which I have deposited in our anatomical galleries."

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.—PART III.*

It is now a considerable space of time that we must hasten over in our narrative. Leonard became a constant visitor at the Gaywoods' little home, and the affection of little Cuthbert grew the strongest bond between them. The child, spite of a peculiarly affectionate nature, was passionate, most difficult to govern, and of such a sensitive temperament—at times, with an occult sense, as it were, showing itself within him by strange dreams and instincts—that Lucretia trembled for his health, either physical or mental. With Leonard she took earnest and deep counsel. Her brother Robert wrote, urging that his little son should immediately be placed in some school, where, among boys of his own age, the morbid and unusual developments of the child's nature should be ground off by contact with the realities of life. A public school in the city where his friend Rutherton had been educated, he indicated as the school where, when old enough, Cuthbert should be placed. But Lucretia recoiled from such a training for this peculiar child.

Communicating with Mr. Rutherton during his stay in England, and most earnestly (in an interview she had with him before his return to India) entreating him to influence her brother so far as to defer Cuthbert's entrance into a public school, until at least he had attained the age of twelve, Lucretia obtained a partial compliance with her prayers. Cuthbert should remain under his aunt's roof till he was ten; now he was eight. These two years should be most religiously employed for good, she determined, and many were her

earnest conferences on this subject with Leonard, who held such singular sway over the child's mind. And in her schemes, also, for Mary's education, Lucretia took counsel with her friend. But not alone was Leonard's influence felt over Cuthbert, and in Mary's German lessons, but his whole graceful, poetical, and artistic nature flowed forth from him in warm and vivifying radiations—a fresh interest in life had awoke within him, and with it a more natural tone of mind. This period of his life was, perhaps, if not the most full of strong joy, the most painless. The purest and noblest friendship bound these friends together, each influencing the other for good. And Lucretia's influence, though of a different nature to his upon Mary, herself, or the child, was even a more vital one. It was a keen moral influence. Lucretia's upright mind, unswayed by specious reasoning, struck directly to the moral heart of a subject. Unceasingly, also, she sought to arouse a spirit of joyful, prayerful activity within poor Leonard, whose misery seemed to have bound him with fetters of listlessness and sloth as regarded all creative labour. She sought to work upon his soul through his moral being. Ambition—fame—never entered into her view of Leonard's career. His affections were the lever by which she sought to rouse up his dormant energy.

To her influence, especially, may be attributed Leonard's resolve to spend several years abroad. It was a real sacrifice to Lucretia the loss of his society, but she speeded him forth without one selfish regret. And the cheerful tone of his letters—the eager joy in the great works of great men, who until then had been to him mere words and misty dreams—was a

* Continued from p. 12.

four-fold reward for any pain she herself had endured. It was evident to her, that Leonard's artist soul had ascended into a peculiarly elevated region of thought and feeling.

Two years or more had elapsed from the time of Leonard's departure, when a couple of pictures excited an unusual degree of attention in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. They were hung side by side, and being the works of men whose names were new to the public at large, and each possessing in its way a marked character, were always surrounded by a throng of critics, admirers, and cavillers. The larger of the two pictures contained many figures, and possessed a strangely weird spirit, which instantly arrested the attention. Heavy dim tempest-clouds, with lurid reflections in them, were rolling up athwart a brilliant sunset sky—a sky so translucent, that the eye, penetrating through the jagged fissures of the storm-clouds, felt as though it might pierce to the very gates of heaven. A stretch of ocean, reflecting the dusky shadows of the storm and the dying radiance of the heavens, boiled up against a rocky shore. Upon a promontory, jutting forth into this panting ocean, amid sea-grasses and sea-blossoms, bent and torn by the sudden tempest falling upon the world, lay the dead body of a beautiful and young man. His peaceful white face was turned full towards the sky—a livid shadow falling upon it from the tempestuous clouds. The face was as the face of Christ in its look of a deep love, unutterable; no stamp of pain was upon his mouth or brow, although blood oozed from the breast, staining with clear crimson the broad folds of a white tunic, edged with a deep golden border. The hands had fallen crosswise over the body; the sea-flowers and grasses bent over him, bedewing the poor, beautiful corpse, with their tears. Ravens and doves whirled through the sky in mad grief. Trees upon a distant cliff bowed themselves before the coming sorrow, or stretched forth their huge arms, appealing to heaven with a mighty agony. Not nature alone mourned over the stricken white form, but men also, and women and children. Warriors and sages, of godlike mould, bowed their heads, mourning and pondering over the great misery. One warrior, of especially majestic mien, with a golden shield gleaming as a sun on his broad shoulders, leant upon a huge mallet of iron, and gazed inquiringly, with an enigmatical look in his stern and solemn eyes, upon the face of the slain; whilst another form of yet more godlike proportions, and wrapt in a violet mantle which fell over golden armour, raised his countenance with a sudden and awful joy as the astounding tidings of a far-off future are whispered to him by two ravens, messengers from All-Father, and who, with heavy wings, poised themselves above the silver locks of the sage, which were confined within a circlet of gold.

It was the death of Balder,—the God of Love of the old Scandinavian mythology—gone from the world, where Love and Justice, and gods and men, and nature, must mourn the death of Balder until his final restoration—when there will be a fresh heaven and a fresh earth, and the great harmony of gods and men shall be born.

The other picture was a striking contrast in composition, subject, and colouring. It simply represented Paul and Virginia within the depths of their tropical forest. It was the embodiment of the most pure, the most virginal love—yet a love of the senses as well as of the soul; it was a burning gleam of perfect joy, yet but a gleam—the intenser the more transient. The very vividness of the flame cast a shadow afar off. Lips pressed to lips—the children stood beneath the dim shadows of the heavy fern-like palm-leaves—scarlet and azure passion-flowers springing up from the mossed earth, clustering, and entwining with tight tendrils; whilst moonlight-tinted blossoms of strange fantastic forms, but pure as the brows of angels, gleamed down, drooping from the verdant canopy. The children's arms encircled each other with a clasp tight as that of the passion-flowers. A flush tinted Paul's brow; but Virginia, with her earnest deep eyes, was white as the moonlight blossoms. There seemed a might

of love and purity, binding the two together, which must be omnipotent over fate itself; but already the forboding breath of a hurricane raised the heavy leaves of the palm—already through the tangle of the forest a glimpse of the heavy billows of a tempestuous ocean was caught—and a keen observer read a spasm upon the lips of Paul.

Lucretia, and Mary, and little Cuthbert, as well as the rest of London, often stood before these pictures. Lambelli and Strudwicke, too, and very often Honoria and her friend Agnes Singleton.

"Is it not really glorious, Agnes," said Honoria, with her peculiar swan-like motion, and with her noble eyes beaming with joy, upon one of their visits, "to be the possessor of these two beautiful pictures. How much more glorious, though, to have painted them! I am delighted that John has painted so well, and that this, his first picture exhibited, has done him such credit. It is lovely, only a little too sweet and sentimental to be quite to my taste. John must not grow mawkish. There has been enough painting and writing in the world about that *one* phase of love. Love is universal—this is but its commonest phase. And he still wants boldness and strength too, I feel, in many ways: but there is the true stuff in him. Oh, it is a joy to think that the hand and mind which wrought out this picture have been cultivated and developed instead of being left to harden into dulness in a turnip-field. Thanks, dear father, for your faith in the poor little '*Giotto*!' Yes, it is a great and glorious gift is wealth; for now, besides helping on these two fine young fellows, can I cause you, dearest Agnes, great joy through this extraordinary picture of Balder, as you, through your interpretation of the old myth have caused me great joy. You must always consider this picture to belong as much to you as to me. I feel that it must and will influence you greatly in the writing of the Scandinavian portion of your work on the Universal Faith, of which you were speaking the other night. This is, indeed, conceived in the large and broad spirit after which we aspire. We must know this Leonard Hale, Agnes, whenever he returns to England. I feel that he is one of 'the salt of the earth'—a spirit who will do us all good. And his influence upon John will be good. He possesses especially that largeness of conception which I desire to see John possess. But, come, Agnes, the rooms are beginning to fill; and if I see any silly fools gazing with stupidity written upon their faces, whilst their ignorant tongues dare to cast blame upon this beautiful work of art, I may lose all patience, and utter some unpleasant truth, which would be as galling to the poor wretches as a slap in their silly faces. We will enjoy *our* pictures, Agnes, for a few quiet days together at the dear Hellings." Saying which, the beautiful Honoria and her friend, the young authoress Agnes Singleton, drove away from the exhibition towards one of the most squalid quarters of London, where Honoria had various beneficent missions to accomplish.

It seemed as though each external success of Leonard brought with it an internal woe. The great epochs of life often strangely repeat themselves; and thus was it with Leonard. The letters from Lucretia, and the newspapers sent by her kind hand announcing her great joy in his picture, and the universal response to its excellence, were followed with a sharp pain, springing from the old root of his misery.

It was at Innspruch that the sad letter reached him. He was on his way from Italy towards Munich, where he proposed to sojourn a few months. His whole soul had sung a hallelujah for days, as he had journeyed across those marvellous Alps. And the tender flowers, and clear green Alpine waters—the dim pine forests, and the sublime mountain crags and jagged pinnacles crowned with eternal snows, glittering in rainbow glory, or veiled with cloud, had bound him with the deepest spell of joy which his soul ever knew; and with the joy came the impulse of creation, as of old. And now quail Innspruch, as he entered it from the mountain gorges, with the mistiness of twilight gathering over its fantastic towers and roofs, had

held forth promise of another rich and quaint feast of enjoyment. At Innsprach also he awaited letters—and of letters at the post-office he found a whole packet—the letters announcing the success—another letter, dispatched later, announcing the pain. Glancing over the contents of the earlier letters as he walked back from the post-office to his inn, the last sad epistle remained unopened, till he was sitting, with a combined tea and supper spread before him, in a brightly-lighted *salle* of the great hotel. As he read, his cheek went white as ashes, and a faintness as of death crept over him. Thus ran the letter:—

Kentish Town, June.

Dear Friend,—We have been anxiously waiting news of your receipt of the letters and papers announcing the signal success of your beautiful picture. Of our deep joy in this success I have already spoken. But now I write about something more important still. Your poor mother, dear Leonard, is very ill; and as the powers of her mind seem singularly restored—as so frequently you know is the case before the last sublime and awful change takes place—and as she speaks of you with the most yearning affection, we all desire your immediate return. She is in London. All particulars I will, dear friend, communicate when we meet. I need not urge your most immediate return. To my eyes this great change in the poor sufferer is a divine blessing; try, dear friend, so to view it. There are deaths, which we all know, are so much less sad than many a life. I need not assure you that all that our attention and earnest care can do for your poor mother is done. Would that we could send a consoling angel to conduct you hither. With the most earnest sympathy,

Your's ever,

LUCRETIA GAYWOOD.*

When Ursula Mordant's son read these words, her sorely tried spirit had passed away from the poor corpse. The mist of madness had been cleared away many days since, leaving the soul a seer, vigilant, and far-seeing even into futurity. Sitting by the pillow of the dying woman, Lucretia had glimpses of a spiritual life so glorious, yet so sublime, both revealed in the flickering of intensest beauty over the dying countenance, and in the scattered words uttered in a voice of soul-thrilling gentleness—that never could she refer to these revelations, even to Leonard, except by hint, and then it was with a great shuddering of joy and awe seizing upon her frame. "Leonard! Augustus! we faint beneath our heavy cross—beloved ones, we faint, we fall! But lo! the crosses are human wings; we mount—we—" and the head sank, irradiated with a celestial beauty, upon the shoulder of Lucretia.

Ursula Mordant died in one of the great hospitals of the metropolis, and was buried in the burial-ground attached to it.

Leonard travelled as only those travel when life and death are in the scale. Mere death—a death of peace for this poor tortured spirit—he did not dread; but the foreboding angel within his breast whispered that more sad things than death waited to be revealed; and such foreboding voices are only too often the voices of truth.

Lucretia informed Leonard of the spirit's release; and gradually, when the broken heart could endure the sadder truth, communicated the following details:—

Late, one lovely June evening, she, Mary, and little Cuthbert, were returning from a stroll in the fields, when, beneath the hedge of a lane, she perceived in the dusk the figure of a woman lying upon the bank. Suddenly foreboding evil, Lucretia sent on quickly Mary with Cuthbert, fearful lest the child's lively imagination should be excited or distressed. The woman had evidently fainted, and from her grasping a small knife in her hand, and from blood oozing through her dress, Lucretia instantly divined that she had attempted to destroy herself. Of course, as always occurs in such cases, neither Mary encountered a policeman to send to Lucretia's aid, nor yet did a policeman's anxiously-desired figure saunter up the lane. To Lucretia it appeared ages before any assistance arrived, and to leave the woman she did not dare. At

length, a young man, evidently returning from painting in the open air, with his sketching materials slung around him, came in sight. Lucretia hailed him as a friend in need. Leaving his picture and paint-box behind him, at full speed he set off up the lane for help, returning, in an almost incredibly short time, with a doctor and a couple of policemen. The woman appeared seriously, although not dangerously, to have injured herself; but from her strange and incoherent speech upon returning to consciousness, her unhappy condition was evident to all. She was conveyed to an hospital, attended by Lucretia and by our friend John Wetherley, again brought into contact with Ursula Mordant by one of those singular fatalities which occur much oftener in life than the novel-reader is willing to grant. John Wetherley, when he called the next day upon Lucretia Gaywood, to offer his co-operation with her in any way for the alleviation of the poor unfortunate's misery, related the circumstance of his having, as a child, encountered a mad woman in the woods above a beautiful old place in Nottinghamshire—the Hellings. The discovery made by the two, John and Lucretia, that Nottinghamshire was the native county of both, became, together with mutual reminiscences of the neighbourhood—Clifton Grove, and Wilford, and the River Trent—quite a bond of extraordinary sympathy between the new acquaintances. And a yet stronger sympathy arose when Lucretia discovered, by glancing again at his card, the name, having been misread by her at the first moment, that he was the painter of the "Paul and Virginia," the beautiful picture hanging at the side of Leonard's "Balder." And John then related various circumstances regarding his early history, and spoke of the Pierrpoints' noble conduct towards him, in a manner which altogether charmed Lucretia.

"I fancy we shall like Mr. Wetherley very much, Mary," said Lucretia; "and that he would like poor Leonard greatly; for he has long been—for years, he says—following in the footsteps of the painter of Balder. 'Everywhere have the memory and achievements of this clever artist risen up before me like a beacon from afar, urging me on to greater industry and success,' were his words. Nay—is it not strange?—I have promised that they shall meet at our house upon Leonard's return. But how strange that insanity should bring about his acquaintance with Leonard—how certain spheres seem to unite people, however remotely. Poor Leonard must never know of this origin of our acquaintance; and in all our intercourse with Mr. Wetherley let us most scrupulously preserve poor Leonard's incognito. Let us never refer to Leonard as having a connexion with Nottingham. And yet I cannot but regret concealment."

Still greater surprise awaited Lucretia when, upon her visit that day to the hospital, by the incoherent speech of the suffering woman, she discovered her to be the widow of Mordant and the mother of Leonard. A great and solemn change suddenly showed itself in the dying woman: and Lucretia, communicating her knowledge of the truth to no one but Mary and Andrew, wrote to Leonard, as we have seen.

How Mrs. Mordant had escaped from the asylum, and how she had travelled up to London, always remained a mystery. The belief in her son's existence seemed gradually to have dawned upon her mind after poor Leonard's miserable interview, and to seek for him through the world had become her ruling idea. It was supposed that, in pursuance of this idea, she had wandered up to London. There were laid in her coffin various scraps of childish paintings of flowers and a little needle-book, which she had appeared, in her insanity, to have treasured beneath her pillow, forgetting their existence in the clearness of vision before her death. John Wetherley, in after years, hearing of this singular circumstance, gave his explanation. Little, as he assisted in raising the bleeding woman from the bank, did he imagine that his childish drawings and Honoria's needle-book were concealed among her garments.



LORENZO DE MEDICI RECEIVING THE TAILED GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.

THE MEDICI FAMILY.

Without meaning, in the least, to depreciate historical parallels in the abstract, but being decidedly of opinion that *they are by no means sure ground to stand upon when one feels the divine phrenzy coming upon him, and is preparing to utter historical predictions, we think that the thanks of all discoverers of them are eminently due to his present Imperial Majesty the Czar Nicholas, autocrat of all the Russias, &c. &c., for the striking resemblance which he has created between the course of events in European history, in the year 1853, and European history in the year 1453.*

In the latter, Constantinople was the capital of an effete empire, which had once spread the terror of its arms throughout Europe, was implicitly obeyed from the shores of the Euxine to the coast of Gaul, and had been renowned for its wealth, luxury, and magnificence. In that year, the luxury, the wealth, and magnificence remained; but the courage, genius, and hardihood which made them had departed. Of all the vast territories in the east of Europe over which Constantine the Great had reigned, his namesake and successor had preserved nought, except a small tract of territory on the shores of the Hellespont, and a nominal rule over the hardy and intractable tribes who peopled the fertile plains of Thrace and Epirus. The Turks had absorbed all the rest. The sultans had fixed their residence at Adrianople; the Ottoman troops, whenever a difficulty arose between the two powers, showed themselves on the heights over the Bosphorus, and Constantinople trembled. The emperor was constantly begging aid from the sovereigns of western Europe, and though often promised it, never by any chance received it. The sultan was perpetually making unreasonable demands from him, and charging him with impossible offences, which he bore with a meekness befitting his fallen state. Who would have thought that this derided, insulted, heartbroken man was a descendant and successor of the ancient Cæsars, who had ridden over the world, conquering and to conquer, who proudly boasted of their mission—

"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos"?

that this little strip of ground was all that was left of the great empire which stretched in one unbroken sweep from the Occident to the Orient sun, from the Ultima Thule to the gorges of Mount Atlas! that those crumbling fortifications and that gorgeous church were built by the great Constantine! that these effeminate, vain, and debauched nobles, and this poor, crouching herd of vassals, clients, and retainers looked on themselves as filling the place of the turbulent populace and conscript fathers of ancient Rome! that this decayed and worn-out state was the last link between modern Europe and the Europe of antiquity—the bridge across the mighty chasm of the barbarian invasion and the dark ages! And, nevertheless, so it was. Its hour was now come, and it was to disappear for ever. Early in 1453, panic reigned at Constantinople; Mahomet II. was about to assail it with a powerful force. In 1853, panic reigns in it also; but now it is the Turks who are to be assailed, and—strange retribution!—it is the head of the Greek church who threatens to extinguish their empire.

The parallel is complete in all but the closing scene; and this was a scene of horrors, which we would fain hope the wisdom and humanity of the west will never suffer to be re-enacted,—the mounting of all the male inhabitants able to bear arms upon the walls; the hurried repairs of the old and tottering towers; the suspension of all business and pleasure; the agony of suspense, or the terrible calm of despair, in lordly mansions, on which art had lavished all her skill and treasure, and which for centuries had been adorned by wit and beauty; the thunder of cannon against the bulwarks which had been built to withstand the catapults or baliste, but not the huge stone balls of the Ottoman artillery; and then the last fearful night: a breach practicable, and myriads of men watching for the dawn—the Turks that they might mount to the assault, and the Greeks that they might perish with their

faith and empire; darkness everywhere, except in the churches, where the lights from the altars gleamed on crowds of old men, and children, and beautiful women, prostrate on their faces, praying in terror; and the peasants on the further shore of the Bosphorus listening in awe to the wailing sound of the *Kyrie Eleison*, which was wafted across from the doomed city. Constantine, the last of the emperors, died in a manner worthy of his name and lineage—sword in hand, at the head of his followers; and with him perished the western empire.

Amidst a great many in this overthrow who were by no means to be regretted, and whose extinction was rather a benefit to the world than otherwise, one class was entitled to especial sympathy and regret. It would be doing injustice to the Greek empire to omit mentioning that it still sheltered a large portion of the learning of the ancient world, and that it was the only spot in Europe where the language of Demosthenes was still the mother tongue of the educated and refined, and where the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle were still studied and admired. Driven from every other part of the continent by the ravages of the barbarians, the arts and sciences had taken refuge here, and enjoyed all the prosperity that they could look for in the dominions of a feeble despot.

There were still found in Constantinople a large number of men who preserved, amidst the prevailing corruption, much of the simplicity of an earlier age, and cherished the traditions of the academy, despite the loss of the patriotism and love of liberty, from which it derived half its lustre. The ancient Greek was there spoken in all but its ancient purity. It was only amongst the common people, amongst the islanders and sailors, that it had been debased by intermixture with barbarous dialects; whilst the Latins were feebly groping their way amongst the disputes of the dialecticians, and the mummeries of superstition, many at Constantinople were daily and nightly poring over the works of the classic authors. This devotion to solid learning was adulterated, no doubt, by a great deal of the trifling and finical conceit, which made the Athenian sophists contemptible; but still, when compared with the pursuits of the western monks, it was cultivation of the highest order.

Most of these men fled precipitately on the fall of the empire. The Mussulman conqueror had, or was reputed to have, little sympathy with science or art, and their votaries, consequently, expected little favour from him, even if the difference of faith did not render them obnoxious to his followers. They were nearly all past the meridian of life. Their sober, scholarly, and retired pursuits would have ill-fitted them for the rebuffs and disappointments of a wandering life in foreign lands, even if youth had supplied hope, courage, and vivacity. What they wanted was a quiet refuge, where they could linger out to the close of their career, in calm retirement, and forget in the study of their books and MSS. their own misfortunes and the ruin of their country. This, happily, they soon found in Italy. That unhappy country was then enjoying the only gleam of prosperity which has ever shone upon her since the fall of Rome. She had recovered from the rude shock of the barbarian invasion. The disordered elements of society had gradually assumed shape and organization, and the fifteenth century found her divided into a number of independent republics, built up and supported by commercial prosperity, and in the enjoyment of unexampled liberty and happiness. The arts were flourishing to a degree unknown in the rest of Europe, and in all the graces of life—wealth, refinement, and cultivation, she held such a proud position, that she might still without presumption apply to the Transalpine world the epithet of barbarous.

In these republics, commerce had assumed the place of honour, which, amongst the northmen, was accorded to arms exclusively. Their proud patricians were not knights or barons bold, but wealthy merchants, who gradually assumed the position of merchant princes, and distinguished themselves

as munificent patrons of learning. The proudest amongst these were the Medici of Florence, who, time out of memory, had occupied a high position in the republic, and had filled many of its most distinguished offices. The head of the family, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, was Giovanni de Medici, who added to his already large store of wealth by his close attention to business, and secured the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens by his affability and moderation. His son Cosmo succeeded him in his wealth and dignities. The earlier part of his public career was disturbed by some of those intestine broils which seem inseparable from a popular form of government. He triumphed, however, in the long run over the malice of his enemies, and spent the greater part of a long life in uninterrupted tranquillity and prosperity. He had no greater pleasure than the encouragement of learning and the society of learned men; and his efforts raised Florence to the proud position of being the resort of all the wisest, wittiest, and ablest scholars, poets, and artists of the day. The study of the ancient classics had at this period but just commenced. A few—and a few only—of the marvellous productions of ancient genius had been dragged to light from the convents and castles, in which they had slept since the fall of the empire, but by the exertions of Boccaccio, who was as famed for his learning as for his humour, the study of the Greek language had been introduced into Italy, and during his lifetime had been cultivated with success. At his death, however, it fell into neglect, but after a short interval was again revived through the exertions of Emanuel Chrysoloras, a noble Greek, who was entrusted with several important embassies to Italy, while Constantinople was threatened by the Turks, and taught it himself at Florence and other cities about the beginning of the fifteenth century. He left behind him many zealous disciples amongst the Italians, who laboured strenuously and with some success, to follow up the work which he had begun. But, though they kept their attention fixed upon their work, and kept alive the interest of the literati in it, it was impossible that they could make much progress. The number of works which they had the opportunity of examining was extremely small, and they were endeavouring to acquire a dead language by the slow and uncertain process of guessing out the meaning, construction, and connexion. They had none of the aids with which every school-boy now finds himself furnished—grammars, exercises, commentaries, keys, notes, and the oral instructions of men to whom, from their earliest years, the dead languages have been an all-absorbing subject of thought and study, based upon the labours of thousands who have trod the same path before them. Let us remember all that we have, and we shall have a better idea of all that they wanted, the countless tomes of every date since the fifteenth century to the present time, the huge heap of annotations, emendations,

and various readings, containing so much rubbish mingled with so much sterling thought. With all this, some of us found Greek difficult enough; many of us have lost our little share of it long ago; what then must have been the difficulty of those whose only hope lay in their own brains and industry? It is hardly to be expected that the study would not have flagged and finally died out, had it not received an unexpected stimulus.

The fall of Constantinople filled Europe with terror and astonishment; but whatever scandal it may have caused to the orthodox faith, was compensated by the assistance it brought to the cause of learning. The philosophers, who fled before the swords of the Janizaries, were received in Italy with open arms, and their welcome was the warmer because they carried with them a large store of rare and valuable manuscripts, some of them containing gems of antiquity which were before unknown to the scholars of the west. The fittest place to bear such treasures to, was the court of the Medici—for court it might be called—where great wealth spent on the noblest objects was backed up by a supremacy over a whole nation, which was founded only in respect and affection, and was not sanctioned by a single law. The exiles were received with characteristic hospitality, and in the pile of manuscripts which they laid at Cosmo's feet, he found himself more than rewarded for all the favours he could heap upon them. Demetrius, Chalcondyles, Johannes Andronicus, Calistus, Constantius, and Johannes Iascria, and many others, whose names lent lustre to the last years of the tottering empire, met with an honourable reception, and by their instructions and example gave learning an impetus which has carried it on without faltering to its present proud position. Libraries, one of which is still, after a lapse of three centuries, a favourite resort of the scholar, were founded, and copies of the various works were rapidly multiplied by the printing press. The Greeks did not fail to trumpet abroad the praises of their benefactor, and the kindness and encouragement he showed them is the best claim to immortality, which the Medici family possess.

The friendship which was shown to learned men by his grandfather was cultivated in a still greater degree by Lorenzo de Medici, that great light of Italian literature and art. Their labours were repaid by his bounty, and encouraged by his smiles; professorships were established for giving instruction in the Greek philosophy and literature, to which scholars from all parts of Europe—from England, amongst others—resorted. Lorenzo was no less remarkable for his political wisdom and commercial success than for the delight afforded him by the society of the learned, and consequently the Greeks were frequent guests at his splendid villa in the environs of Florence. It is a singular circumstance that this great man should have found a biographer worthy of him, after the lapse of three centuries, in the greatest of our commercial empires.

THE LAND OF GOLD.

"Young men accustomed only to the desk, and unfitted for any mechanical occupation, will find it next to impossible to procure employment in Australia." Almost every letter that is sent home from Melbourne, and nearly every newspaper published in the colony, repeats this warning. But in spite of warnings of every kind, young men from shops and counting-houses appear to be the very persons who, for the last twelve months, have filled the greater part of the berths in emigrant ships bound for the land of gold. Again and again it has been stated that these are not the class of colonists necessary to the commercial prosperity of the colony, or likely to prosper in it themselves. For many years to come, physical, rather than mental, labourers will be the need of Australia. Melbourne, although the richest city in the world, is, at the present moment, the worst lighted, ventilated, and paved; and its inhabitants, although the most wealthy, taken as a body, are as badly lodged as the peasantry of the poorest villages in Germany, or the dwellers in the most

misérable log-huts in the backwoods. Nevertheless, there is abundant employment in Australia, besides gold-digging, for tens of thousands of artisans and labourers. Every man who has the strength and will to wield an axe or a spade may succeed in Australia; for, before the colony is fitted to receive intellectual labourers, houses must be built, roads and railroads made, bridges erected, and other social conveniences supplied. Handicraftsmen of all descriptions, agricultural labourers, and "navvies," are the most likely men to succeed in Australia.

It appears from a paper drawn up for the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. Westgarth, that the colony of Victoria—the modern name for the Port Phillip district—is in a most flourishing condition, both as regards its moral and commercial prospects. The history of the colony, as recorded by Mr. Westgarth, presents the most remarkable instance of commercial progress that, perhaps, the world ever saw. Ten years ago, the towns of Sydney, Melbourne, and Port Phillip

were mere entrepôts for the agricultural produce from the interior of the country; and Australia itself was principally notorious for the lamentable failure of the settlement at Swan River. In 1851, the colony of Victoria contained a population of about 95,000 souls; in 1852, that number had more than doubled, and at this moment it cannot be estimated at less than 300,000. Nothing can be a more astonishing or decisive proof of the advance of this colony than the marvellous rapidity with which its population has increased. Twenty years since the white man was unknown in the districts which he has now made his home: the discovery of the gold took place, and, in a short time, the colony of Victoria—the principal auriferous district in Australia—was unrivalled for the magnificent scale of its wealth and commerce. There is no resisting “facts and figures,” so we will make use of a few of them. In March, 1851, the population of Melbourne was estimated at 23,000; at the present moment that city and its outskirts cannot contain fewer than 85,000 inhabitants; two years since the town of Geelong numbered about 8,000 souls; at present it cannot, certainly, have less than 20,000. The shipping entered inwards to the colony of Victoria, in 1851, comprised 669 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 126,000 tons; in 1852, the number of vessels had increased to 1,657, with an aggregate tonnage of 408,000 tons—an increase of about 325 per cent. in a single year! In the same period, the value and extent of the imports and exports to and from Victoria had increased in like proportion. In 1851, the imports were valued at £1,056,000; in 1852, they had increased to £4,014,000; the exports for the same years were—in 1851, £1,424,000; in 1852, £7,452,000! But in regard to this latter item, the exports for the year 1852 may be considered as greatly understated when given as £7,500,000; for large as the sum may appear, it has been ascertained to be very far short of the actual truth. Gold is the principal article of export from the colony of Victoria; and the probability is, that almost every person who left the diggings for Europe or America took with him a large quantity of the precious metal, which would not necessarily come into the official records. In 1852, the customs returns gave 1,975,000 ounces as the quantity exported; but 1,600,000 ounces, in addition, have been traced as having been exported from the neighbouring colonies, or otherwise brought from Australia without official cognizance. Taking these circumstances into consideration, and valuing the precious metal at its now ascertainable worth, it appears that gold to the value of upwards of £15,000,000 sterling—twice the amount given in the customs returns—has been dug from the bowels of the earth, washed from the sands of the rivers, or discovered by fortunate “prospectors,” in various parts of Australia, in a single year!

In fact, the colony of Victoria is at this moment the richest, and the most varied field for enterprise in the whole world. A man with a little money can buy land and rear sheep; or he can invest it in articles of consumption at home, and make a good profit by retailing them in Melbourne and the diggings. In the interior of the country, every child is a help instead of an incumbrance; and a man with a family, whose ages vary from three years to twenty, is as well off as if he had a large capital. Every kind of manual labour is at a premium in the cities of Melbourne, Geelong, and Sidney; and in the interior the scarcity of hands is very severely felt. All sorts of provisions, likewise, are sold at highly remunerative prices:—sugar, 7d. a pound; flour, 50s. a barrel; wines and spirituous liquors extremely dear; and roots and all other agricultural produce are sold at “a very considerable advance upon previous quotations.”

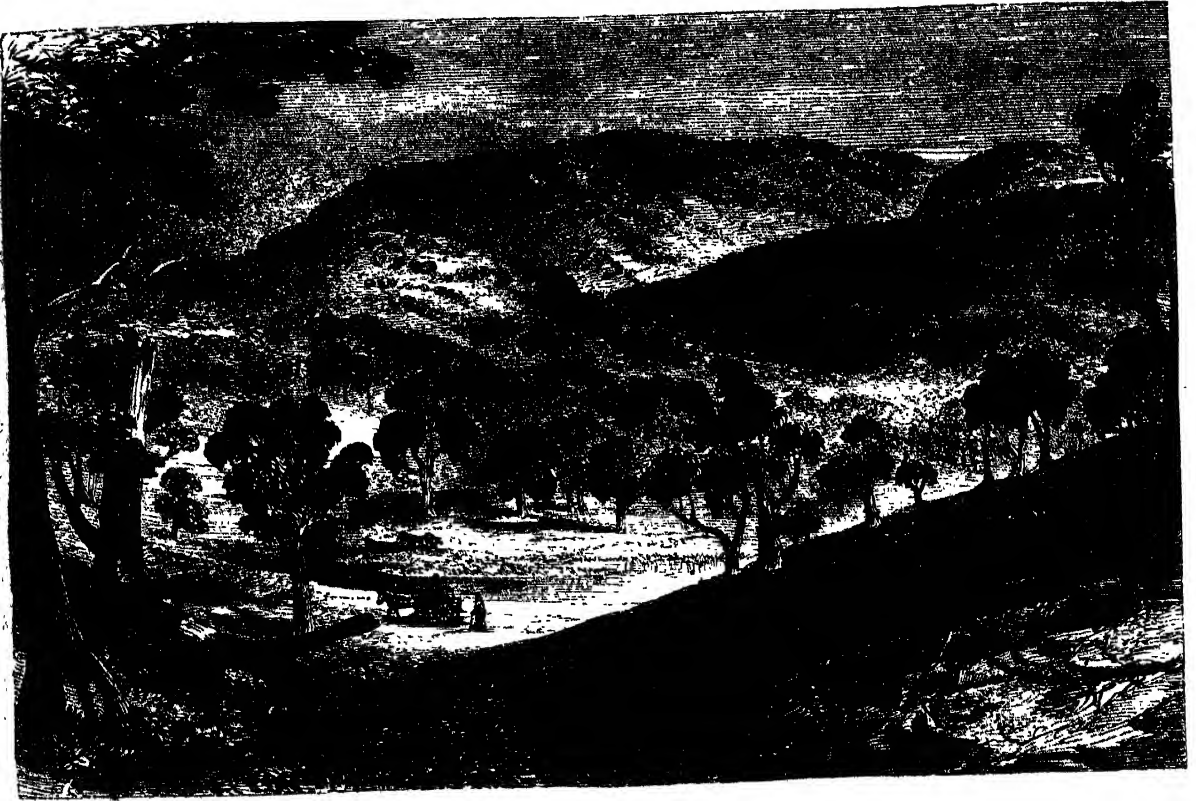
This last phrase, which we take from the *Melbourne Argus* of April the 7th, naturally leads us to the conclusion that farming is a very profitable kind of employment in Australia; and, opening a private letter which has been given us for perusal, almost the first sentence we meet with is—“If you have any friends coming out with capital, advise them to buy land and try their hands at farming.”

It is well known that Mount Alexander—the district including Ballarat, the Bendigo, and the Forest Creek dig-

gings—is the most auriferous region in Australia. In our first engraving (page 44) we have a view of this celebrated mountain from what is called the Porcupine Road. The next (page 44) is a busy scene, Golden Point Ballarat—every one of the diggings has its golden point—is about seventy miles from Melbourne in a north-westerly direction; and about fifty from the thriving town of Geelong. At this spot it was that the celebrated “Cavenagh find” took place—as thus recorded in the *Geelong Advertiser* of September 27:—“On Saturday night last two brothers named Cavenagh arrived in Geelong with 60lbs. weight of gold, value £2,300, the produce of four weeks’ working. The party actually netted £100 per day.” The excitement consequent on the arrival of this news was immense, and “doctors, lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, shepherds, and labourers, all rushed off to the new El Dorado.” In the case of the Ballarat diggings, the speculators were not disappointed, for they still continue to be highly productive.

The two other engravings (page 46) speak eloquently for themselves. The districts all around have proved highly auriferous; and “enterprising men (we quote the own correspondent of the *Argus*) cannot fail to make a fortune.” The numerous dry diggings have been very successful of late; and it is by no means uncommon to see a man setting off to work in his hole, the only tool or implement that he carries with him being a large and pointed knife, called a “fossicking knife.” The mode of proceeding is by no means uninteresting. “Arrived at the hole, which, by the way, may have taken him and his mates a week or more to sink, he descends, and lighting a candle and his pipe, he lays himself out at full length on the rock which forms the bottom of his hole, and whilst he blows out the fragrant wreaths from his pipe, he quietly amuses himself, at the same time, by digging out with the point of his knife, such nuggets of the precious metal as may offer themselves to his view. Of course, in this operation, the small specks of gold are not collected, as this would be too troublesome a process; but the earth containing them is gathered up in a pocket handkerchief, and I have more than once seen two ounces washed out from a handkerchief full of stuff, whence the large pieces had been previously picked. By this “fossicking,” as it is termed, men have been known to obtain three and four pounds weight of gold in a day; though such cases are not, as a matter of course, numerous. This species of dry digging is now much resorted to, not only on the Bendigo, but on the Forest and other creeks, the scarcity of water preventing the possibility of washing all the earth that would, were this element plentiful, amply repay the labour. Thus it happens that very much of the earth, now lying at the bottom of around the mouth of many of the holes, having been cast aside as useless during the drought, contains a per centage of gold sufficient to make the washing of it in the wet season highly remunerative. In fact, to prove this, after the recent showers up here, for they were no more than showers, many people were out prospecting amongst the refuse stuff thrown out of the holes, and I have met with persons who have thus collected two and three ounces in a few hours. I myself, not being too proud to dismount and become their possessor, picked up three pretty little nuggets that very handsomely offered themselves to my attention as I rode along past a number of deserted holes. It has often struck me that in many instances where a heavy find of gold has been made, very nearly as much of the precious metal is shovelled out with the earth as is gathered by the diggers; for with two and three ounce nuggets glittering in their sight, they have no eyes for the fine grains, which, in a rich hole, so thickly stud the earth that surrounds the larger nuggets. Besides which, let the digger search as carefully as he will, unless the whole of his good earth be washed, he will almost invariably throw out as much gold as he collects.”

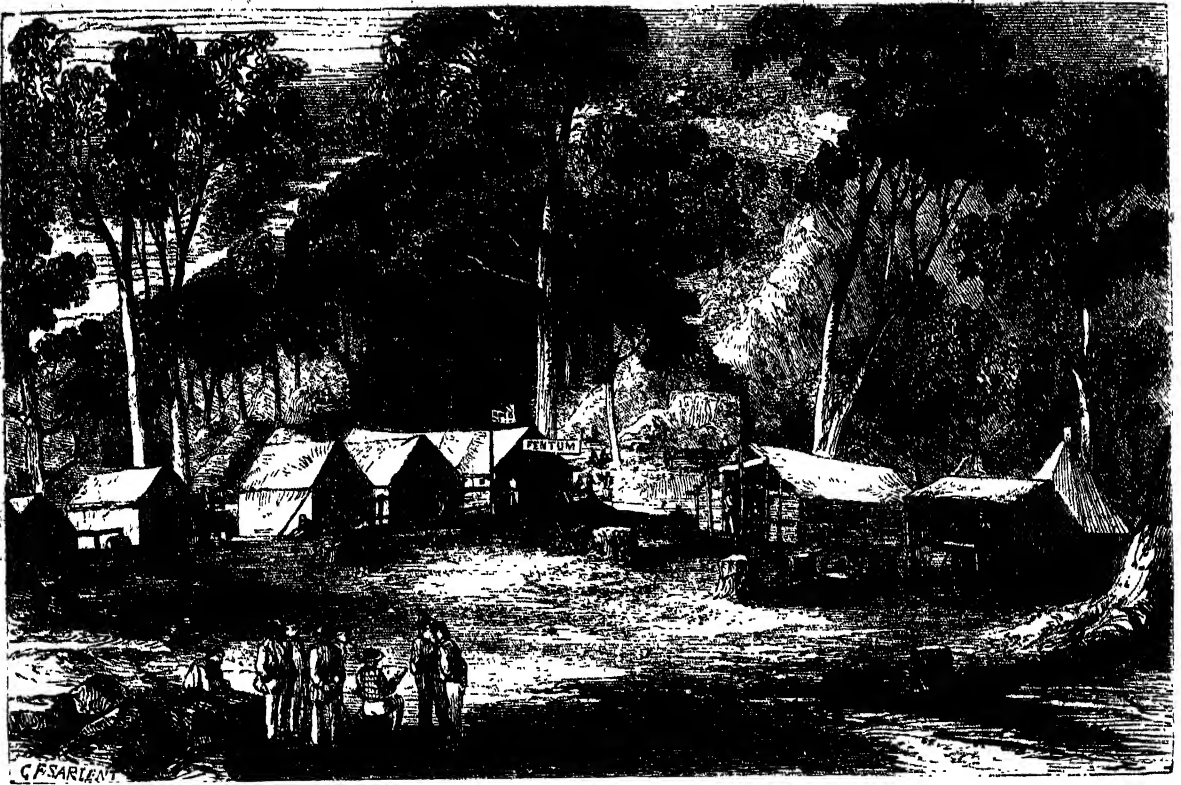
The present shipping arrangements enable emigrants to reach the land of gold at a comparatively trifling expense, whether the port of embarkation be London or Liverpool. One word of advice; there is more comfort and economy in a small ship than a large one.



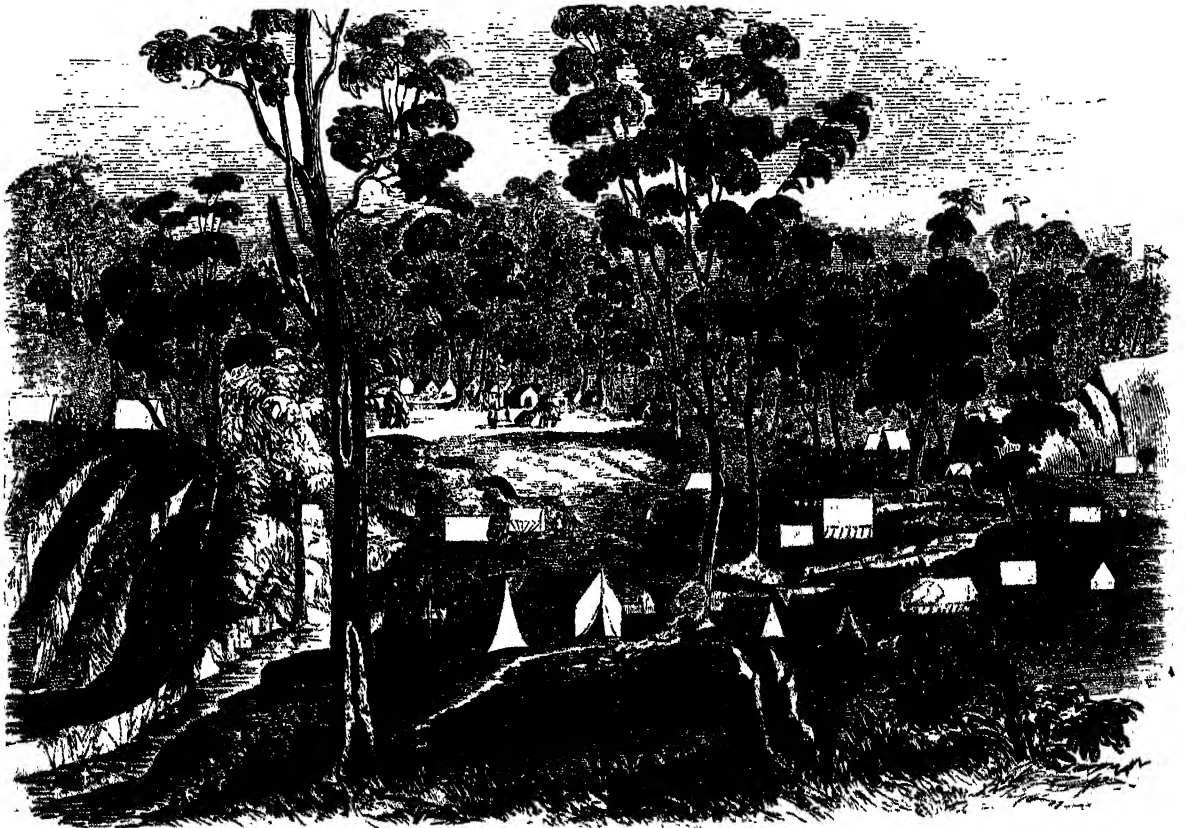
MOUNT ALEXANDER, FROM THE PORCUPINE ROAD.



VIEW OF GOLDEN POINT, BALLARAT—TAKEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST SIDE OF THE CREEK.



VIEW OF THE POST-OFFICE AND THE "ARGUS" OFFICE, FOREST CREEK DIGGINGS.



VIEW AT THE JUNCTION OF BARBER'S CREEK AND THE FOREST CREEK—THE GOVERNMENT CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.

A DAY AT CHITTENNANGO FALLS.

I was staying at Casa Nova. I had exhausted the rather limited amusements of that rural place, and time began to hang heavily on my hands. My friend Frank, who is an artist, and had sought the village on a professional speculation, had painted everybody in the vicinity who was at all willing to descend to posterity on canvas. The systematic flirtations which we had carried on with all the belles of the neighbourhood had ended in such a tangled web of jealousies, as to destroy all confidence in us as marrying men. There were no billiards; we had no guns to shoot with, and even if we had, I doubt if there was anything to shoot; we had read the "Life of Washington," the only book our landlady possessed, through three times. Dominoes became painful to us, we had played them so often, and the society of the village bar-room was neither interesting nor select. In short, no two human beings were ever more destitute of the means of amusing themselves than Frank and myself.

It was a clear September morning. The sky was of a deep blue and without a cloud, and the early sun shone with oppressive brightness on the staring white walls of the village. I was standing at the window, tapping listlessly on the panes, and wondering whether the pig, who was trying to get into Mrs. Spreet's garden, would succeed in opening the gate with his snout. Frank was seated at his easel, finishing the eleventh portrait of himself that he had painted since his arrival, and Mrs. Rollit, our landlady, was dimly visible through the half-open door, plucking a large fowl which was to serve for our dinner. Just at this moment my attention was attracted by the appearance of a pedlar who had arrived in the village the day before, bringing his waggon out from a little shed at the other side of the street, and installing between its shafts a clever, short-tailed horse, with a big head, and thick, muscular legs that gave promise of a mile in "two, thirty," if he liked.

"Hallo!" I cried, opening the window, "you're not going to leave us so soon—are you? Why, you ought to get a week's trading, at least, out of such a place as this."

"Well, I guess I'm goin' on a little further," he answered, stowing away sundry boxes under his feet in the waggon. "The folks here don't appear to be very lively, and I calculate I'll make a better trade in Chittennango."

"Chittennango! what a strange name! Where is it?"

"Have you never been to Chittennango?" asked our pedlar, elevating his eyebrows with a glance of rather contemptuous amazement; "why it's just the place for fellows like you, who go poking about after the beauties of nature. There's rocks, and waterfalls, and trees, and it's altogether what people call picture-land."

"How far is it?"

"Five miles, more or less. If you come soon, may be you'll meet me there. Good bye!" And the pedlar gave his horse a chuck with the reins, and went down the hill in the midst of a hot, curling cloud of dust.

"Frank," said I, turning round, "here's luck; let us go to Chittennango."

"Let me finish this eyebrow," answered Frank, peevishly.

"The pedlar says there are waterfalls and rocks there."

"Very probably," said Frank, drily.

"And that there is a factory there with the loveliest girls."

Frank threw down his palette, rushed to the mirror, disposed of his hair to the best advantage, and in half an hour we were on our road to Chittennango.

The road on which we walked wound along the edge of the Chittennango river, a bright, joyous stream, broken into frequent babbling rapids, and full of wild, capricious windings. These turnings and doublings, in which the road shared, were in some places very sudden and abrupt. Sometimes the stream would bend back, and all we could see of it were little blue glintings through the dark trees, like the peeping eyes of some forest maiden.

The river runs on the right side of the road, and on the left

rises up a steep bank, frowning with dark pines that hang like a beard upon its cheek; while here and there great jagged rocks gleam out like the tusks of some wild animal. This bank, which is very lofty, is seamed and worn with elemental strife. Great scars are visible on its sides, where the winter torrents have torn away huge masses of earth and rock; and one can see from the tall pines that lie prostrate, but still clinging to their birthplace with a few tenacious roots, that the fierce winds of March have not spared the place. Climbing over all this savage grandeur, one sees the long tendrils of the wild vine festooning the trees and mantling over the rocks; while crowds of wild flowers gleam through the inmost depths of the forest with fragmentary glimpses of blue and gold.

Frank and I could not help stopping every hundred yards to admire some fresh beauty. Each winding of the river, as it were, recombined all the old elements of the landscape, forming another from them entirely new and enchanting. Our sketch-books were continually in our hands for the first mile, and if we had continued our mode of progression during that distance the rest of the way, we should have been about five days reaching Chittennango. Frank was in great ecstasies. "The scenery was so lovely. He must really take that bit away with him. There was plenty of time—no need of hurry. What was the use of being a bachelor if one could not stay out as long as he liked?" And down Frank would sit by the roadside, pencil in hand, to take, as he said, "that bit away with him."

It was during one of those fits of admiration that a new and unexpected feature was added to the landscape. Frank was sitting on a huge stone, which had fallen at some remote period from the cliff above us, and was sketching away vigorously at a solitary group of elms, that stood on a small spur of land which jutted out into the stream. I had taken a small reach of the river to my share, bordered with spruce and maple, and spanned a little way up by a slender rustic bridge. Some tall sedge broke the level line of the margin of the stream, and the whole constituted a charming bit of quiet river-beauty. I was busy making certain dots and lines which were intended to indicate rocks and trees, when an exclamation from Frank caused me to raise my head suddenly. A new feature had obtruded itself upon my landscape, one which I had made no provision for in my sketch, but which, nevertheless, was a most interesting addition to the former charms of the scene. On the slender rustic bridge, which I have mentioned as spanning the stream some twenty yards above where we sat, stood a young girl. She wore one of those wide leghorn hats, with long crimson ribbons streaming over its brim, which undulated gracefully in the gentle wind that stole down the banks. In one hand she held a small basket filled with wild berries, while in the other she bore a branch of green elm which she waved like a fan. It was a charming pastoral picture. Theocritus might have written an idyl upon it. Guercino might have painted it. The girl was very pretty and seemed somehow to belong naturally to the scene. When she reached the middle of the bridge she paused to look at us. We certainly returned the compliment. As to Frank, he stared with all his might and main. But there stood that light, delicate figure, framed in an exquisite natural picture, and balanced on that slender aerial-looking bridge, till it almost seemed as if some wood-nymph had taken a fancy to masquerade and got herself up in leghorn and muslin. While we were gazing with mute attention a shout rang from the opposite side of the river, and a troop of boys and girls all laden with baskets of wild fruit and green boughs issued from behind some trees, and made signals to our nymph. Two or three of the boys ran up on the bridge and seemed, as it were, to take her captive, and bear her back among them. The slight bridge undulated with the struggle, and after a few vain attempts to elude her captors she went slowly back to the noisy throng, and vanished behind a clump of elms.

About two miles from Casa Nova, and close on the river,

are several mills, all of them possessing considerable external evidence of prosperity. They employ a great many of the young people of the vicinity, and we had every reason for supposing that our rural goddess and her companions were employes of one or other of these establishments. It appeared to be a holiday with them at these mills; for in the open space before the door, which was well shaded with tall elms, there was a merry party of boys and girls dancing to certain unearthly sounds which a young lad, in a white jacket, drew from a dilapidated-violin. The women were generally pretty, and all possessed the most delicately fair complexions, the result of so much in-door confinement in the factories. They appeared very happy and contented, and the dance went on with unflagging spirit. Irresistibly attracted by this rustic jollity, Frank and I stopped to look on. Presently we received a cordial invitation from some of the young ladies to join the festivities, and in another minute we were linked with a couple of partners in the performance of a Virginia reel. While thus engaged a burst of laughter rang through the place, and our dance was suddenly interrupted by another troop of gay rustics with green boughs in their hands, who came rushing down the slope towards us. It was the same group we had seen on the river, and in their midst our eager eyes discovered the goddess of the bridge. Strange to say she was not at all pretty, and her hands and lips being stained a dull purple colour with blackberry-juice did not add much to her attractions. Her figure, that before seemed so aerial and delicate, we now discovered to be bony and angular, and the curls which the wind seemed to play with so lovingly as she stood on the bridge, had, on a closer inspection, a decided tendency towards that fiery hue which people sometimes soften down under the name of auburn. So much for the poetry of circumstance. On the bridge she was all that a romantic imagination could desire. In the mill-yard the charm had vanished, and she stood confessed a lean, red-haired, raw-boned Yankee girl.

About a half a mile further on we came to a reach of the river, the effect of which, with its strongly marked lights and shades, reminded us both of an etching by Rembrandt. The stream has, as it were, cut a semi-circular piece completely out of the wooded precipice before described, forming thereby a sort of dark cove, along the edge of which the road still runs. The cliff, which here faces the west, is so much undermined that it hangs menacingly over road and river, and flings its black eternal shadow far across on the opposite bank. The pines, and spruce, and hemlock trees stand bristling out from this toppling bastion, and seem suspended by their roots above one's head. A terrible and unearthly gloom pervades the spot; the sunlight never falls at any period of the day upon stream or forest. The river runs by in the shade, cold and dusky as Acheron. An unwholesome chill oppresses the heart while in this gloomy sanctuary. Birds do not love the spot, and their song never echoes through the trees. The villagers do not linger there, tempting as its shade may be to brows scorched with the summer's sun. It is a place that seems made for murder and crime. And as if to mock the melancholy darkness of the scene, the river above and below glistens like gold through the trees, and invites the saddened wayfarer to hasten out of this Trophonian gloom.

When we suddenly emerged from this dismal spot into the bright sunshine, and saw the laughing sparkling river and the verdant trees, the change in our spirits was electric. While we were passing through the home of shadow, we had scarcely spoken. The scene was grand, doubtless, but its grandeur was oppressive, and weighed upon us so much, that to utter our thoughts would have cost us a considerable effort. But now that we had left it behind, we felt somewhat as Orpheus must have felt when he arrived on earth after the visit he had been paying to Pluto. Everything seemed to have acquired fresh splendour. The trees were greener than before—the river more golden, and the wild flowers, that lined the bank, seemed to speak to us in a joyful whisper and welcome us back again to the world, which they and the sunlight illuminated.

After loitering in this manner along the road for a distance

of four and a half or five miles, the subdued sound of falling water, softened by the trees, apprised us that we were close upon Chittenuango Falls. At a little distance, they cannot be said to be very imposing, but I know no place that, on a closer acquaintance, possesses more charms. From the top of the fall to the bottom may be something over 130 feet, but the water does not gush in a direct stream for this distance, but is broken and split by ledges and tongues of rock, which, though they interfere with its sublimity, certainly add to its picturesque-ness. We first came upon the fall looking down the river from above, and although the sensation of looking down a height is not so great as that of viewing a vast precipice from the base, yet the view that now met our eyes was striking in the extreme. The river ran winding between lofty pine-covered cliffs until it became, like the track of a hare, lost in doubling. The mid-day sun glared hotly above our heads, and a blue mysterious mist hung over the stream and filled the lower end of the deep chasm through which it ran, veiled thus in vapor; I know not what mysteries connected themselves in my mind with the course of that river.

But bless my soul! what a thing it is to be a dreamer. Here am I keeping the reader all this time on the top of the fall, staring down that mist-haunted valley and wondering what has come over his enthusiastic guide. To make up for lost time, let us seek that pretty rustic bridge which lies about 100 yards above the fall, and cross over to the other side. Here we come upon a fine bit of motion in the shape of that morsel of cataract which gushes close to our feet. It is a fine emblem of power. No stopping it for an instant. It was born to go on, and on it goes. Let us follow its example. At this side of the stream we can clamber down a few yards, and timidly approach that great gush of water which courses down the centre of the fall. But looking down through clefts of rocks and clinging to creepers become tiresome; so crossing the little bridge again, we seek the bed of the stream below, so as to see the cataract in all its grandeur. The side we are now on is entirely inaccessible to either ascent or descent. One can look down through great clefts that exist in the rock sheer to the bottom; and awful, weird-looking chasms they are, filled with that dim blue vapour through which one fancies strange shapes swim and float, like the rising visions in a magician's caldron. To reach the bottom of the fall we have to wind through a delicious wood path filled with wild flowers, where the trees are matted so thickly over head that nothing pervades save a green twilight, while the dense underwood is one impenetrable mass of shadow. This path winding downwards brings us out on the bank of the stream just under the fall. The view here is splendid: straight above our heads rises the tall shaggy precipice, over which the river tumbles foaming: from its steep sides the giddy pine hangs out grappling each crevice with its roots, like some daring invader scaling the walls of a beleaguered city; vines ramble here and there through every hole and corner; and wide, awful looking fissures gaped in the rocky sides, like wounds from which trickled a dewy blood. Over all this rushed the white waters, tumbling, foaming, roaring; flinging up bright globes of spray as conjurors fling up gilt balls, and anon falling with a deep, portentous sough into the sullen pool below. On the right-hand bank of the stream, opposite to where we were standing, was a young elm tree, the most graceful I had ever seen: it stood alone upon a spur of land or rock, and its leaves were as yellow as the ceuci's hair; but up among those golden leaves a crimson foliaged vine had clambered, trailing its blood red splendour over bough and trunk, and hanging in scarlet streamers from the outer branches. The tree looked, with its yellow plumage and slender form, like some fair-haired village maiden in holiday time decked out with a whole haberdasher's shopfull of scarlet ribbons. It was a splendid piece of colouring, and despite his want of material, Frank must needs sit down and sketch it. He had scarce begun, when flop—dop! a great stone fell within an inch of his head, and went rolling among the crags; we both looked up but could see nothing. Again, flop—dop—flap! another stone, hitting the sketch-book fairly in the centre and sending it flying into the

stream. Then a whole shower of stones, one after the other, fell about our ears, and kept us dodging like Indians behind a log. Frank is a philosopher, so instead of getting into a rage, he said simply—

"It is a fact worthy of remark, that most people have a great desire to throw things from a height. Watch a party of people on a bridge or the top of a tower, the first thing they do is to drop pebbles to the bottom, without knowing why or wherefore. There is, evidently, some fool practising this pastime above, so we had better leave this and go up too. We might as well see to whom we are indebted."

"Then who—" commenced Frank, rather angry at his mistake.

"I believe I have been the culprit," said a very sweet voice behind us. We turned and beheld a very pretty woman smiling half sarcastically at us.

"Madam," said Frank, gallantly doffing his cap, "pray do not mention it. If it is at all essential to your enjoyment, that there should be a human being underneath the cliff, while you pelt great pebbles over, pray let me know and I shall be most happy to sit in a conveniently unsheltered spot."

The lady laughed at the sarcasm, and in a very short time



CHITTENANGO FALLS.

On reaching the top, we beheld a gentleman standing on the edge of the fall, looking into the depth below in a contemplative manner. "Just the kind of fellow to throw stones," muttered Frank, as he went up and tapped the dreamer on the shoulder. The man started and turned round.

"Those who throw stones from the top of a cliff," said Frank, with an aphoristic air worthy of an oriental, "should recollect that some day they themselves may be at the bottom."

"I have not thrown even a pebble, sir," said the gentleman rather shortly.

we were all chatting together as it we had been intimate for years. Our new friends had been just married, and were spending their honeymoon at Chittennango Springs, a place higher up the river, and just becoming fashionable. Heaven preserve the Falls from such a destiny.

Frank and I walked home by moon-light, rather tired, but delighted with our excursion; and for the remainder of our stay at Casa Nova, whenever Frank grew tired of painting himself, or I of singing duets with one of the Miss Minks, we donned thick boots, put some luncheon in our haversack, and set out to spend a day at Chittennango.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

England has long held the empire of the sea: this has been her distinguishing characteristic. In times of danger she has not trusted in her fortified cities or her martello towers, but in her wooden walls, which have been to her an invulnerable defence. War has desolated other lands,—fruitful fields have been turned into desert wastes,—labour has been driven from its daily toil,—happy homes have been blasted,—on vigorous youth and blushing maid—on smiling childhood and grey-haired old age—on sacred priest, and mother, more sacred still—has come down a common curse; but here in England

our insular position may account for this. Another, and a more potent reason is, that her sons have been brave and daring—full of a resolute courage no adversity could damp—of a lofty hope no disappointment could destroy.

In a humble cottage on the banks of the Tavy, not far from Tavistock, was born one of the men most eminent for the qualities we have named. In that neighbourhood, in the year 1546, lived a clergyman with a large family; and, as is often the case, with limited means. This clergyman was blessed with twelve children, of these the eldest became known to posterity



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

we dwell secure—of all these terrors we have only known the name; for England's fleets and England's naval heroes have never failed her in her hour of need. Nor is this all. The British flag has proudly waved o'er every sea and floated on every wind; it has bound up nations by the bonds of commerce; it has carried the English Bible and English civilisation to every corner of the globe. Where the savage wandered it has planted flourishing communities, whose coming splendour bids fair to more than rival our own; it has been, in every corner of the globe, the banner of the free. In some degree,

as Francis Drake; the father was connected with Sir John Hawkins, the great naval commander: this would, possibly, account for the fact of young Drake's being destined for the sea. His father's removal to the neighbourhood of Chatham may also be taken as another reason for devoting the boy to that element on which he was afterward to win so fair a renown. But his beginning was humble enough: he was apprenticed to the master of a small trading ship: there he conducted himself so well, that his master dying, the ship and other matters equally acceptable were left to Drake. In this trade Drake

continued and became a money-making man; but this little traffic with the Dutch coast was not to occupy the whole of Drake's existence. Destiny had something greater and grander in store for him. We need not tell the reader how glorious was the reign of Queen Elizabeth—how society was stirred up from its very depths. That age was remarkable for an intellectual activity and a spirit of enterprise and speculation such as we should have never seen. It was the age of Shakspeare—of Bacon—and Raleigh—the powers of the human mind were concentrated on every conceivable subject; the loftiest intellects were spell-bound by the mysterious marvels of the illiterate and rude; men's lives and fortunes were frittered away in search of the philosopher's stone that was to turn every thing it touched into gold, and that was to preserve, to the age of Methuselah, the life of its fortunate possessor. It was an age that revered Dr. Dec as a philosopher, and that was shortly to credit every thing Raleigh penned when he wrote his wondrous tale of nations of Amazons, whose heads were under their shoulders—of El Dorado and its mountains of glittering gold. Over every thing a fervid imagination threw its gorgeous robe: at that time romance had her home, not merely at the Globe theatre, but in all broad England; from the Land's End to the Tweed, she had a local habitation and a name. The enterprise of England was allured by the flattering accounts brought home, by Sir John Hawkins, of the glory and treasure to be met with in the Spanish Main. Accordingly, Drake sold his ship and sailed out with his relative for that attractive spot. The adventure was unsuccessful: it redounded not to Drake's credit, for he somewhat basely deserted his companion, and lost his money besides. He gave proof, however, of his nautical skill, for he safely brought home the "Judith," a small vessel of 50 tons. In accordance with the morality of that age, Drake's next attempt was to compensate himself by a buccaneering expedition against the West Indies, in 1570. In 1572 we again find him in the Spanish Main, taking towns and receiving enormous ransoms. His next engagement was under the Earl of Essex, in Ireland: this led to his introduction at Court by Sir Christopher Hatton, and to the great voyage which won for him his fame as the circumnavigator of the globe. It seems from the Isthmus of Darien he had already looked on the South Sea, and had prayed that he might be the first to sail an English ship there. Drake went the right way to work to ensure the prayer being answered, for he left no means untried for the realization of his daring aim. The queen smiled upon his enterprise; and with vessels, the largest of which was but a hundred tons burden and the smallest ten, in December, 1577, he sailed from Plymouth for the South Sea. In the following June he arrived at the Straits of Magellan; thence he proceeded along the coast of Chili and Peru, coasted California and part of North America, of which he took possession under the name of New Albion; then he sailed across the Pacific ocean, and returned home by the Cape of Good Hope, having completed the circumnavigation of the globe in two years and ten months. This was his crowning glory. The Spanish ambassador complained, but the queen could not resist the popular impulse which had made the name of Drake dear to all his countrymen. She dined on board his ship, the "Golden Hind," and made the circumnavigator a knight. The ship was drawn on shore and sacredly preserved till it fell to pieces, when out of its planks a chair was made which was presented to the University of Oxford.

But now came rumours of war at home. In that age the greatest power in Europe was wielded by Spain. It was true of her, that the sun never set on her dominions. And Spain, with her great riches, with her daring sons, with her imperial powers, with the sanction of the Pope and the prayers of the faithful, prepared to wage war with England's queen. Our country needed stout hearts then: fortunately we had them. Drake was sent to destroy the fleet forming the Spanish Armada: he entered Cadiz, burnt 10,000 tons of shipping; he then burnt 100 ships and took three castles between Cadiz and St. Vincent (this he called "singeing the king of Spain's beard"); and then captured a Spanish carrack, laden with precious booty, which, however, was not all kept by Drake,

for part of it he appropriated to supplying Plymouth with water. When the Armada came, he was entrusted with the defence of the country, as vice-admiral under Sir Thomas Howard of Effingham. His name was a word of terror to the Spaniards; they deemed it useless to fight against it. On account of it one ship, at least, surrendered without a blow. The next year, in an attempt to restore Don Antonio to the race of Portugal, he was not so successful.

In 1595, Drake and Hawkins, who had become friends again, sailed to win booty in the Spanish main. It was a strong armament; they numbered twenty-six ships and 2,500 troops. But the battle is not always to the strong. Thus it was in this instance. The scheme failed: Hawkins died of vexation; Drake made subsequent attempts to restore success, but equally in vain. He, also, died of vexation; but he had a sailor's funeral and a nation's tears.

"Where Drake first found, there last he lost his name,
And for a tomb left nothing but his fame.
His body's buried under some great wave;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave.
On whom an epitaph none can truly make,
For who can say, 'Here lies Sir Francis Drake?'"

Such was the tribute of the poetry of his age to the hero sleeping far away from his home and his fame. We give one more:—

"The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb,
And for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

Drake is described as having been low of stature, with a broad open chest, brown hair, fair complexion, and clear large eyes. He was a married man, and served twice in parliament. In his own neighbourhood, and for many an after year, he was considered as a magician and in league with the devil. The popular mind could in no other way account for his unparalleled success. Fable after fable has been grafted on his marvellous career. According to the traditions of the western countries, in order to obtain fresh water with which to supply Plymouth, he mounted his horse, rode about Dartmoor till he came to a spring sufficiently copious for his design, then, wheeling round, pronounced some magical words, and galloped back into town, with the stream in full flow at his horse's heels. His success against the Armada was accounted for in an equally miraculous manner. According to one version, he raised his fleet by taking a piece of wood and cutting it in pieces over the side of his own vessel, when every chip, as it fell into the sea, immediately became a man-of-war.

Tried by the standard of our times, much of Drake's character must be condemned—but in his age divines sanctioned his expeditions. For a man always writing with great religious profession, we think Southey has taken a too favourable view of Drake's character. Of modern writers, Bancroft has taken the fairest view. "The lustre of Drake's name," he writes in his "History of America," "is borrowed from his success. In itself this part of his career was but a splendid piracy against a nation, with which his sovereign and his country professed to be at peace. Oxenham, a subordinate officer, who had ventured to imitate his master, was taken by the Spaniards and hanged; nor was his punishment either unexpected or censured in England as severe. The exploits of Drake, except so far as they nourished a love for maritime affairs, were injurious to commerce; the minds of the sailors were debauched by a passion for sudden acquisitions, and to receive regular wages seemed base and unmanly, when at the easy peril of life there was hope of boundless plunder. Commerce and colonisation rest on regular industry." But we must not be too severe. We must not judge the men of the past as if they were possessed of the light and knowledge of the present. We see in Drake a rude daring energy, which seemed wonderful in his own age. There was in him not merely the greedy love of gain, but a desire to plant the British flag in seas and lands where before it had been unknown. The honour of his nation lured him on. Thus it was, he was buccaneer—discoverer—hero—precisely the character deemed great and noble—held up to admiration in the days in which he lived.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER V.—PART IV.*

MORE than a twelvemonth has elapsed since the death of Mrs. Mordant, and Leonard is living once more in England. This second shock had passed over him, leaving but slight, yet significant, external sign. The fervour of creation which had fired him among the Alps had never returned; a strange apathy devoured him. Sketches, it is true, were struck off, then days were spent in dreaming; and great works were thrown aside with disgust, after a few weeks' labour. Leonard had received various commissions, among them one from Lord de Calis, the uncle of Honoria; but the very necessity of fulfilling an engagement, in the morbid state of Leonard's mind, deprived him of the power to work. This strange apathy extended not alone towards his own pictures, but towards the works of others. He rarely now felt joy at the sight of picture, statue, or print—everywhere he seemed alone to recognise failure, or weariness of spirit, or conceit, or affectation. His sole impulse was towards nature—his innate, enthusiastic adoration of her became his consoler and joy-giver. Days, weeks, and months, were spent in this worship; and he commenced various studies, elaborated with a patience and love unutterable of her prodigal beauty, even in her humblest walks. He painted masses of lush vegetation down by brook-sides; golden calthas; and, later in the year, the quaint arrow-head, with its broad leaves, mingling with the rose-tinted and graceful butomus; the snowy meadow-sweet waving above an undergrowth of azure forget-me-not, and crimson loose-strife, and majestic typha, and gleaming Aaron's-rod; tangles in woods and hedge-rows, and bits of moor-land, he painted with waving cotton-rush, pale grass-of-Parnassus, and dusky crimson sun-dew; and dry heathery banks, gleaming with their myriad of flowers. But exquisite as were these faithful, loving transcripts, to himself they gave no joy. Rarely even were the studies completed; for his keen perception of nature's perfection sickened him with the imperfection of all human copies. For hours would he lie in the grass, glorying in the marvellous beauty around him, and wandering away, by subtle degrees into obscure and mystical regions of thought, which were unfolding their portals to him.

Lucretia marked with the most lively anxiety this alarming apathy; but to her hand seemed to be denied the key with which to unlock his heart. Nay, the very anxiety she expressed seemed but to estrange him from her. We need not say how deep a pain this was to Lucretia; but like all pain, she bore it silently in her heart.

To her infinite surprise, she learnt through John Wetherley, who had become a more frequent visitor at the Gaywoods than Leonard, that their old friend was engaged to be married to Agnes Singleton the authoress! Lucretia believed now that the mystery was solved; and painful in the extreme as Leonard's silence was to her, and as his withdrawal from their old intimacy had been—she with her whole soul now rejoiced in what she believed must work in his life a change for happiness! Yet, she had read Agnes Singleton's books—and clever, brilliant, profound in thought as they were, there was yet a certain character of hardness—an absence of *love*—which excited an astonishment in Lucretia's mind as to the fascination which Leonard could have found in the writer, and as to the sympathy which possibly could exist between her and Leonard. Lucretia knew, both from Leonard himself, and from John, that Honoria Pierrpoint having become the purchaser of the "Balder," had, shortly after Leonard's return, called at his studio, and with a cordiality irresistible, invited him down to her little villa at Box Hill, where Leonard had become a frequent visitor, the whole tone of Honoria's circle, the nobility, and beauty of the atmosphere, around her, falling like balm upon his morbid soul. All this Lucretia knew, and

wove her own romance upon these slight premises. But the reader must be made acquainted with a little more detail.

Lucretia was right in her judgment as to Agnes Singleton's works. A hardness, an intense pride, and a scorn of much that the world considers sacred, were harsh features in the writings of Agnes—and were harsh features in her nature also. Intellect; and not love, had been her divinity. Battling towards a free intellectual atmosphere through the ranks of prejudice belonging to a peculiarly narrow sect of religionists, she had encased herself in an armour of scorn and pride; she had gained immense power of will, self-confidence, and independence in the struggle; but had left behind her her kindred, and the gentle grace which peculiarly belongs to womanhood, and which may render strength the more glorious when united to it. She professed herself to despise all such graces, but within her soul lay the germs of love and of gentleness, spite of the rude, hard encrustation of pride and scorn.

The picture of "Balder" had spoken to her intellect and to her imagination; and expressing her earnest admiration to Leonard upon their first meeting at Honoria's, she had unconsciously waxed more than ordinarily eloquent, and discovering in her listener an unusual intellectual sympathy, the whole powers of her mind had been drawn forth by the magic of sympathy, and Leonard had from the first hour of their intercourse become dazzled and fascinated by a being totally unlike any thing he had previously encountered or imagined.

He had become fascinated, dazzled, filled with a deep interest, was bound by some potent spell; but was it the spell of love? He breathed freer in the presence of Agnes than now in the presence of Lucretia, and cast aside the dark memories of the past—and questioned not of the future—but had Agnes touched the core of his soul, which, overflowing with love for all things, even the humblest should for a bride have flamed up with a fire, even as a fire of sacrifice?

In Agnes the germ of love, within the core of her being, had, as if struck by an enchanter's wand, sprung forth into sudden vigor, and waxed daily stronger and fiercer, surrounding her even as with a halo of gracefulness and tenderness, at least in the eyes of Leonard; whilst, at the same time, her own strong and vigorous life developed itself yet more strikingly through this new impulse. Agnes never once attempted to conceal from herself the affection with which Leonard inspired her.

"It matters little to me whether it be returned," said Agnes once to Honoria; "the fact of a new and powerful influence swaying my spirit as a mighty wind rushing over the earth sways and changes the atmospheric currents, is the great thing. It will have a marvellous influence upon my work, Honoria; all strong passions, all experience—aye, bitterness, martyrdom, are necessary baptisms for the life of the teacher." And Agnes, for the sake of her work and her career, would willingly have gone to the stake. Her affection for Leonard—his even for her, should that ever exist—was but a secondary object, the one which was of importance as serving the primal object.

Honoria, with all her peculiarly bold opinions—with all her regard for Leonard, and her love for Agnes—was alarmed by the feelings of this singular girl, and often pondered into what course fate would bend these strong wills. And thus months had passed on, and, to the surprise of themselves no less than to the surprise of Honoria and Lucretia, Agnes and Leonard had plighted their troth! In Agnes their engagement had only increased the dominant impulse of her soul—pursuit of success in the career which she had set before herself; in Leonard—his apathy.

* Continued from p. 40.

John, also, has undergone various revolutions of soul since he and Leonard have met. For years—as we have seen at Lambelli's, then at the academy, and even within the walls of the Exhibition itself—had the genius of Leonard ever been arousing him to action, speaking to him of an excellence yet unattained. At each contact with Leonard's spiritual influence, John had endured peculiar sensations, the most generous acknowledgment of Leonard's superiority, the highest delight in his excellence; yet, as regarded himself, mingled with dogged determination to attain an equal excellence, if not a superior one—the bitterest disgust, self-contempt, and hatred, of what he already had done. In the Exhibition, when he saw his picture, his beloved "Paul and Virginia," he could have torn it down from the wall; he could have trampled it indignantly beneath his feet, as he had done the comforter of his poor old grandmother; a thousand feelings flashed before him, and filled his soul with sickness. Honoria's enthusiastic admiration of the "Balder" he echoed with the most thorough truthfulness; yet each word of praise cut him to the soul, filled him with an agony of jealousy: yet he himself would have been the very first to have yielded the palm to Leonard, and well knew that his picture stood far below anything that Leonard would ever paint. He respected Honoria's judgment which did not praise the "Paul and Virginia," yet one word of praise from her would have been nectar and ambrosia. If such had been the influence of Leonard through his works upon John, how much more intense were the feelings which Leonard in person produced. Leonard's excessive refinement of taste, which rarely permitted praise to escape his lips—his coldness towards John's artistic powers—his criticism so marvellously just, yet so cutting—his breadth and cultivation of mind, and marvellous play of fancy—the perfect ease with which he executed things that were in John's eyes exquisitely beautiful, yet which he himself criticised as keenly as he did the works of others, or flung aside with contempt—and, above all, the respect and admiration with which Honoria regarded him, the evident delight she took in his society, and with which she preached him up to John, aroused storms of the most contending emotions within John's breast. Many a time, leaving Leonard's presence, he has rushed home, pulled forth his pictures or his sketches, gazed at them grinding his teeth, then fling them indignantly from him. Has been known even utterly to destroy a picture or sketch, and, rushing up and down his room in a state of extraordinary excitement, has denounced himself as a blockhead, an idiot, a fool, and terminated his invectives with exclaiming, "Yes, that Hale is right; he is a genius, a great, a noble and grand genius; the breath of the divine artist has breathed upon him! I—I?—I'm only a lad taken out of a turnip-field; let me never forget that. And what means have I possessed for the expansion of my mind? Miss Pierrpoint? Of course Hale and she can have grounds of sympathy which she cannot have with me. I'm but the lad out of the turnip-field, and am indebted to her for all the little I have learnt; but oh, for one, no not word, but expression of admiration, of pride—no—in my work, from her by look or emotion in her beautiful face. Well, Hale is greater than I ever shall be, but that's God's work, and not Miss Pierrpoint's; and if he skins me alive with speaking the truth, I ought to thank him for it, were I only morally great. Aye, flay me alive, Hale! I'll profit by every wound you inflict upon me; there is the mighty, the increasing love of nature and of my art within me, and they may achieve for me excellence, though it be a different excellence to that of my tormentor!"

And John's picture's in the next exhibition truly proved, to himself, as well as to others, that he had profited by this "flaying."

Honoria even acknowledged the superiority of these pictures to the "Paul and Virginia," but the vanity of John suffered, as usual, from Honoria's words. John's soul expanded immeasurably beneath the influence of Leonard, and with this expansion awoke a perception of Honoria's greatness of character and beauty of soul, which swallowed up every lesser emotion. What had been John's love for L'Allegro—a

mere romantic dream? He now stood upon the brink of a mighty passion—the more potent, because reason, duty, honour, all admonished him of danger.

Such was the position of affairs when we find assembled at Honoria's Italian villa at Box Hill, upon a lovely autumnal evening, Leonard, John, Agnes, and Honoria, together with Mr. Pierrpoint and Honoria's companion, the elderly lady dressed in black, with the silver hair and quiet smile.

The four had been spending a day, worthy to have been celebrated in the "Decameron." Leonard and John had been painting in the woods, Honoria and Agnes either sitting with them reading aloud poetry, or conversing; or they had wandered away by themselves through the woods, returning to find Mr. Pierrpoint and the old lady arrived, together with an abundant repast, spread out by Honoria's servants beneath the trees—and decorated by the hands of the young painters with garlands of richly tinted leaves. Returning home as evening approached, with sketches and sheaves of leaves and flowers as glorious trophies, Honoria had coffee served up in her little library, the French windows of which opened upon a low terrace, and commanded a magnificent expanse of woodland scenery—now bathed in the warm rays of an autumnal sunset.

The gayest tone pervaded the little circle. John alone was silent. He never yet had been able entirely to overcome the chill which Mr. Pierrpoint's manner struck to his heart; besides which, his love for Honoria throughout this poetical day had waxed even deeper and stronger, and to speak in her presence made his words come thick and incoherent.

"That turn of expression again reminds me marvellously of my old friend, Mordant, the poet. Poor Mordant!" suddenly remarked Mr. Pierrpoint, turning towards his daughter as Leonard ceased speaking with an animation somewhat unusual with him. "At various times have I been struck with a resemblance between Mr. Hale and that gifted, that unfortunate man. Had Mr. Hale, now, been Mordant's son, the world would have exclaimed, what an extraordinary family resemblance! For my own part," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, "being a believer in the transmission of the same type through many generations, I dare say, could we but obtain the clue, consanguinity might be discovered to account for this resemblance—which is not alone mental, but physical. Yes, the more I recall Mordant's features, the more does the resemblance haunt me. What a termination was his to the most promisingly brilliant of careers!" continued Honoria's father, musingly. Then turning towards poor Leonard, who, with his coffee-cup in his trembling hand, had turned towards the open window and appeared absorbed in contemplation of the glorious landscape, "I believe you once expressed yourself as acquainted with the writings of the man to whom I refer. Brilliant, caustic, at times rising into sublimity, some of the finest and most eloquent writing in our language, in my opinion, has flowed from his pen; yet he has left behind him merely fragments: still they are gems of the purest water and deserve a setting of the finest gold. It was a favourite idea of mine, years ago, to collect and edit an edition of poor Mordant's works, prefacing it with my own recollections of the man; for circumstances and congeniality of taste had, at one time, brought us much in contact. But more pressing business always interfered. Besides which, one spur was soon lost—the benefit which such an edition might have been to his family; for his poor widow soon became an incurable maniac, and his son, I understood, died. The child was a child of great promise, I remember, but sadly neglected; and you, Honoria, must still recollect having once seen Mrs. Mordant—that poor mad woman—at the Hellings! Yes, she, indeed, had endured enough misery to destroy any reason. Now, Mr. Hale, if ever you should feel inclined, you and Mr. Wetherley there, to undertake the illustration of Mordant's poems, I should feel greatly inclined to carry out my scheme. It would be a labour of love which you, Mr. Hale, can comprehend." Mr. Pierrpoint pausing, as if for a sign of assent from Leonard, and a silence having crept over the little company, he, by an almost superhuman effort, found his lips

replying. "It is singular, but I have already made various sketches, illustrating, or suggested by, these poems. I shall be happy to place them at your disposal, sir." Leonard's voice startled himself, there was such a hoarse sepulchral echo in its tones.

"That man possessed the most extraordinary power of fascination I ever encountered," pursued Mr. Pierrpoint, unobservant of anything peculiar in Leonard's voice. "The actions he was guilty of, had they been performed by another, would have disgusted and alienated his friends a dozen times

with emotion, "pardon me, but from *your* lips never should I have expected to hear such words. The evil in a rarely-gifted being, such as men unite in pronouncing this Mordant to have been, called upon all true friends of his—all true worshippers of genius—all high-minded and high-souled men—to have opened their eyes especially to this evil, to have probed it to the core, to have removed temptation if you will from the sorely tempted, but *never* to have sanctioned *two* codes of morality, one for the gifted and one for the ungifted. From Him to whom much is given much will be required: and



LEONARD AND HONORIA IN THE STUDIO OF JOHN WETHERLEY.

over, and have been pronounced downright dishonest; but even over his creditors his magic extended itself for years. It was only the old story over again; and I, for one, was always willing to help on the good within him, as it was a rarer good, after all, than the generality of good in honest men. I willingly closed my eyes to the evil, endeavouring to close also the eyes of others, for such a genius does not come among us every day."

"Father," said Honoria, suddenly rising, as if propelled by an unseen influence, and with her whole countenance flushed

neither can the personal happiness of the genius himself be secured by deviation from the law of rectitude handed down to us by the Divine, nor yet can the stigma be removed from him in the eyes of the world. We, father, to whom is granted the appreciation of the rare gift of genius—who cherish it as breath from God Himself; who regard the poet, the painter, as a high-priest in the temple of nature—must require from the priest purity of an especially high order. What unction in his words—in his teachings—if the seal of conviction stamp not his life! The Cabbalah says that a lower and far more

revolting degree of uncleanness attaches to the moral or physical impurity of a priest, of a holy man, or of a vessel devoted to a sacred use, than to the impurity of a man or vessel of lower sanctity. Especially is this true with regard to the world's estimate of the high vocation of its teachers. Far be hardness of heart and uncharitableness from us; but let a higher code of purity inscribe itself upon the tablet of our souls;—let us not aid in the erection of whitened sepulchres, without all beauty, within desolation and rottenness; for the desolation within must come forth, and with its pestilential breath cast horror and contempt upon the beauty! John, Mr. Hale, Agnes—you who are going forth as priests to serve in this temple, to offer up before the Divine, and to raise the Holy of Holies before the gaze of his people—preserve white and spotless your garments, because your souls are undefiled!

A strong emotion passed through her listeners, and Honoria, with glowing cheeks, her eyes brilliant with tears, and with the swan-like movement of her round white neck, stepped forth upon the terrace. "Let us breathe a cooler air," said she; "and John, I want to speak with you about something before you leave us this evening."

Mr. Pierrpoint and the old lady, however, remained seated in the library, and exchanging a look of admiration of Honoria as she stepped forth, followed by her friends.

Honoria and John walked on silently side by side till they entered a pleached walk of roses, which stretched across one side of the lawn. Leonard and Agnes had betaken themselves to the banks of a little stream, which flowed through the garden, and across whose glossy darkling mirror a pair of swans approached.

"John," said Honoria, after they in silence had paced side by side the mossy turf of this shady bowery walk, "I am a keen reader of the human soul, and yours I have long read as a book; and for sometime upon its pages, especially throughout this day, I have read there of a great and mighty emotion, which, unless it bend itself into its true path, can only render your life a wreck and a mistake. Did a similar emotion live within my soul, John, I should scorn to permit mere worldly considerations to deter my acknowledgment of its existence. True, earnest, and unselfish love, I place among the very rarest and the most sacred gifts of God. This, you know me sufficiently well, instantly to believe. Because I have faith in your candour, your strength and uprightness, do I say all this. I should not say it to an ordinary man, for I have but a very mean opinion of man's moral nature in general. A true, firm, and devoted friendship do I feel for you; and your success in the world, your living out the artist's life; such as I believe this life may be lived out, is one of the most earnest desires of my heart. Do not let us be disappointed in this desire! But to achieve such a life, my friend, no worm of hopeless misery must gnaw at the roots of your life—strength, soul and body, must be yours! Sorrow, and the baptism of fire coming to steadfast souls, bring alone strength and a morrow of joy. I must have you put the curb of reason and truth upon your imagination—she must not, as a demon, drag you down into hell, and then, as an angel, lead you up into heaven; or if she do this, she must alone mirror my image to you in the heaven, as your stern judge and guide! 'Paint each countenance as though it were the countenance of your Beloved!' I once heard a great master say to his scholars—'let each fold of drapery, each flower, each leaf, each gem, be as if it belonged to your Beloved.' So say I to you, John, your passion must wreak itself upon your art; if you have the true artist's soul, the struggle will not be so difficult. Love of your art must be greater than love of me. Were I your wife, John, I would have it so, much more as your friend!"

John walked beside this singular Honoria, a most extraordinary tempest of feeling raging within him. "Ah, if she loved, if she ever had loved, how differently would she have reasoned," thought he to himself; "how cold, how unsympathetic her words; how far, far from her calm realm of reason is my soul. Whilst her rich voice fills my ear—whilst

I am in her presence—I desire only to feel that one vast bliss. I would learn the universe from her wise lips. I would lay my soul in her hand, and she should guide it as a child—oh, to be of service to her, to remain near her—even as a menial!" And how much he owed her. And had he not always loved her, long, long years? Was it not love which, nursing within his breast, when the ignorant child had bowed his face among the flowers of the Hellings wood? Alas! poor John, were you not almost falling into depths of folly as absurd as in days of yore; are you, then, grown no wiser with years—and with the remembrance of sweet L'Allegro? In a bewilderment John walked, his hands convulsively clasped, and cold, with a great trembling which shivered down him, his face very white, and no voice proceeding from his firmly-set lips. He heard Honoria's words clearly and distinctly pouring forth; and a warmth seemed to flow forth from, and a glory to encircle her whole being; but the words conveyed no meaning to his soul—only at a later time did they, heard and buried within his memory, come forth and show themselves to his understanding, and each word was a word of steel. At length Honoria, suddenly pausing, fixed her noble, frank countenance with her clear eyes upon him, and stretching forth her warm, jewelled hands, took his clasped, trembling ones, and spoke with a voice which trembled for one moment with emotion, then clear as a trumpet awoke his intellect:—"Pardon, pardon, John, for pain caused you so unintentionally, so painfully to myself. Henceforth, we stand upon the rock of truth—our friendship must become purer and stronger; never more doubt my faith in you, or in your genius. I have always been severe, because I am ambitious for you. Show me that you can conquer your weakness, your strongest temptation; show me by your work, that I have given you strength—even though I have given you pain. We will avoid meeting for some time; but our friendship shall not, must not suffer!"

It was already dusk, and looking around her, Honoria said, with her usual abrupt decision: "You had better return to town to-night; my carriage shall take you. Master your feelings sufficiently to permit you to bid adieu to my father and Mr. Hale. I will explain in a satisfactory manner your departure. Remember I shall most anxiously await the evidences of your conquest!" And, leaving poor John speechless and heart-broken within the dusk of the beautiful garden, she glided towards the house.

It was towards the end of March of the following spring, that Honoria first acknowledged the battle that the soul of John Wetherley had fought. With a flushed cheek Honoria, clad in her riding-dress, entered John Wetherley's studio. No John was painting there: but Leonard stood before a nearly completed picture upon an easel. He gazed at Honoria's excited countenance, as she entered, without surprise; but with a strange mingling of sadness and almost of sternness. Standing aside, he placed a chair before the picture, motioning her to be seated. Honoria's eyes resting upon the picture, she clasped her hands, and bowing her face, tears of a bitterness such as never before had fallen from Honoria's eyes, fell glittering towards the earth.

Beneath the picture, written as if in letters of blood, she read the words—

"Love is Endurance, Martyrdom, and Victory."

The scene was a dim dungeon. At the foot of a dark row of heavy columns stood a rack; upon its bars reclined the youthful and wan figure of a man. His face shone with the glory of a victorious love, and he raised one hand as if blessing; instruments of torture lay around; an open Bible was pierced with a bloody sword. The two hardened torturers fell aside, covering their faces, as if blinded and stricken by that countenance of love. The other arm of the martyr encircled a woman, who, clinging to him firm and calm, supported her husband in her arms, supporting him through the fierce pangs of his suffering, bathing his parched brain, and kissing his pale cheek—enduring martyrdom of spirit to soothe his pangs by her strength and love.

A PEEP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.—LETTER IV.

Whitehaven, September 1st, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER,—You say it is more than two months since I have told you of any country goings on, but there has been less to describe in that way during the midsummer months, and except the pleasures of sheep-shearing and hay-making, I did not hear or see anything worthy of being minutely recorded. Harvest-home was new to me, and as it took place in glorious weather, we were all assembled in the home field, where the reapers finished their work, and a tremendous cheer greeted the falling of the last cut of the falling grain. The fortunate man, who had the honour to wield the final blow, became the hero of the day, and was elevated, in great triumph, on a throne of wheat sheaves, piled up in one of my uncle's largest carts, which bore him away to an immense barn, where a feast of butter-sops and ale was served up, and a riotous dance concluded the festival. The prettiest part of it, to my fancy, was a late serenade, very charmingly sung on the lawn about midnight, and under the light of a splendid golden moon. There were several wind instruments, and the sweet serious character of the thanksgiving-music, which constituted the principal part of the performance, combined with the correct harmony of three or four mellow voices, seemed a fitting and delightful acknowledgment of the bounty which had just been so lavishly bestowed on His creatures by the Almighty Parent of all. I forgot to mention that, before harvest, we attended Lammas fair, which collected a large number of holiday people, and is peculiarly honoured by the sailors belonging to Whitehaven and the neighbourhood. Very smart they were, new rigged, as they called it, from top to toe in the cleanest of new summer clothing, worn in the most jaunty possible way. In the afternoon we partook of Farmer Dodd's hospitality, and I observed that almost every lass in the room wore a coquettish bunch of blue ribbons in her hair, the gift of one of the light-hearted young sailors, some of whom, I believe, danced seven hours that night without let or hindrance. The wearing of these knots of blue ribbon is considered a sign that a young couple are engaged to be married, and gave rise, I suppose, to the old song, beginning

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
Johnny stays long at the fair;
He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribbons
To tie up my bonnie brown hair."

When I saw Susannah with one hid in her luxuriant flaxen ringlets, I ventured to offer her my congratulations on her engagement to my cousin William, which I had long suspected, but had not before dared to speak of to either of them. She looked blushing happy, and you will, I am sure, be pleased with your future niece, whose rusticity is set off by so much true womanly delicacy of feeling, and so much gentle archness of manners, that I expect she would be admired even in our fastidious West End circles. It was strange, at the fair, to see such rows of persons waiting to be hired as domestic servants, the men holding straws in their mouths, which the more dandified stuck into the band of their hats; while the girls carried a green sprig in their hands, to intimate their readiness to enter into service. Well! now I must tell you about last night, when a merry party, that had collected at my uncle's, ended in a way I did not look for; and which makes me fear I shall have to leave the Friars, which I have no inclination to do for some time to come. Among the guests was an old Shropshire gentleman and his lady, who were on a visit to the Rector of Handley-Cross, in this neighbourhood; and as they were very lively and told us of many customs peculiar to their own county; they added much to the pleasure of the evening. When the old lady heard some one say the new moon had just risen, instead of making a curtsy, as many other ladies then present did, she asked for a silk handkerchief, and informed the party that any one, by holding it up between the moon and him or herself, would know how many years would elapse before he or

she were married; the number of moons visible through the silk denoting so many twelve-months. I watched several persons try their fate, and was astonished at the different number of moons these good folks declared they perceived. The old lady would not be satisfied until I took my turn at the window; and as I could not make out more than one moon, I had to undergo a prodigious amount of banter, and sly prophecies that I should be married before this time next year. Mrs. Estlin, our good-natured informant, said, that when a child, she never met a snail in the early part of the day without throwing it over her left shoulder, to ensure good luck; and, for the same purpose, she remarked, more gravely, it was always well to have some money in one's pocket when new year's day arose, on which anniversary it seems that the Salopians also consider it prophetic of lucky fortune, if the first person they meet is one of the opposite sex to themselves. Mrs. Estlin asked my aunt if she might be allowed to see the kitchen; and a considerable party following her, she mentioned a Shropshire sport, much liked, she said, in their county, but which could only be played in an apartment floored with bricks or tiles. Every one was anxious to try the new game, which, however, she duly warned us, was not particularly refined; and a bowl of water, a plate of ashes, and the left wing of a goose having been placed along the floor according to her directions, down on all-fours squatted some of the most mad-cap young girls in the company. They were all blindfolded, and the amusement consisted in trying make their way to the bowl of water, in which case the oracle predicted the successful girl would marry a handsome young man; but if the candidate stumbled upon the plate of ashes, it declared she would never be united in wedlock; or if she alighted upon the goose wing, she was destined to become an old man's bride. I must confess I thought the sport rather vulgar, though it was impossible not to laugh heartily at the decrees of fate in particular cases. When it was ended, a true Cumberland flicking was entered into, called "Peas scalding." A very large wooden bowl was put down in the centre of the kitchen table, round which some twenty couples sat down, and then Sally filled the dish with smoking hot peas fresh boiled in their pods, to which butter and salt were added. Robert had prevented my sitting down with this assemblage, which I was glad of, when, from the high chair on which he had made me stand, I saw that every one was devouring the peas by the aid of fingers and thumbs promiscuously thrust into the bowl. The empty pods were thrown into a basket on the same table, and the peas had just vanished, when I perceived a merry little girl suddenly steal behind William's chair, whence she aimed an empty hull at the nose of the person opposite; and this signal appeared to be the appointed token for the most exuberant manifestations of high spirits. Presently whole handfuls of pods were thrown one to the other, some rubbing the faces of those present with these emerald missiles, until I thought it time for me to beat a retreat. The parlour was filled with old folks, who were quietly conversing or playing round games of cards, and I took breath, unperceived I hoped, behind a window-curtain; but I found Robert had not lost sight of me, and having professed a great desire to join me in looking at the stars, which were then very beautiful, he took the opportunity of asking me whether I could be happy to live always in the country. I felt so much surprised, by the unexpected proposal that followed this opening, that I hardly knew how to reply; but, as you know, I returned a civil negative, since Robert, cousin though he be, is still almost a stranger to me; but it gave me real pain to see how utterly wretched he looked as he briefly said, "I might have guessed how invincible would be your repugnance to quit the gay world, which you seem born to shine in, and have only to implore your forgiveness for my folly and presumption." He turned away abruptly as he finished speaking, so that I had no time to assure him that he mistook my reasons for declining his offer; and it so happens that he has not addressed me since. The post-boy is waiting for this; so, in much haste, dear Papa, believe me to remain, as ever, your affectionate daughter,
DORA HARCOURT.

ANCIENT TOWERS IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Nor far from the ancient residence of the chief of the Clan Mackay, in the extreme north of Scotland, there is an ancient fortress known as the Tower of Dornadilla. This Dornadilla was the fourth king of Scotland, and reigned 250 years before the birth of Christ. His father, Mainus, was a man pre-eminent for wisdom and justice, and loved peace and

of the tower, and present somewhat the appearance of the shelves of a library.

The Tower of Moussa, represented in our engraving, is another ruin of the same description. It is of a circular shape, fifty feet in diameter and forty feet in height, and is constructed of large stones, uncemented. The peculiar form of

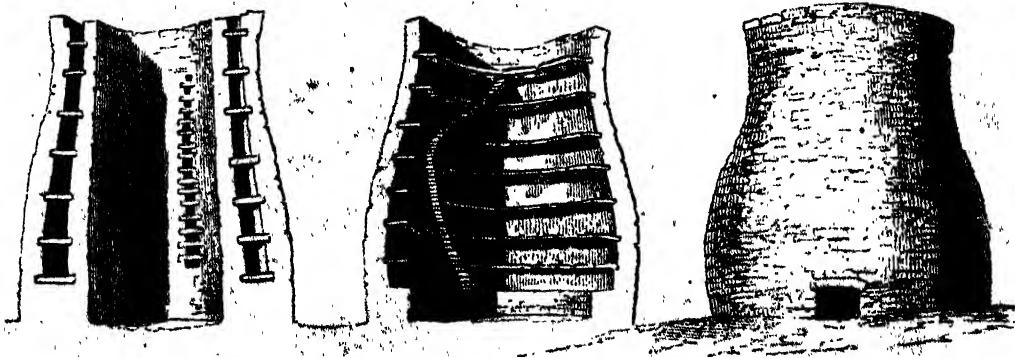


TOWER OF MOUSSA.

prosperity above the strife of spears and the triumphs of conquest; and when Dornadilla came to the crown, he found the kingdom peaceful and the people happy; so he devoted his life to the pleasures of the chase; and the chief thing known about him is, that he framed those laws for hunting which prevail to the present day.

the building rendered it utterly impossible to scale the walls, and its stony strength was sufficient to bid defiance to the attack of the foe. The walls are fifteen feet thick.

In the islands of the Hebrides similar towers are found; they are discovered in nearly every part of northern Scotland, dotted over the face of the land, the delight of the tourist and



INTERIOR OF THE TOWER—AND THE EXTERIOR RESTORED.

The tower which bears his name is constructed of roughly hewn stones, without cement, and is about thirty feet high. The entrance is low and difficult, and the walls immensely thick. Within, a series of stone galleries or benches rise up, one above the other, a ladder, likewise of stone, leading from one tier to another. These galleries, commencing at a slight elevation from the ground, are continued to the summit

the puzzle of the antiquary. They have been ascribed to the Scandinavians, the rough Norse worshippers, the people of Thor and Odin; and again to the Danes, whose piratical invasions and hardy prowess once made all northern Europe tremble; but the most likely hypothesis is that which places their origin in the days of that terrible warfare which continued for so long a period between the Picts and Scots.



GROUP OF ARTICLES IN GLASS, PORCELAIN, AND TERRA COTTA.—FROM THE STALLS OF SEVERAL EXHIBITORS.
VOL. I., N. 2.—33.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI.

"Teach me thy love, thou meek philosopher!
 Show me thy nightly visions, bright-eyed seer!
 Give me thy faith!—why should I blindly err
 And shrink with anxious fear?"

Mary Howitt.

BUT let us return to Leonard. The words of Mr. Pierrpoint had sunk with the sharpness of a dagger into Leonard's soul—the old wound re-opened—the fearful moment had arrived, when, cost him all brightness of the future, Agnes must know the truth. To have so long with cowardice concealed the truth from her was baseness.

Silently Leonard and Agnes paced the terrace, and silently descended towards the little stream. Leonard's eyes never raised themselves from the earth; but in Agnes there was an extraordinary excitement, her large brown eyes flashed with a weird light—her slight form raised itself with an extraordinary vigour, her small white hands were grasped as if she sought to repress some violent internal emotion. She seemed to shrink from all contact with Leonard, and yet, her eyes watched him with an eager restlessness, with a searching, extraordinary gaze.

They descended the sloping banks of the stream—the swans approached, their plumage tinged with the glow of the departing evening, as the eternal snow of the Alps is tinted; but neither of the lovers observed this beauty upon the swans, nor their approach. Suddenly Leonard cast himself down upon the turf, burying his face in hands which trembled like aspen leaves, and bowed his head upon his knees. A vast spasm seemed to shoot through nerve and brain. Agnes watched him, like one turned to stone, except that her eyes became even brighter and keener, and her face seemed to sharpen in the approaching twilight.

"Leonard—you are Mordant's son—that poor maniac was your mother!"—slowly, clearly, and sharply ejaculated Agnes—her voice seemed to come forth from her inmost being, and yet her lips scarcely moved; but her hands grasped each other tighter and ever tighter, and her face became more rigid.

"God, thou art merciful," murmured a faint, hoarse voice from between the clasped hands of Leonard; but he neither raised his head, nor ceased to shiver with his strange spasm.

"It was base—" spoke Agnes, with a voice clear, low, and sharp—"base to have concealed aught of such import from me; you have sunk deep, deep in my esteem; you should have mirrored yourself in my soul, as in a glass, as I have done and ever would do by you. What is your faith in me, Leonard, when you conceal matter of such vital import? But, this will require much consideration on my part, and—reason with me is strong as love. But Leonard, Leonard," cried she, wildly flinging herself down beside him, and drawing his bowed head towards her and pressing it against her breast, and looking down upon the closed eyelids of her lover's white face, with an expression which must have wrung his soul for ever had he seen it, "Why, why, have you done what was base—unworthy of you, of me; of your father's memory?—speak, speak to me, clear yourself. I now know all—it is dreadful, sad; but worst, worst of all, is that cowardice, that baseness! But I love you, Leonard—Oh, God, oh, God, how much, how at times beyond reason, I knew not till this moment;" and Agnes burst into a fit of weeping.

Why did not Leonard take her in his arms, and with words of eloquent truth confess his weakness, unfolding his soul's sickness before this deep, strong love? He neither heard nor saw it. Agnes was a portion of the present—of the future—her words descended not into the dark, troublous Bethesda of his soul as the angel of healing. The wings of the mournful Past were around him—the Past held him chained with the letters of fatalism. Leonard, God had placed a strong, an energetic, a fervently loving soul beside yours, proffering to you a draught of Lethe; unveiling a new heaven and a new earth, and you turned aside, dashing the cup from her hands,

and binding yourself yet tighter and tighter in your chains. You said to your soul, these are the chains springing from the graves and the dead lives of Augustus and Ursula Mordant; my life was their life—my death will be theirs. But love, Leonard, is life, is the fulness of life, the creative power, the consoler, the strengthener! Let love lay a hand of magic upon your bruised heart. But no electric thrill passes through you; yours is a death, a darkness, an annihilation!

When Leonard, as if by a violent effort, aroused himself out of his miserable paroxysm, he saw Agnes rapidly pacing up and down the side of the stream; her arms were tightly pressed upon her breast, her profile looked stern and hard. As he approached her, she turned almost fiercely round, and said, "Leonard, I shall set off to Sweden, —I shall now do that which I have long intended to do; you must throw off also this sloth which has crept upon you—which, to a degree, has crept upon me. Now that I know the secret of your life,—which I had certainly every right to have known much earlier,—I shall look at your character from a totally different point of view. This sloth, this morbidness, is to a degree inherited—that is a serious, very serious matter in my eyes, with my knowledge of physiological laws, an awful subject of importance. But you must arouse yourself,—Leonard! Leonard!" cried she with a momentary glow of that deep tenderness passing over and softening her features; "my pride will be bitterly wounded if you do not achieve all that, as my husband, you must achieve. I will not," and a fire flamed up through her whole being, and she stamped her foot violently upon the ground, "marry a man whom I must despise—who is a slave either to circumstance, to fate, to weakness! I will be great, and so must he! My eyes are unsealed, Leonard, you have a stern judge;" and with an indescribable pride she approached Leonard, and laying her quivering hand—a hand quivering with passion, not with weakness—upon his arm, she slowly said, "I never break my word—I have given my troth—I shall not withdraw it; but I shall be your judge—your task-mistress. You must be strong, free, and noble. I will tear out my very heart and trample it beneath my feet sooner than it shall swerve from the dictates of my reason!" And Leonard felt that she would do this. He had not seen the undying love which had looked out of her sad, strange eyes; he always had considered her one of those women in whom the intellect far overbalances the heart,—he had been fascinated, his intellect had delighted in intercourse with her—she had bound him with an irresistible spell—but *love* her he did not; at this moment this became clear to him—and he cast the fault of it upon her. "Where in her is the sympathy," said a cry of anguish in his soul, "before which I could unfold my misery,—she has no love, no pity in her nature,—love, which is the sole pulse, yet waking within me stops, as she with her pride, her stern merciless eyes approaches me!" Yet, why did he not then unbind the chains which bound him to this cold being? "Agnes," he said, in a tone cold as her own, "I am glad you know this *one* secret of my life. I was about to have told it to you when your lips spoke the words—the misery connected with it—the whole blight which it has flung over my life, you with your strong and powerful nature never would or could perceive; you do not conceive the tortures which it and its concealment have occasioned me, could you—even you, dear Agnes, might pardon. Now that you know this secret, and look into the one darkened chamber of my soul, have mercy—pardon if you can. You are right in your determination to pursue your career, and to put now into execution your journey to Sweden. I should bitterly regret to in any way have

placed an obstacle in your path; your energy cannot fail to influence me. Ask anything now concerning my life, Agnes; all lies before you. Publish my real name if you will, to Miss Pierrpoint, to the world; I no longer care. There was at first no more reason in assuming the name than to conceal myself from the pursuits of my poor, poor mother, and to shroud my success—miserable success—from the eyes of my uncle, until it should burst upon him with a perfectly blinding glory. Fool that I was! Then came habit and a hundred small entanglements that rendered it difficult for Leonard Hale to return into Leonard Mordant. But I detest falseness as much as you do. It will be well to have this ended."

"But this cannot so soon be ended, be set right," said Agnes, "yet the way will clear itself up to me—the way will open—but no more untruth!—no more shadow of an untruth!"

"There are old friends of mine, kind, loving, and trusting friends, whom I have only too much neglected of late, Agnes, and whom I should like you to become acquainted with—Lucretia and Mary Gaywood, and their little nephew, Cuthbert. The Gaywoods have known me from a child; knew my unhappy parents, and yet they still respect and even, I believe, feel affection for me—talk with them, Agnes."

"I shall wish to know them," was her brief reply.

Oh, Leonard and Agnes! a cloud, a phantom, a misery almost without a name has risen up between you! In Leonard was aroused pride, spite of his self-condemnation—and there was no love of the one who had wounded and aroused this pride, rather a terror of her, and disgust began to whisper within the secret and dim recesses of his soul.

In Agnes was aroused suspicion, which would never, never rest, and which, with its lynx eyes, would pierce through long years past and long years to come, and a sense of justice and firmness seized upon this suspicion, making it their servant, their bloodhound, who must hunt out the truth, and then must come the final struggle of Love and Reason.

The two walked up and down by the dark margin of the brook, twilight sank duskily over all, and as they walked they conversed with a strange calmness, and as though no terrible shock had agitated their inmost souls and the whole course of their lives. Agnes had arranged the plan of her journey, she would start within a week.

A sudden gust of wind swept across the water, agitating its placid surface; the swans aroused by the approaching storm fluttered their wings, and uttering a wild cry dashed out into the stream from their lair beneath the reeds. The wind roared through the trees, and heavy rain-drops began to fall; the two returned towards the house where already Honoria was calmly reading aloud an article in the Quarterly Review to her father and the old lady by the brilliant light of the lamp. John was speeding away towards London.

Without one pressure of their hands or lips the lovers came out of the storm and the darkness into the warm and brilliant room, their faces had a ghastly and haggard look, and it seemed even to their own souls as though their lives were forever riven asunder.

Agnes spent the last evening of her stay with Leonard at the Gaywoods. It was a wretched evening, like the whole of this wretched time. Lucretia, spite of her earnest desire to like Agnes and believe her worthy of Leonard, could not forget her conviction of the hardness of her nature, and secretly disliking the idea of her, was cold and restrained. Agnes immediately set the Gaywoods down as women of the mere ordinary run, of whom in the bottom of her heart she had a decided contempt, and a proud and cold expression sat upon her countenance quite sufficient to authorise Lucretia in her present somewhat hasty judgment. The secret distrust of each other in the minds of Leonard and Agnes rendered their mutual affection no cement with which to unite these elements of repulsion.

Leonard wished the Gaywoods had not seen Agnes; and even little Cuthbert added to the discomfort and ill-omen of the visit, by drawing Leonard aside in the garden, where pulling down his head, he whispered into his ear:—

"Dear friend!" the child was in the habit of so addressing Leonard, "you don't then like her? She's not your wife. I'm sure then you don't like her!" And the strange child, either from a certain jealousy, or from some of his strange intuitions would not allow Agnes to touch him, and would not look at her.

Poor Agnes; poor Leonard! How those words, "But you don't like her!" rang like a demon's voice through his soul night and day, day and night for many months to come!

Agnes' letters were long and full of detail, her career seemed to be one of unclouded success, although not without its difficulties and its fatigues; but these, to a nature such as that of Agnes, only gave zest to her undertaking. The fresh world of thought opening up to her in the life of the north, and in the rich material for her work on the "Universal Faith," which she discovered in the libraries of Upsala and Stockholm, and in the conversations which she frequently enjoyed with one of the greatest of Sweden's learned men, a professor of Upsala, who had assisted her in her researches with a benevolent and fatherly interest, of which Agnes could never speak in sufficiently warm terms, fired Agnes' soul with a tenfold vigour. All details she communicated to Leonard with a scrupulous care, believing that they would be of scarcely less interest to him than to herself, his sympathies being especially Scandinavian. "I will not weary him," spoke Agnes often to herself, whilst she penned her letters, "with the deep yearnings which fill my heart towards him; my actions shall prove my deep, increasing love, which this great absence but reveals. His perhaps is a nature, itself undemonstrative where the deepest feelings are concerned, therefore, a nature pained and annoyed by demonstration in others—still it is a strange anomaly, his unbounded expression of love towards all in the universe, except toward his bride, his betrothed!—But strive unceasingly to arm and warn him against his morbid sloth—I must, whether it pain or not—candour and truth must go hand in hand with my deep love!"

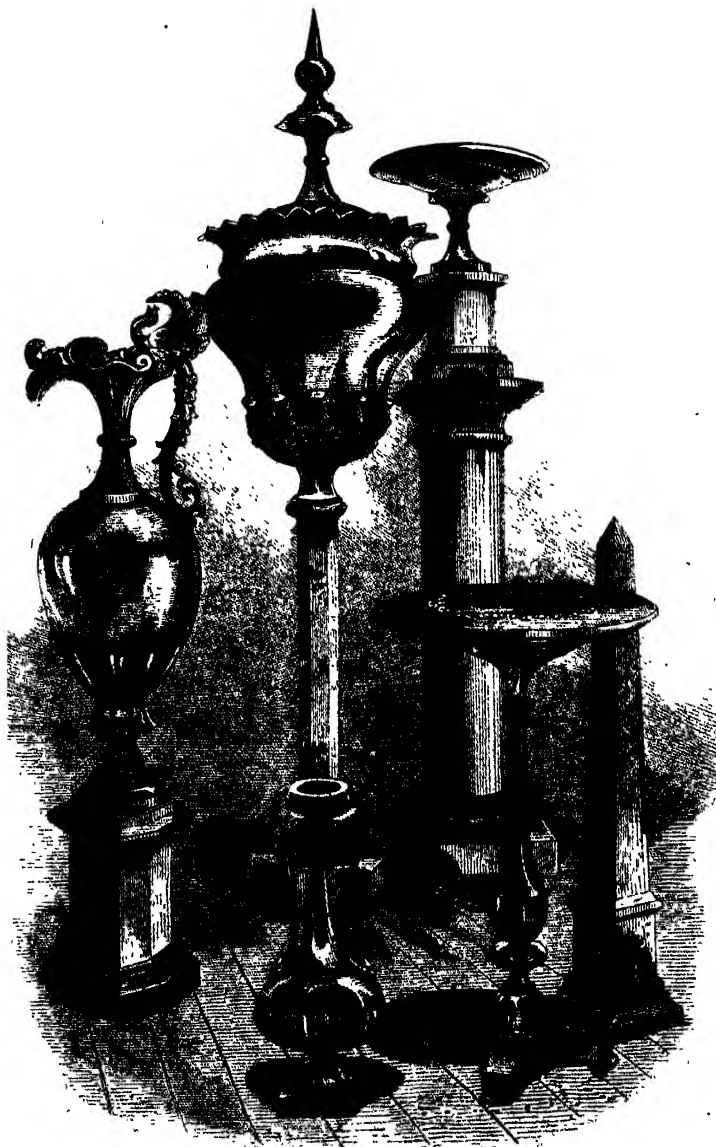
Leonard reading these letters reasoned from his own point of view—"What a proof is here of her cold unsympathetic nature—at this great distance she alone writes of her work, of her success, of speculative intellectual matters—detailing, word for word, conversations with the old book-worm! The dazzling dream gradually vanishes! Where is the love, the tenderness, the sympathy which my soul cries for and nowhere finds! This unmeaning goad, too, of her words, 'how is your picture for Lord de Caelis, progressing? Send me word, Leonard, what you are doing. I shall be a very hard taskmistress, and you must have such and such things completed by my return!' How little can that nature of steel and iron sympathise with the riven nerves and sickening brain! No, Agnes, ours has been a great mistake! Lucretia—who is charity itself—I have always felt did not like Agnes; she recognised her as cold and hard—I cannot be mistaken—Agnes is one of those strange and miserable women in whom the life of the heart has become withered up to nourish the brain!" And Leonard brooded and brooded, falling only deeper and deeper into his musing, and believing himself thwarted by fate on all hands.

Lucretia, spite of herself, did Agnes a bitter injustice—both in her own heart and in Leonard's—she spoke rarely to Leonard of Agnes, from many reasons; and Leonard was only too thankful to cease speaking of his betrothed with his old friend, for the thought of Agnes gradually deepened into a sharp pain. The old intercourse between Leonard and the Gaywoods returned, both Leonard and Lucretia tacitly feeling as though poor Agnes had been the enemy who had stepped in between their beautiful friendship—another unspoken thought which strengthened their injustice towards the poor girl. She became a perfect scape-goat with Lucretia for all Leonard's shortcomings. "Ah!" sighed Lucretia to herself, "if that Agnes Singleton had only loved Leonard as such a nature deserves—if she had only possessed heart enough to comprehend such a being, what a change should

not we have seen in him! But his life seems eating itself away with misery—she should never, never have left him—she could not, had she rightly loved! She it is who should have drawn him forth from his sad dreams, should have been the spur, the vigour of his existence! But she is eaten up by her vanity, and by her heartless ambition! Such beings do not deserve the noble name of woman!—they are even a thousand times, in my eyes, more disgusting than the woman whose whole existence is absorbed in warming her husband's slippers and mending her children's socks!" And Lucretia, with all her charity, in her inmost heart of hearts, gave vent to a vast indignation—and bitter injustice!

And thus month after month rolled on. Of John Wetherley the Gaywoods saw little—he was so very hard at work, he declared; and "He overworks himself dreadfully, we are sure," often observed they; "he is grown almost as thin and pale as Leonard—what can we do for him?" But their hearts could do him no good; neither could any friendly attention from Leonard, who frequently looked in upon him, always finding John frantically at his work. Leonard's keen sense divined John's secret; and the wonderful power which suddenly developed itself in John's present picture called forth even words of praise from Leonard, and first awakened respect within him both for John and his genius.

THE GREAT DUBLIN EXHIBITION.



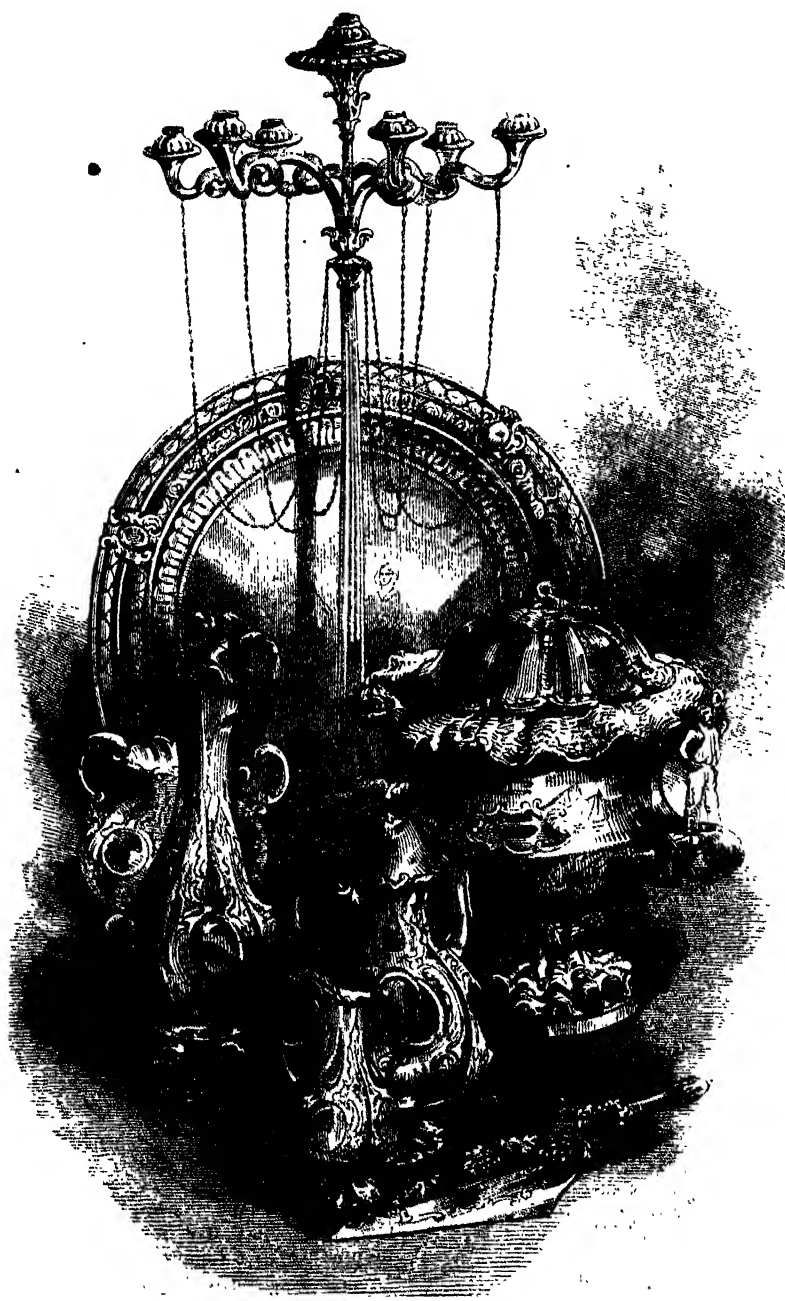
GROUP OF OBJECTS DESIGNED FROM THE ANTIQUE.—EXHIBITED BY THE LONDON AND PENZANCE SERPENTINE COMPANY.

In this great international bazaar, as in its glorious progenitor of 1861, we have a vast display of the mental and manipulative powers of man. Here we have laid open to our view the treasures of thought and labour. On the threshold of investigation—says an acute writer—"we have

the produce of the mine and quarry; the abundance that the teeming earth yields to man's industry for his health and sustentation; the raw materials from which he fashions forth all that is necessary to his comfort, his protection, and his luxury; the various tools and machinery which he

invents and adapts to aid the processes of manufacture; the woven fabrics and the objects of simplest construction for every-day use." Thus far, we perceive, that man has been seeking to satisfy the positive recognised necessities of his nature; and we are struck with wonder at the range of science and experience involved in those simple productions, no less than by the marvellous inventions and contrivances for the economy of human labour and the facilities of production.

throws off his winter dress of wool: man comes, and the linen, and cotton, and silk, and cloth, are woven and dyed with many colours, and damasked and flowered with various patterns, and so assume fitness and elegance. Deep down in the dark earth the various metals lie, and beside them are marbles and minerals, which wait only the furnace-fire, and the chisel of the sculptor, and the acids of the chemist, to shape them into bronzes, and statues, and forms of beauty.



GROUP OF OBJECTS IN SILVER PLATE.—SELECTED FROM THE STALL OF MESSRS. WATERHOUSE AND CO., DUBLIN.

A new chain of facts and ideas present themselves at this point. The tree of the forest is felled and cut into planks for the erecting of rude houses; but taste and the inextinguishable love of ornament inherent in the mind of man intervene, and the wood is carved, and polished, and fashioned into beauty. The flax plant grows wild upon the moors, and the cotton pod bursts white beneath a torrid sun, and the silk-worm plies his busy trade in secret places, and the sheep

Earths and clays lie useless on the banks of deep-flowing rivers; but the potter's wheel is quickly turned and the rusts of metals are applied to their surfaces, and the fire hardens and glazes them, and they assume the well-known forms of domestic utensils and articles of luxury. And so also of nearly everything in the Exhibition. Skill and experience, and thought and labour, are brought into requisition, and the rude and the homely, being submitted to the processes of

manufacture, are transformed into the beautiful and the pure.

Thus, then, we perceive that the love of the ornamental—common alike to the naked savage and the most learned *sarān*—has a tendency not only to increase the commercial value of the thing manufactured, but to diffuse among the producers and consumers of manufactures a refined and cultivated taste. The art-wealth of the world—that is, the increased value given by art to manufactured materials of any kind—a wealth purely of man's own creation—must be enormous: and the amount of employment thus generated or brought into operation, becomes an important consideration of State economy. How, important, then, is the cultivation of true taste among the people of the sister kingdom; and how high becomes the mission of such an assemblage of the industrial arts as is now to be seen in the metropolis of Ireland—"where," says a national writer, "there is so much to be done, and yet such a dearth of employment; where the genius of the people is so imaginative and artistic, and where so few opportunities exist for its proper and profitable employment. But a new feeling is growing up amongst us, pointing in the right direction, the development of manufactures; and there can be no surer road to success than the steady devotion of our industrial energies to those manufactures which happily exist, and for which the national circumstances of soil, climate, and population are directly suitable."

Having already* given a general outline of the contents of the Great Exhibition building, we have on the present occasion little more to do than to describe the different articles chosen by our artist. In our first engraving (page 57) are various specimens of

*ERRA COTTA, GLASS, AND PORCELAIN,

artistically grouped together. These have been selected from the stalls of Messrs. W. Whyte, of Marlborough-street, Dublin; S. Warren, Dame-street, Dublin; Gregg and Son, Sackville-street, Dublin; C. M. Warren, Essex-street, Dublin; Mr. Alderman Copeland, of Stoke-upon-Trent; W. H. Kerr and Co., Worcester; J. Ridgway and Co., Staffordshire Potteries; and the Hon. General Lygon, who has kindly forwarded to the Exhibition various unique specimens of old Sevres porcelain and Dresden, Berlin, Capo di Monte, Vienna, Chelsea, oriental, and old Worcester china. The beautiful Indian bottles at the extreme right of the sketch are also from the general's collection; and for grace of outline, fitness of decoration, and delicate distribution of colour, they are inferior to nothing of the kind in the Exhibition. We may learn much from an examination of the products of Indian taste and skill; and every manufacturer visiting the Exhibition will do well to take a hint from the beautiful, yet simple, objects manufactured by the natives of our Eastern dependencies.

The stalls of Mr. W. Whyte and Mr. Warren are rich in specimens of cut flint glass, such as decanters, candle lustres, engraved vases, dinner and dessert services, crystal dishes, &c. The former firm exhibits a splendid ruby-coated vase, representing Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin at the battle of Ascalon. The coating of crystal with glass of another colour is a curious and elegant adaptation of the glass-maker's art. The method of producing the peculiar effect of coated glass is, however, very simple. The end of the blowing-rod is first dipped into a pot of colourless glass, and a bulb of the required size withdrawn. This, being allowed to partially cool, is then dipped for an instant into a pot of coloured glass. The two layers unite without intermixing; and when the article is finished as to form, it is white within and coloured without. The effect of coloured and plain glass is afterwards produced at the cutter's wheel. Fluted lines somewhat deeply cut pass through the outer or coloured coat and enter the coloured one; so that when they cross, their ends alone are

coloured. In this way, ornamental glass objects may be made of two or more colours, according to the taste of the manufacturer.

Messrs. Gregg and Son and Mr. C. M. Warren also exhibit many curious and beautiful articles in glass and porcelain. The cut crystal centre dish to the left of the engraving is selected from the stall of the latter gentleman. Bohemian coloured vases, cut decanters and water jugs, lustres, opal and snake-handle goblets, cased and engraved crystal, manufactured at the Flint Glass Works, are shown by several wholesale and retail Irish firms; while vases and tazzas, statuettes and garden ornaments, in Dresden china, Parian, stone, earthenware, and terra cotta, are shown by Mr. T. Leetch and Mr. Edmondson, of Dublin; Messrs. Ferguson, Miller, and Co., of Glasgow; Messrs. Doulton and Watts, of Lambeth Potteries; Mr. John Miller, of Edinburgh; Mr. J. Walker, of Larnie, County Antrim; J. Hall and Co., of Glasgow; and Mr. Alderman Copeland. The latter gentleman makes, indeed, a fairer show, if possible, in the Dublin Exhibition of 1853 than he did in that of London in 1851. In addition to his Parian statuettes of Ino and Bacchus, by Foley, and his Venus by John Gibson, there are various reductions from the works of our well-known sculptors,—Theed, Baron Marochetti, Gibson, Marshall, Lawlor, Hiram Powers, and Mr. and Mrs. Thornycroft. These beautiful statuettes in Parian marble are produced by a peculiar and delicate process. Cornish china clay, the plastic clay of Dorsetshire, and flint or felspar, ground, each separately, to an impalpable powder, and mixed together till they come to about the consistency of cream, form what is called the "slip." The clays give the object consistency and the flint whiteness. The "slip" being poured into a mould, becomes in fact the future statuette. The moulds are made of plaster of Paris, which speedily absorbs a portion of the moisture from the "slip;" and the coating immediately next the mould soon becoming hard, the remaining liquid is poured off, thus leaving the Parian in the form of a hollow cast inside the mould. Rapid evaporation taking place, the "slip" is soon converted into a state resembling clay, and is sufficiently hard to stand by itself. The mould, which is made in several pieces, is then opened, and the different parts of the statuette taken out; for it must be remembered that figures in Parian are seldom moulded entire; the head, arms, hands, legs, feet, &c., are generally moulded separately; so that in a group of several figures as many as fifty or sixty separate moulds are required. The next process is to submit the various parts, &c., to the "figure maker," who connects them together by means of "slip," similar to that used in the casting. "Props" of plaster are placed in such positions as to bear a portion of the weight, and thus prevent any undue pressure that might cause the figure to shrink or yield in the final process of "firing." After the edges of the seams, caused by the junction of the mould and the joining of the several parts, have been obliterated,—a process which requires the greatest care and nicety to accomplish—the entire figure or group is submitted to the action of about sixty degrees of heat. This "heating" or "firing" is continued for sixty or seventy hours, according to circumstances. The figures, which have shrunk about one-fourth, or sometimes nearly one-half, during these processes, are then "rubbed down," and afterwards buried in fine sand and submitted to a much higher temperature, in order to produce that fine porcelain-like surface so much admired. In making some of Copeland's best Parian statuettes, three "firings" take place. Extreme care must be observed so as to keep the furnaces at an equable heat, and thus prevent one part of the figure from shrinking more than another. In this way are reproduced, in miniature, many of those fine sculptures with which the world became so familiar at the Great Exhibition; and when we consider how cheaply copies of great works can be brought before the public, and how nearly this material resembles real marble in its outward appearance, and that it is even superior to it in its power of resisting the action of corroding substances, we are astonished that Parian statuettes do not become even more popular than they are. Statuary porcelain, as it is now manufactured, is a great

* See "Magazine of Art," vol. i. pp. 24, 389, 443.

advance upon the gypsum casts so commonly used for busts and small figures; and we do not see any reason why it should not be produced at a rate low enough to come within the means of the poor and humble, and thus teach them to understand and appreciate the beautiful. The statuette of "Ruth" in our engraving is one of Mr. Copeland's productions.

Many articles in terra-cotta (literally, baked earth,) are shown at the Dublin Exhibition. Messrs. Bell and Co., of Glasgow, and Messrs. Doulton and Watts, have several well-finished vases, flower-pots, and garden statues in this material; but perhaps the best specimens of objects in terra-cotta are those exhibited by J. Edmondson and Co., of Dublin, Mr. J. Blashfield, of Poplar, London, and Messrs. Ferguson and Miller, of Glasgow. The latter firm, besides the usual show of vases and Gothic chimney-pots, have a fine copy of the Warwick vase, the size of the original, and a well-constructed and nicely-designed fountain, twenty-four feet in height, suitable for a market-place or the centre of a nobleman's park. Though all the works, both ancient and modern, executed in terra-cotta, bear one general character as regards the composition of their material, the taste with which they are executed differs widely. The remains of Grecian and Roman works in the British Museum are, in many respects, unapproachable by the moderns.

We have next some specimens of the peculiar serpentine stone of Cornwall, which appear in the exhibition under the head of

MANUFACTURES FROM MINERAL SUBSTANCES.

These are appropriately placed beside the Irish marbles in the central hall, and we cannot but express our regret that the beautiful green porphyry and the white and black marbles of Connemara, as well as many other of the mineral treasures of Ireland, are not so well displayed. The mineral called serpentine is found near Penzance; indeed the whole of the Lizard Rock is composed of it. This serpentine marble assumes a variety of mottled colours, irregularly veined—red, green, brown, yellow, &c.—and is always picturesque and beautiful. Like all igneous rocks, serpentine is traversed by white-yellow veins of statite which, when the stone is worked, gives the surface a varied and singular appearance, capable of receiving a high degree of polish. This stone, although its existence has been known for centuries, attracted little attention till the royal visit to Mount Bay in 1848, when Prince Albert expressed his admiration of its beauty and utility, and suggested that its more extensive use might be made commercially profitable. The proprietors of the soil took the hint, and the beautiful mineral speedily became known as admirably adapted for ornamental works, such as urns, tazzas, &c. In the Irish Exhibition the variety of columns, jugs, pedestals, fonts, vases, obelisks, chess and work tables, &c., into which it has been formed, sufficiently show its capability of being extensively applied. In Westminster Abbey the brackets of two monuments, erected in 1710 and 1711, as well as the panelling of Addison's tomb, are of serpentine; and to this day the original polish is as perfect as ever. In chemical composition, this stone may be said to be a silicate of magnesia,—38 parts in 100 of magnesia and 42 of silica, with small portions of the oxides of iron, chromium, and manganese, and lime, alumina, and water, according to the analysis made for the company. For various building purposes, and for the formation of fountains, it is especially adapted; as it is not liable to decay when brought into contact with water or the atmosphere, and the polish is so permanent as to almost defy time.

In this division of the Exhibition are shown many examples of classic forms in Irish marbles and terra-cotta, as well as a series of 245 specimens of natural rocks, soils, minerals, &c. collected by Henry O'Hara, Esq., civil engineer; a good assortment of Irish marbles from the Museum of Irish Industry, and some good specimens of green porphyry, the black marbles of Kilkenny, and red conglomerate from the estates of the Earl Talbot de Malahide, and other exhibitors. The local committee of the county Kerry have chimney pieces, bust-

pillars, and slabs of Kerry marble; Mr. A. Ballantine, of Dublin, exhibits various specimens of Galway black marble; and Mr. B. Blackburn has a large collection of flooring slabs, roofing slates, cisterns, billiard table slabs, and various articles in slate, &c. from the quarries in the island of Valentia.

Under the head of "Furniture, Upholstery, &c.," there are exhibited various articles in

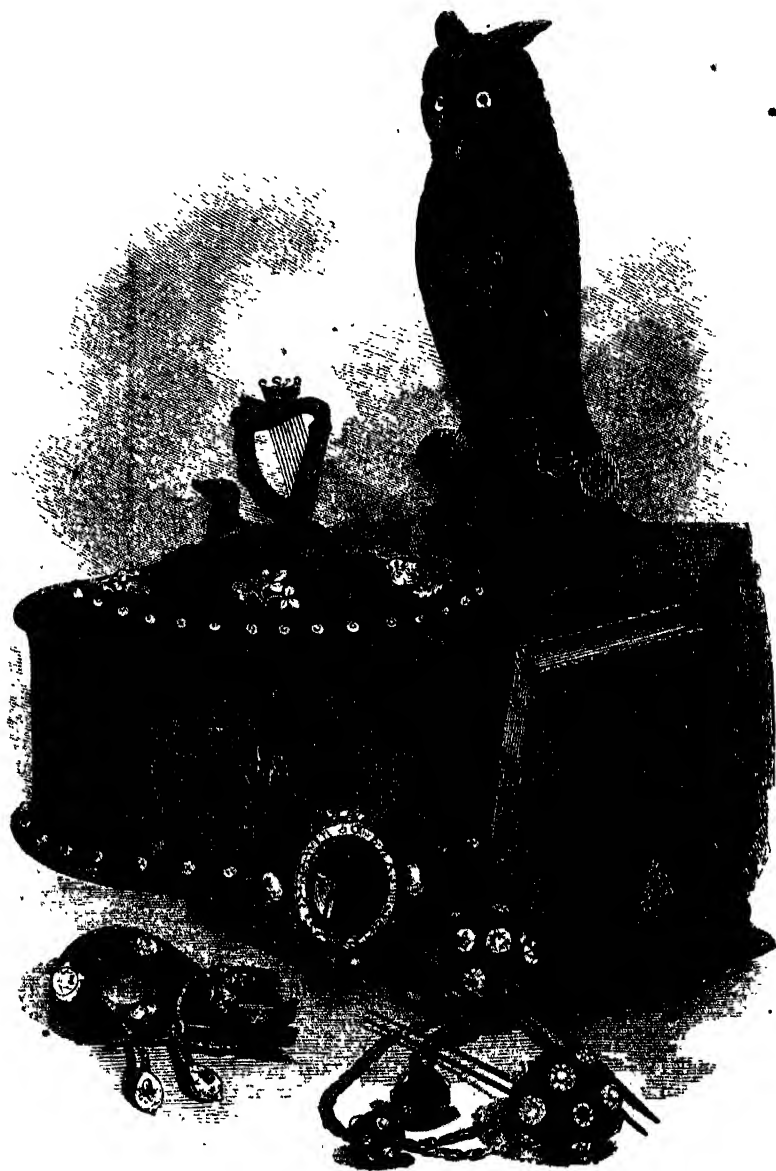
CARVED BOG-WOOD.

The principal exhibitors of this peculiar description of wood are Mr. T. Chaplin, of Kilkenny, who shows a table of bog-oak, well made and beautifully carved, from the demeane of the Right Hon. the Earl of Desart; Messrs. Curran and Son, of Lisburn, who have a richly-sculptured and perforated arm-chair, designed from the antique, in Irish black bog-oak; the Earl of Eglinton, who exhibits a chair of bog-oak, manufactured for him by Messrs. Curran and Son, highly decorated in carvings of roses, shamrocks, thistles, vine-leaves and berries, the seat of which is composed of a beautiful specimen of needlework by the Countess of Eglinton; Mr. S. Hemp-hill, of Dublin, who has an elegantly-designed fire-screen of bog-yew, with flower-piece and falcon, worked in Berlin wool by Miss English; Mr. J. Egan, of Killarney, who, besides some specimens of bog-oak furniture, has a finely-carved table made from arbutus wood grown on the estates of Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert; and Messrs. Jones and Sons, of Stephen's-green, Dublin, who have in their compartment a complete suit of furniture made of Irish bog-yew, besides various articles carved and ornamented in the bog-wood peculiar to the sister kingdom. This firm made a good show in the Exhibition of 1851; but their present display may be said to be superior, if possible, to even that; for it consists of ducal chairs in the style of Louis Quatorze, carved pier tables and glasses in the florid style of Louis XV., Davenport desks and girandoles, omnium of three plateaux with statuette of the celebrated Brian Borohme, lloo-tables with basso-relievos of the Irish kern, or soldier of the tenth century, chairs, tables, ottomans, &c.

The peculiar appearance of bog-wood arises from the fact that it has been for centuries imbedded in the bog-land of Ireland. The ebony colour of bog-oak, distinguishing it from pine, is due to the chemical combination of the gallic acid of the wood with the iron held in solution in the water of the bog. A real black dye is thus produced; just as, in the manufacture of writing-ink, the black colour is made by the addition of copperas or sulphate of iron to a decoction of galls. Pine and yew timber, unlike the oak, present only a light fawn or brown colour, simply because it contains a smaller quantity of gallic acid. The wood thus saturated with iron is effectually preserved from decay and the action of the dry-rot from the fact that the albumen of the tree has been rendered perfectly insoluble by the action of the metallic salt contained in the bog-water. The discovery of the perfectly-preserved woods of the Irish bogs, and the chemical explanation of their singular preservation, have led to an artificial, but scientific, adaptation of the same means of preserving timber, by injecting into the pores of the wood a solution of corrosive sublimate, or crocote oil, or baryta salts and sulphate of iron (sulphate of baryta), which latter process increases the weight of the wood very considerably, and, in fact, converts it into a kind of stone. How long the timber may have lain useless in the bogs of Ireland, or from what cause whole forests became as it were submerged, it is impossible to say; but certain it is that the roots of the trees have remained in their original positions, while the branches have never been found. Besides this, the outer surface of the wood would appear to have been burned or charred—a fact which is probably alluded to in the peasants' saying, that "the devil set fire to the world, but God put it out with the deluge!" Besides furniture, &c., Irish bog-wood has been extensively employed in the manufacture of brooches, watch-stands, bracelets, beads, &c.; the black colour and high polish it is capable of receiving, rendering it very valuable for such purposes. Some of the most beautiful of the latter articles are exhibited by Messrs. Classon and Connel, both of Dublin. In our engraving is

shown an inkstand of bog-oak mounted in Irish silver. The rather curious form of an owl for such an instrument is taken from a similar object found among the ruins of Pompeii. There is also the companion case to that made for her Majesty, mounted in silver and carved with emblematical harp, dog, &c. It was presented to the Exhibition by the Earl of Eglinton. In the foreground are several hair-pins, brooches, and other small articles, manufactured and exhibited by Cornelius Goggin, of Nassau-street, Dublin.

to. Messrs. West and Sons, of Dublin, exhibit the beautiful centrepiece in silver, which was presented to the late Colonel Miller by the constabulary of Ireland; Messrs. Waterhouse, of Dame-street, have also the fine centrepiece which was presented to Joseph Green, Esq.; the *Acis and Galatea* centrepiece, presented, in 1848, to the Count Streliski by the Poor-law Unions of Ireland; besides several copies of the Tara, and other antique Irish brooches, pins, pikes, crucifixes, beads, &c. in Irish silver. In the objects which we have selected for



ARTICLES CARVED IN IRISH BOGWOOD.—SELECTED FROM THE STALLS OF VARIOUS EXHIBITORS.

Our notice of

ARTICLES IN SILVER AND ELECTRO-PLATE

must be very brief indeed. Mr. Goggin, of Nassau-street, Dublin, and Mr. Johnson, of London, exhibit various articles in silver plate—centrepieces, and copies of tazzas, &c. in electrotype; Mr. Bennet, of Grafton-street, has a variety of plate of native Irish silver, well-designed and manufactured, with candelabra, tea and coffee services, salvers, jugs, &c. Most articles of this description are plated by the electro process, but occasionally, the old plan of white plating upon copper and raising by the hammer of the workman is resorted

to. illustration much taste and skill have been displayed. The presentation trowel in front is exhibited by permission of the Lord Bishop of Armagh, by whom it was used in laying the foundation of a church lately. The nautical race-cup and silver tea-service also deserve high praise. Both the latter, and the candelabrum, which is modelled after a classic design found at Pompeii, have been manufactured expressly for the Irish Exhibition.

It may not be improper to add, in conclusion, that the Dargan testimonial—in the promotion of which the sympathies of all classes have been enlisted—has taken the very appropriate form of an Industrial College.

ALDERMAN SIR JOHN POTTER.

FOUNDER OF THE MANCHESTER FREE LIBRARY.

NOTHING more strikingly illustrates the living vigour of the English commonwealth than the distinguished excellence which incessantly displays itself in every part of the social frame. Travel from Penzance to the Hebrides to study the people of England, and what a long line of worthies will you become acquainted with. We are not thinking of ordinary worth; that is great, sterling English worth of character—honesty, industry, truthfulness, family attachments, earnest religion; these quiet, genuine realities are found in every town, village, hamlet, and almost every house in the land.

to be wise enough therein to teach the wisest; there a village Solon, who in the study of history and the study of mankind, had learnt the science of legislation so well that magistrates and members of Parliament were glad to listen to his unpretending but instructive discourse. This man with the leathern apron is an adept in mathematics; that man with shirt-sleeves tucked up is a proficient in Hebrew; and that shabby-genteel man who deserts his shop for the hills, the vales, the Roman roads and Saxon ruins, is familiar with every spot, every genealogy, every great name, every place of worship,



SIR JOHN POTTER.

But at present we refer to what is eminent, to what has at least local distinction; and we say that mental, moral, and social superiority is found in every nook and corner of this dear old England of ours. In some sort the writer has made the experiment. Professional duties have taken him into the bye-ways as well as the high-ways of the land, and making it his practice to keep his eyes open wherever he goes, he has seen and recognised superior men everywhere, so as to make him proud of being an Englishman. Here he has found a village "doctor" so profound in the science of ethnology as

every school, every almshouse, every battle, and almost every feud and law-suit of the whole country.

Were we in any district to go in search of the notabilities, we should scarcely, we confess, look for them among local authorities and municipal magnates. Councillors, aldermen, and mayors are generally great chiefly in their own esteem. They know too little to know themselves. Possessed of qualities which crave publicity, they push themselves into prominence, and aiming to seem great in their small way take no care to be great in reality. Unreal and affected to

begin with, they soon learn to worship show and parade, and for the most part end in becoming decorated shams.

Even in so uncongenial a soil the sterling worth of our English blood ever and anon produces excellence. Alderman Sir John Potter is an example. An alderman and knight he is, but he is also something far better, and something that very many aldermen and knights are not. Look on that fine, generous, good-natured countenance, reader, and you at once see the man. You say it is aldermanic? True, Sir John is hospitable; but his hospitality is the hospitality of the heart; it is the natural expression of a liberal soul; and while on the one side his hospitality approaches to jollity, on the other it is qualified and refined by the intellect of a scholar and the manners of a gentleman. Those who associate grossness and vulgarity with their idea of Manchester merchants and manufacturers, would be surprised to find in Sir John Potter qualities of the highest order, fit not only to sustain but to adorn any office in the land. Predominant in Sir John Potter's character, however, is generosity. His heart overflows with liberality. There is in the man a princely munificence of nature which ever prompts him to say and do munificent things. His nature seems to repel what is ordinary and common-place. The stamp of superiority is on every thing connected with him. To be first in all things seems to be not so much his aim as his destiny. On whatever he undertakes he leaves an image of himself, and that image stands up in bold relief. The fact is exemplified in his mayoralty. His predecessors in that office were men of mark. Sir John's own father—one of his predecessors—was a man of extraordinary force of character and surpassing social usefulness; yet it is no disparagement to the father to say that he was excelled by his son. It may indeed be said that Sir Thomas was more sturdy and pertinacious in the assertion and maintenance of his opinions, but it must also be granted that Sir John possesses a more varied culture, more comprehensive principles and wider influence. Of social esteem no mayor of Manchester ever enjoyed so large a portion as Sir John Potter. This was the natural reward of the just principles on which his mayoralty was grounded. Other mayors had been whigs, reformers, radicals; Sir John Potter was an Englishman. Not but he had his political convictions and preferences. As the chief magistrate of Manchester, however, he disowned all distinctions of sect and party. Appointed to represent the community, he felt himself bound to acknowledge merit wherever he found it, and to show favour to all men in proportion to their public eminence and usefulness. Accordingly he gathered around his hospitable board the chief men of all services, all parties, and all denominations. So, too, in his exertions for the public good he was actuated by a regard not to popularity, still less by a regard to party interests, but chiefly by a regard to general utility.

Sir John Potter, a magistrate and alderman of the borough of Manchester, a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Lancaster, mayor of Manchester for three successive years (1848, 1849, 1850-1), an opulent merchant of the firm of Potter and Norris, Piccadilly, Manchester, son of the late Sir Thomas Potter by his wife Esther, daughter of Thomas Bayley, Esq., of Both Hall, near Manchester, was born the 10th of April, 1815, at Polefield, near Prestwich, a small village on the high road from Manchester to Bury. Having received his school education under the care, successively, of the Rev. William Johns, of Manchester; the Rev. Lamb Carpenter, LL.D., of Bristol; and the Rev. James Martineau, of Liverpool, John Potter repaired to the University of Edinburgh, where he studied during the period from 1831 to 1833. In March, 1845, he succeeded his father as alderman of the municipal borough of Manchester, of which city he was elected the chief magistrate on the 9th of November, 1848. When, on the 10th of October, 1851, her Majesty the Queen honoured Manchester with her august presence, Mr. Potter received at her gracious hands the honour of knighthood.

It is universally admitted, that in no part of her dominions has Queen Victoria been welcomed with more marked or more hearty demonstrations of loyal gladness and respect than

in the city and neighbourhood of Manchester. The feeling, honourable alike to her Majesty and her subjects, mainly springing, as it did, as a spontaneous expression of dutiful love toward the sovereign, was, if not in part called forth, yet directed and concentrated by the untiring zeal and administrative skill of Sir John Potter. A bright day in Sir John's existence was that, not so much because he therein received a distinguished token of his sovereign's approbation, as because he was the public representative of the affectionate and respectful regard of a happy and prosperous population toward their Queen. The 10th of October, 1851, was a joyous day for Sir John; we still see his open and manly countenance radiant with smiles, diffusing good humour and gladness over the congregated myriads.

A still happier day was that when Sir John Potter presided at the completion of his own task, and, surrounded by distinguished strangers, as well as the most cultivated, benevolent, and wealthy inhabitants of the vicinity, opened by a formal inauguration "The Free Library" of Manchester. A nobler gift was never bestowed on a neighbourhood. The gift is the higher because it is a national example and will have a national influence. The advantages which "The Free Library" offers are highly valued and largely made use of by the working population. The eminent success which has crowned the effort has already suggested the propriety of another attempt of the kind, and we have grounds for hoping that ere long Manchester will possess a second "Free Library."

The Great Exhibition of 1851 was an object well fitted to call forth the enthusiasm and engage the energies of Sir John Potter. In the capacity of acting chairman of the local committee, he rendered services of the most valuable and effective nature. His position as mayor and his natural courtesy led and enabled him to pay suitable attention to foreigners of note whom the Exhibition attracted to England. Of special service was he to a party of Sardinian workmen, who, together with some of their more socially eminent fellow-countrymen, visited Manchester in order to survey and inspect its manufacturing and commercial wonders. Sir John Potter's attentions on the occasion were acknowledged in the following address, presented to him on behalf of his compatriots by Captain Bertinatti:—

The Worshipful the Mayor of Manchester.

Allow me to present you my fellow countrymen, the Sardinian workmen actually in Manchester, under the direction of the distinguished gentlemen you already know. On this occasion I beg leave to say a few words, in bad English, but with truth and sincerity of heart. At the first coming of our workmen into this glorious land to visit that magic palace where are shown the marvels of the world, and to witness the triumphs of the British industry, I announced then I had received from the Chief Magistrate of Manchester the assurance that he would do all in his power to procure access for us to the great industrial establishments of this noble town; and now such an access having been fully procured for us, we come to offer to the Worshipful the Mayor, and to the principal manufacturers, and the workmen, and the whole population of Manchester, the expression of our deepest feelings of gratitude for your cordial reception, and for having admitted us, as your brothers, to witness this magnificent display of human ingenuity, of which Manchester is the most liberal seat, and which, from Manchester, spreads all over the world the comforts and benefits of an industrial civilized life. We shall never forget the generous hospitality and the kindness we met in every part of England, and we shall never forget that in every part of England, and in this populous town of Manchester, we have been constantly brought to admire, in every class of society, their unshaken loyalty to their most beloved Sovereign, under whose high protection such stupendous deeds are accomplished, and that religious respect for the law which is the best foundation of true liberty. And here I cannot refrain from uttering a wish, that, in a short time to come from this glorious epoch, every nation may bear in their bosom such sentences to be pronounced, as the sentence spoken near four months ago by a noble-hearted Englishman at a meeting principally attended by English artisans and mechanics. "Let us Englishmen," said he, "bless the day when reposing in the strength of our institutions, we find no jealousy of foreigners; but, on the contrary, feeling proud in the unshaken firmness of our constitution, we

offer them the free opportunity of witnessing its practical working and its freedom, promoting the good fellowship of the nations of the earth." This example we have fully witnessed in Manchester, and such a noble example shall not be lost upon us; our good workmen returning to their country will talk a great deal of it to their brothers, and they will inspire them with their feelings, and the name of the Worshipful the Mayor and of the town of Manchester will be always pronounced throughout the Sardinian kingdom with the same deep feelings of gratitude which we have the honour to offer you this day.

Of still greater value to Sir John Potter were the following testimonials spontaneously and cordially awarded to him by his associates in the Manchester corporation—testimonials which derive no small portion of their worth and acceptance from the fact, that they are an official echo of the respect, esteem, and gratitude felt and cherished toward the worthy knight by the entire vicinity, and especially by those who enjoy the honour of his personal acquaintance.

Borough of Manchester.

At a Meeting of the Council of this Borough, holden on Monday, the 10th day of November, 1851,

Resolved unanimously—

That the thanks of this Council be and are hereby given to the Worshipful Sir John Potter, Knight, who, during the unprecedented period of three years, has filled the important and highly responsible office of Chief Magistrate of this Borough, for the great ability, constant assiduity, and untiring zeal with which he has performed the numerous duties devolving upon him as Mayor, and especially for having, at a period rendered interesting by circumstances likely to arise in connexion with the Industrial Exhibition in London, consented, at great personal sacrifice, to continue in office during a third year.

For the vigilance, promptitude, ability, and impartiality which he has displayed when presiding over the meetings of the Council, and for the good order he has preserved during its proceedings.

For the urbanity he has invariably shown to the members of the Council, the information and assistance he has at all times proved himself so willing to afford, and for the readiness with which he has called them together for consultation in cases of delicacy, difficulty, or importance.

For the promptitude with which he has consented to convene public meetings for the promotion of measures likely to be beneficial to the community, and for the willingness he has always

shown to preside at such meetings, when requested by the promoters.

For his great hospitality; for the liberal and cordial manner in which he has met gentlemen of all classes and opinions; and for the good-will and efficiency with which he has co-operated with his fellow citizens, without distinction of sect or party, for the accomplishment of objects likely to conduce to the public welfare.

For the numerous acts of charity and munificence which have distinguished the whole period of his mayoralty, and for the ready assistance afforded to others engaged in promoting measures of benevolence and charity.

For the great and eminently-successful exertions he has made, at large personal sacrifices, to establish and place in a splendid and commodious building a Free Public Library, suitable for the wants of the numerous and increasing inhabitants of this borough.

For the time given, and the valuable assistance afforded, to the local committee appointed to aid in carrying out the objects of the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations.

For the devotion shown, and the eminent talent displayed, in the performance of the important duties that devolved upon him as the head of the corporation, on the occasion of the visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty to this borough, thereby reflecting credit on the corporation, and securing from his Sovereign distinguished marks of approbation and favour.

And for the way in which he has at all times respected and maintained the rights and privileges of the burgesses, and sustained the dignity of the mayoralty.

At a Meeting of the Council of this Borough, holden on Wednesday, the 1st day of September, 1852,

Resolved—

That this Council feel called upon to place upon record their high appreciation of the long-continued and disinterested exertions and sacrifices which have been made by Alderman Sir John Potter, to carry out, to its successful accomplishment, the proposition which he had the honour to originate, for the establishment of a Public Free Library; and as the representatives of the burgesses—who, when appealed to for their votes, so unmistakably testified their opinion—tender to Alderman Sir John Potter, and the other subscribers, their thanks for the liberality shown and the exertions made to secure the establishment of the Public Free Library about to be presented to the Corporation. That this Council sincerely trust that the most sanguine anticipations of the founder and supporters of so noble an institution may be fully realised; and that it may, as intended, become a great and lasting blessing to the inhabitants of this borough.

ANCIENT ABBEYS IN IRELAND.

FROM Coleraine to Glengariff the soil of Ireland is strewn with the remains of former greatness; here the tottering walls of some storied castle; there the ivy-covered and grass-encircled site of some ancient abbey, or other place of primitive worship; everywhere the signs of decay amid evidences of returning prosperity. "Belonging to the Christian era in Ireland," says Mr. J. Windels, "there is a great variety of small churches, whose dates extend from the fifth to the twelfth centuries; stone crosses, inscriptions in the Romano-Irish characters, reliquaries, shrines, bells, croziers, &c., and a whole mass of manuscript, literature. The earlier churches are generally plain and unornamented, but of a special interest to the antiquary, from the Pictic or polygonal character of their masonry and details, manifesting an immediate derivation, or rather continuity, of a preceding style of primeval antiquity in the island; several of these were roofed with stone.

"The churches of the eighth and subsequent centuries exhibit more of decoration and greater extent. Their details present more elaboration, &c., of the sculptor's art. In all these, too, there are peculiar features distinguishing their style from the coeval architecture of the neighbouring country. In them, a chancel is generally superadded to the nave, and both compartments are connected by a semicircular, decorated, sculptured arch. The ruins at Inis Caire, Clonmacnois, Monasterne, and Cashel, present interesting specimens of the architecture of this period.

The earlier missionaries made it a practice to appropriate the sacred sites and monuments of the converted pagans, and dedicate them to Christian uses. Near the round towers they built their churches; wells, and fountains, sacred to the inferior deities, they consecrated to the worship of angels and saints; and on the heathen pillar-stone they inscribed the symbol of their faith—the cross. Numerous instances of this practice still remain. In many of those crosses considerable inventive taste is displayed; they are found incised on the tall rude obelisk, and on the horizontal slab. In these the cross is usually placed within a circle. Out of this practice grew the beautiful and elaborate class of crosses covered with sculptured devices, emblems, and the most intricate scroll and fret-work. They are generally perforated at the intersection of the arms, and their sites are almost invariably the most ancient cemeteries, although a more recent species, the 'Way-side Cross' is often found near our high roads, as its name implies. On some of the earlier crosses inscriptions in the Romanesque Irish character occur. The style and general execution of these monuments afford a high evidence of the skill and artistic attainments of their period."

On the estates of many of the Irish nobility and gentry are still to be found the ruins of the ancient religious edifices. Muckross Abbey, one of the sights of Killarney, for instance, is now surrounded by the lawns and pleasure-grounds of Mr. Herbert, one of the best-known landlords in the west of Ireland.

"No one should visit Killarney," says Inglis, "without seeing Muckross Abbey. It is a very beautiful and very perfect remain, and contains within it the most gigantic yew-tree

Cork Railway, is a magnificent ruin of a monastic institution, founded in 1202. It was suppressed by Queen Elizabeth, who presented the estate to Sir Edmund Buller, as a reward



JERPOINT ABBEY, THOMASTOWN, COUNTY WATERFORD.

I have ever seen; its arms actually support the crumbling wall, and form a canopy above the open cloisters. The

for some special service he had performed for her majesty. This Sir Edward was the progenitor of the famous house of



DUNBRODY ABBEY, NEAR WATERFORD.

trunk of this majestic yew-tree measures thirteen feet in circumference."

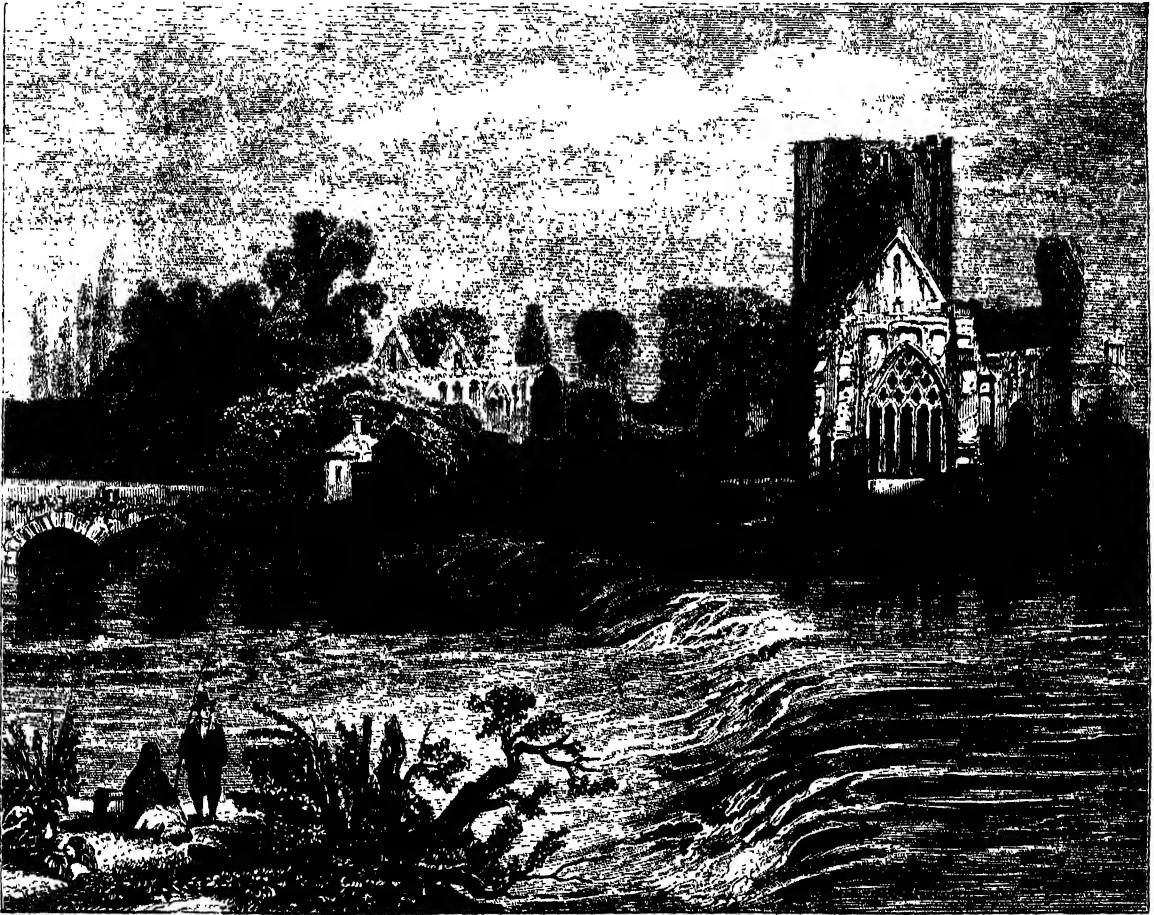
The great Council Abbey, near Naas, on the Dublin and

Ormond. At Templemore, Tipperary, the seat of Sir John Craven Carden, there are to be seen the ruins of what was once doubtless a fine religious structure, and now known as

the Priory; and near at hand, on the green banks of the Suir, is the noble monastic ruin of Holy Cross Abbey, of which we present an engraving.

This Abbey was founded in the year 1182, by Donald O'Brien, king of North Munster, and the charter of its foundation was witnessed by Gregory, abbot of Holy Cross, Maurice, archbishop of Cashel, and Britius, bishop of Limerick. It is said that Mustagh, a former monarch, received from Pope Pascal, in 1110, a piece of the true cross. This relic, set in gold and adorned with precious stones, was long an object of veneration throughout Ireland. Numerous pilgrims, among whom were the Desmonds and the great O'Neil, flocked to pay their devotions before it. Here it remained until the period of the Reformation, when it was saved from destruction by the Ormond family, and was eventually restored to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, to which it

springing from pillars, whose shafts are enriched with spiral flutings, and whose bases are ornamented with trefoils. At one side is a font for the reception of holy water. Judging from the dimensions, one would suppose that this curious piece of architecture was intended to contain the remains of the deceased, during the performance of the funeral mass; or perhaps this was the shrine where the holy relic was exposed. The second monument is no less remarkable, and its use equally uncertain. Three trefoil arches, springing from slender columns of black marble, support a projecting stone canopy which is enriched with precious stones. Beneath the canopy there are five escutcheons, three of which bear arms; the first shield on the dexter side bears a cross; the second, the arms of England and France, quarterly; the third, the arms of the Butlers; and the fourth seems to bear the arms of the Fitzgeralds. This leads us to suppose that this elegant



VIEW OF THE ABBEY OF HOLY CROSS, MUNSTER.

formerly belonged. From this relic the abbey takes its name. The abbot, who sat as baron in parliament, was styled earl of Holy Cross, and was also vicar-general of the Cistercian order in Ireland.

The architecture of the nave is inferior to that of the transepts, choir, and tower, which is supported on either side by a beautiful gothic arch; the roof is groined and pierced with five holes to admit of the passage of the bell-ropes. The two transepts are also groined, and each is divided into two chapels, one of which contains the baptismal fonts, and an altar-tomb, now in a state of decay, probably the tomb of the founder. This chapel was lighted by a window of very curious design.

In the choir are two rich monumental relics, of a very original and gloomy style of architecture. One, which separates two little sanctuaries, consists of a double row of pointed arches

mausoleum was raised to the memory of the daughter of the earl of Kildare, the wife of James, fourth earl of Ormond called the White Earl, who died about the year 1450.

When one of Ireland's oppressed sons, wearied with his day's labour, stops at eventide to contemplate the ruins of the old abbey, other personages occupy his thoughts. On these stones, which the sinking sun is gradually leaving in darkness, he reads a whole history of foreign oppression, of civil wars, of defeat and misery. An O'Brien founded this church; probably one of the descendants of that old king of Munster, Brian Boru, celebrated in song as Brian the Brave, who, abandoned by the other kings, accompanied by his five sons, his grandson, his fifteen nephews, and all his faithful followers, met the Danes on the plains of Clontarf, and drove them back to their vessels, after a bloody engagement, in which the valiant old king, then ninety years of age, together with his

bravest sons and the flower of his clan, was slain. Perhaps it was an abbot of Holy Cross, who, hearing an English prelate find fault with the Irish calendar for not reckoning the martyrs, cried, "Alas! my countrymen were too pious to meddle with the blood of saints; but now that the Normans are in the midst of us, martyrs are not wanting."

There are few more melancholy spectacles in Ireland than Derrynane Abbey, the seat of the famous O'Connell family, at Cahirciveen, in the county of Kerry. The situation of this house is extremely fine. "Seen from above," says Miss Martineau, "in its green cove, embosomed in woods, guarded by mountains, whose grey rocks are gaudy with gorse and heather, and facing a sea sprinkled with violets, it looks like a paradisaical retreat. The first glimpse of it from the Cahirciveen road—by which Daniel O'Connell passed from one mass of his large property to another—shows his yacht riding in a sound in front of the grounds, the sea view suggests the remembrance of the old day, when the O'Connells, of both families—Dan's uncles and father—were understood to do as others did who lived in situations so favourable for those commercial enterprises which are conducted by night." But the smuggling, which many a great family encouraged in the wild times of the last century, is all over now, as well as the agitation which rendered the "Liberator" so admirable a friend, and so bitter an enemy. The head of the house has gone down to his grave, having died poor, very poor, in a foreign land; his eldest son has followed him but lately, and the name and memory of O'Connell are already spoken lightly of in the land of his birth. The old abbey is now inhabited by strangers. "Melancholy to all eyes, it is most so to the minds of those who go a quarter of a century back, and hear again the shouts which hailed the advent of the Liberator, and see again the reverent enthusiasm which watched him from afar, when he rested from his toils at Derrynane." Melancholy, indeed, is the sight of the old house, damp-stained and weed-environed, out-of-joint, unrepaired, unrenowned, and with O'Connell's empty yacht in the forlorn, sand-filled sound, and his chair in the chapel covered with black cloth, "all else that he enjoyed there, in his vast wealth of money, fame, and popular love seems to be drooping away to destruction."

Kell's Abbey, in Kilkenny, and Dunbrody Abbey, in the same county, are now but ruins—crumbling walls and moss-grown stones. The latter structure is considered one of the most picturesque and interesting ruins in the county. The architectural beauty of this abbey is still discoverable, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to again people the wastes around with the Cistercian monks, who in the old time distributed the charities of religion among the peasantry. Dunbrody Abbey was built by Henry de Montmorency, marshal to Henry II., in 1182, and was dismantled in the troublous times of the Reformation.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Jerpoint station of the Waterford and Kilkenny railroad, stand also the ruins of another famous ecclesiastical structure, called Jerpoint Abbey. It was founded by Domagh, king of Ossory, but it has so long been in a state of dilapidation, that we fear the determination of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society to restore it will be of no avail, unless the work be at once proceeded with. Stones from its tottering walls are continually being taken to repair the peasants' huts, and even the tombs of the Butlers, and other famous personages of the old time are hardly secured from the sacrilegious hands of the ignorant inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Other ruins of religious edifices might be mentioned—Kilconnell Abbey, once a monastery of Franciscan friars, built in 1460, but now a mere shell; Athenry Abbey, near Galway, a fine ruin of a building which once belonged to the order of Dominicans; Newton Abbey, near Trim; the ruins of Beehive Abbey in the same neighbourhood; Roscommon Abbey; Boyle Abbey in county Roscommon; and St. Mary's Abbey, built in 1416, by Sir John Talbot, the "Scourge of France,"—but that our space forbids. The chiefs who once made merry in the old castles of Ireland, and the ecclesiastics

who raised those beautiful religious edifices of which we see only the ruins now, are most of them unknown to fame. And it is as well that it is so, for no good comes of looking back. Irishmen have been too prone to do so hitherto, but their watchword in this nineteenth century should be—FORWARD!

SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

TRADESMEN'S SIGNS.

THE different events of history which have furnished subjects for signs are particularly interesting and far from uncommon: as the "White and Red Roses" of York and Lancaster; the "White Hart" of Richard II.; the "White Swan" of Henry V.; the "Red Dragon and Greyhound" of the Tudors; the "Boar's Head" of Richard III.; the "Royal Oak" of Charles; the "White Horse" of the Brunswicks; and many others may be mentioned as examples. Heads also formed a very numerous class, especially those of royalty; but which were especially subject to transmutation by the accession of new sovereigns, who, in their turn, occupied the place of the late one. In like manner, the "Duke's Head," in the time of Blenheim, implied Marlborough, was changed to his Royal Highness of York, or his Grace of Wellington.

"Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
And filled their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now."

The heads of "Milton" and "Shakspeare" were occasionally met with. The latter was used by Jacob Tonson, over against Catherine-street, Strand, now 141, and afterwards by Miller, a Scotchman, who published the early editions of the works of Fielding, Thompson, Gibbon, and others, and who altered his sign to the head of "Buchanan." The heads of Homer, Horace, and Cicero, were also taken as signs, especially by booksellers; and it was no uncommon practice for publicans and others, not renowned for modesty, to decorate their house fronts by hanging out their own portraits, as in the case of "Paul Pindar," in Bishopsgate-street, and which the society of antiquaries, some years ago, considered sufficiently authentic to publish, nor should we here omit to notice the house of Taylor, the "water poet," in Phoenix-alley, near Long Acre, and in the evidence of his own words,—

"There's many a head stands for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"

an omission must not be made of the "Cuckold's Head," as characteristic of the time of Henry VIII.

"Here is maryone morehauntes at all gate,
Her husbode dwelleth at ye sygne of ye "Cokeldes pate,"
Neate house to Robyn renawaye."

The heathen deities and their attributes were somewhat more rare, nevertheless we find the "Caduceus of Mercury," probably indicating expedition. The head of "Esculapius," his "serpent and staff," or his "cock," were appropriate signs for professors of the healing art, and which are still found decorating our modern druggists, as well as the head of "Galen," or the "Phoenix" rising from the flames. Dragons, mermaids, and other nondescripts, contributed largely their share to the departed genius of decoration of our old city. John Rastell lived in Cheapside, "at the sign of the 'Mearmayd,' next to Polly's gate," where he published the "Pastyme of the People," and in the same locality at the "Green Dragon," was published the first edition of the "Merchant of Venice." The sign of Alderman Boydell was the "Unicorn," at the corner of Queen-street, Cheapside.

In Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," first edition, 1608, is a characteristic song, but which particularly relates to inn signs:—

"The gentry to the King's Head,
The nobles to the Crown,
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,

And to the Plough the clown.
 The churchman to the Mitre,
 The shepherd to the Star,
 The gardenor hies him to the Rose,
 To the Drum the man-of-war;
 To the Feathers, ladies, you; the Globe
 The seaman doth not scorn;
 The usurer to the Devil, and
 The townsman to the Horn.
 The huntsman to the White Hart,
 To the Whip the merchants go,
 But you that do the Muses love,
 The sign called River Po.
 The banquerout to the World's End,
 The fool to the Fortune hie,
 Unto the Mouth the oyster-wife,
 The fiddler to the Pie.
 The punk unto the Cockatrice,
 The drunkard to the Vine,
 The beggar to the Bush, then meet,
 And with Duke Humphrey dine.

Before closing this part of the subject, it would be as well to refer to the signs of the old theatres, and, for want of better reasons for explaining the motives which prompted the owners in the selection of them, we may conclude that the form of the "Globe" Theatre may have had some reference to it, while the "Fortune" was appropriate as in the present day, from the extremely precarious and blind nature of the speculation. The "Red Bull" doubtless referred to the sort of entertainment to be there met with, when bears and bulls were baited to vary the amusements; and in connexion with early plays, it will not be inappropriate to note, that it was at the sign of the "Red Bull" the first edition of "King Lear" was published. Having taken this rough sketch of the signs, it would be well to remember, that what have been advanced are nothing more than probabilities, as doubtless very many persons carrying on the same trade adopted the same sign for totally different reasons, and very possibly from whim or caprice.

We will now endeavour to collect and point out such remaining signs and ancient decorations, scattered and fragmentary as they are, which are still to be found about our streets, and which may not inappropriately be adopted as detached links of the chain of history connecting the present with the past.

There are few memorials having any claim upon our attention, either from their antiquity or originality, westward of Temple-bar. In Westminster, at the end of King-street, and near the Abbey, there exists, above the modern sign, a good specimen of carving of a "Boar's Head," and which is undoubtedly the original sign.* There was a token of this house on which is, "The bores head in Kings streete, Westminster," on the reverse, in the field, "I. D. W." The whole line of the Strand can scarcely produce an example. At the corner of Catherine-street is a carving in stone of a "Lion" leaning on a shield, and at No. 166 an antique-looking "Lamb," gilt and suspended by his body over the doorway. There are several of these decorations still remaining in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, as well as other parts of London, as signs for hosiers and woollendrapers. At No. 46, in the upper part of an old house, there is a carved "Lion's Head," and which is worthy of notice on account of its peculiar position, it having the appearance of looking out of an open window of the upper story or garret; but whether it occupies its original place is a matter for conjecture. Over an ironmonger's near St. Clement's Church, there remains the old sign of a "Gridiron and Bell." Near this locality, in Holywell-street, there exist several houses, decidedly good specimens, if not the best remaining in London, of its ancient architecture. Over the doorway of an old book-shop is a noble sign, in gilt metal, of a "Half Moon," with the face of a man in the inner side. Adjoining this house is a fragment of carving on the

post of a narrow passage. An old globe lamp still occupies its place near to it, and which, together with an abundance of dirt, forms an exceedingly picturesque group. Respecting this sign it was far from an uncommon one, and doubtless alluded to the legend of the "Man in the Moon," which sign was represented, sometimes, as a man standing in a crescent, as in the case of John Clarke, in Wapping, in 1668, and represented on his token. On arriving at the city gate, we enter into a new field; historical associations crowd upon us in connection with the haunts of the great authors and literati of the last two centuries: but without allowing these to divert us from our purpose, the first house we arrive at contains, in their office, the original sign of the "Marygold." This was probably adopted as appropriate, on account of the business formerly carried on being that of a goldsmith, which trade, it is well-known, was the origin of many of the most eminent bankers in London. This house was formerly carried on by Richard Blanchard and Francis Child, and still retains the name of the latter, as Child's banking-house. A few doors eastward of this house is Gosling and Sharpe's, in the front of which bank is still exhibited the old sign of the "Three Squirrels." These are represented in iron, and attached to the bars on the upper part of the centre window, are spiritedly executed, and curious specimens. At a few doors beyond, in the same direction, we arrive at the banking-house of Messrs. Hoare, over whose doorway they have fixed the original sign of the "Leather Bottle." Nearer Temple-bar, on the opposite side of the way, and over the entrance, there is the sign of the "Cock" tavern. There is reason to believe it is the original one which decorated the house when honest Izaak Walton took his morning draught of ale there. From a notice issued by the master, in 1665, when the plague was raging, that he should shut up his house for several weeks, he there calls it the "Cock and Bottle," the latter of which now forms no part of the sign. A plausible motive for the adoption of this sign may have originated in the sign, almost exclusively used at public-houses, being to denote that the game of throwing at cocks was played there. A token was issued by William Brandon, who kept a house he called "Ye have at it, on Dowgate-hill;" and on this coin is a man about to throw a stick at a cock. The "Mitre" tavern, opposite St. Dunstan's, which was formerly resorted to by the wits of the last century, exhibits a gilt sign over the lamp. At the corner of Fetter-lane there stood, within a year, the shop in which Cobbett sold his "Weekly Register," over which there stood an enormous gilt gridiron, and which was noticed by the old political economist in his work.

The "Bell" tavern, in Fleet Street, has a good specimen of the flat sign which was adopted after the order of common council for the removal of the projecting ones. It is a large and bold painting on a metal plate.* The subject of this sign may have reference to the saint of the parish church, St. Bride's.

In pursuing an eastward course there are no signs worthy of note, excepting, perhaps, the "Bolt and Tun." The original sign of this old house has long since disappeared; the one now existing is a humble sign, over the coach-office, of a small tub with a short arrow or bolt through it.

Ludgate Hill can scarcely boast of a single specimen; but one was moved from over the doorway of Rundell and Bridge, the gold and silversmiths, on their relinquishing business some few years ago, their sign was two large gilt "Perches," which were in metal, and projected over the footway. The sign of Daniel Lambert is still to be seen within a few doors of St. Paul's Churchyard, and is a portrait of the giant man himself.

In St. Paul's Church-yard, the "Goose and Gridiron" may be seen near their door-way, but it can boast of no higher antiquity than the middle of the last century.

* While this is going to press, the property has been sold and the sign removed.

* This is the second example of the old signs which has been removed, between the time of this paper being in MS. and in the press, and a strong plea for a record of these memorials of the past.

THE STUFFED PENGUIN.

THERE is something remarkably life-like in all the sketches of the late Tony Johannot, so picturesque and still so truthful, that they always have found ready admirers in all who have looked upon them. Whatever subject he undertook, he executed with a fidelity and beauty seldom equalled and rarely surpassed. The engraving which we now present is from one of his inimitable drawings, full of the force and vigour which distinguishes the whole of his works. The picture tells its own story. There, with wrinkled brow and long grey locks, is the old naturalist, surrounded by his treasures, regarding them with greater pleasure than ever miser looked upon his gold. He has invited a few young friends to examine his exhibition, and is pointing out the numerous stuffed birds

name, and general characteristics of every bird in the collection—his memory is a complete treatise on ornithology, and he talks like a book.

Meanwhile, the old man has resolved upon presenting to his fair visitors some token of regard, something that they may preserve as a memento of their visit. He has pointed out to one of his young friends a screech owl, with tawny wings and of frightful aspect, but she has shrunk back, half afraid to touch the horrible monster, and politely declined its acceptance; she would not—so she says—spoil so valuable a collection. Still the old man is unwilling to let them depart without some present: the lyre bird is there in all its beauty, the swan with its white and delicate plumage,



CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY. FROM A DRAWING BY TONY JOHANNOT.

which form his collection, arranged with an air of picturesque, but withal fantastic, beauty. The old man is proud of the show; it has been the object of his life; every leisure hour has been devoted to it; he has collected with discriminating care, prepared with critical accuracy, arranged with the eye of a connoisseur, and now he looks upon it as complete.

Great variety of expression is thrown into every countenance. The boy shrinks back with an instinctive terror as he passes before an eagle, who is leaning forward in a manner terrible to behold; the little girl is contemplating the fine plumage of the peacock, bright with red and gold and purple, and claps her hands together with a cry of admiration; the old man is looking as if he fully enjoyed the opportunity, as he explains all about the species, nature, habits, country,

the peacock in rainbow hues, parrots, and ravens, and humming birds; but the visitor still declines, until at length her attention is arrested by a fine specimen of the penguin.

"That," says the old man, "I cannot offer you; nature has bestowed upon it neither grace nor beauty, which could alone entitle it to a place in your saloon."

But the visitor gazes upon it with a gesture of unaffected surprise. It has awakened memories deep and tender—brought to her recollection the stories which a brother used to tell of chasing the penguin, a brother who is far away in the northern seas,—she has heard from him of the bird, and to her it possesses more value than all the rest of the collection; it has a grotesque, strange figure, but the penguin is her choice.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.
A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

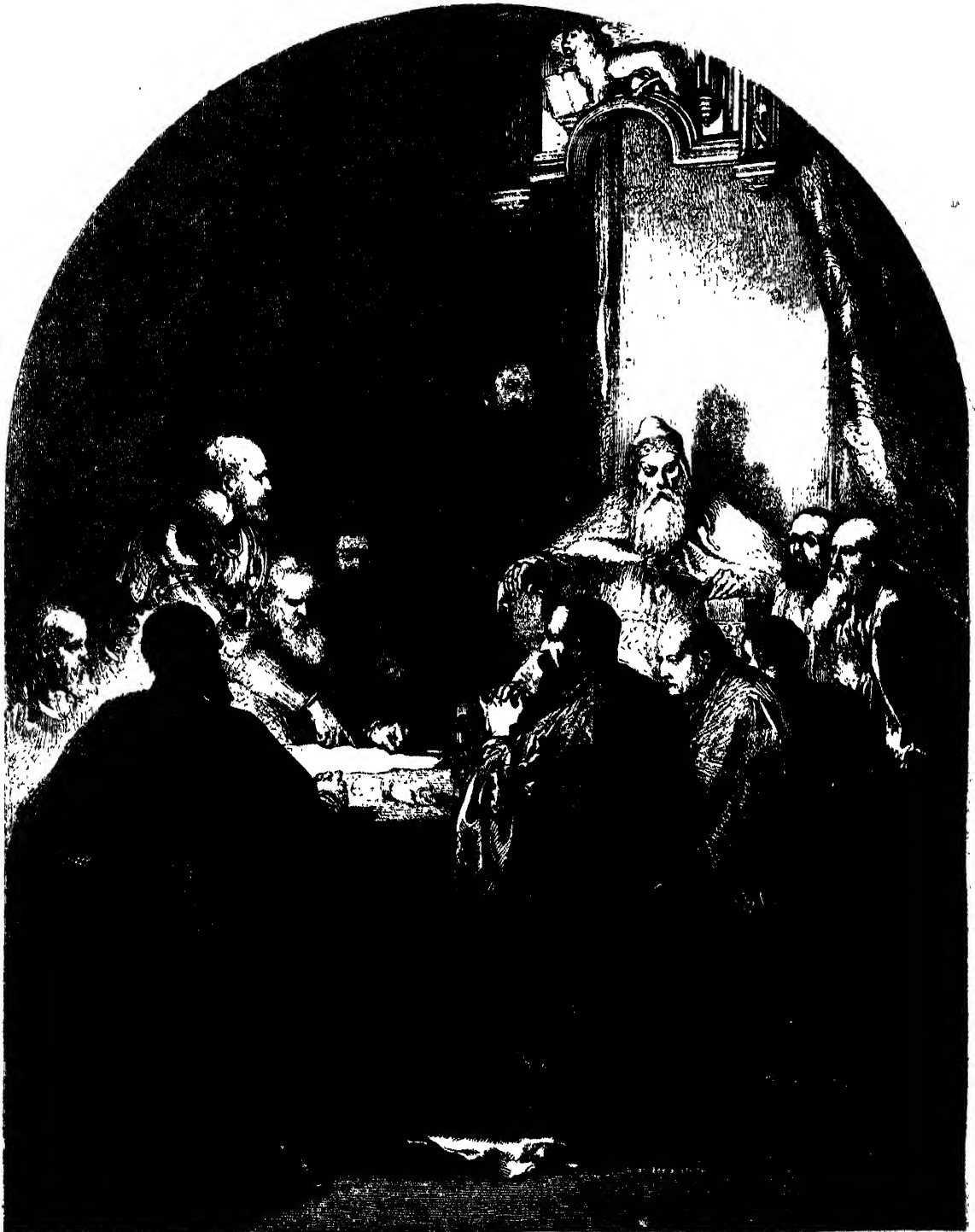
BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER IX.

Officers—"Most worthy signior
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I'm sure, is sent for."

Brabantio—"How! the duke in council
At this time of night!"—*Shakespeare.*

We have been a long time absent from the Camp at Palestrina: a season, and those with whom we have been engaged there.
let us now return thither, though we must leave fair Venice for Our readers will remember that the third chapter of this our



ZENO AND ROBERTO DI RECANATI BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

most veracious history closed with the interview which had taken place between the Venetian general, Zeno, and the good English knight, Sir William Cheke, or Checcho, as the Italians called him.

Zeno, as we said, passed into an inner apartment. It was evidently one in which he had secured for himself that perfect privacy which was necessary for a man who had such heavy responsibilities imposed upon him, and who had constant need or deliberation with his own mind to sustain him in his stern course against those who opposed and thwarted him. Flinging himself upon the rude couch, which served as his bed, he surrendered his mind to contemplation, protracted and to all appearance perplexing. At length, he half arose, and continuing the course of his thoughts, he unconsciously gave them utterance.

"So let it be then," he murmured, "perhaps it may suit my purpose as well as anything I could have devised. I shall thus, at all events, prevent his keeping his appointment to-night; and I shall commit him, if possible, to adopt some course of action, or it may be to disclose his own. It is true, I shall expose to him the dissensions and weaknesses of those who fain would govern our State; but I am much mistaken if he be not but too well acquainted with these things already, and so no mischief can result from his being present at the council. Yes, I will even take upon myself the responsibility of summoning him."

Zeno now arose, and stepping across the room to the door, opened it and called—

"Who waits without there?"

In a moment the young Greek was at the door: the general beckoned him to enter.

"Thou hast been through the camp since sun-down, Alexis?"

"So please your excellency I have. I am but just now returned."

"Is all tranquil?"

"As the grave, signore; save the sentinels and those who were preparing to relieve the guards there is no one astir."

"Tis well. Thou knowest the quarters of the Italian lances that are under the command of Recanati?"

"Assuredly, eccellenza."

"What is the time now?"

"It wants about two hours of midnight, signore."

"Good. Fetch me now the means of writing."

The youth speedily brought the requisites, and Zeno wrote a few lines which he folded and delivered to Alexis.

"Thou shalt take this to the condottiere without delay, and bear back to me his reply. And mark, good youth; I know thee to be true and faithful, and as sharp of eye as thou art true of heart."

The boy replied not, save by bowing silently and pressing his hand upon his bosom.

"Aye," continued his master, comprehending all which the gesture of the young Greek was meant to convey—"Aye, I know it well, Alexis. Well then, thou shalt take good note of all thou seest and hearst. Watch the face of this Roberto as he reads what thou givest to him; and heed the manner of his words more than the words themselves, for he is one of those who knows how to conceal a deep and deadly meaning beneath specious language. And now for thy mission, good youth, for time is speeding, and I have much to prepare ere I meet the council an hour hence."

The youth placed the paper within the folds of his vest and left the apartment; while Zeno proceeded to unlock a box strongly bound with iron, whence he took forth various papers, apparently military reports and others of a more secret character. Over some of these he paused and pondered long, and one who could have seen him at his solitary and absorbing employment and marked now the dark shadow crossing his brow, now the scornful smile curling his lip, might easily divine that he was penetrating the mazes of some devious scheme, and detecting the meshes that a wily hand was laying around his path to ensnare him.

In such occupations and thoughts we shall leave him. It

would be bootless to follow his speculations; they would, even had we the power and the will to investigate them, only exhibit one of those chapters of toilsome and perplexing meditation which is the lot of every great spirit in every age—the penalty which they must ever pay who would seek to govern their fellow-men. Let the humble and the unambitious account themselves happy in that they are not solicited by those overmastering and passionate aspirations for greatness, which urge irresistibly forward those who in every age are doomed to fill the fore-front of the world's panorama,—beings to look upon and wonder at, with their brows glorified by fame, and their proportions magnified beyond ordinary humanity by the light that shines upon them; but, ah! not to be envied or imitated. Oh ye thrice-blessed and happy who walk ever in the valleys of life, lie down content and careless when the long shadows of the coming night fall upon your lowly cots, sleep your unbroken sleep through the dark hours till the dawn of the morning; and as ye arise in peace, bless that providence which casts not your lot amongst those who are ever wearily climbing up the hill sides, who keep the watches of the night in careful vigils, and the hours of the day in toil, that strews wrinkles upon the brow and plants sorrows in the heart.

In the meanwhile the young Greek proceeded on his mission through the camp at Palestrina, and at length arrived at the place assigned to Roberto Recanati and his five companions, a body of one hundred lances and about four hundred foot soldiers, chiefly Italians, picked up in the various States of the north of Italy, and now banded together under their wily leader. While throughout all the other portions of the encampment the utmost tranquillity and repose were perceptible, Alexis, as he approached the condottiere's quarters, at once became aware that some movement was in preparation. The clank of mail and the heavy tread of armed men at intervals sounded upon his ear, and lights passed to and fro in the darkness. Replying to the sentinel's challenge at the out-post, he soon found himself amongst the soldiers of Recanati, and perceived that a portion of them were equipped in their armour and others were making preparations as if for marching.

"How comes it that you are stirring to-night comrade?" inquired Alexis of one of the soldiers.

"Diavolo!" replied the man grumblingly. "I know not how it comes, save that it pleases our valiant capitano to take the watch at the redoubt next Chioggia to-night: we have more night-work, I think, than justly falls to our share; besides, it is out of our turn now; we should have had the watch last evening instead of those English porkers of Checcho's."

"Ah, che porchi sono questi Inglesi!" added the Italian contemptuously. "Si fanno niente che mangiare e dormire 'tis ever with them eat and sleep, eat and sleep, except when they drink. Per bacco! they are not bad either at the pottle-pot, these Englishers."

"Nor at the gisarme or the battle-axe either, comrade," added Alexis. "I've seen them fight as well as drink, amico mio, and I trow if they have hard heads they have stout hearts likewise."

The Italian was about to reply angrily, if one might judge from his raised arm and the imprecation with which he commenced; but Alexis cut the retort short by saying—

"Well, I can't stay gossiping with you comrade. I must see your captain, as I bear a message to him from his excellency the general. Where shall I find him?"

The soldier pointed in the direction of Recanati's quarters and made no further reply.

"Buona notte compare," said the youth, as he passed forward to the place indicated.

"Thou mayst spare thyself that wish," grumbled the soldier, the night is never good, to my thinking, when one has to watch through it, without wine-cup or dice-board."

At the front of his tent, beside which a watch-fire was burning with fitful gleaming, stood Roberto di Recanati. He was fully armed in a suit of Milanese plate-mail with the exception of his helmet, which lay near him upon a stool.

As the light played upon his figure and lit up his face, which the *camail de fer* left exposed, one could form a fair estimate of his outward appearance. He was tall and rather slight in figure; and, judging from the portions of his legs and arms which were not covered by the mail, you perceived at once that he was singularly muscular, though the reverse of fat. His face was thin and pallid, in the centre of which rose a straight slight nose. Thin, bloodless lips were compressed closely together, so that they rarely opened sufficiently to show the white teeth within them. His pale forehead was terminated below by the lines of two straight dark bushy eyebrows, beneath which glittered a pair of small but keen black eyes, sunk deeply within their sockets and moving with a constant and restless motion, which never suffered them to dwell steadily and at length upon any one with whom he conversed. Upon the whole it needed but little physiognomical skill to feel that the owner of that face was neither an ordinary character, nor one whom a stranger would be very strongly attracted to. There was about those features, at once an expression of determination and yet of wiliness that impressed you with the conviction, that the man was one who would be as crafty to conceive the mode of compassing as he would be persevering to accomplish any object which his subtle and unscrupulous mind once determined upon.

As the messenger from Zeno approached the person whom we have been just describing, this latter was occupied apparently in examining one of those square-headed darts or *quarreaux*, as they were called, which at that period were much used by the arbalists or cross-bow men, of whom the Genoese were the most skilful in Europe. What the subject of his meditation was, as he curiously examined the shaft, it would not be easy to speculate upon; but, at all events, one would be disposed to suspect that whatever share the weapon in his hand might have with his thoughts, it could scarcely be worthy of the thorough engrossment of mind which now plainly pre-occupied the condottiere. Indeed, so complete was his abstraction that he did not notice the approach of Alexis till the latter had almost reached his side and accosted him somewhat abruptly.

"From his excellency Zeno," said the lad, holding forth the folded paper.

Recanati started at the sound of Zeno's name; a faint flush passed over his pallid features, and his restless eye gleamed quick and penetratingly at the person who had just addressed him. There was something of a disconcerted manner about him, which a keen observer would have pronounced to be just such as one would display whose secret thoughts had been suddenly revealed to him who was the subject of them. But the expression of any such feeling was only momentary, and ere it could have been well remarked upon, it had passed away; yet not so quickly had it passed as to escape the notice of him who stood before the condottiere—for no keener observer ever scanned features or detected their secret meaning than the young Greek, whose native sagacity had been sharpened by years of captivity and precarious existence. Calmly and coldly the Italian captain received the billet, and perused its short contents to the end. Alexis, as he watched his countenance, fancied—but it might only be fancy, conjured up by the play of the flickering firelight—that the dark, straight, eyebrows almost met upon the pale forehead; and that the thin lips quivered slightly as they became more compressed, but no other indication could be detected of the effect which the note had upon the reader; if, indeed, it had any effect at all. At length Recanati said, in a quiet measured voice,

"His excellency does me an unwonted honour. At what hour does the council meet?"

"An hour before midnight, signore."

"And it is now not far from that. Tell the general that I shall not fail to attend, though it may somewhat interfere with my duty to the republic. For this, however, I make no doubt his excellency will provide."

Recanati methodically and very slowly folded up the paper, and put it into his pouch, and then, turning on his heel, entered the tent. The young Greek made an inclination of

the head as taking his departure, but ere he passed beyond the precincts of the tent, he turned his head quickly round and cast a hurried glance towards its interior. At this instant, a log of wood that lay upon the watch-fire, suddenly fell from its place into the smouldering ashes and burst into a momentary flame. The light shot into the recesses of the tent, and disclosed to the practised eye of the Greek, the form of Recanati, as he hastily divided the shaft of the arrow lengthwise and closed it up again as quickly.

A low laugh escaped from the lips of the Greek—so low that one a yard removed would scarcely have heard it, and then he murmured as if to himself

"Ha! I thought as much. That bolt *may* slay indeed, but it slays not him at whom it is discharged."

CHAPTER X.

"And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene,
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bore ful thirfulie,
Well coude he dresse his taked yewmanlie;
His arwes droppe not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he bare a mightie bowe,
Upon his arme he had a gai bracer,
And by his side a sword and a bokeler,
And on the other side a gai daggere,
Harnised wel, and sharp as pointe of spere."—Chaucer.

"As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words, till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain, shall tetter us."—Shakspeare.

It might have been about half-an-hour after the scene which we have described in the preceding chapter, that an armed soldier walked to and fro before the massive doorway of one of the interior buildings at the fort of Palestrina. The night was moonless, but the stars shone out to relieve the darkness which fell upon the earth. From time to time the sentinel, as he reached the limit of his short march and turned round to retrace his steps, stopped a moment to look up into the heavens.

There is something about a starlit sky that irresistibly draws the attention and fixes the gaze of every mortal, no matter how unimaginative his nature or unpoetic his temperament. I have known very worthy and sensible people—people who were by no means insensible to natural beauties—walk a live long day and scarcely ever turn their eyes to the sun, looking all the time steadily before them, aye and pride themselves upon that very excellent habit of "always looking before them," and, perhaps, they were right. Then there's the moon; what can be more lovely to look upon? Nothing. And yet they who look very long at the moon are somehow apt to get into disrepute with wise folks, so that "to have an affair with the moon," is very detrimental to a man's character—the very best that will be said of you is, that you are a mope or a lover—you may, however, get a reputation infinitely less agreeable, one which may endanger your personal liberty, and bring you into acquaintance with the chancellor. Therefore the moon is to be looked at in moderation which indeed is all that any sensible person does. But starlight—who can resist the tender, solemn, silent influence of a sky full of stars, especially at midnight. You look up into heaven, and you see a thousand eyes gazing down upon you with a fascination that enthalls you, and turn away your eyes as you will, some strange inscrutable spell forces you quickly to lift them again and commune with those glittering orbs, as you would commune with the deep, speaking eyes of a woman, when the heart would endure no other language. Yes, the spell of a star-thronged heaven is irresistible. Your attention is not confined to one great planet that wearies with its sameness, but you are solicited by a myriad of bright things that speak to you, oh how solemnly, of worlds without number, of space without limit, of time without an ending, and so you lose yourself in that lustrous company and know not how to withdraw from their presence.

I am very certain that the worthy fellow who kept watch and ward upon the fine spring night, in the year of God 1880, at the fort of Palestrina, pursued no such train of philosophising upon star-gazing as that which I have just now ventured to give to you, dear reader; but certain I am that he gazed and gazed again and again upon the "multitude of the heavenly host" that looked down so holily upon him. And the sight of those stars brought back fresh and tenderly upon his heart the thoughts of his old home and of that land whence he many a time and oft looked upon those same stars, as he lay in the greenwood o' nights and watched the deer trip out of the covert and browse in the star-lighted glade, till they came within reach of his long-bow shaft. A bold fellow was Hodge o' the Hill, I wot, as any that strayed along the shaws upon the Trent side in merry England. His equipment proclaimed him at once to be an English archer. In his hand he carried a pike; at his back was slung his trusty long-bow, beside which was a leathern case filled with some score arrows, light and well-feathered; upon his arm he wore a bracer, to protect his sleeve from being cut by the bowstring, and on his hand was a shooting-glove. Beside these, he had the brigandine, or little coat of plate; a skull, or *hufkyn* as it was called; and a maule or mallet of lead, five feet long. On one side he carried his sword and buckler, on the other a dagger and a hook; while from a baldric of green leather was slung a bugle such as foresters use. Such was the goodly English yeoman, Roger Harrington, or Hodge of the Hill, as he was once known in his own shire, before an irrepressible love for vert and venison led him to violate the privileges of park and chase, and drove him an outlaw to seek his fortune in foreign lands, and serve as a soldier beneath the banner of his adventurous countryman, Cheke. And so Hodge now paced backward and forward, and gazed upon the stars, and ever and anon sang to himself a snatch of some well-remembered old ballad of his own Albion to keep him company. Now his thoughts were of the famous Robin Hode, as he chanted a stave or two of the ancient rhyme—

"Lythe and lysten, gentrymen
That be of free-hore blode;
I shall you tell of a good yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn was a proude out-lawe,
Whiles he walked on groundes;
So curteyse an out-lawe as he was one,
Was never none yfounde."

"Ah, well-a-day!" resumed Hodge, after a pause, "these were merry times, when Robin roamed through the forest of Sherwood, and none dare question his right to strike down a fat buck in the chase, or kiss a pretty wench in the greenwood. A plague upon your forest laws, say I; if every honest fellow had fair play, by my hallidom, Hodge of the Hill, thou wouldest now be watching the hinds in the parks of merry England, and not pacing the barren sands of an outlandish island. Who goes there—ho!"

This interrogatory, with which the archer's soliloquy was concluded, was uttered in a loud and peremptory tone, and addressed to one who approached to the entrance of the building where the Englishman was keeping guard.

"A friend," was the reply; "one who attends the council."

"Your name," demanded the archer bluntly. "I have got my orders strictly, and must know who I am to let pass—your name, if it please you."

"Roberto di Recanati."

"All right, signor; pass in."

Recanati passed the sentinel, and disappeared within the interior of the building. The archer looked after him for a moment, and then said, in an under tone, "Aye, I know thy cut well enough—a whey-faced fellow, by Saint George. Look you now, one good yeoman of Nottingham, with a stout quarter-staff, would thresh a score of such foreigners. Ah, by my fay, there's nothing like the nut-brown ale and the ox beef of Old England—heigho!"

"The woodweele sang and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye;
So lowde, he awakened Robyn Hode
In the greenwoode where he laye."

Let us leave stout Hodge o' the Hill singing and soliloquising on his weary night-watch, and sighing after the green holmes of pleasant England—let us leave him there in the starlight, and accompany the captain of the Italian mercenaries into the council-chamber of the rulers of Venice.

Recanati passed through an antechamber and entered a large apartment. It was scantily furnished and but partially lighted by a lamp that burned upon a large table which stood in the centre of the room, thus leaving the more distant parts of the chamber in comparative gloom. Around the table sat several persons, some in the long robes worn by the senators and high officials of the republic, others in armour or military costume. At the upper end of the table sat the venerable old doge, Andrea Contarini, his head covered with the horned bonnet, and his white beard falling down upon his ducal robe. Immediately beside him was a personage whose dark and stern countenance well accorded with the robe in which he was clothed. It was entirely of black camlet, without the relief of ornament or colour; and he too, like the doge, was covered, for on his head was a low round bonnet of black felt. This was one of the council of ten, *I Dieci*, or, as they were called from the hue of their robes, *I Neri*. There was no power more absolute or more dreaded in the Venetian state than that which this body now exercised—for as yet the terrible and secret tribunal of the state inquisition, known as "the council of three," had not been instituted. The council of ten, when originally convoked, about fifty years previous to the period of which we are writing, was limited in duration to ten days; but their period of office was, from time to time, increased, till now the members were elected for life. Nominally a criminal court, they were, in reality, invested with the most plenary power, and being exempt from all responsibility and appeal, they virtually exercised an absolute authority over every person and everything in the state. Even the doge himself was not beyond the reach of this potent tribunal. It hesitated not to countermand his orders, as it did those of the grand council; to depose him, and even to put him to death. Rarely, indeed, was the chief magistrate suffered to take part in any state affairs, or exercise the functions of his office without the presence and interference of one of the council of ten, nominally for the purpose of advising, but in reality with the object of controlling all his power, and acting the spy upon his actions and his conduct, which were duly reported to the rest of the council. At the opposite side of Contarini there were seated two men in red robes, but with their heads uncovered. These were members of the senate, or *signoria*, and were known by the appellation of *I Rossi*, and were, in fact, recently added to the council of ten, for the purpose of assisting them whenever the emergency of state affairs rendered their advice necessary. In addition to these were seated, at either side, three or ordinary members of the senate who had accompanied them to Palestrina. These comprised the civilians who were attendance at the council; beyond them were two men in military costume. The one we have already endeavoured to make our readers acquainted with, and therefore, needs not be further described—the general of the land forces, Carlo Zeno; the other was a man of a singularly noble presence and bearing, full of dignity, yet was there not in that dignity the slightest tincture of pride or arrogance; on the contrary, his face was indicative of a gentleness and long-suffering, that bordered on humility, and bore many marks of sorrow and trial which made him look old beyond his years, while the gray hairs that fell down his neck and mingled in his beard, made these years appear even more numerous still. This was Vittorio Pisani who now, since the arrival of Zeno, had devoted himself to the duties of admiral of the fleet. Perhaps history affords fewer instances of the ingratitude of popular governments, and the instability of popular favour than is

presented to us in the life of this great and good man. More than once the saviour of his country, each service rendered by him to the state was sure to be speedily followed by insult, degradation, or even imprisonment, and yet each act of ingratitude or injury was but the precursor of new supplica-

tions for his aid, and found him, marvellous to relate, as ready as ever to forget all that he had suffered—to remember nothing but that his country needed his services and to render those services with the prompt and uncalculating instinct of filial love.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.



Every now and then some rare phenomenon is brought us from America, ushered before our notice with a remarkable tale. By some strange fate or fortune, moreover, the discoveries are made personally, or by the agents of one lucky individual. At one time it is a mermaid, who has come to light; at another, an unclassified animal—a connecting link between man and monkey, entrapped in the wilds of Califor-

nia. Science has enough to do in these days to unravel the tangled threads of mysteries which surround her. Facts and fallacies jostle so unceremoniously together, and encroach with such insidious steps upon each other's domains, that to distinguish between them and refer each to its own proper empire is not an easy task. Nevertheless, science was competent to solve the mysteries of the Yankee mermaid and the Califor-

mian monster. Nature was absolved from the charge of having created two such *lusus*. Both were referred to the cunning agency of man—were shown to be manufactured articles: the mermaid was nothing more than the head and arms of a monkey, dexterously stitched to the tail of a codfish; the Californian monster was a man of stunted dwarfish form, enveloped in the shaggy coat of a bear.

May we be pardoned then for receiving, *cum grano salis*, as the Roman poet hath it, the tale with which the Aztec children have been introduced to the London public? That they are extraordinary little curiosities in their way, all must admit who have seen them,—well worthy of all the patronage and curiosity which have been bestowed upon them,—but we must be permitted still to doubt their identity as little Aztecs, and to regard in a still more apocryphal light the tale of their abstraction from a city called *Iximaya*. Leaving for a short period these little strangers to amuse themselves according to their own pleasure, let us now pass in review a sketch of the history of the Aztecs, the dominant race of Mexico, at the time of the Spanish conquest in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

If the study of ethnology, or the characteristics and migrations of various human races, be one of the most interesting which a philosopher can pursue, it is also occasionally one of the most difficult and perplexing. It is not even necessary to pass beyond the limits of Europe for an illustration of this. The Hungarian or Magyar stock furnishes the example of a race of men individualised not only by physical characteristics from all around them, but by their language as well, which possesses no affinity with any European tongue, and is connected by few and uncertain alliances with some dialects of Asia. The Hungarians, or Magyars themselves will have it that they are descended from the Huns. They still look up to Atila, the devastator, as their great progenitor, and hang up his picture with reverence in their houses. If this theory of descent be adopted, then the Magyars or Hungarians in Europe and the Aztecs in America are brothers—offshoots from the same stock, if we accept a theory of Humboldt, as will presently be more apparent.

When the Spaniards invaded Mexico, in the early part of the sixteenth century, that rich and extraordinary country was peopled, as is well known, by a race or races, to which, despite their atrocious barbarities and sanguinary religious code, the term civilized may in a certain sense be applied. The country was subjected to the government of one monarch, Montezuma, the ninth of his dynasty. The inhabitants were collected together in cities, sometimes of considerable population and extent; the ancient city of Mexico, for example, must have had, according to the most trustworthy accounts, a population of 60,000 or 70,000. The people followed different handicraft trades, the results of which were in some cases products of considerable excellence. The cotton fabrics, for example, of which specimens still exist, are good. The art of dyeing them was known, and practised with success. Ornaments of considerable pretensions were made of gold and silver. Some of the public buildings were grand and massive, somewhat resembling the stupendous erections of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria. Like them, too, they were ornamented with hieroglyphical writing. Cities were supplied with water by means of aqueducts. Roads of good construction—such as would not disgrace a Roman military engineer—extended throughout the empire. The law of territorial possession was recognised; and territorial succession was regulated by statute. In astronomy great progress had been made; the year was divided into 365 days, like our own, but no odd six hours were recognised; to compensate for which, at the expiration of every fifty-two years five days were added.

All these facts tend to prove that the native inhabitants—whom we will for the present simply term *Mexicans*—had entered upon that phase of social development which must be termed civilisation. Other proofs to this effect might be easily adduced, as for instance the existence of relays of couriers at different stages throughout the empire, the establishment of night patrols, and the practice of illuminating the

cities at night by bonfires lighted in the streets. But despite these evidences of civilization, the Mexicans, regarded from another point of view, were savages in the worst acceptation of the term. They waged war often for no other purpose than that of making prisoners to offer up in sacrifice to their gods, and they were confirmed cannibals. That such an abyss of demoralisation as these facts presuppose should have been descended into, by a race so cultivated, is without parallel in the history of mankind; and still more extraordinary does it appear in connexion with the reverence in which were held the virtues of chastity and temperance. The punishment for a breach of duty in either of these obligations was death,—with one remarkable exception; people above seventy years old were permitted to get drunk to their hearts' content, without the act being considered a crime.

There is every reason to suppose that the consolidation of native government, on the basis on which the Spaniards found it, had not been of very great antiquity. Not only was this the popular belief, but it is confirmed by such native records as have escaped the ravages of time, and the destructive enthusiasm of the early Spanish missionaries, who destroyed the greater number of these records (all of them hieroglyphic) as so many barbarous relics of idolatry. These records state that the various tribes constituting the native population, and of which tribes the Aztecs were the most powerful and the last to arrive, came from some distant unknown region from the north-west, bringing with them the civilized arts of the region whence they had been expelled; and after wandering many years as nomadic tribes, at length commenced about the thirteenth century to build the Mexican cities. This testimony seems probable enough, but ethnologists are still left in the dark as to the geographical origin of these tribes and their cognate ramifications. Although the first consolidation of the Mexican races into a regular government is represented to have taken place in the thirteenth century, yet the first epoch of their wanderings is referred so far back as the fifth, which corresponds with that Mongolian disturbance in China coeval with the setting in motion of the Huns; and Humboldt assumes that the Mongolian race, first passing into Siberia, one division passed eastward into Europe, where they were subsequently known as the Huns, and another division, travelling east, entered upon the American continent, and eventually settled in Mexico as the Aztecs and their associate tribes.

Returning now to our little strangers, the tale offered us respecting them is this. A few years ago a Spanish priest of central America told a certain tale about a walled city named *Iximaya*, into which no European had ever entered, or, having entered, never again returned. This city he stated to contain the living remnant of the lost Aztecs, who lived in total seclusion from all the rest of the world, and so greatly feared being discovered, that they kept their cooks in underground pits lest their crowing might be heard. Incited by this account, four travellers, in the year 1848, are said to have penetrated the mysterious city, where three of them died; the fourth, however, being fortunate enough not only to escape, but to bring away the two mysterious children. These latter are said to be members of a sacred race, looked up to as deities by the inhabitants—regarded as objects of adoration, and only allowed to marry amongst themselves—hence their physical degeneration, as evidenced by stunted forms. Plainly speaking, we do not believe in this tale, nor is it credited by the well informed generally. The most usually received impression, we believe, is, that they are the dwarfish offspring of one of those mixed races so common in Mexico. The tale of the Spanish priest was delivered, we have little doubt, as a broad joke. When next he tells it we advise the listener to reply by the witty refrain, or proverb, commonly applied in Spain on such occasions—"A otro perro con ese hueso," which means, being translated, "Take that bone to another dog."

Since the above was in type we have learnt that the children have been claimed by an agent of their parents (Indo-Mexicans), and legal steps taken to effect their removal.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

. STAR PATTERN D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS.—Crochet Cotton, Nos. 10, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30. The Penelope hook, Nos. 3, 3½, 4.

With cotton No. 26, and hook No. 3. For centre star or *a* work 10 chain, make it round, and in the loop you have formed work 24 d.c.; 1 s.c. in 1st d.c.; " 5 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. in 3rd, repeat from " 7 times more; in 1st 5 chain, " 2 long, 7 chain, 2 long in same 5 chain, 5 chain repeat from " in each 5 chain all round, fasten off.

Fasten cotton No. 24, and hook No. 3½. " In 7 chain 4 long, 4 chain turn and on the 4 chain, miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long; 4 long in same 7 chain; 2 chain, 1 s.c. in centre of 5 chain; 2 chain repeat " all round.

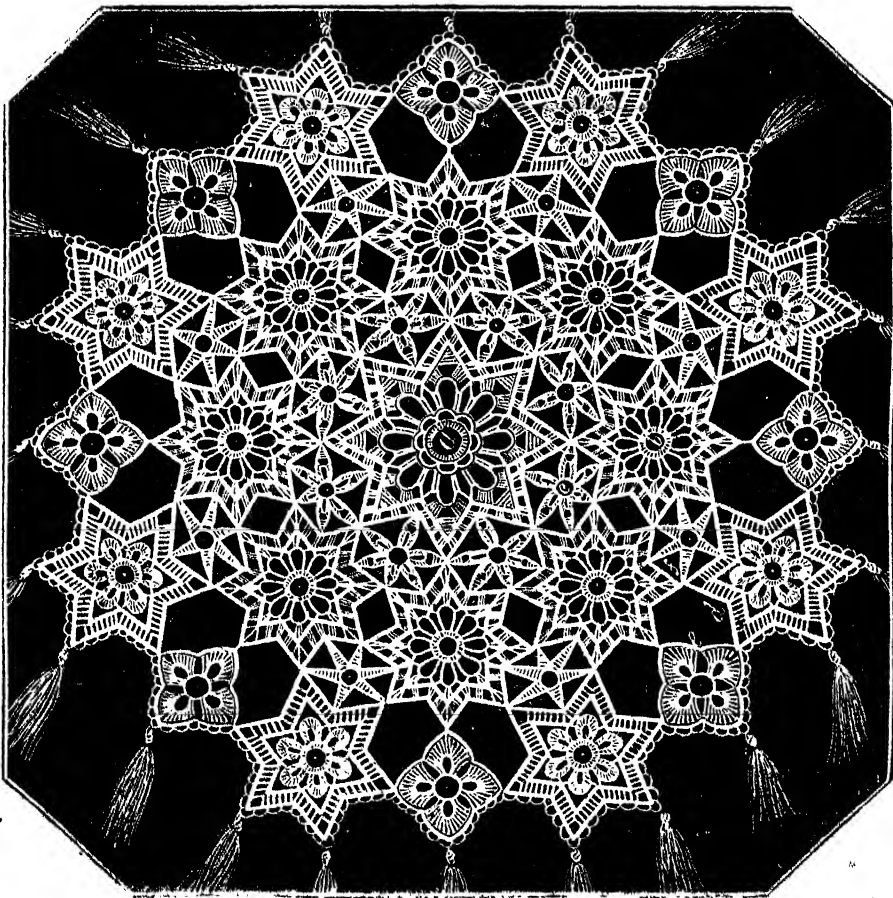
" 2 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 7 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long in next chain, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 1 chain, miss 1, 2 long, miss 4. Repeat all round, fasten off.

c. With cotton No. 30 and hook 4. 8 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st: then in round loop; " 1 d.c. 5 chain repeat " 5 times more. In 1st 5 chain " 1 d.c. 2 long, 3 chain, join to *a*, turn, and on 3 chain 1 d.c. 2 long: in same 5 chain, 2 long, 1 d.c. " repeat 5 times more, joining each petal as in the engraving, fasten off.

Make 7 more *cs*, joining between *a* and *bs* in the same manner.

d. With cotton No. 22, and hook 3½. 8 chain, make it round, and in loop work 12 d.c.; " 1 d.c. on 1st d.c., 5 chain, miss 1, repeat 5 times more, " then in each 5 chain; " 2 d.c., 4 long, 2 d.c., " fasten off.

With cotton No. 20 and hook 3½. " 1 s.c. in 2nd d.c., 6 chain turn, miss 1, 1 d.c.; 4 chain repeat " 5 times more; miss 1, " 5 long, 7 chain 1 long in same as last long; 4 long, miss 2, repeat " 5 times more, except in the last two points, where in 4th chain stitch of 7 chain join to point of *b*, fasten off. Make 7 more *ds*, joining as in the engraving.



b. With cotton No. 24, and hook 3½, 10 chain join round; work in round loop; 16 d.c.

3rd row: 1 long, 5 chain, 1 long, 3 chain repeat all round.

4th row: 3 long in the centre of 5 chain; 4 chain, 1 s.c. in the centre of 3 chain; 4 chain, repeat all round, fasten off.

With No. 22 cotton and the same hook. " 1 long in 2nd long of 3 long in last row; " 3 chain," 1 long in same as last; 2 chain, miss 1, 2 long, 1 d.c. in last long; miss 3, 1 d.c., 2 long, 2 chain, repeat " 7 times more only in last point in " 3 chain." Join to *a* in the following manner: 2 chain draw through the 4th stitch of 7 chain of *a*, then repeat the same as before, fasten off.

2nd *b*. Make the same as 1st *b* till the last row, where join in precisely the same way; the 1st point to centre *a* and two more points to 1st *b*; finish the row same as 1st *b* and fasten off.

Make 6 more *bs* joining in the same manner. You will see what points are joined in the engraving.

c. With cotton No. 20 and hook 3½. 10 chain make round; " 2 d.c. in loop; 7 chain repeat " 3 times more. " 5 long in 7 chain, 3 chain, 5 long repeat " 3 times more, joining, as seen in the engraving, to *b* and *d*, fasten off. Make 7 more *cs*, joining each between two *ds*.

f. With cotton No. 30 and hook 4. Make 7 chain, make into a loop, and in loop " 1 d.c., 4 chain join to *b*, turn, miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long repeat " 5 times more; join in the same manner, and placed as in the engraving, fasten off. Make 7 more, joining them as you make them.

g. With cotton No. 28 and hook 4, " 1 d.c. on 1st d.c. of *a* 5 chain, miss 2, repeat all round.

Make the tassels with No. 10 cotton over a card 2 inches wide; wind it round the card 10 times, tie it round about half an inch down, draw the cotton tight and bring the ends to the top again, fasten to the d'oyley, as in the engraving.

Make a sufficient number to go round.

BREAD CLOTH.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Exhibition Crochet Cotton, Nos. 14, 16, 18, 20. Walker's Penelope Hook, No. 3.

a. With cotton No. 18 make 10 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st chain; then in round loop 3 d.c., "9 chain, miss 3, 1 s.c. in 4th; then in round loop 1 s.c. 7 chain, repeat twice more; 1 chain to cross and in 1st 7 chain, "1 d.c., 9 long, 1 d.c., repeat "1 in the other two 7 chains; 1 s.c. in the 1 chain that crosses the stem "5 chain; 3 d.c. in the centre round loop.

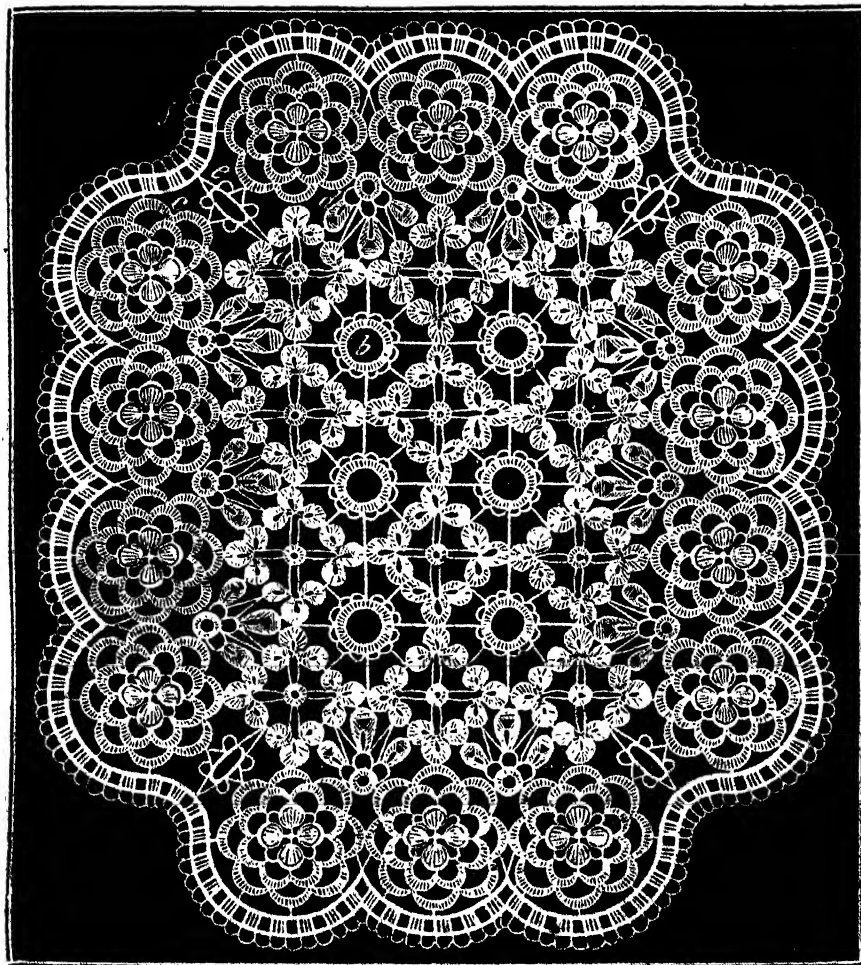
Repeat from "to "1 d.c. 5 long, join to 5th long in 3rd section, 4 long, 1 d.c. in same 7 chain; in the next two 7 chains: 1 d.c., 9 long, 1 d.c., 1 s.c. in the chain that crosses the stem "2. Repeat from "2 to "5 chain, 3 d.c. in the centre round loop.

Repeat again from "to "1 d.c., 5 long, join, 4 long, 1 d.c., in next 7 chain, 1 d.c., 9 long, 1 d.c., in next 7 chain, 1 d.c., 1 s.c. on the chain that crosses, 5 chain, 1 s.c. on 1st d.c. in centre, fasten off.

Make another *c*, joining to *a* and 1st *c*. Make 12 more; join as in the engraving.

d. With cotton No. 18. 7 chain make it round; 11 d.c. in round loop, join to 5th d.c. of 11 d.c. of *c*, "7 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c., repeat "twice more; join to the other *c* to 5th d.c. of 11 d.c., fasten off. 1 s.c. in 4th chain of 1st 7 chain. "5 chain 1 s.c. in same as last s.c., then in 5 chain, 1 d.c., 4 long, 2 chain, join to *a*, turn, 1 chain, 2 long on 2 chain, 4 long, 1 d.c. in same 5 chain "1 s.c. in next 7 chain; 7 chain join to next division of *d* 7 chain; 1 s.c. in 4th chain stitch of 7 chain repeat from "to "7 chain; join, 7 chain repeat from "to "again, fasten off. Make 9 more *ds*, joining in the same manner, and as placed in the engraving.

e. With cotton No. 18. 10 chain, make it round and work in loop 17 d.c.; 1 d.c. on 1st d.c., 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c. in next 4 chain join to *cs* 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. in 3rd, 5 chain,



Make 11 more *cs* like the 1st, only joining, as in the engraving:—"thus, 1 d.c., 5 long, join, 4 long, 1 d.c."

b. With cotton No. 20. 15 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st stitch and in round loop. "4 d.c., 10 chain, join where the two *cs* join, turn, 10 s.c. down the 10 chain; 4 d.c., 10 chain, join where the two 9 long of *a* are joined together; 10 s.c. down the 10 chain; repeat from "3 times more: "1 s.c., 5 chain, miss 2, repeat all round; fasten off. Make 6 more, placing them as in the engraving.

c. With cotton No. 16. 10 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st, make it round "1 d.c., 3 chain, 3 long, 3 chain repeat "3 times more in round loop. "1 d.c. on d.c., 7 chain, 1 d.c. on 2 long, 7 chain repeat all round "9 d.c. in each 7 chain; fasten off.

1 s.c. in 5th d.c., 9 chain repeat all round. In 1st 9 chain 6 d.c., join to 5th long of *a* 5 d.c. in same 9 chain: "in next 9 chain 11 d.c., repeat "all round; fasten off.

miss 1, 1 s.c. in next, 6 chain join to *a* 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c. in next, 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c., 4 chain, join to *c* 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c., 5 chain, miss 1, 1 s.c.; 7 chain 1 s.c. fasten off. Make 3 more, placing them as in the engraving.

f. With cotton No. 14—1 long between two *cs*; 1 *c* before the corner. Commence: 6 chain, "1 d.c. in 6th d.c. of 11 d.c. of *c* 9 chain repeat "3 times more; 10 chain, 1 s.c. in 4th chain of 7 chain of *c* 10 chain, "1 d.c. in the centre of 11 d.c., 9 chain repeat "3 times more. Repeat all round the d'oyley, making the corners alike.

2nd row: "3 long, 2 chain, miss 2, this is the pattern all round, except at the corners. You miss 2 and make no chain, this is to be done by *e*, and by the 1 long between the two *cs*. You work as follows: make no chain, and miss 4, 2 each side of one long.

3rd row: 5 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. repeat all round.



THE CHIROPOTAMUS.

No place in the metropolis has more charms than the Gardens of the Zoological Society. Rosherville, Vauxhall, Cremorne, beside them hide their diminished heads. At any rate, in the one you are seldom disgusted as you are in the others. You are not bewildered by the fantastic costume of London gents; you are not surrounded by painted women and drunken men. Between you and nature comes no offensive cloud, but you can walk and examine and philosophise at your own sweet will. You add something to your stock of knowledge, and if you be a wise man, you carry away that which is better than knowledge itself, for

"Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things,
We murder to dissect."

The gardens are now peculiarly rich in curious pachydermatous animals. The young elephant and her portly mamma are alone worth a visit to them, although the former, under the fattening influence of cakes and bonbons, has now grown to such a size that the attributes of babyhood are fast giving place to those of the mature elephant. The elephant calf, or little elephant—now only by courtesy—is already a proficient in the ways of the elephant world, an adept in the arts of begging and cajoling, mistress of all the winning blandishments wherewith the elephant tribe are wont to solicit eleemosynary donations from their Christian friends.

Wandering along in quest of the other pachyderms, we next meet with the armour-encased rhinoceros—a beast which naturalists describe as unamiable, stupid, and sulky. We think naturalists are wrong in their description—at least the character does not apply to our friend the rhinoceros in the Zoological Gardens. The humanising influence of delicate food and polite society has evidently not been lost upon him. Instead of avoiding the visitor, he stalks towards him, pushes his large nose between the bars of his enclosure as far as he can, and solicits, in his own peculiar fashion, the donation of a morsel. He is not so adroit a beggar as our friends the elephants, but he does his best. At first he tries what the significant hint of throwing his mouth wide open will do, and this failing, he protrudes a sort of an apology for the elephant's snout. The latter, however, is but a sorry substitute; it may answer well enough for rooting up trees, but it is not able to accomplish those delicate manipulations—if the expression may be permitted—which are performed by the trunk of the elephant. We next pass on to the illustrious stranger who divided the attention of the *beau monde* some little time since with the Nepalese ambassador. We mean the hippopotamus, of course. Since we had the honour of seeing him last, he, too, has grown amazingly—his body rather than his intellectual powers, we fear. He is very little humanised as yet, does not even understand the art of begging, which backwardness is a proof of the possession of very obtuse mental capacities, we take it; and judging from external appearances, it would seem that he considers his mission is to sleep. As the hippopotamus displays no winning ways for our amusement, we leave this pet of fashion and pass on to the enclosure wherein resides the chiropotamus, as he is termed, the pachyderm which we have especially come to see.

Meantime a few preliminary remarks may not be out of place on pachydermatous animals in general, and the chiropotamus in particular. The term pachyderm, or pachydermatous animal, then, means a thick-skinned animal—from *παχυς* thick, and *δερμα*, a skin, and includes the elephant, horse, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, the swine, and many others possessing a general similarity to these. It is true the thickness of skin in the so-called pachyderms is, in the greater number of genera, an important characteristic. Not an invariable characteristic, however, seeing that a horse's skin is not thick; but as regards the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and pig, the propriety of the term will not be questioned. The pachydermatous class admits of division into

animals with *proboscides*, or prehensile snouts, and animals without. The former contains the elephant amongst living genera, and the mastodon amongst dead ones. As regards the pachyderms without prehensile snouts, they are subdivided into families, according to the number, or rather the apparent number, of their toes.

Now, although it be quite true that the elephant alone, of all living pachyderms, has a prehensile trunk, properly so called, yet a sort of attempt at this conformation exists in many others:—thus, for example, our friend the rhinoceros has a sort of prolongation of the upper lip, moveable like a thumb, and very useful for the general purposes of tearing up roots, moving earth in search of food, and other similar purposes. The pig, too, has a snout of great strength and mobility, as the farmer often knows to his cost. A few hungry porkers turned loose in a meadow soon plough the turf through and through, in their search for roots and worms.

We now arrive at the residence of the chiropotamus, or river pig, which name he acquires from *χοῖρος*, a swine, and *ποταμός*, a river, and a very appropriate name it is, seeing that he is so exactly pig-like in form and face. What the animal is in appearance, the engraving alone will show. What he is, so far as is known, we will endeavour to tell. The interesting animal has been in this country about six months, and is a great curiosity, for none of his brethren have ever had the felicity of treading on British ground before. It is said the slave becomes free immediately he touches our shores. Alas! the river hog, or chiropotamus, found our boast a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. In slavery he has been ever since he was torn from Africa and the Cameron river, on the banks of which he was born, and where it may be supposed he reasonably anticipated to spend in quiet the little span of time we call life. Alas! fate had another destiny in store for him. He was to be caught—borne far away over oceans to a strange land, to be gazed at by strange eyes, to be spoken of by strange tongues. A hog of any ambition might find in this some consolation—I question whether our friend does. It matters little to him that artists engrave him; that newspaper paragraphs trumpet his praise; that the British public runs after him as it did after Father Gavazzi or Mrs. Stowe.

The chiropotamus is a denizen of the Guinea Coast of Western Africa, where he spends his time in the rivers and on the river banks of that sultry, swampy region. The specimen now in the Zoological Gardens is about the size of an ordinary pig. The most distinctive character of the animal, to the eye of a general observer, is its colour, a bright maroon, verging on yellow. It may be here well to remark, that the term chiropotamus has only recently been applied to an existing animal; it was long employed to designate certain fossil remains of a pachyderm of the swine tribe, the bones of which are frequently met with in the neighbourhood of Paris, and the Isle of Wight.

It is strange the public has not heard of the chiropotamus before, when we consider the industry and enterprise with which the world has been searched. It is, we are informed, also found in some of the other rivers of Western Africa, and although it has hitherto escaped the grasp of scientific naturalists, has long been known to the merchant explorers of those mysterious streams. Its nearest analogy is the Bosch Vaik of the Cape, an animal so scarce that we missed it from Gordon Cummings's African museum. So remarkable a character is it, that it is almost incredible that it should for so long a time have escaped the numerous correspondents of the Zoological Society, whose labours have been so unwearied and have generally been crowned with such success. Now it has come, the least the public can do is to welcome it. It will never attain to the popularity of the hippopotamus, for it cannot vie with that deservedly public favourite in size; but it is equally rare, equally strange to untravelled eyes; and as novelty is an attraction, for some time to come we imagine that the river hog will be attractive indeed.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI.—PART IV.

SPRING came on, and with it the time for the completion of the picture. John, in his solitude, as he touched the termination of his labour, was seized with a sudden faintness—the world seemed to reel before him. Leonard one morning found him lying upon the floor, in what he at first supposed a fit. It was but a swoon, the forerunner, however, of a fierce and all but fatal fever. With that womanly tenderness—such a peculiar attribute of Leonard's—he raised his friend and bore him to his bed, bathing his fevered brow; and when a melancholy consciousness dawned in John's vague eyes, Leonard quitted him for a few moments, and bringing a hackney coach conveyed him immediately to that benevolent institution, the Sanatorium. Leonard, prompt in action for another, though strangely careless of himself, had planned with rapid thought all that might be done for his friend. With his last guinea he paid the entrance fee, and only left him when laid to moan in miserable, delirious sleep, within a shaded and calm chamber of the Sanatorium. He hastened with his sad news to Lucretia, knowing her to be a ministering angel in all times of pain and sadness as well as in times of joy. Leonard's and Lucretia's tending of the sick man, their self-sacrificing exertions for his continuance in this peaceful house of the sick, were one of those poems not unfrequently inscribed by the recording angel,—thanks be to the divine germ implanted in humanity, some blessed day to bloom forth into a celestial blossom of unsurpassable beauty.

But ere long Lucretia's active exertions on poor John's behalf must cease, for little Cluthbert, their idol, was stricken with a great evil. In some mad frolic with the boys in the playground, the little fellow met with a fall, which, unregarded at first by him, through a generous desire to shield his companions from blame, showed at length stealthy signs of a fatal disease. The first terrible discovery of this great sorrow was one of those moments in life which the heart shrinks from describing. Lucretia's sympathies, however, were only the more keenly called forth for John, though little of her time could be given to him. Leonard was daily at the Sanatorium, and listening to the ravings of John's delirium, more profoundly entered into the sanctuary of his friend's soul—the flame of love casting fitful illumination upon the ark and cherubim within. Again were Leonard's nights spent in designs for the publisher as of old,—for the desire to maintain his friend in his haven of peace lent a long forgotten spur to his sluggishness; and each day he painted upon the beautiful picture of his friend, whilst his own commission for Lord de Callis lay neglected in a corner of his room.

"His work is noble," said Leonard to himself, "it is wrought in his bloody sweat; such work must accomplish its mission in the world. Honoria must see it as Wetherley's emblem among the crowd of insipidities which will furnish the walls of our exhibition." It was a relief to Leonard to escape from his own thoughts, and for a time to absorb himself in the life of his friend.

Upon such an hour of labour Honoria herself intruded, as we have seen in a former chapter. Her emotion was profound, and its flood of intense feeling carried along with it a certain indignation, which for months had smouldered in her breast against Leonard,—she having equally with Agnes divined Leonard's secret, and having despised him for what she imagined deceit and baseness; besides which his sloth and weakness irritated and bitterly disappointed her, and her anxiety for Agnes had augmented in proportion. A certain coldness even had arisen between her and Agnes upon this subject, Agnes warmly defending her beloved at Honoria's first word. But Honoria's heart was touched by Leonard's devotion to his friend,—an account of which the benevolent physician of the Sanatorium had given her, when through him she first learnt of John's danger,—and now the artist's beautiful act of love had the effect of still further increasing her kindly feeling towards him.

"Mr. Hale, I honour, I respect your devotion to your—our friend; God bless you for it. I have been angry with you these months past, Mr. Hale; you know this, and the reason. I have been pained on Agnes' account,—but *she* knows you better than I do,—she must be right. I see how impossible it would be for such a noble soul to love one that was less noble than her own,—pardon me!" stretching forth her hand; "permit me to aid you in your acts of love. But let our friend never know that my hand is in the work, at least, not yet—not yet. This sad wonderful picture is mine. I will send you a draft upon my banker,—he must want for nothing. Oh, Mr. Hale, should, should he even now die, it will be better to die *thus*," looking, with streaming eyes and an exultant joy in her face, towards the picture—a joy strangely akin to that in the martyr's face, "than to have vegetated in a turnip field—than to have remained a clod of the earth, though his portion had been content and peace. But he will *not* die; life shows itself strong through this very struggle; it is the new birth within him. The higher life is arising—is arisen within his soul—he has passed into a higher class of the great School of Life." And with beaming eyes Honoria gazed upon the picture, and gathering her veil about her face, passed out.

The draft upon the banker was for a munificent sum, and a few words accompanying it to Leonard, desired him to induce his friend upon his recovery to go abroad to Italy and to Spain. "This *must* be done," ran the note; "this money will suffice, — all that devoted friendship will accomplish must be accomplished by us."

Honoria's were words of prophecy when she said he will not die. Gradually having passed through the crisis of the fever, and through its attendant state of exhaustion, John returned to a consciousness of life and the world.

He was, therefore, leaning back upon the pillow, and was gazing around him with listless eyes, listening to the chirp of sparrows upon his window-sill, and counting the folds of the white drapery of his bed, when Dr. S— entered. Having talked cheerfully to his patient and listened with a quiet smile to his inquiry of who it was who had sent him a lovely bouquet of wild flowers, midsummer flowers from some rich hay-field, and which stood now upon the window-sill,—Dr. S— remarked—

"Probably, my dear sir, some admirer of your picture in the Academy; you've created quite an excitement in certain circles—you, there now lying so feeble in your bed."

"My picture in the Academy!" gasped out poor John with a strange excitement. "Oh no, no, it cannot be—surely not; it was so far from finished;—you laugh at me, sir?" And the sick man trembled and gasped with nervous excitement at the quill. "It ought not to be—"

"My dear Mr. Wetherley, be calm. I regret I have mentioned this, if it agitates you so much; but will you believe the voice of the *Athenæum*—of the *Literary Gazette*—of all the papers in fact? Here, for example, is one notice of Mr. Wetherley's picture in the *Athenæum*. 'this picture, full of an earnestness rare in art of the present day,' 'an inspiration,' 'a marvellous finish and delicacy of touch;' will you believe now, sceptic that you are; and your picture has been purchased at a marvellous price."

"Oh, sir, you bewilder me! you bewilder me!" said John in a low voice, and closed his eyes and sank his head back upon the pillow.

"He speaks only the truth, and scarcely all the truth, about the success of your picture, Wetherley," said another voice; it was Leonard's, who had quietly entered. "Your picture was noble and grand in intention. It required but a little mechanical finish, which I felt it an honour to be able to give to it; it can do no man discredit; let us congratulate you upon its success, and upon your restoration to art and to us."

The sick man stretched forth his arms, and in the weakness

of a great illness, and of a great joy mingling with a great grief, pressed his throbbing temples upon Leonard's breast and shed quiet tears. Time had been when a keen jealousy would have gnawed and envenomed his heart at the bare thought of owing ought to Leonard's skill; but John had been in the presence of death, and life and the aims of life lay before his soul, shone upon by a power more celestial by it. The reader will imagine how John recovered, surrounded as he was by such an atmosphere of love, and how, though at a distance, Honoria vivified him with her warm rays, the sun of his system. He set forth upon his travels, and Leonard became once more the attendant of the sick. Little Cuthbert now extended upon the couch of the Gaywood's sitting-room, a confirmed invalid; his body daily wasted away, whilst his intellect developed with marked rapidity. His was the mind of a philosopher and poet, bursting the husk of a child's frame. Leonard and the child clung with an indescribable tenderness to each other; and thus, accompanying the child in his excursions into the beautiful country about Highgate, where he was drawn in a little invalid's carriage, and planning beautiful surprises for the child, in reading and conversing with him, in sketching for him, in playing soft and lovely music upon the piano, to soothe the gnawing pain which at times assailed the little tortured frame,—Leonard passed the days and weeks and months of Agnes' absence. Where were his thoughts of love for her? the work to be accomplished during her absence? They did not exist. Strange are those problems of character where all duties, except the sternest and most immediate ones, are fulfilled with ineffable grace, where the life would be a one perfect hymn of beauty and praise were ~~but~~ *primary* instead of *secondary* duty served and sacrificed to. Leonard unconsciously followed in the footsteps of his father,—the curse was handed down through his devoted being. At the great Judgment Day will the pleading voice of imperfect organisation, mental as well as physical, raise its lament, and turn aside the sword of the Angel of Judgment? Our Father in Heaven judgeth not as man judgeth; and let us take courage in the thought of His mighty compassion when this cry shall reach His throne. And thus time rolling on brought near the return of Agnes.

However cold in the eyes of Leonard the letters of Agnes might appear, the love within her soul only burnt the brighter he longer he remained away,—the longer she restrained the expression of her love. It impelled her in the eager search for materials for her literary work, which should win her renown, not alone for her own sake and her work's sake, but as an assurance to Leonard, that she was an object worthy of love, and lived out that which she commanded him to live out also. Stern with him she was, yet sterner with herself. Her every thought and action were purified through the knowledge that she had to *live* as well as to write in an exalted manner; she would arouse him, her beloved, out of his lethargy; she would be proud of him before her own soul and before the whole world. Never had she failed in an object, and in him she would not fail; love her he must, and with a mighty love, and their lives should be worthy of the sacrifices they would teach. And her woman's tenderness hot forth with rapid growth. She planned ways in which to surprise Leonard with tokens of her love, and a scheme, which gradually ripened within her, was to bring back with her to England the reconciliation of his Uncle Stamboyse,—an acknowledgment from the stern old man that Leonard had done right in the independent choice of a career. All that Agnes had heard of the old merchant had seized upon her imagination, and she felt herself in many points akin to him. "I understand his character better than Leonard does," she said to herself; "he was right, right to a certain degree; truth is many-sided; his vision is narrow,—he saw but one side of the truth—but it *was* truth and not falsehood that he recognised in the life of Leonard's father. He must acknowledge through Leonard—through *us*—that principle and idealism may be united." Agnes pondered and pondered upon her scheme of reconciliation with the old merchant, and

without mentioning her intention to Leonard, determined to remain a day or two at Hamburg on her return from Sweden, and have an interview with him.

The commencement of May found Agnes arrived at Hamburg with her precious MSS., the result of her eager labour—her most precious treasures packed within her trunk. A miser could not have watched with more anxiety the conveyance of his money-bags than did Agnes watch the conveyance from steamer to hotel of these beloved papers. These papers once safely locked within her chamber of the ——— Hotel on the Alter Jungfernstieg, Agnes breathed freely, and began to consider how she should commence her quest.

The name of Stamboyse was one of much note even in that city of great merchants. The English landlord of the hotel was loud in sounding the praises of his wealth; but when Agnes expressed a desire to see him, inquiring where she should probably find him, a very peculiar expression crossed the landlord's face, and a dry smile. "Oh, the young lady would be sure to find Mr. Stamboyse at his offices; he lived there, transacted business there, slept there, never went out from there to public gardens, theatre or church. Yes, yes, there was no doubt he would be found there, but whether he would see *her*, that was another question! There were strange rumours abroad about him. It was supposed he had had some great family affliction; but, sure enough, he was an eccentric man—some people called him a bear, others, a misanthrope—but such a thing as a lady, and a *young lady* to call upon merchant Stamboyse! That was a novelty!" And the stout landlord laughed, and rubbed his dimpled hands, and pushed towards Agnes the *carte* of the table d'hôte, and requested, still smiling, to know at what hour she would dine, and whether she would dine in her own room or at the public table.

Agnes, undaunted by this description, set forth in the direction of the old merchant's abode. The tall warehouses, the cranes busily at work hauling up bales of goods, the busy traffic, the self-absorbed and prosaic character of countenance of the crowds in the narrow streets, all filled Agnes with an uneasy feeling; she, the woman, the seeress of all but moral and intellectual wealth, felt out of harmony with the world around her. She recognised how impossible it would be for Leonard and his uncle ever to be aught but antagonistic, and how she herself has, by subtle degrees, felt her kinship of soul with Leonard to increase, with Stamboyse to decrease. "Yet, truth is truth in all circumstances; principle, principle; Stamboyse, Leonard, you *both* are right, yet, both are wrong. I am intermediary of both spheres. I must be the mediator. True, thou art weak if thou dost not now drive forth these childish fears."

To various clerks, going in and out of the dusky offices, did Agnes address herself, both in English and German, but they either were too busy to listen to her inquiry after the merchant, or shook their heads dubiously. "He never saw any one during business hours, except upon business. The lady could not possibly see Mr. Stamboyse till evening: it was impossible," testily replied a little man with a large flabby face, a pen stuck behind his ear, and a huge ledger underneath his arm. "It was upon business she desired to speak with Mr. Stamboyse," urged Agnes; "but would he give the few lines written upon her card to Mr. Stamboyse, she would call again to learn his answer, and at what hour she might have an interview. Of course," she pursued in a mollifying tone, "she would on no account trespass upon Mr. Stamboyse's time unnecessarily." "I know he will see no lady—never does," returned the man, rubbing his nose with the card; "and so you had better not give yourself the trouble of calling again."

"I will thank you to give the card to Mr. Stamboyse," very calmly observed Agnes turning away, "and I *shall* call again." And so Agnes did in the course of a couple of hours, when she found the clerks yet more uncourteous, and the flabby-faced man so highly indignant, that she felt firmly persuaded the card had never been delivered. Agnes' determination only rose, however, with the opposition she encountered. Leaving the office she walked slowly along a narrow street, or rather lane, the one side of which for many yards was made by the

blank walls of the great Stamboyse warehouses; on she sauntered, pondering upon some stratagem by means of which to beard the lion Stamboyse in his den, and raising her eyes they fell upon a name, painted in white letters, upon the entrance to a passage—"Stamboyse, *Zweiter Stock Linke Hand*." There is the nocturnal den!" ejaculated she; "now will I of a certainty achieve my object. At what hour does the *Herr Kaufman Stamboyse* sup?" asked Agnes carelessly of a woman who was just entering the passage with one of the quaintly-shaped Hamburg marketing baskets upon her arm. "Sup? *Fraulein, Kaufman Stamboyse*?" returned the woman, suddenly stopping and eyeing Agnes from head to foot, "seven o'clock certainly. *Kochin*—Seven o'clock your master sups, does he not?—There's a lady inquiring. I suppose your master is going to have visitors."

"Visitors—my master—a lady—a lady indeed—sup do you say? That's no business of yours, or of hers," screamed and scolded a remarkably harsh voice from a higher landing, and there was a sound as if a broom were most unceremoniously flung down the stairs, and a loud sound of scouring intermingled with angry ejaculations followed.

Agnes, however, had obtained the information she required, and sauntered on: she wandered through the town, now noticing the busy traffic and the many vessels lying at anchor, and the barges bearing along the many canals the merchandise from these vessels to the warehouses of the great Hamburg merchants; now amusing herself with the gay costumes of the women of the humbler class; now pondering and pondering upon her scheme, and Leonard's, and her own intermingling fates.

Half-past six found Agnes with her hand upon the bell-handle hanging beside the door of Merchant Stamboyse. The sound of the bell resounded through the ghastly passages and up the ghastly public staircase, but no one answered to its summons. Again and yet again she rang. Growing impatient, she rang a fourth time, giving a peal fit to have awakened the seven sleepers. Slowly a little sliding shutter in the door slid back, and a sour-faced old servant-woman, wrinkled like one of Denner's portraits, showed herself.

"And who is then there?" growled an old voice, in German, as ill-humoured as the face. "Oh, I see, the *Frauentzimmer*—the lady, I take it, who wanted to know when the Merchant Stamboyse ate his evening's bread. I'll have none of your impertinent inquiries!" And before Agnes could reply, the shutter was pushed violently back. Agnes, smiling at this extraordinary reception, and wondering whatever sort of a monster must be the master of this house, guarded by such a Cerberus, heard heavy footsteps ascending the stairs with slow and solemn tread. "Stamboyse!" said her heart, and involuntarily her lips felt parched and a great weakness came over her frame. A tall and powerful old man, whose grizzled locks hung in thick masses upon the collar of his coat—that blue coat of the peculiar cut so familiar to her in Leonard's descriptions of his uncle—stood before her. Out of his waistcoat pocket he took a key, and whilst he placed it in the lock Agnes read his strong countenance with a rapid glance. He had not observed her, as she stood somewhat back from the door; he might have thought her merely passing towards some other dwelling in the house.

"Mr. Stamboyse," suddenly spoke Agnes, stepping forward, and her words coming forth without reflection, for a great nervousness was upon her soul. He turned suddenly round—the light in his cold, grey eyes flashed upon her a stern lightning.

"Madam!—I have the honour—?"

"Mr. Stamboyse, I am very anxious to have an interview with you; it is upon business. I have found it next to impossible to gain admittance to you—I am here in Hamburg on purpose; when may I have a few moments'—half an hour's conversation with you?" And Agnes felt that the blood, spite of herself, rushed up to the very roots of her hair.

"Business?" slowly repeated Stamboyse, and his keen eyes perused her face—"business?—you, a young lady, with business to the Merchant Stamboyse?" Agnes imagined a shadow of satire upon his face and in his words: it stung her.

"Yes, business, sir. A woman, as I take it, may have business, sir, as well as a man; important business!" proudly, and with a certain anger in her manner, replied Agnes.

"You are, perhaps, too much of an English young lady," pursued the old merchant, "to call here at so early an hour as seven to-morrow morning. If not too early for a young lady, before I go to my very important business I can then attend to your very important business. Madam, good evening."

The old merchant had entered his door, leaving Agnes standing alone upon the landing. Was she indignant, amused, wounded? She did not know; but this she knew, that all shadow of sympathy seemed impossible between her and Leonard's uncle. "Yes, yes, how could Leonard have endured the slavery of such a master? Her very mission seemed to lose its object; what had she come for? for what did she now desire an interview? She felt as though the whole attempt were an absurd piece of stupidity. She seemed to have lost her anchorage. Who has not known such a miserable, perplexing, mortifying mood of mind? A quiet night's rest, however, had wonderfully calmed her, and at half-past five o'clock the next morning, her interview with Leonard's uncle assumed a more hopeful aspect.

When ready-dressed by six, she flung open her chamber-window, and with a joyous hope within her heart, leant out and watched the bright rays of the newly risen sun gilding the Lombard's Bruke, the masts of the various craft lying in the basin, and the groups of early holiday people passing along the broad public walks of the Alter and Neuer Jungfernstieg, for this was Ascension Day. The bells of the churches were already pleasantly sounding in the clear air, and an unusual peacefulness seemed with the early morning to arch over the busy sea-port town.

Agnes was ushered into the presence of the merchant by the cross old woman, cowed, however, it seemed to Agnes, at some command issued by her stern master, relative to this visit. She entered his presence precisely as the neighbouring church-tower tolled seven. Stamboyse was reading the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," as he sipped his coffee, wrapt in his morning-gown. The face had become harder than when she last saw him, and more than ten years seemed to have laid their stamp upon him.

"You are come, madam," said he, laying down the paper, rising, offering her a chair at the breakfast table, and perusing her countenance with a peculiar mixture of dry humour and contempt. "Bring in another cup of coffee, Martha," he pursued, addressing the old woman who lingered in the doorway, scowling and sticking out her under lip till she looked more like some corbel in a church than living, to Agnes. "I did not expect so early a lady visitor—you see—Madam, your important business—if you will favour me!"

Agnes sat for a few moments with a strange feeling of petrification creeping over her; those cold searching eyes of the old man, all the time of her silence, reading her perplexed and distressed countenance. "Now I am here," she continued suddenly, and raised her eyes, fixing them boldly upon his, "my business becomes difficult."

"Humph," remarked Stamboyse.

"Difficult, because I feel how completely you and I are guided, or rather influenced by such opposite views in life."

"What does all this lead to, madam?" growled the merchant, impatiently, taking up his paper.

"It leads, Mr. Stamboyse, to the very heart of my business."

"Heart!" growled the merchant, "of course, a young lady can only have business of the heart." And he continued to glance over his paper.

"Mr. Stamboyse," cried Agnes, starting with impatience from her chair, and stamping her foot with irrepressible irritation upon the floor, "for once listen to a woman as though she were a human being. Drop, for heaven's sake, the word young lady. I am a human being, who demand a fair and candid hearing from another human being."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THIS distinguished philosopher was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas-day (old style), 1642, precisely a year after the death of Galileo. When he was three years old, his mother married the Rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, about a mile from Woolsthorpe, and the child was placed under the care of his maternal grandmother. After receiving some slight education at two day-schools in Skillington and Stoke, in his twelfth year he was sent to the Free School at Grantham, boarding in the

fore, of spending his hours in play, he was employed in fabricating either something he had seen, or something of his own invention. Some of his productions were a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage moved by the person who occupied it. The water-clock was manufactured out of a box given to Newton by Mrs. Clark's brother. It stood about four feet high, and had the appearance of a common house-clock. The index of the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood which rose or fell by the action of dropping water. The Clark family



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

house of Mr. Clark, a respectable apothecary in the town. At this time he certainly had not the reputation of a clever boy. His position in the school did not even place him in the rank of mediocrity. He was not stimulated by the advancement of others, until an occurrence, rendered singular from its effects, aroused him from his inactivity. One day a boy, who was above him, having given him a kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered excruciating pain, Newton, in revenge, applied himself so sedulously to study, that he not only passed his assailant, but became head boy of the school. The habit of application, which he had now acquired, withheld him from ordinary boyish pleasures; instead, there-

used the clock long after the inventor had left Grantham. The active mind of Newton pursued other studies even at this time. The walls of his room were covered with charcoal drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all of which were well designed. Some of the portraits were taken from life, as those of Dr. Dorne, Mr. Stokes, the master of Grantham School, and King Charles I. He also appears to have indulged in poetry.

While drawing and poetising, the principal subject of his mind was not neglected. To the movements of the heavenly bodies he was not negligent; for aware of the imperfections of the water-clock, the hole of which being

small was likely to be stopped by impurities in the water, he thought he could make a more accurate measure of time by noticing the motion of the sun. Accordingly he traced the varying movements of this luminary on the walls and roofs of the buildings with the aid of pins, and succeeded in obtaining accurate sub-divisions of the hours and half-hours. One dial went by the name of "Isaac's dial," and was consulted by the inhabitants of the place as a public clock. When he had reached his fifteenth year, his mother imagined he might be useful in managing the farm and country business at Woolsthorpe, and from a motive of economy withdrew him from school; but she soon discovered his utter incapacity for such an occupation. She therefore decided on sending him back to Grantham school, in order to prepare for his collegiate studies at Cambridge, his uncle having discovered him in a hay-loft, or, as M. Biot says, under a hedge, working a mathematical problem. On the 5th of June, 1660, in the eighteenth year of his age, Newton was admitted into Trinity College, Cambridge, which may be considered the true birth-place of his genius. He was urged to the study of mathematics by an overpowering desire to search into the truth of judicial astrology, and he proved its folly by mathematical means. Without any preliminary study he mastered Descartes' geometry, but having omitted to go through a course of previous study, so essential as a ground-work, he expressed regret to Dr. Pemberton, that "he applied himself to the works of Descartes and other algebraic writers, before he had considered the elements of Euclid with that attention so excellent a writer deserved." Whatever opinion may be formed of his attainment at this moment, it cannot be denied that his knowledge of Dr. Wallis's "Arithmetic of Infinites," Saunderson's "Logic," and the "Optics" of Kepler, was deep and extensive; and having adopted the plan of making comments during their perusal, a proceeding of unspeakable importance to the real student of any subject, we are not surprised to learn that he outstripped the tutor who directed his studies. Very little is known of the first three years he spent at Cambridge, but in 1664, as appears from a statement of his expenses, he purchased a prism to test Descartes' theory of colours, which he found exceedingly defective. The true theory of colours at this time was but imperfectly understood, even by those who stood high in the scientific world. It may be fairly presumed that Newton had not distinguished himself by any very great discovery, or at least communicated it, as early as 1664 or 1665; inasmuch as we find him contesting the law fellowship with Mr. Robert Noedale; and their attainments being equal, Dr. Barrow conferred the fellowship on Newton's rival, in consequence of seniority. In 1665, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

His first grand discovery took place about this period, and was made public in 1666. It related to the different refrangibility of the rays of light. The prism before alluded to does not appear to have fully answered its purpose, or at all events it did not satisfy his ever eager mind. But, in 1666, he procured a triangular glass prism, to study therewith the celebrated phenomena of colours. Whatever preparation for experiment had been made by others, and whatever revelations had been made by improved artificial appliances, it is certain that ideas of no ordinary importance were maturing in the mind of Newton. He began his experiments with the triangular glass prism, by darkening his chamber, and perforating one of his window-shutters, so that a convenient quantity of the sun's light, which passed through the prism, was so refracted as to exhibit all the different colours on the wall, forming an image five times as long as it was broad. The prism made the colours stand forth thus:—Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Upon this he was much excited to ascertain whence it proceeded, and made many experiments for the purpose, from which he at length drew the grand conclusion, that light was not homogeneous, but consisted of rays, some of which were more refrangible than others. When this discovery was applied to the lens of a refracting telescope, it produced a distinctness of one

colour, while all the others were indistinct, which caused Newton to abandon all hope of improvement in that direction, and he took into consideration the principle of reflexion. When he had arrived thus far, the plague forced him to leave Cambridge and return to Woolsthorpe; but in 1668 he resumed the inquiry, having thought that highly polished metal might assist in the experiment. He constructed an instrument with the eye-glass at the side of the tube, reflecting the rays upon it by an oval plane speculum. This telescope was six inches in length, and was, as Newton himself observed, an epitome of what might be done. He had seen through it Jupiter, distinctly, with his four satellites, and also the horns of Venus, and it bears a peculiar interest as being the first reflecting one directed to the heavens. Newton contrived another, exceeding in the former utility, which was shown to the king, and is now preserved in the library of the Royal Society of London, with this inscription:—

INVENTED BY SIR ISAAC NEWTON, AND MADE WITH HIS OWN HANDS, 1671.

In 1669, on the resignation of Dr. Barrow, he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and delivered lectures on optics in the University of Cambridge in the years 1669, 1670, and 1671, containing his principal discoveries relative to light. On the 11th of January, 1671, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society, to which body he was unknown except from his telescope. He submitted himself to be "considered and examined," in a letter to Oldenburg of the 6th February, and the "solemn thanks" of the society were accorded, and the communication itself published in the transactions. That he might place himself beyond the possibility of doubt as to the refrangibility of the colours of light, he recombined white light out of the seven colours already mentioned. The astronomical discoveries of Newton even surpassed those contained in his "Opticks, or a Treatise on the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light," since they are, for the most part, the acknowledged foundation of all that is valuable in that most interesting and important science.

In 1678 the Royal Society requested his opinion on a system of physical astronomy. In answer to this, he wrote to Dr. Hooke, the successor of Oldenburg, proposing an experiment for verifying the motion of the earth, by observing whether or not bodies that fall from a considerable height descend in a vertical direction, assuming that if the earth were at rest the body would describe a vertical line, but if it revolved round its axis the body must in its fall incline towards the east. Dr. Hooke, at the instance of the society, tried an experiment in order to prove its accuracy, which, failing to establish Newton's theory, evolved another, viz., that the body would fall in a south-east direction from the point when the body began to move. The truth of this Newton admitted, and the result was a demonstration that a planet, acted upon by an attractive force varying inversely as the squares of the distances, will describe an elliptical orbit in one of whose foci the attractive force resides. This disclosed the true cause of all celestial motion; but, as yet, Newton had not completely comprehended it in its vast extent. An accident revealed this most important doctrine to a mind prepared to act upon any feasible suggestion. In June, 1682, when attending a meeting of the Royal Society, the subject for discussion was the measurement of a degree of the meridian, by M. Picard, in 1679. With fresh light upon the question which had formerly occupied his attention, he returned once more to the investigation of so pleasing an inquiry. Having been able to find the diameter of the earth with the new data thus furnished, as he proceeded, he foresaw what would ensue; and the nervous irritability so produced prevented his completing the calculation himself. It was, however, wrought out through the medium of a friend,—the discovery being, that the force of gravity which regulated the fall of bodies at the earth's surface, when diminished as the square of the moon's distance from the earth, was found to be almost exactly equal to the centrifugal force of the moon as deduced from her observed distance and velocity.

The Royal Society were very desirous that this work should be entered on the register, and solicited Newton to agree to it, on which he expressed his willingness "to enter on the register his notions about motion, and his intentions to fit them suddenly for the press." He gave the MSS. to the society, and they published the "Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy," edited by Dr. Halley. When the work was presented—Sir John Hoskins, vice-president, in the chair—a member remarked that Mr. Newton had carried the thing so far that there was nothing more to be added; to which the vice-president replied, that the method was so much more to be prized, as it was both invented and perfected at the same time.

The *Principia* consists of three books; the first and second "On the Motion of Bodies," and the third "On the System of the World." The great discovery of the work is, that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distance. From this he was able to calculate not only the weight of the same body at the surface of the sun and the planets, but even to calculate the quantity of matter in the sun and in all the planets that had satellites, and to determine the density, or specific gravity, of the matter of which they were composed. And, on the principles of gravitation, he explained the theory of the tides. Proceeding onwards in abstruse mathematical inquiry, he established the Binomial Theorem—a well-known and most useful algebraical formula. He had invented his system of fluxions prior to 1666, and in 1669 communicated it to Dr. Barrow, who wrote to Mr. Collins stating the fact. The work was eventually sent to Collins, and returned to Dr. Barrow when he had taken a copy, which was published after a careful collation with the original, with Newton's consent, fifty years after it was written. He is also the author of "Universal Arithmetic," and many treatises on the highest branches of mathematics.

On the first of January 1697, Bernoulli addressed a letter to the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe, challenging them to solve the two subjoined problems:—

1.—To determine the curve line connecting two given points which are at different distances from the horizon, and not in the same vertical line, along which a body passing by its own gravity, and beginning to move at the upper point, shall descend to the lower point in the shortest time possible.

2.—To find a curve line of this property, that the two segments of a right line from a given point through the curve, being raised to any given power, and taken together, may make everywhere the same sum.

Bernoulli allowed six months to elapse for the solution of these problems to be sent in, and at the special request of Leibnitz agreed to extend the time to twelve months. But the day after their reception by Newton, he informed Mr. Charles Montague, president of the Royal Society, that he had solved both. Three solutions were received by Bernoulli, who, notwithstanding, detected Newton's, though anonymous, "as the lion is known by his claw." The last effort in mathematics in which Newton was engaged, was the solution of the somewhat celebrated problem of Leibnitz, which the latter intended as a defiance to England. Its object was to determine the curve which should cut at right angles an infinity of curves of a given nature, but expressible by the same equation. Newton returned fatigued from the Mint and received the problem about four o'clock in the afternoon; but so far from considering it involved the difficulty supposed to be attached to it, he treated it as pastime, and solved it before going to bed.

From the time of Newton's appointment to the professorship of mathematics, to the year 1695, he resided almost constantly at Cambridge, having received a dispensation from Charles II. to continue his Fellowship at Trinity College without taking orders. When James II. issued a mandamus to the University of Cambridge to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Father Francis, a Benedictine monk, without taking the usual oaths, the University resisted such an attack upon their rights; and the Vice-Chancellor being summoned before the ecclesiastical commission for contempt,

from the decided tone adopted by Newton, he was elected one of the nine delegates appointed to defend the independence of the University. Their representation to the king had the designed effect, and he withdrew his obnoxious demand. In consequence of the successful termination of this disagreeable encounter, Newton was elected member of the Convention Parliament for the University, and sat till its dissolution. The narrowness of his income, however, was probably the cause of his limiting his residence to Cambridge.

On one occasion, while attending Divine service at chapel, a little dog, left in his study, overturned a lighted taper upon his papers and burnt them. It is reported that when he discovered the magnitude of his loss, he exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, little do you know the mischief you have done me." This fact exhibits the great control Newton possessed over his outward feelings, but it is known that his mental distress, to a certain extent, disturbed his reason. He himself observes that he did not recover his equanimity for a twelvemonth; but notwithstanding this, he was able to compose his four celebrated letters to Dr. Bentley, on the existence of a Deity, at the time the latter was to deliver the Boyle Lecture, for the vindication of the fundamental principles of natural and revealed religion. In the meantime, however, a correspondence ensued with Mr. Locke, in which Newton condemned his opinions as to innate ideas, conceiving that they struck at the root of all morality; yet, on re-considering the subject, he became convinced of their truth, and addressed an apologetic letter to Locke, dated "at the Bull, in Shoreditch, London, Sept. 16th, 1693." In 1691, we find him again occupied in making observations on the lunar theory.

When Newton was in his fifty-third year, and all Europe offering incense to his name, other members of the University, of the same standing as himself, had received lucrative appointments in church or state. It was now his turn to float with the tide of fortune, and exchange the solitude of a study for more active life. Mr. Charles Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax) was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The coin of the nation was adulterated and debased, so that a new coinage was resolved upon. Mr. Overton, the Warden of the Mint, being appointed Commissioner of Customs, Montague, in a very handsome manner, procured the post for Newton. Its value was from five to six hundred pounds per annum. His great chemical and mathematical knowledge was eminently useful in his new situation, for the re-coinage was completed in two years. In 1699, Newton was promoted to the Mastership of the Mint, worth twelve or fifteen hundred pounds per annum, which he held during the remainder of his life. He drew up an official report upon the coinage and a table of assays of foreign coins. During his Wardenship he performed his duties as professor at Cambridge, but when elected Master, Mr. Whiston was appointed deputy. Other honours followed the elevation of Newton. The Royal Academy of Sciences admitted the distinguished philosopher an associate; and Queen Anne, who was residing at Newmarket, on visiting the University of Cambridge, conferred on him the order of knighthood. He also sat as member for the University in parliament, and was for five-and-twenty years annually elected president of the Royal Society of London.

On the accession of George I. in 1714, Sir Isaac Newton was received at Court, and his conversation particularly delighted the Princess of Wales. But Leibnitz, who regarded his rival with no friendly eye, represented Newton as a materialist, endeavouring to maintain his charge by portions of his published works. This reaching the ears of the king, he requested him to reply, which he did, and with effect. The Princess of Wales was a lady of great learning, and of a highly cultivated taste. Conversing one day on some points of ancient history, Sir Isaac explained to her a new system of chronology, which he had composed at Cambridge by way "of refreshing himself with history and chronology, when he was weary with other studies."

Not only was Sir Isaac Newton a mathematician and an astronomer, but he was what is of far greater importance, a devout Christian.

ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

We English have an immeasurable advantage over the inhabitants of newly-peopled lands. We are rich in local associations—not a rock or stream, not a sunny plain or shady glen is there, but has its tale of pathos or fun, of tears or laughter, as the case may be. The grandest landscape soon wearies if there be no past connected with it. Our brethren on the other side of the water are less favoured in this respect, though America is not badly off after all.

In this country one knows not where to turn without being followed by the past. Every spot is hallowed by history or legend. For instance, near the once important, but now declining town of Knaresborough, there is a chapel cut out of the solid rock, which forms an illustration of what we have advanced. Not far from the Dropping Well, which is a wonderful curiosity in its way,—not far from where that celebrated personage, Mother Shipton, was born—stands the chapel which bears the name of St. Robert, and drawings of which accompany these remarks. The story is, that the hermit, who had

strangest murders that ever occurred—the murder of Daniel Clark by Eugene Aram. This murder took place in 1745. It seems that in this cave Clark and Aram had secreted goods and plate, of which they had conspired to defraud their neighbours. In this cave their associates met to divide their stolen property, and here Clark was murdered and buried by Aram. Some short time afterwards Aram left that part of the country, and went to live at Lynn, in Norfolk, where he was usher in a school for upwards of thirteen years. The discovery of the murder was made quite by accident. A labourer found a skeleton in a neighbouring quarry. The people of Knaresborough having long wondered what had become of Clark, supposed the skeleton might be his. A coroner being sent for, the wife of Aram, who resided in the town, and had long been deserted by her husband, was examined. Her evidence threw some suspicion on an accomplice named Houseman, and he, on his examination, having betrayed great confusion and marks of guilt, a closer investigation was made, which terminated in a



EXTERIOR OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

previously spent some years in the monasteries of Fountains and Whitby, and was afterwards abbot of New Minster, and a contemporary of King John, who gave him forty acres of land in Swinescot, was so delighted with the spot, that he set to work like a mole, and grubbed out a cell for himself. The chapel has a neatly arched roof, a gothic window and door; the ribs rest on neat pilasters. On the right-hand side are four terrific faces; in front an altar. On the floor is a hole, in which was probably placed a cross, and on the sides are two niches, long since dispossessed of their images. The length of the cell is ten feet and a half, the breadth nine, and the height seven and a half. Near the door is cut a gigantic figure, in the act of drawing his sword. This, it has been suggested, may have been designed for the genius of the saint, which, it should seem, powerfully defended the pious hermit. St. Robert was a native of York, and in the hermitage is a figure of the hermit surrounded by his books. About a mile down the river, near Grimbold-bridge, is St. Robert's Cave, the usual residence of the saint, and the scene of one of the

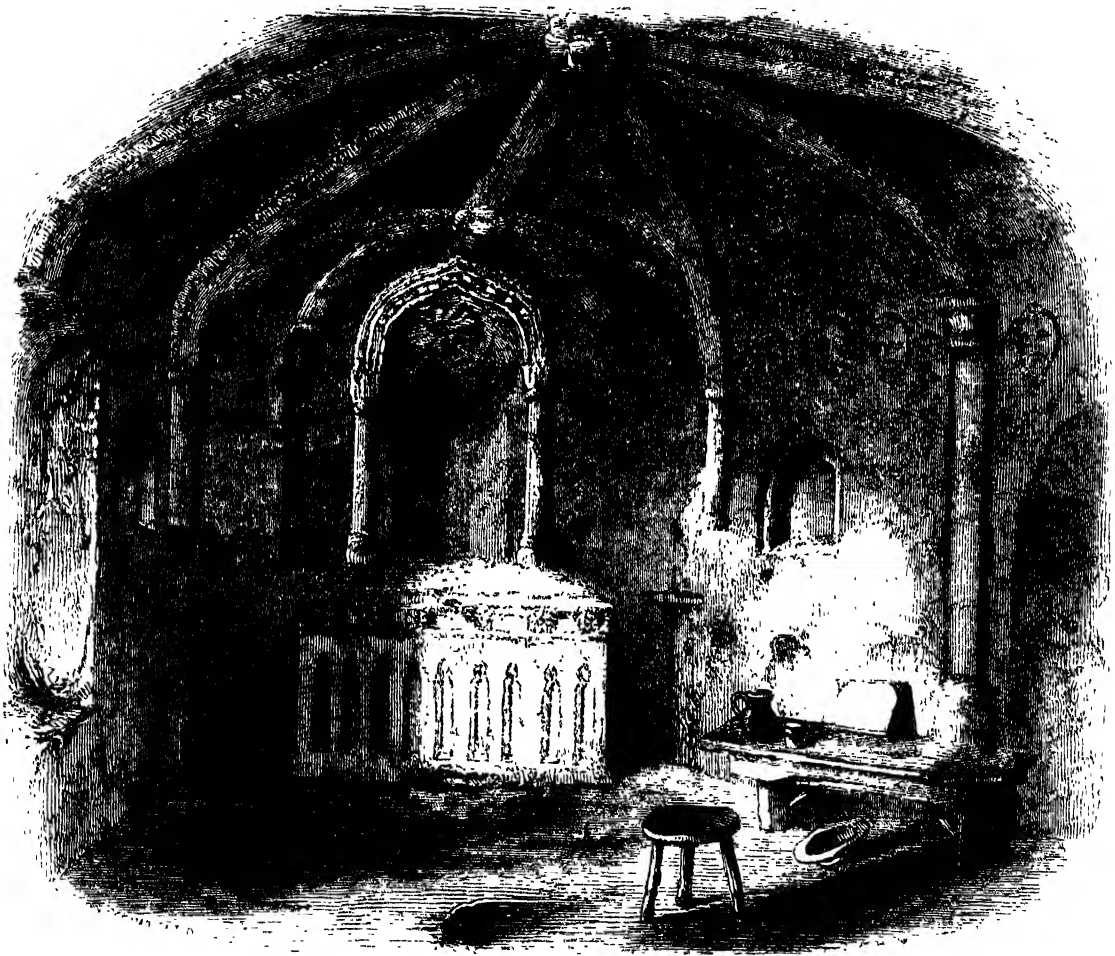
confession of his crime. Aram, having been implicated by Houseman, was apprehended and brought to York Castle, where he was tried and convicted. It is true that the legal evidence against him was extremely deficient—furnished almost entirely by an accomplice, and so scanty and suspicious that a man tried upon it at the present day would unquestionably escape conviction. But Aram confessed his guilt, though not till after his trial. He delivered a defence so admirable for its ingenuity, and so replete with erudition and antiquarian knowledge, that it astonished the whole court. He attempted to prevent his execution by suicide, in which he succeeded so far as to be brought to the scaffold almost in a state of insensibility. Sir Lytton Bulwer throws a doubt upon the guilt of Aram; we, however, cannot question it. His confession sets that matter at rest; and if Aram's tale be true, it was his wife that urged him to the commission of so foul a deed. He is described as very charitable and humane in general.

Aram was a self-taught man; his devotion to learning was

the one absorbing passion of his life. According to his own account, drawn up at the request of the clergyman who attended him after his condemnation, he was born at Ramskill, a little village in Netherdale, 1704. At the age of sixteen he went to Newby. "It was here," he says, "my propensity for literature first appeared, for being always of a solitary disposition and fond of books, I enjoyed here all the repose and opportunity I could wish. My study at that time was engaged in the mathematics; I know not what my acquisitions were, but I am certain my application was at once unwearied and intense. I found in my father's library there, which contained a great number of books in most branches—"Kersey's Algebra," "Leyburn's Cursus Mathematicus," "Ward's Young Mathematician's Guide," and a great many more; but these being the

tion of a comparative lexicon. He had made preparations for that purpose. He had investigated the Celtic as far as possible in all its dialects, and had made comparisons between that and the English, the Latin, the Greek, and even the Hebrew. He had made notes and compared above 3,000 of these words together. But this was not to be—the dream was to remain a dream. Punishment was tracking, though tardily, the steps of the criminal, and at last brought him to the prison and gallows, instead of a niche in the temple of fame.

It is no wonder that the author of "Caleb Williams" should have stated that he always had thought the tale of Eugene Aram peculiarly adapted for fiction, and that he more than once entertained the notion of making it the foundation of a tale; or that, in our own time, it should have formed as



INTERIOR OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL

books with which I was ever most conversant, I remember them the better. I was even then equal to the management of quadratic equations and their geometrical constructions." At one time it was intended that Aram should be sent to London; however, he remained in the country, where he began to teach, and got married. This last step Aram ever regretted. He says, "the misconduct of the wife which that place afforded me has procured me this place, this prosecution, this infamy, and this sentence." Though married, Aram's assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge seems to have been as great as ever. He turned his attention to the classics: he read all the Latin classics; he then went to the Greek Testament, and afterwards mastered Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Herodotus, Thucydides, and all the Greek tragedians. Aram was also equally attached to the study of botany. One of his schemes was the forma-

drama and as novel the subject of Sir Bulwer Lytton's artistic pen.

In his preface Sir Bulwer Lytton gives us additional particulars respecting Eugene Aram. He says: "It so happened that during Aram's residence at Lynn, his reputation for learning had attracted the notice of my grandfather—a country gentleman living in the same county, and of more intelligence and accomplishments than at that day usually characterised his class. Aram frequently visited at Heydon (my grandfather's house), and gave lessons, probably in no very elevated branches of erudition, to the younger members of the family. This I chanced to hear when I was on a visit in Norfolk, some two years before this novel was published, and it tended to increase the interest with which I had previously speculated on the phenomena of a trial which, taken altogether, is

perhaps the most remarkable in the register of British crime. I endeavoured to collect such anecdotes of Aram's life and manners as tradition and hearsay still kept afloat; these *anecdotes were so far uniform that they all concurred in representing him as a person who, till the detection of the crime for which he was sentenced, appeared of the mildest character and most unexceptionable morals. An invariable gentleness and patience in his mode of tuition—qualities then very uncommon at schools—had made him so beloved by his pupils at Lynn, that in after-life there was scarcely one of them who did not persist in the belief of his innocence. His personal and moral qualities, as described in these pages, are such as were related to me by persons who had heard him described by his contemporaries—the calm, benign countenance—the delicate health—the thoughtful stoop—the noiseless step—the custom, not uncommon with scholars and absent men, of muttering to himself—a singular eloquence in conversation, when once roused from silence—an active tenderness and charity to the poor, with whom he was ready to share his own scanty means—an apparent disregard for money, except when employed in the purchase of books—an utter indifference to the ambition usually accompanying self-taught talent, whether to better the condition or to increase the repute; these, and other features portrayed in the novel, are, as far as I can rely on my information, faithful to the features of the original.*"

St. Robert may be forgotten, but Eugene Aram must

live, for genius has immortalised his name. The reader of Hood will remember the picture of the usher,

"Who sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.

His hat was off—his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his look,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned upon his hand and read
The Book between his knees;

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book,
In the golden eventide.
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed;

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp,
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp.
'O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a hasp!'"

All this at times Aram must have felt—at times more than this must have fired his brain; for our crimes walk with us as shadows, blotting out the aim of life, rendering all dark and drear.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

WHEN Roberto Recanati entered the chamber, the council had but just commenced their deliberations. Charts and military plans were spread out upon the table, to one of which Zeno was pointing, tracing along it some of the military operations which he advocated, and urgently enforcing his views. As the condottiere leader advanced up the room, all eyes were turned towards him, and a general feeling of surprise was manifested by the council. Zeno at once rose, and addressing the council said,—

"So please your highness, and you, excellent signori, I have in this sudden emergency taken upon myself the responsibility of inviting this valiant captain, Sir Roberto di Recanati to attend upon you here to-night—the shortness of the time precluded my consulting the council. Knowing, as I do, his great knowledge and skill in war, and being well certified, moreover, of his intimate acquaintance with the condition and resources of the enemy, I doubt not that he can render you much useful information. I am bound, too, to believe that the fidelity and allegiance which he owes to our signory, while receiving her pay, will induce him to place his information at your service, and that the honour of a soldier and a knight will forbid his using to your disadvantage aught that he shall see or hear whilst amongst us."

As Zeno pronounced these words—which he did with an emphasis, slight indeed, yet perceived by him for whom it was intended—he fixed his eyes upon the face of the condottiere. Whatever might have been the impression which his observations made upon the latter, his pale face gave no external manifestation, and he noticed them no farther than by a mute inclination of the head, which might equally imply an assent to the statement, or an acknowledgment of the compliment which he was justified in considering they were meant to convey.

When Zeno had concluded he looked to the doge, expecting from him, as the president, some expression of the feeling of the council in relation to what he had done. Contarini, however, cast an uneasy and inquiring glance at his neighbour in black; the latter understood him perfectly and said,

"Your highness would know the opinion of those whose duty it is to give you their respectful advice on all occasions."

"Assuredly," said the doge, "I was about to ask it.—Proceed signore."

"The noble Zeno has certainly acted with the boldness and promptitude of a soldier, but—"

The wily member of the *Neri* in his turn now paused, while with a rapid glance he collected the feelings of the rest of the council. The noble and ingenuous features of Pisani expressed his cordial approval of what his brother in arms had done, and the countenances of the other senators were too well schooled to express their thoughts, at all events the most acute eye could not collect from them any sentiment of dissent, so the speaker continued—

"But that he has acted with his usual prudence, may, perhaps, be questioned—still knowing his wisdom, and taking the emergency into account, I would humbly advise your highness's superior judgment, that you should now sanction what the general has done."

"Your advice entirely accords with our own view of the matter. We invite Roberto di Recanati as a true and faithful captain, now in the service of our most serene republic, to assist at these our deliberations. How say ye, signors?"

A general assent was implied by the mute motions of the members, and, at a signal from the doge, Recanati, who had awaited the result with the same pale face and imperturbable deportment which ever distinguished him, quietly took the seat at the council board that was indicated to him. Zeno now continued the observations which the entrance of Recanati had interrupted.

"I was endeavouring to explain to your highness and the council the reasons which I consider justify the course I have urged upon the signory. To precipitate an engagement with the enemy at this moment would, I hold, be as unwise as it is unnecessary. What says the admiral?"

"In my judgment," said Pisani, "our safest policy is to block up every entrance to Chioggia from the Adriatic; by that means we shall as effectually keep the Genoese fleet within, as we shall prevent any succour being rendered to them from without."

"Yet in the meantime," interposed the member of the Council of Ten, "we should not forget the dangers of lengthening the campaign. The hazards and fluctuations of a blockade are numerous, and such as no foresight can provide against. A thousand of those accidents, which we see happening every day in warfare, may relieve the town, and suffer the enemy to recover from their panic and gain courage to act on the offensive. I much doubt the wisdom of deferring more active measures on the part of the republic."

"Besides," said one of the senators, "the ardour of our

troops is likely to abate by continued inaction. We should take warning by the fate of the Genoese admiral: he, too, pursued the course which our noble Zeno now recommends, happily, perhaps, for Venice, though disastrous for himself."

The spirit of the Venetian general was roused by this insinuation, and he replied warmly—

"Messires, I square not my own conduct by that of Doria, whom, nevertheless, I honour as a brave man; nor will I have the issue of our manœuvres judged by that of the Genoese. I know the troops whom I command and the country which we occupy, and I stake my reputation—my life, if need be—on the safety of my views."

"Nevertheless," said another of the senate, "assuming that our noble general is right, delay will still be productive of grave dangers. Our state is at present much exhausted; our treasury can ill support the increased expenses that this protracted state of inaction will occasion."

"My own revenues, as well as those of every good citizen, are ready to replenish it to the last crown we are worth," said Zeno.

"The troops are already becoming dissatisfied."

"What troops?" demanded Zeno; "not the land forces of the republic? Noble Pisani, do you so report of the mariners under your command?"

"They have shown no dissatisfaction," said Pisani.

"Sir Captain, what sayest thou as to the foreign troops in the service of the state? Thou canst best inform us."

Recanati for a moment looked up at Zeno, as if his quick, restless glance would read his very soul; he then cast down his eyes and replied—

"As the general has appealed to me, I am bound in candour to state, that I have heard some murmurs of discontent."

"And wherefore, I pray you, Sir Captain? Did not the mercenaries receive their full pay?—nay, did they not receive an increase?"

"It is even so," said Recanati.

"Have they been exposed to an undue share of the toils of the campaign?"

"The troops that follow me to the field," said Recanati, haughtily, "never shrink from the foremost place, or murmur at the hardest labour. They love action best, and count war their occupation."

"'Tis well," replied Zeno. "Say, then, dost thou counsel a blockade or a battle?"

The wily and sagacious condottiere at once felt the difficulty of the position in which the interrogatory of Zeno placed him, and he paused to consider his answer. On the one hand, an immediate attack upon the Genoese would, he felt, at once put an end to the schemes for self-aggrandizement which he had formed, and interrupt his secret negotiations with the enemy, to reduce whom to the greatest straits was his securest policy: on the other hand, it was almost as important for him to thwart the measures of the general, and to bring him into disrepute; and his own experience and judgment told him that the views of Zeno were sound and would ultimately lead to a successful issue. These calculations passed rapidly through his mind, and he decided that to protract the campaign was, upon the whole, most advantageous for his interest. Turning from Zeno, he addressed his answer to the doge—

"So please your highness, as his excellency the general has thought fit to seek the opinion of one so humble as myself, I am disposed to say that it is safest to follow the guidance of the person to whom the State has committed the command of its armies, and whom she will doubtless hold responsible for the results of the war."

"It is well said," observed the doge, "still are we content in some sort to share the responsibility of our noble general, by guiding him with our counsels; and in this matter now in debate, we doubt the soundness of his judgment, and are disposed to control him by our own."

The doge looked around him, and met the approving looks of many of the senators. In truth, the luxurious grandees of

Venice were heartily sick of the fatigues and tedium of the lengthened campaign, totally unused to the confinement which for many months they had now endured, either in the close apartments at the fort or the narrow limits of ship-board, they sighed in secret for the luxuries of their palaces, and were contented to terminate the war at any hazard. Zeno quickly perceived that the majority of the council were disposed to frustrate his plans, and he, at once, decided on boldly resisting the council with the whole weight of his personal authority.

"Messires," said he, "I have received with respect and thankfulness the advice which you have afforded me. The most serene republic, in appointing me generalissimo, has indeed cast upon me the responsibility of acting in this war; I shall neither shrink from that responsibility nor yield up the right of independent action until the State shall see fit to resume the command with which she has invested me."

This bold speech of the General's was not very palatable to those to whom it was addressed; the civilians looked at each other, and at length the member of the Council of Ten said—

"Your excellency will, however, remember that it has seemed good to the State of Venice, that her highest magistrate and members of this Council of Ten should be personally present at the operations. Methinks that their sentiments, upon the present emergency, may be well deemed 'the reason of the State' itself."

"As members of the State sage and exalted, their opinions are entitled to profound attention; nevertheless, I am bound by a higher duty, as the servant of the State, to do that which I believe to be most conducive to her interests. As I find my own judgment confirmed by the voices of those present who are most conversant with military affairs, I shall act upon it with confidence and determination. Suffer me now to retire as I have duties to attend to ere I rest to-night."

Zeno rose to depart, and no one ventured to interfere with his determination. There is something in the attitude of a man who is at once honest and self-reliant that is not easily over-borne. Indeed, the suddenness with which he acted and the premeditation with which he announced his decision took all present by surprise. In addition, those who would have willingly opposed him felt that they were in no position to do so; and that if they could even insist on precipitating an engagement with the enemy, and that the result should be disastrous, they would be unable to justify their conduct, and thus risk their own lives. Recanati, too, rose and prepared to leave the apartment. As they passed out into the open air, Zeno laid his hand on the shoulder of the condottiere, and said to him impressingly—

"Signor capitano, I rely on your best exertions to suppress all discontent among the mercenaries under your command. As you well said, he who has the command of soldiery is responsible, I would have a word or two with you at my quarters ere we separate for the night, touching this matter."

"I may not attend you just now," replied Recanati; "my duty calls me elsewhere. I keep the western redoubt to-night. To-morrow I shall attend you as early as you will."

"To-night, signore, if it please you," repeated Zeno. "As to your watch at the redoubt to night, content yourself on that score. I shall take care that the place is guarded vigilantly, so that the republic shall suffer no detriment by your absence. Let us on, signor capitano."

Despite of all his self-control, the thin lips of the condottiere quivered, and his eye glittered angrily as he heard the words of Zeno and marked the cold and almost sneering tone in which he had spoken. Still there was nothing in his language to assure Recanati that he entertained any suspicion of him, much less that he had any actual proofs of his secret commerce with the enemy. He, therefore, felt that his only course was to comply with a request that was in truth a command, and bowing silently he accompanied the commander to his apartment. What was the subject of their conference, it is not necessary for us to inquire. It will be sufficient to state that it was some hours past midnight ere Roberto di Recanati left the quarters of Zeno to return to his own.

MOSSSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

CLUB-MOSSES AND LIVERWORTS.

CHAPTER III.

THE manner in which a connected chain appears to be kept up between the different families of created beings, animate, and inanimate, which inhabit this earth, is a circumstance so remarkable, that few thinking minds can have failed to observe it. There are, indeed, distinctive marks which separate race from race, but there are also distinctive resemblances which unite them, linking one to another in a regular gradation from the highest to the lowest. Thus we find it among

next, both above and below it in the scale of creation, it is not easy, when we speak of *allied* tribes, to know exactly where to draw a line, which to take, and which to leave. We have spoken of mosses and lichens as in close affinity to each other, and we must now name two other tribes which claim relationship with them both, one of them standing higher, the other lower in the scale.

The first of these, the Club-Mosses, or *Lycopodiaceæ*, "pre-



Fig. 1. *Lycopodium elevatum*—Wolf's-claw, or Stag's-horn moss.

plants; we descend step by step from the mighty cedar which stretches out its arms in Lebanon, to the mildew which overspreads a mouldy crust; and although, on comparing these two objects, we find little of similarity between them, yet in each step of our descent we invariably perceive a something which connects the one with the other, and discover no break in the chain, no step which does not lead to the next, until we find ourselves at the outer limits of vegetable organisation.

One order being thus allied to another, one class to the

cede" the mosses, and form the link between them and the ferns. The second, the "Scale-mosses" and "Liverworts," or *Hepaticeæ*, follow the mosses, and unite them in brotherhood with both the Lichens and the Algae; there being species in this tribe which partake largely of the nature and structure of both those orders.

The organisation of the *Lycopodiaceæ*, or club-mosses, will be found well worthy the attention of those who delight in looking into the minutiae of creation, and desire to find subjects

for praise and adoration of the Great Creator in the works which he has made. The order contains but two families, the club-mosses and the *Isaeteæ*, or Quill-Worts.

The Club-Mosses have a tough, persistent stem, beset with hard short leaves. There are no veins in their leaves, which are, however, furnished with large stomata, or apertures in the cuticle, for the admission of air to the cellular tissue of the plant, and are for the most part narrow and taper-pointed. The stems are frequently twelve or thirteen feet in length, and in some species raise themselves into an erect position and become woody; thus approximating to the character of some Coniferæ. In the coal strata are found some curious fossilised remains of gigantic Lycopodiaceæ, which are called *Lepidodendra*, or scaly trees, from the mode of the arrangement of their leaves. These seem to establish the connection between the

is endued with a curious inflammable property, and is used in making the Chaldee fire, and has also been employed in making artificial lightning at the theatres.

Lycopodium clavatum (fig. 1), the "Wolf's-claw" or "Stag's-horn Moss," is the only species that can be said to be common in England, but that may be found on most elevated moors and heaths. It is found on Hampstead and Hounslow Heaths, and in other London localities. In Wales, Scotland, and the lake countries, and in other mountainous districts, it is abundant, but in Ireland less frequent. The roots of this species are not deeply infixed into the earth, but they run matting themselves together just under the surface, serving thus to bind the soil, and prevent it from crumbling away. The stem is prostrate, frequently branched; the branches slightly raised at first, and then becoming procumbent; these branches thus run sometimes for ten or twelve yards from a centre. The branches are covered with narrow, flat, smooth

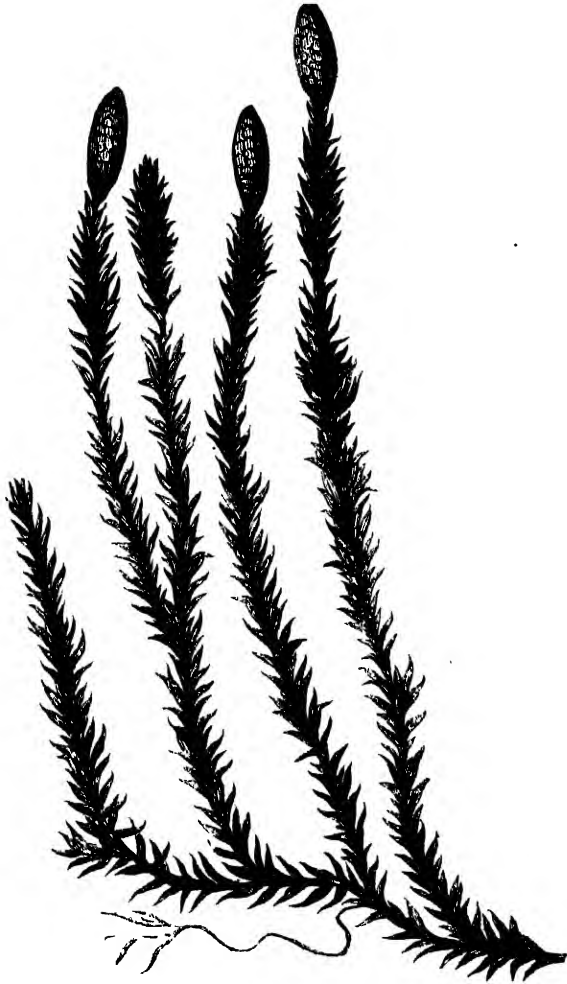


Fig. 2. *Lycopodium Annotinum*—Interrupted Club-moss.

two groups—the Club-Mosses and the Coniferæ. The fructification of this group consists of a short spike, formed by a prolongation of the branch, round which are clustered a number of two-valved capsules. These are sometimes of two kinds; one containing a mass of fine powdery granules, the other, including only three or four roundish, fleshy bodies, of very much larger size than the granules. Both these kinds of capsule lie among the hair-pointed leaves of the head, one in the bosom of each leaf, and inclosed in pale yellow cases. Whether both these kinds, the powder and the spores, have alike the power of reproducing their species seems as yet not to be determined, and botanists differ as to which of them is to be considered as the seed. Lindley tells us, that the larger bodies are the reproducing organs; Decandolle thinks that the one fertilises the other; but nothing seems clearly ascertained on the subject. It is certain, however, that the powder



Fig. 3. Spiral Filaments, or Elaters of *Hepaticæ*.

leaves, the edges of which are slightly toothed and hair-tipped. These leaves do not fall off, but are evergreen and persistent. When about to form fruit there are thrown out from various parts of the branches spikes clothed with leaves, longer, narrower, and of a paler green than those which beset the original stem; these branches are crowned with pale sulphur-coloured heads, something like catkins, usually two on each stem in pairs, but in some cases three will start from the same point. On these spikes are the two kinds of fruit which we have described. The capsules which contain them are in this species kidney-shaped, perfectly sessile, and situated at the base of the bracts. Each is two-valved, and full of either spores or powder.

Lycopodium annotinum, the "Interrupted Club-Moss" (fig. 2), is another very interesting species of this genus, of rare occurrence in the British Isles, but common in Norway, Sweden, and in North America. The roots of this species are tough,



Fig. 4. Gemmæ.

wiry, and tortuous, the stem creeping, very strong, and with a deeply-indented and striped surface. It sends out at intervals branches from one to three or four inches apart, in an erect position; these increase annually, the growth of each year being marked by the altered length and direction of the leaves. These upright branches sometimes divide again, and when fertile, which is not always the case, the spike is usually on the sixth or seventh joint of the branch. When mature, the branches become prone, throw out roots, and send up erect branches as before. The branches are clothed throughout with linear, leaves very acutely pointed, and with minute serratures at the edges. The front spike is oblong, and seated on the point of the branch in this species, being entirely devoid of the peduncle or foot-stalk on which the spike of *L. clavatum* is elevated. The leaves, or bracts, in the spikes are nearly round, yet pointed at the apex, and in the axil of

each is placed a large conspicuous veniform capsule, which, when ripe, opens transversely, and sheds numerous minute sulphur-coloured seeds.

Lycopodium Alpinum, the "Savin-leaved Club-Moss," is more common than the last-named species; it is a pretty plant, its foliage of a brighter green than any other of its congeners, and in summer the young shoots have a blue tint. After the escape of the seeds, the spikes bend into a semicircular form, and the bracts become reflexed. Sir W. Hooker tells us that it is much used in Iceland as a dye for woollen cloths. He says, "a vast heap of *Lycopodium Alpinum*, lying before the priest's house, drew my attention, and on inquiring, I found that it was used for the purpose of giving their wadmal a yellow dye, which is done by merely boiling the cloth in water with a quantity of the *Lycopodium*, and some leaves of *Vaccinium uliginosum* (the Bog Whortleberry). The colour imparted by this process, to judge from some cloth shown me, was a pale and pleasant, though not a brilliant, yellow." Wadmal is the woollen cloth usually worn by the Icelanders. Sir W. Hooker tells us that this species of Club-Moss is the badge of the Clan Macrae.

The "Marsh Club-Moss" (*L. inundatum*) is a rather insignificant species which springs up on heaths and commons, especially where the turf has been pared; and neither that nor the "Prickly Club-Moss" (*L. selaginoides*) must receive much of our attention, though of the latter we must just notice that this species produces the double sort of fructification which we have named in our account of *L. clavatum*. The upper capsules contain the minute pollen-like granules, the lower larger grains almost equal in size to the seeds of some flowering plants.

The "Fir Club-Moss" (*L. selago*) is the last species on our list. This ascends the summits of our highest mountains, and is also found on the level of the sea. It has been considered as possessing many extraordinary medical properties, but seems an unsafe remedy to meddle with, as, if too much is used, it induces convulsions. There is a curious species of *Lycopodium* mentioned by Dr. Carpenter as inhabiting Peru, which he says is liable to be entirely dried up when deprived of water for some time. "It then folds in its leaves and contracts its roots, so as to form a ball, which, apparently quite devoid of animation, is driven about hither and thither by the wind. As soon, however, as it reaches a moist situation, it sends down its roots into the soil, and unfolds to the atmosphere its leaves, which, from a dingy brown, speedily change to the bright green of active vegetation."

The "Quill-Wort" (*Isotria medeoloides*) is the only other genus comprised under the order Lycopodiaceae. This is a little plant confined to mountain lakes, and there is but one species in the genus. It has a tuberous root about the size of a hazel-nut, from which depend tubular white fibres; the leaves are also tubular and rise from the point of the root without any foot-stalk. They are of a bright green, and very brittle. The fruit is very curious, consisting of capsules about the size of swan-shot, imbedded in the very substance of the base of each leaf. Newman says, the Quill-Wort "clothes the bottoms of deep and still waters with a perennial verdure." It is found in the little lakes which abound among the Snowdon range. It is said that Billenius waded into the waters of Llanberis to get it, and Newman glories in the fun of his exploit. "The imagination of a botanist," says he, "delights to picture the Sherardian professor in this interesting situation: his shoes with their enormous silver buckles, and his grey-ribbed hose, are seen reposing on the strand; his important bag-wig, and his formidable military hat sharply looped on three several sides, adorn his learned head; the ample skirts of his coat are gathered on one arm, whilst the other grasps his gold-headed cane wherewith to uproot the brittle *Calamaria*." Surely the nymphs and naiads of the lake must have been a little surprised at such an intrusion on their watery pastures!

Such is the structure and character of the tribe which appears to connect the mosses with the ferns.

The Liverworts, of which we have next to give some account, come lower in the scale of organisation; they are much varied

in size, appearance, and structure, and some of them are of exceeding beauty. They muster under their banner some genera which closely resemble true mosses; others which are nearer the structure of lichens, and again others which link them with the Alga, Jungermanniae, Marchantiae, Trigonieae, and a few other less noticeable genera, are all of this tribe; but they differ so widely from each other that we shall scarcely from their appearance be led to place them in the same order. The similarity of their organs of fructification shows, however, that they must all be considered as belonging to the order Hepaticae, and we proceed to give a brief notice of a few of the most interesting genera.

The *Jungermanniae*, or Scale-Mosses, so named from Louis Jungermann, a German botanist, are of a very peculiar and exquisitely delicate structure. The whole substance of the plant is loosely cellular, so much so that, although most of the species are exceedingly minute, the beautiful reticulation of the leaves may often be detected by the naked eye. The herbage consists of a variously dilated frond, frequently naked, but more often covered with small leaf-like appendages. These are often divided, but never truly nerved, and might more properly be considered as dilations of the frond.

The Scale-Mosses may be considered as divided into two classes: the foliaceous, or those which have the appearance of separate leaves; and the frondose, or those which consist of lobed fronds or thalli.

The former of these divisions is composed of minute plants, which by an unaccustomed eye might be taken for true mosses, amongst which, in many instances, they are found growing. These are widely spread over the ground on banks and trunks of trees, or other positions, in shady woods; some are found on moist Alpine moors, frequenting the beds of torrents, or growing in boggy places, along the edges of springs, or rivulets, whilst we find some species spread out on clay and exposed heaths, exhibiting their pretty purple or bronze foliage where nothing else will grow.

The second, or frondose, division of this tribe is chiefly confined to semi-aquatic positions: they are larger, their leafy parts, or fronds, are thicker, broader, and of a different texture from the foliaceous kinds, and some of them are slimy to the touch; but there are one or two of this division, namely, the "Forked," and the "Downy Scale-Mosses," which grow on stones, trunks of trees, and on shady limestone rocks.

The fruit of this genus is a theca or capsule which rises from a tubular leaf or cluster of leaves called the Perichætium, and is usually borne on a seta or fruit stalk. The theca lies involved in this protecting sheath until it is mature enough to make its appearance in the world; the perichætium then opens at the top, and the little theca, unlike the modest little mosses which never lift their young heads to the light without the covering of their calyptra or veil, suddenly starts up, leaving that organ attached to the point at which it originally grew, and displays itself unveiled to the eye which may be sharp enough to detect its diminutive beauties. This theca is four-valved, in shape much like those of mosses, but it has no lid, and no central column round which the spores assemble; instead of this it is furnished with some very curious spiral filaments with which the spores are associated (fig. 3). It is in the possession of these spring-like organs alone that the different families which class under the general name of Hepaticae resemble each other, but these are common to the Jungermanniae, the Marchantiae, and all the rest of the genera which the order comprises. These organs consist of double spiral threads, somewhat like the tracheae or spiral air-vessels in plants, only more elastic. They are contained in the same case with the spores and curled up among them, and when the capsule is mature, spring up with a sudden jerk like a jack-in-a-box, and scatter the spores which are around them in all directions. So sensitive are these elaters that even breathing on them will set them in motion after the spores have escaped. The Scale-Mosses chiefly differ from true mosses in the permanent attachment of the calyptra of which we spoke above, and in having no lid or operculum, and no columella. The tubular form of the sheath and the presence of the spiral

filaments, just described, constitute the other distinguishing features of the genus. Besides the normal fructification the *Jungermannia* possess a second kind of reproductive organ by means of which the species are often propagated; these are

called *gemmae*, and consist of minute roundish, or oblong bodies, variously situated, sometimes in the axil of the leaf, at others on its margin, and clustered together in the form of little bells. (Fig. 4.)

FLITTING.

THE above is a term with which we believe our English readers are not generally familiar. In fact, we have little doubt that to some of them it will prove quite incomprehensible. As nothing, however, tends so much (as logicians say, and they ought to know) to hinder in the search after truth, as the want of a clear understanding of the meaning of terms and phrases, and as nothing so well promotes the profit and pleasure of all discussions as a few accurate definitions at the beginning, we shall in the present instance premise by saying that "flitting," in Scotland and the north of England, means removing. To be still more explicit, we may add, that by removing we do not mean that simple process by which a British subject, whether at the bidding of a public functionary, or of his own free will, transfers his presence from one locality to another. The term is of far wider signification. It implies the migration of a household with its lares and penates, its stuffs, goods, furniture, and appurtenances, and all the members of it, from one residence to another, with all the noise, and confusion, and discomfort, and bad temper, and complaints, and regrets consequent thereupon,—the breaking up of a thousand old associations, the forced severance of many ties of long standing, the destruction of cherished habits, the separation from old, dear, and familiar friends and scenes, and all the annoyance consequent upon the process of accustoming yourself to the altered circumstances of your new situation.

We are not so simple as to suppose that the favourites of fortune know anything about these things. There is nothing belonging to noble lords and ladies which is not a possession of long continuance. They know nothing about any changes except changes of ministry, and their birdlike flight from town to country and country to town as the changeful seasons roll. And in this nothing accompanies them but their maids, valets, and carriages. There is no bustle, no hurry, no confusion. The country house is there just as it was in the days of their ancestors, or it may be as it was in the days of the unhappy Charles the First. There are there no changes except such as time has worked. That house and that furniture have stood as they are for centuries, and they will continue to stand, the present proprietor is proud to think, till a hundred generations shall have passed away. And the town house, too, is, very likely, his own, or he has a lease of it; while grass grows and water runs, he never moves; the owner of his title always lived there, and will always continue to live there.

It is the middle and lower classes who are best acquainted with the miseries of flitting. They are the rolling boulders that are swept hither and thither by the great waves of the sea of life, battered, smoothened, and rounded; while the great rocks stand fast for ever, and look down on the tumult at their base in calm and indifference. It is for their benefit that we are so often informed of the fact, that "This House," or "This Desirable Residence," is to be let; that so many columns of the *Times* are every morning filled with allusions to "detached," or "semi detached villas," with so many bed-rooms and so many sitting-rooms, and an unlimited supply of gas and water, in "an undeniable situation," where omnibuses pass every five minutes to the Bank and all parts of London. It is for them that green-grocers fasten up notices on their door-posts that they are possessors of spring vans, and that they have come to the determination of removing goods or furniture to any part of town or country with care and expedition. It is for them that house agents live and move, and keep long lists of dwelling-places suitable to families of respectability.

All these things are doubtless useful, in fact, indispensable in their way. They are necessary to our comfort and well-being, and yet how many of them owe their existence to our infirmities and misfortunes solely. Of the many thousand flittings which take place in this metropolis every year, a very large percentage—we will not say *how* large, lest our veracity should be called in question—are the consequences of our whims, caprices, and calamities, and, must we say, our wickednesses. You know a stockbroker, who seeks refuge from bulls and bears, and prices current, the rise and fall of funds, and war's alarms, in a snug little retreat at Highgate, from which he issues with a blue bag and a smiling face, precisely at eight o'clock every morning. He invites you out to dine with him, and you find everything *comme il faut*; the lady hostess a pleasant and agreeable person, a charming partner of the worthy broker's joys and sorrows; the table appointments excellent, the cookery unexceptionable, the wine *recherché*, the furniture costly and tasteful, the look-out faultless, the garden neat, and you are informed the rent is moderate. You feel assured that the broker is a happy man, and on your way home come to the conclusion that stockbroking is not a bad business, and almost wish you had gone into it yourself. There he is, blessed with a moderate competency, and living inside his means. You feel assured that he is to be envied.

In another year you inquire after him, and where is he? Alas, you find him in the west-end in a very stylish abode, which you know right well he can't afford to pay for; the furniture that looked so well before now looks shabby, and the lady who did the honours so gracefully at Highgate, is like a fish out of water in the mansion at Belgravia. Upon inquiry, you find, that the canker of ambition had seized upon her, as it did upon Julius Cæsar, and upon Wallenstein, and that all the charms of her first residence faded in her eyes, and she insisted upon flitting. Yet a little while and your broker has flitted again—but it is this time to Camden, where he lives in a small house, and lets his first floor, and gets two pounds a-week, and a good deal of abuse as a clerk in the city. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

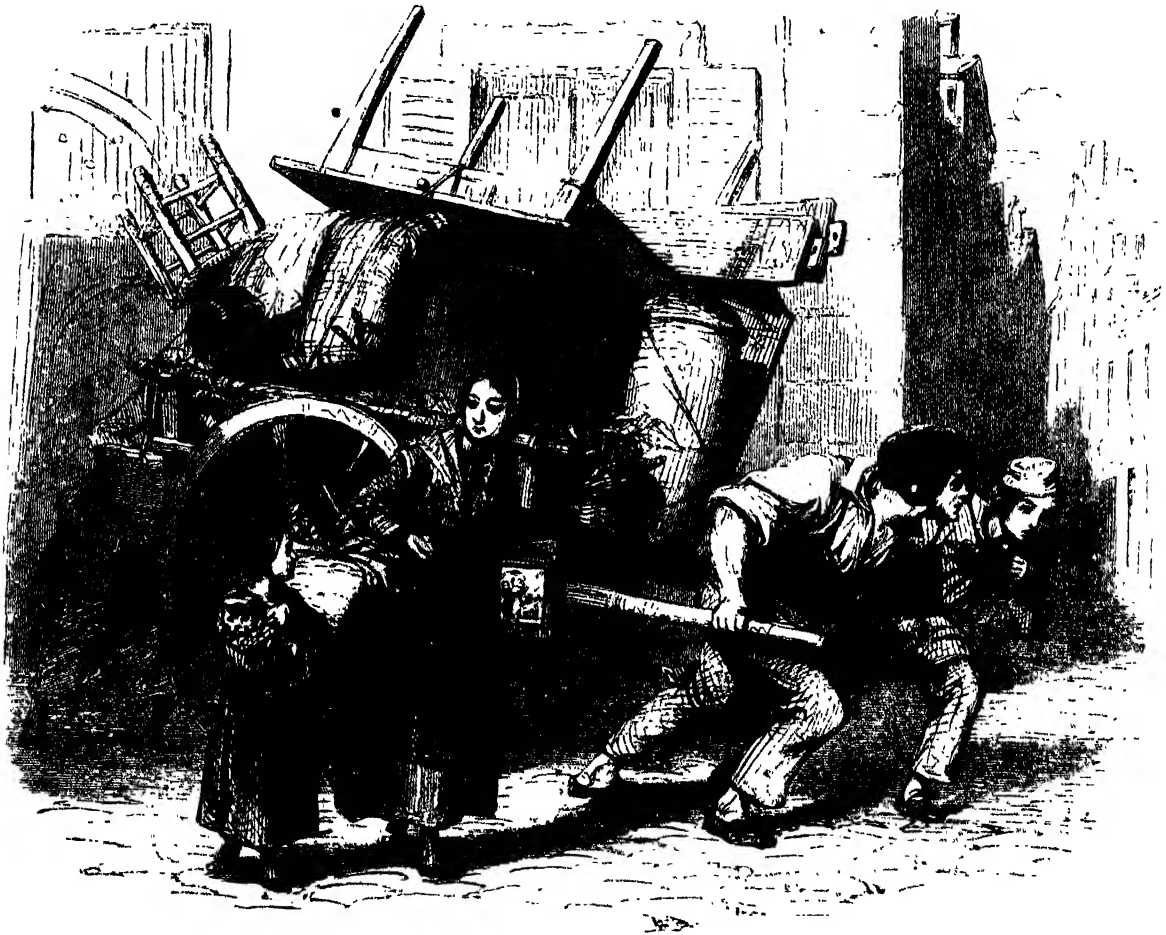
Perhaps you are yourself a shopkeeper, at, say Kensington, or Brompton, or Chelsea,—if you are not, don't be offended. We merely suppose that you are, for the sake of argument. There are great numbers of houses in your neighbourhood to be let: you wish there were not so many, for your own sake. Suddenly one of them is taken. You see loads of upholstery stopping at the door. You feel assured it is being furnished regardless of expense. Then a day or two afterwards the family take possession, and the daughters of the house, accompanied by mamma, are seen taking their drives in a showy equipage. They stop at all the shops in the neighbourhood, and shower their orders, like the rain from heaven, upon the just and the unjust. Very likely you are one of the favoured many. You are in the haberdashery line, and you do your own shopwalking in a white neckcloth, which of itself is sufficient to guarantee your respectability—so stiff, so irreproachable, is its tic. You are all smiles and courtesy to those who enter; ready, if desired, to prostrate yourself on your face, and suffer your neck to be trodden on by the fairy feet of your fair customers when entering; and not by any means as fierce as a tiger or insolent as a hyena when they go out without buying anything. Oh no, not you! For a lady to come alone, or without a gentleman, is a sure passport to your chivalry and generosity. You are standing at your door, thinking of nothing in particular, when you see the carriage of these newcomers drive up, and actually stop opposite. You rub your

hands with joy; you have been long looking out for them; your thoughts with regard to them were precisely those of Sisera's mother, touching the delay of her son. Your thoughts regarding them now are those of Napoleon regarding the English army on the morning of Waterloo. At last you have them in your grasp. You hurry to the carriage door, and in your eagerness impede the footman in the discharge of his duty. With low bows and bright smiles you usher the ladies into your shop; your most precious wares are spread before them—rich brocade, gorgeous tabinet, silks of every hue, lace wrought by cunning hands. They select, with lavish hand, some hundred pounds' worth at least, and order them to be sent home, with the account. You promise that it shall be done, but waive all mention of the money, and declare that it is a mere nothing.

A week or two afterwards information reaches you that

have sported in childhood, loved in youth, and in manhood have erected the shadowy castles of ambition—in which you have first seen so many valued friends, and taken your last leave of so many more. Every corner is perhaps associated with some touching reminiscence or some ennobling memory. The pictures on the wall, the old clock on the stairs, the quiet nook on the landing where you have flirted with your partner between dances, the room where your mother has died, the window-seat in which she gave you your first taste of knowledge—the only place in all the wide wide world that you could ever truly call your home.

There is still another flitting, which we have chosen for illustration, because it is, in our estimation, the saddest of any. It is an incident, however, of daily occurrence in the "short and simple annals of the poor." It is very well for a political economist to dwell upon the beauties of competition,



something very curious is going on at No. 10, Bellevue-terrace. You hurry thither one fine morning in terrible trepidation, but find the butcher, and baker, and grocer, and tailor, and perfumer, and cheesemonger, and upholsterer, and the landlord to boot, all there before you, and all with their "little bills" in their hands—bills, alas! destined never to be settled—for the house is empty; and of all this dash and show and magnificence nought remains but a little packing straw in the hall, a broken dish, and two pieces of twine. They have flitted in the middle of the night *au clair de lune*.

There is another and very different class of flitting, that we have never witnessed or heard of without a pang, because they are but the emblems, the outward and visible signs of griefs often too great for utterance, the forced abandonment of the dwelling-place which for long years has been the scene of all the genuine happiness you have ever known, in which you

and inform us that it, and all the evils attendant upon it, are as inseparable from society as at present constituted as police courts or inns. This may be true, and we do not doubt but that it is true; but it must for ever be a matter of regret to any one whose regrets are worth having, that the great mass of the population, not in England only, but throughout the civilised world, should be bound to no particular spot of ground, but by the slenderest possible tie; in short, that so few of them should be in possession of what politicians of a certain class call "a stake in the country." Their flitting is but a very slight affair, and seeing that it takes place so often, it is well that it is so—a chair or two, a table or two, a bed or two, a pot or two, a pan or two, *et viola tout*. They are placed on a hand cart, the father pulls, the son pushes, and the flitting is over in a few minutes. It is not an affair of much moment in itself.

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

ENGLISHMEN were never engaged in a struggle of which they might so justly be proud, as the civil war of the roundheads and cavaliers. In none did the sterling virtues of their character, their love of liberty and of country, their hatred of tyranny, their readiness to submit to all losses and all griefs for the sake of the right, their indomitable energy in battling for it, the strong, steady, dazzling glare of their native inborn courage, stand out in bolder relief. In none did the points of contrast between them and foreigners appear so

the quarrel, stern morality, fiery imagination, the balance of power were at an end, for he might set his feet on the necks of kings. This union of spiritual fervour and exultation with sound practical sense, of boiling enthusiasm with steady energy, was such as could never be seen on any soil but the soil of England. When the French rose against their oppressors, they became blasphemous, bloodthirsty, libidinous, mad, outrageous scoffers at all that men held sacred, either in morals or religion. When the English did so, they fasted and prayed, and cut their hair



THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.—DRAWN BY NICHOLSON,

strongly. A contest which produced such men as Hampden and Falkland, Colonel Hutchinson, Fairfax, and Cromwell, is sanctified if only for having given birth to so many worthies. In the cropped and shaven ranks, of which Cromwell's army was composed, under those sour and demure visages, there lay an energy that could conquer the world. That army was the most terrible instrument of destruction that has ever existed. Could a modern general muster ten regiments, composed of the same elements, the same enthusiasm, fanaticism, interest in

short, and read the Bible, and punished the flesh. They had no Marat, and no Theroigne Méricourt. Were they on this account less prompt in action? Follow them from the prayer-meeting to the battle-field, and, we promise you, you shall see Private Poundtext, who just now was bewailing his sins in the depths of humiliation, laying about him in a fashion that proves that whatever his own opinion of his shortcomings may be in other respects, the thrashing of cavaliers is not a portion of his duty which he is in the habit of neglecting.

And the cavaliers—the merry, laughing, cursing, swearing, drinking, obscene, loyal, brave, true-hearted, and generous cavaliers—fighting gaily for the king and church—the church in which their fathers were buried, and in which they had been wedded to their brides, and in which their brothers were clergymen, and the maintenance of which they looked upon as indissolubly connected with the very existence of the English nation,—they did their duty manfully and well; only ceased to fight when fighting was useless, but neither betrayed nor repented. They did not, like the French nobility, fly from their native soil at the first sound of danger, but struggled gallantly to the last, through fire and sword, without any other aid than their own right arms. England may well be proud of both: however we may deplore the struggle, we must admire the virtues it brought to light. Even in a civil war—the worst calamity, save a foreign invasion—we find some of our most ennobling memories and greatest names. Our illustration gives a vivid picture of a most stirring incident in one of the conflicts of that stormy period. At the battle of Edge Hill—the first great engagement between the royalist and parliamentary forces—fought on the 23rd and 24th of October Sir Edward Verney being slain, the standard fell into the hands of the enemy. Upon this captain John Smith rushed to rescue, and after a furious encounter—which our artist has portrayed with great boldness and effect—succeeded in bringing it back in triumph.

A PREP AT COUNTRY COUSINS, AND HOW IT ENDED.—LETTER V.

Whitehaven, January 1st, 1821.

MY DEAR FATHER,—May the bright sunshine of this splendid morning be an auspicious omen that a happy and prosperous new year awaits you; though it saddens me to think, that before its close I shall no longer be an inmate of my dear old home. I do not really know myself how it has come to pass, that my future lot seems likely to be cast amongst these Cumberland hills, nor how it first dawned upon me that my own happiness could only be fulfilled by agreeing to minister to that of my high-principled and very superior-minded cousin Robert. Well! I shall leave the subject veiled in mystery, and give you a few particulars about Christmas. On the eve of the 25th, a party of mummers, dressed in most fantastic costume, came to the Friars, and were admitted into the hall, where we saw them enact *St. George and the Dragon* with great spirit; though one of the *Armstrongs*, whose family peculiarity I have mentioned before, and who played the part of the King of Egypt, could not restrain his laughing propensities, and in the midst of a solemn charge to the doctor on doing his duty, burst into a loud guffaw, that proved highly infectious to most present, while it scandalised old Sally to the last degree. She even carried her resentment so far, as to present the luckless wight, when the play was ended, with a bowl of buttermilk, instead of the hot ale that had been prepared for the players; but my uncle took care that every mummer should receive an ample dole of meat, bread, and wassail piping hot, and half-a-crown to boot, so all withdrew well pleased. They were succeeded by a droll set of very young boys and girls, who, in shrill childish treble, shouted rather than sang some old rhymes, commencing, "Tie, tie, tie, three puddings in a pule." They, too, were allowed to come into the hall, and were then persuaded to sing one or two carols more gently, and consequently more pleasingly. Sally brought them some milk, but on my uncle's insisting that the half-starved urchins should partake of the ale, a large old-fashioned silver tankard was produced, furnished with pegs stuck in at regular intervals; so each child was made to drink what filled the space between two of the pegs, and I was made to comprehend the literal meaning of one's spirits being a peg too low. A plate heaped up with narrow but substantial mince-pies, baked in the form of a horse's manger, in commemoration of Advent, was next handed round, and the happy little band went forth again into the freezing atmosphere. At breakfast, on Christmas-

day, we were each complimented by the gift of a dough image, meant to represent the Virgin's holy infant, which had been sent by the chief baker in Whitehaven. The day was brilliantly cold, and the evergreens glittering in the most exquisite frost-work embroidery, seemed to invite one to go out and enjoy the clear, bracing air, and wander forth amidst the white sparkling fairyland around us. We accordingly set off for church half an hour before the usual time, and thus came in for the droll spectacle of a country wedding, Christmas-day being a favourite anniversary for the purpose. On arriving at the church, we found it occupied by the village school-boys, who have from time immemorial been privileged to levy a monied tax upon all bridal assemblages, which goes to the fund for supplying coals for the school-room fire. We were looking at the beautiful decorations of the interior of the church, formed by wreaths of evergreens and magnificent branches of yew, holly, box, and ivy, which custom Robert told me had been employed even in apostolic times, as a token that our Saviour was born at the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, thus marking the season of the year in which the advent took place, when a cry from the village lads of "They're coming," sent us to the entrance door. Picture to yourself a motley assemblage of men and women all mounted on horses of every description, racing in the utmost confusion at the fastest speed towards the church. An elderly spinster reached it first, and very proud she seemed. I could scarcely believe this was really the expected wedding party, nor that they had ridden thus, starting from the bride's house, at least six miles. My aunt said they were indebted to the frost, which had rendered riding at all anything but safe, for their unusual exemption from the mud, which generally bespatters alike both men and women on such occasions. On leaving the church, the bridegroom gave sixpence to the delegated scholars, who held a plate at the door, and every one who wore boots and spurs was obliged to follow his example, but those who could only boast of boots, minus spurs, were let off with the payment of threepence. The bridal party then re-mounted their steeds, and rode off again, pausing, however, a few minutes on the brow of an adjoining eminence, to listen to a congratulatory poem, recited in a loud yet snuffling voice by the head boy of the school, which was rewarded by a donation, that went towards the book fund. Of the fun we had that same evening, I have already written to you, and, indeed, the amusements of snap-dragon, dancing, yule-log, and banqueting are too well-known, even in London, to need detailing; and the only novel features in the evening scene, were the pleasant admixture of rich and poor, gathered together under my uncle's hospitable roof, and the importance which appeared to be universally attached to the foretelling of one's fortune in divers mystical ways. To-day I received many kind gifts from my uncle, aunt, and cousins, accompanied by the warmest assurances of welcome into their family. But though these winged messengers of love flow freely about the household within doors, I soon became apprised that it is considered unlucky to give anything out of the house on New Year's day. Not even a lighted candle is permitted, nor may the refuse ashes be cast out from the hearth, nor a bit of broken meat be bestowed upon a hungry beggar. This last requisition placed my aunt in a great dilemma about an hour ago, when a thinly-clad little girl came over the hills to ask for some broth for her sick mother. The child was shown in and told to warm herself by the kitchen fire, while my aunt sat lost in thought, and my uncle, with a satirical, though good-humoured smile, silently watched the progress of her meditations, being indifferent himself to the superstition, but certain that his excellent wife would cut the Gordian difficulty without infringing the decrees of fate. Presently, she said to the child, "Is your mother very bad to-day?" "Oh, yes," was the tearful reply; and then my aunt said, "Did she tell you to inquire how the family of Mr. Lonsdale were this morning?" "She bid me ask," responded the little girl, "how the good lady was?" "That will do," said my aunt with a highly satisfied air, and leaving the kitchen for a few minutes, she returned laden

with food and clothing, which she bade the child carry home, but to mind and be sure she told her mother that the things were no presents, but had been sent in return for sending such kind inquiries so long a distance on New Year's day. I doubt greatly if the strange message would be correctly delivered, but my aunt appeared quite content; and I must not omit to tell you that before I had risen this morning, Sally roused me from the most luxurious nap by entering the room, candle in hand, and with an earnest request that I would not go a step down stairs until I had either gone up the garret flight, or had mounted on a chair in three upstairs apartments, in order that I might be sure to rise and not go lower in the world during the next twelve-months. Of course I complied. I was yesterday interrupted

in my letter by a call from the young couple whose wedding we witnessed on Christmas day; they came to beg a little corn, and were making a round of calls on their friends and neighbours, who had each given them a small quantity, and these donations would set them up in seed for their first crop. This custom is called "corn laiting." I shall hardly, I suppose, undergo this ceremonial, but the writing about it has brought the future before me so strongly that I feel little inclination to continue my descriptions; besides, next week I shall be once more at home, when we can talk over fully all I have heard and seen since I came here. Yet, six months hence, if you will condescend to visit the Cumberland mountains, very proud, indeed, will you make your truly affectionate daughter,

DORA HARGREAVES.

THE TWO DESTINIES.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." This is the declaration of infallible wisdom, and the reverse is not less true. There may be apparent exceptions, but they are extremely rare, and, perhaps, if minutely examined, they would not be found to be exceptions at all. It is scarcely possible to conceive of an object more lovely, more interesting, than an infant asleep in its cradle, or nestled in its mother's arms. But who is bold enough to determine that infant's destiny? Hope and desire may be in lively exercise; but expectations the most sanguine, and desires the most ardent, have again and again been crushed and disappointed, because the training has not been such as to bring those hopes and desires to a pleasing fruition. Much is laid to the account of natural disposition, much also to circumstances; but it is the office of the trainer so to cultivate those dispositions and to control those circumstances, that the child may become an intelligent, a happy, a useful member of the community. Without proper training—a training which shall promote the development of the physical, the intellectual, and the moral powers,—natural dispositions will produce only wild and poisonous fruit, which circumstances will bring to fatal maturity.

We are led into these reflections by the two pictures our artist has placed before us. He has selected his illustrations from the working classes. They form a large and most important portion of the community, and on the manner in which their children are trained depends, very materially, the order and comfort of the whole population. We cannot conceal the fact that thousands of these receive no training at all, or are trained only for evil. We pass through our narrow streets and lanes, courts and alleys, and we find them crowded with dirty, ill-fed, miserably clad, squalid, wretched-looking children, idling away their time, or busy only for mischief; and we ascertain that they are, in almost every case, the offspring of thoughtless and neglectful, profligate and dissolute parents. Filth and miasma are their nursing mothers, profanity and irreligion their everyday companions. The father leaves them early in the morning to engage in his daily toil; his intervals of leisure he spends, for the most part, in the gin-shop; he rarely returns to his uncomfortable home till his children have gone to rest; and what training can they have from him who cares so little for them, or what profit can they derive from his example, so profligate and wicked? In consequence of the scanty pittance doled out by the selfish husband, the mother has, in many instances, to toil hard, either at home or abroad, to make out a living, and the instruction, the cleanliness, the comfort of her children, become only a secondary consideration, if it enters at all into her thoughts. Meanwhile the children grow up, increasingly ignorant and increasingly vicious, perpetuating the evils of their class, and inflicting serious injury on the whole community.

But we rejoice to know that this is very far from being a just description of the whole of our working population. Thanks to Providence, we have thousands of sober, honest, industrious mechanics, artisans and labourers, whose children

are duly cared for, cleanly, decently clad, educated, taught useful employments, and placed in the way of becoming clever workmen, thriving tradesmen, respectable citizens. These, as far as the circumstances of the parents allow, are trained in the way they should go; their parents receive a rich reward, and the community is greatly benefited.

To return, however, to our pictures. The artist has placed two children, two courses, two destinies before us. Like our own Hogarth, the Frenchman has noted the peculiarities of his countrymen, and with a graphic pencil has endeavoured to show how the working man's way in the world is governed by his own determination and perseverance, founded, no doubt, upon the training he received in early life. The incidents in the life of such a man, whether he be a native of England, of France, or of America, do not differ materially. In every place there are temptations to evil and encouragements to virtue; and in every place prudence and resolution are required to avoid that which is evil and to follow that which is good.

"Look on this picture, and on that."—In the one we behold the strong, hoarty, cheerful-looking workman parting from his young wife, and proceeding to his daily toil; and she, a few minutes afterwards, is busied in those domestic employments which render home a comfort and a joy. In the other, the husband, whether intent on work or on pleasure we can scarcely tell, makes his first call to the dram shop, while, in the next compartment, the wife is seen in the pawn shop about to leave her wedding ring as a pledge, whether to purchase bread or for other purposes is somewhat equivocal, as is also the conduct of the young female her companion. On the right hand of the reader there are exhibited the comforts of domestic life: in the centre the grandmother with her daughter and grandchildren around her, and the husband hastening with eager steps to join the happy party; on the sides, the preparation for the mid-day meal, and the tired labourer enjoying his supper in the open air. But what a frightful contrast does the engraving on the left present! The sottish husband seated in a low public house, unshorn, drunk, and incapable; returning home at midnight; furious at finding his own door closed against him; his wretched wife and children cowering in terror; their only bed some straw scattered on the earthen floor; and as the result of all this selfish and brutal conduct, the poor distracted mother seeking for her infant the protection afforded by the Hospital for Foundlings. Mad with drink, this husband and father has committed some furious outrage, some brutal assault, and is about to be conveyed to a lonesome dungeon. The artist has left us to suppose that the man is sent to prison or to the galleys, and that, as the result, his wife and children are driven to seek a precarious livelihood either by begging, or by the sale of some trifling articles.

What a pleasing *dénouement* is presented on the right hand! The ingenious and skilful mechanic is industriously employed, as is also his eldest boy; his workshop presenting an appearance of neatness and order in every part; and, as the result of skill and industry, we find him at length a respectable

employer, with his plans before him, giving instructions to persons in his employ, who, evidently, regard him with deep respect.

But through the medium of these pictures the artist becomes

also a moralist. In every compartment is instruction, warning, or encouragement. In whatever country the lot of the working man is cast, idleness and profligacy will lead to disgrace, and want, and ruin; industry, forethought, and prudence will lead



THE COURSE OF THE NOBLES.

to comfort, to competence, to respectability. Philanthropists! strive to raise our working classes above the injurious influences by which they are surrounded. Parents! train up your

children in the paths of sobriety, industry, and virtue, that they may be happy in themselves, a comfort to you, and a blessing to the land in which they dwell.



THE CAREER OF THE VIRTUOUS.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER X.

THE morning that succeeded the events that we have last recorded, found the Venetian general again in his apartment at Palestrina, as vigilant and as self-composed as if he had, during the hurried repose of the few preceding hours, slept away all recollection of the exciting scene of the past midnight. But, in truth, it was not so. The deep responsibility which he had taken upon himself in contradicting the wishes of so many of those whose power in the state was too formidable to be thought lightly of, weighed heavily upon his mind—but the effect of that weight upon a mind such as Zeno's was not to crush but to concentrate its energies. It is, indeed, the nature of bold, brave spirits to be resalient under pressure; and so his mind rose up to the emergency—calm, self-reliant, and circumspect. That he had other dangers to cope with besides those of the Venetian council, recent events admonished him. That a traitorous intercommunication was carried on between the Genoese and Recanatì he had ascertained, and though he had proofs of the enemy having more than once obtained early intelligence of his own movements, he had not by the utmost vigilance been as yet able to discover the means by which that intelligence had been transmitted. At length the circumstance of the Italian condottiere having more than once volunteered to keep the night-watch out of his turn, aroused the suspicion of Zeno, and knowing that upon the night just past he had made the same arrangement, the general took the measures we have already seen in withdrawing Recanatì from the redoubt and sending Checco in his place.

And now Zeno sat in his apartment, tranquilly awaiting the arrival of the English knight, whom he had ordered to attend in person and report to him what had taken place during the night-watch. Punctual to the appointed time, the sound of the knight's steps was heard outside, and in another moment the Englishman stood before the general.

"Ben venuto, capitano," said Zeno, in return for the knight's salute, "how passed your watch last night? Hast aught to report?"

"So please your excellency, not much—at least, not much that I set any count on."

"Didst see nothing?"

"Nothing, in good faith, for, as your excellency knows, there was no moon, and the stars gave only light enough to show themselves by."

"Well, what didst hear? for I know well thou didst not close thine ears, good sir knight."

"That did I not, and yet, I might as well have done so, for aught they served me; save the whirr of a bird's wing that swept by in the dark, there was not a sound to waken a young fawn. And so, when the morning broke, our watch ended, and we were relieved. As I marched away my men, I found at my feet this quarrel. How it came there, or when, I know not. It might have been there before our watch began, as it was then too dark to notice any object. Be that as it may, I have brought it to your excellency. If I have any skill in the fashion of bolts, this one was shot from a Genoese cross-bow."

Zeno took the bolt from the Englishman and examined it carefully from its square iron head down to the end of the shaft, and then said,

"It is as thou sayest, Sir William. A Genoese quarrel, truly, aye, and of no common kind. He had a cunning hand who wrought it. Yet am I much deceived in thee, sir knight, if thou understandest for what sort of warfare it was formed."

The English captain looked somewhat astonished, but made no reply. Zeno continued,

"Come, I said I would not trust thee by halves. What ho! Alexis!"

At the call of Zeno the Greek lad entered.

"Look at this quarrel, good youth, and say hast thou seen such an one lately, and where?"

The lad took the bolt, looked at it for a moment keenly, and then turned an inquiring glance from his master to the knight.

"Nay, fear not to speak thy thoughts freely," said Zeno, understanding the youth's hesitation; "here is none that is not true."

"Such another as this saw I last night in the hands of Sir Roberto di Recanatì; I know it by the thickness of the shaft. Have I your leave, noble signore, to see how it is put together?"

"Twas for that I called thee; proceed."

Alexis examined the weapon carefully throughout, and at length discovered that the shaft was divided longitudinally into two equal portions; but so skilfully and close did the edges fit together, that the line of junction seemed exactly like other lines drawn down the shaft. For a time the Greek was unsuccessful in his endeavours to divide the parts; at length, in examining where the wood was inserted into the iron head, he smiled, and then turning the head round with a firm grasp, he screwed it off the shaft and separated the parts of the latter, which revolved round a hidden pivot at the bottom. The secret was now apparent—the shaft had been hollowed out, and within it lay rolled up a scroll. This Alexis took out and handed to his master. The latter opened it, and perceived that it was covered with writing.

"So," said he, after a moment's pause, "so then we have at last discovered Recanatì's courier. Look you, Sir Checco, this is the bird whose wing whirled by you last night."

"By the faith of a true knight, I begin to think it is so, noble signore. Fool that I was, to take it for an owl."

"Aye, 'twas a great mistake; thou' eest now it is a messenger dove. Well, let us see what tidings it bears."

The general now applied himself to decyphering the writing.

"Ha!" said he, "this requires to be well considered upon." And he sat down, and in a moment was absorbed in the perusal of the missive.

"With your permission, excellency," said the Englishman, "I think it would be well that I should retire for the present."

"Thou art right, my good Checco; it may be as well that I have a moment in solitude to look to this matter."

The knight moved towards the door, but Zeno arrested him for a moment.

"This document," said he, "gives me the plainest proof of Recanatì's treason: and to a true knight like thee, a traitor is odious."

"As hell," said Checco, with unwonted energy.

"Then may I count on thy help to foil the traitor and the treason?"

"That may you, general, I swear to you, by the faith of a knight and an English gentleman."

"Farewell, then, for the present; I may want thee again ere long."

And so Sir William Cheke withdrew, and left the general of the Venetians to his meditation.

It was later than was his wont, when Zeno appeared amongst the troops; for he passed much of the morning in consideration of what the secret billet disclosed to him. The cause of the disorders in the Venetian camp was now clearly understood; the proffers of the Genoese to Recanatì, the exorbitant demands of the condottiere, which the besieged at Chioggia were not yet prepared to comply with, nor in a condition wholly to reject—all this he learned, and, knowing it, he was now prepared to baffle and to counterplot. But he learned still more: he learned that the Genoese were daily becoming more and more straitened in their provisions, and

dispirited as to the issue of the siege; that the Genoese admiral sought by every means to induce Zeno to hazard an assault, and for that purpose entreated Recanati to excite throughout the troops a feeling of discontent and impatience at their present life of inaction. All this satisfied Zeno that the course which he had adopted was the most judicious, and he was now more than ever determined to persevere in it.

Time passed on, week succeeded week, and still the forces of Venice blocked up the Genoese at Chioggia by land and sea. In vain did the latter endeavour, by sallying beyond the walls, to draw the besiegers from their position. In vain did the sentinels from the walls, and the mariners from the galleys, endeavour, by taunting shouts and accusations of sloth and cowardice, to goad or shame the Venetians to offensive operations. Chafe they did indeed and burn at the ribald challenges, and fain would they have accepted them; but the strong will and unyielding determination of Zeno controlled them as with a chain of iron, and none dared infringe the rigid rules of discipline which he had established. And so time passed on, and began to work its terrible effects upon the Genoese. Their privations increased, for no supplies of food could reach them, so skilfully had Zeno and Pisani taken their measures. In vain did Francesco Carrara attempt to succour the besieged by conveying provisions to them down the Brenta; for the passages of the river had been blocked up by the Venetians, and the fleet of the Genoese admiral Muraffo could not break through the barriers at Brondolo. Terms of capitulation were offered by the besieged, by which they sought for nothing more than that their troops and flotilla should be suffered to pass unmolested from Chioggia. But the terms were haughtily rejected by Venice, who now felt that the question was no longer whether Chioggia should be retaken from the enemy, but whether that enemy should fall utterly and unconditionally into the hands of their ancient foes. And thus were the Genoese reduced well nigh to the extremity of despair. No alternative remained save to perish of hunger within the walls, or to make a final effort to escape even through the midst of their enemies. The latter course was determined upon; for it had, at least, one advantage over the former, that it presented the possibility of escape.

It was now somewhere about the middle of the month of July. The shadows of night were just beginning to melt away before the gray light of the early dawn, and the outstretched waters of the Adriatic were just becoming visible to the eyes of those who then looked with strained vision to the seaward from the ramparts of the fortifications at Palestrina. These were three persons, who were seated upon the summit of a solitary and distant tower, which flanked the south-western angle of the fort; and whilst they were themselves hidden from observation, they could command a view both outwards along the sea and westward towards the besieged city. One alone there was, within whose ken those lonely watchers must have come, and yet, if he detected their presence, he did not appear to take any notice of them; for he marched to and fro on his watch along the rampart—that stalwart bowman—and though he never looked towards the tower, his sharp eye scanned keenly every other object through the gloaming, and as he came to the end of his short march he invariably stopped, and assumed for a moment the attitude of one attent and listening, and then he would turn back on his way, and in a very low, pleasant chant, sing some ditty of his far-away home.

"Art thou well assured, Alexis," said one of the three persons on the tower, "that thou didst replace the quarrel unseen by any?"

"I will certify that no eye could see me from beyond the redoubt, for I stole along under its cover."

"And I, noble general," said the third person, "will vouch that none could have passed from the fort; I will answer for the vigilance and the fidelity of yon stout bowman Hodge, with my life."

"Tis well," said Zeno. "Listen, then, my right trusty

Checco, and thou shalt learn what work our open enemies and our treacherous allies are carving out for us to-day. Thou must know, then, that we have discovered from the last missive from the enemy—which Alexis intercepted and has just replaced where Recanati will find it ere sunrise—we have discovered, I say, that the Genoese have for some days past been preparing a number of rafts, for which purpose they have demolished many of the houses in the town—with this fleet they propose to leave the city, and, if possible, to effect a junction with the fleet of Muraffo that lies, as you see, yonder," and he pointed out eastward where the hulls of the Genoese galleys were now dimly visible.

"It seems to me, so please you," said Checcho, "but a wild scheme and a hopeless."

"I know not that," replied Zeno.

"They can scarcely leave the city before they will be perceived," rejoined Checcho, "and once discovered their fate is inevitable."

"And yet they have taken their measures well, and might very possibly have succeeded, were I not informed of their design. In the first place, the rafts will scarcely rise above the water, and so might for a time be unnoticed; but besides that, they have taken good care that we shall have abundance of other matters to divert our attention from Chioggia. The Admiral Muraffo's fleet is to bear down upon Palestrina; that will engage the Venetian armament and Pisani; and then, lest I should look about me too pryingly from sheer idleness, my worthy ally Recanati has undertaken to excite a tumult amongst the mercenaries, so as to give me something to do—What think you of that, good Sir William? Is it not a knightly and a right skilful plot withal?"

"By the holy rood," said the Englishman, in a low and solemn tone, "he is no true knight, but a foul disgrace to the order; the fellow should have his spurs hacked off his heels by the provost-marshal. Thank heaven, he comes not from merry England!"

Zeno smiled, and after a moment resumed—"Well, then, I would now show thee wherein thou shalt aid me to-day. I mean, as usual, to take my rounds of the camp, but I wish not to excite any suspicion by having an unwonted number of attendants. Nevertheless, as I have reason to fear some sudden outbreak, it behoves me to have assistance nigh at hand. I would; therefore, that some score or two of thy trusty bowmen should hold themselves in readiness. Thou shalt thyself remain with them apart while I take with me some one of thy fellows whom thou canst trust, who at a secret signal from me can summon you to my aid. Hast such a one amongst your archers?"

"That have I faith, and more than one—but here is Hodge o' the Hill, as his comrades call him, as true as steel and as tough as yew tree. Your excellency may put your life in his hands."

"Good: let him be with me when I leave the fort. And now to your quarters, good sir knight, as secretly as you may. Alexis, thou must to the flotilla without delay. See the admiral privately; inform him of the designs of the besieged; and bid him watch for the signal between them and Muraffo, and hold himself in readiness for action."

The three men then separated, and each went his own way. The gray twilight grew red as the sun drew nearer to the horizon, and Hodge o' the Hill, ere his watch terminated, stood still for a minute and took a sharp leisurely survey all around him. All was still as through the night, save that, as his eye turned westward, he perceived the figure of a man strolling carelessly towards the western redoubt. Had Hodge been blessed with an extraordinary power of vision, or known as much as his worthy captain, he would have had no difficulty in pronouncing who the man was that, as he reached the redoubt, stooped down and took up something from the ground; but Hodge's eyes were just those of a good archer, that can hit the white in the target nine times out of ten, and so he did not recognise Recanati: but he resumed his march and his carol till he was relieved from his watch.

It was not many hours after the scene that we have just detailed, that the Venetian general, as was his wont, passed from his quarters in the fort, with his personal staff around him, and proceeded through the fortifications and the camp upon his round of inspection. As we have already stated, the troops of the republic consisted, in addition to their own soldiery, of a very motley collection of men of all nations; and as each band of free companions was commanded by his own chief, who rendered generally but as little obedience as he could to the generalissimo, one can readily understand how difficult was the task of preserving a paramount authority and enforcing unanimity of action and subordination of all to the one head.

Zeno had already proceeded through the domestic troops; next he visited the quarters of the English archers; beyond these were a body of adventurers, chiefly German; while the extremity of the camp was occupied by the band of Italian mercenaries under Roberto di Recanati. As the general approached the quarters of the Italians, his attention was attracted by loud angry words, as of men in high dispute, and passing on to the spot whence the noise proceeded, he discovered the big German man-at-arms, to whom we formerly introduced our readers, standing like a huge boar at bay, foaming with rage and defiance, while two or three of Recanati's lancers, with hands upon their half-drawn swords, were preparing to assail him. In a moment the combatants were arrested, and Zeno sternly demanded the cause of this unseemly broil.

"This German devil," said one of the Italians, "would defraud us of what we have won from him. And when we sought to get our own, he began to show his teeth, and bristle up like a wild boar, as he is. And then we were going to seize him, and pull out his tusks."

"Der teufel," roared the German; "ye did not play me fair; ye have stript me of every zecchin, and what more would ye have? Besides, noble general, they have cheated me, and played with false dice."

The Italians were instantly seized and searched, when, even as the German had stated, two sets of dice were found upon the person of one of them; one of these sets was evidently loaded.

"Take these sharpeners," said Zeno, turning to his attendants, "bind them, and disarm them. We shall hand them to the provost-marshal as we return."

"We demand to be brought before our own capitano," said one of the men.

"On," said Zeno, motioning with his hand; and he proceeded to enter the quarters of the Italian mercenaries.

The sight of three of their comrades bound and guarded, was calculated to excite the passions of Recanati's troops, already but too well prepared for a mutinous outbreak by the wily schemes of their chief. Quick as the flame when the wind blows upon it, the intelligence ran from one end of the troops to the other, and Recanati himself was not the last to hear it. He saw at once how an occurrence of this nature would conspire with his present plans, and he hastened to watch and mould it to his purposes. Pale and self-composed, with his thin lips compressed, as was his wont, the subtle condottiere stood before the Venetian generalissimo.

"If it please your excellency," said Recanati, in a calm voice, "I would desire to know how it is that three of my soldiers are under arrest without my knowledge? I should humbly hope that my authority is sufficient to maintain the discipline of my own troops. I claim these men at your hands. If they have in aught transgressed, I shall see to it. Who charges them?"

Zeno's eye kindled up with a sudden fire, and he was about to reply angrily, but in a moment he seemed to have mastered his emotion, and he said, "You say well, sir capitano, and I am willing to have your aid in looking into this matter. Yonder German charges that these men have cheated him at play, and here are false dice found upon them. What say you?"

"We say, capitano," said one of the men, addressing Recanati, "that if they be false dice we knew not of it."

"And though we did," said another, speaking loud and looking boldly towards the whole band, who were now collected to witness the scene—"and if we did, what then? One can't be blamed for trying to eke out his fortunes and save himself from starving, when he has got half rations and short pay."

"Ha!" cried Zeno, "this is not a matter of breach of discipline for you to deal with, Sir Recanati, but a mutiny which concerns the state, and we shall reserve it. Lead on."

But the spirit of revolt was now fully awakened. At first, one or two hardier than the rest cried out, "They say true—they say true—we must have more rations—we must have better pay."

Then the tumult increased and spread from the Italian mercenaries to the German and other condottieri, till at length the whole camp poured forth its soldiery in a wild, disorderly state, with such arms as they could snatch up in their haste, and all thronged to the quarters of the Italians, and joined in the cry—"double rations! double pay!"

It was a moment that might well try the fortitude of the coolest man—the courage of the bravest. But Zeno was cool and brave as ever man was, and he was besides forewarned of his position and prepared to meet it. When Recanati had first approached Zeno, the latter placed his hand on his sword-hilt, and Hodge of the Hill quietly disappeared from the scene. And now as the cries and the tumult became louder and more frequent, and the soldiers pressed closer upon the general and his little band, with their insolent demands which each moment assumed more and more the appearance of threats, a shout was heard from behind:

"Ha! St. George—St. George for merry England!"

For a moment the clamour of the mutineers was hushed, and all eyes were turned towards the direction where Sir William Cheke led briskly on two companies of the merry bowmen fully accoutred. Then from the other side came a sound as of feet and the cheer of soldiers, and now the cry was "Viva San Marco! Viva la Signoria!" and a strong body of the troops of the republic were seen hurrying forward so as to take the other flank of the insurgents.

It was quite manifest now to Recanati that by some means which he could not devise, Zeno was prepared for any sudden mutiny. The wily condottiere therefore held aloof and took care apparently to be engaged in suppressing the outbreak of the soldiery. And, in truth, these latter became speedily sensible that they were taken at a disadvantage, and the more timid began to fall back and leave the more violent spirits to keep up the cry for pay, and rations. And now Zeno seized the first pause when the cries ceased for a moment. With the fearless resolution, for which he was celebrated, he pushed boldly amongst the discontented throng, who felt their boldness rebuked by his noble spirit, and fell back to make way for him. The Venetian general well understood the temper of the troops about him, and took advantage of the moment of indecision to bring them again under authority. To some he appealed as those with whom he had shared many dangers and many victories; others he exhorted as men who should not sully their reputation as faithful allies and true soldiers. Here he reprimanded sharp and sternly—there he promised that any real cause of grievance should be redressed, and he reminded all how he had lavished his own private means to the last florin that he might support the troops and meet the engagements of the republic. These efforts soon began to produce the desired effect, and some were even heard to cry, "Viva Zeno—Viva el generalissimo!" At this moment Zeno pointed with his outstretched hand towards Chioggia. All turned to gaze in the direction, when, to their surprise, they beheld one of the most singular spectacles that could be well imagined. Upon the lagunes appeared a number of rafts composed of the timbers of houses and other such materials, the strangest and rudest flotilla which despair ever induced men to hazard a naval engagement in, slowly bearing downwards.

THOMAS BAZLEY.

There are few problems the solution of which is more important for the welfare of this kingdom, than that which respects the moral and intellectual position which shall be held by the great employers of the manufacturing districts. The power of a millowner over his "hands" is very great. For good or for ill, the consequences of that power are incalculable. We are all influenced chiefly by those who are immediately above us. Unconsciously, and therefore effectually, we imitate our superiors; and, practically, our superiors are those who stand in the next grade higher than our own.

Men of low culture and gross habits invariably abuse their power for evil purposes. Their example deteriorates all who come within its reach. Specially baneful is its influence on their immediate dependents. The heart that breeds vice is open to tyranny. And so masters of uncultivated minds and debased affections are generally despotic. But despotism in a master generates the evils of slavery in the servant. If the one is self-willed the other becomes insubordinate. Caprice on the one side calls forth turbulence on the other. Nothing is more dangerous than a feeling of being unjustly dealt by



THOMAS BAZLEY.

A vicious employer makes vicious servants. An employer of a cultivated and honourable mind diffuses through his servants a love of what is pure and elevated. Employers have their representatives, who live in close contact with their operatives. Those representatives become so many channels for transmitting the moral and intellectual qualities of the head of the establishment, and, conformably to their own characters, produce good or ill on a large scale and to permanent results. Bad masters and bad superintendents produce bad servants.

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the minds of the working classes, and that feeling inevitably arises whenever the employer neglects his moral obligations.

The interests which are involved in this issue are of a vast magnitude. England is rapidly becoming one great manufacturing country. Already its commerce is huge. That commerce gravitates more and more towards the manufacturing districts, and in its powerful tendencies carries thitherward other great interests. England is rapidly becoming the commercial centre of the civilised world. All history teaches that, where com-

merch has its home, there are centered the great interests, and there are determined the great issues of civilisation. Impossible, therefore, is it to look to Lancashire without deep concern. In its hives of industry the fate of Great Britain is being wrought out. On the influences which are predominant there, depends, to a great degree, the weal or the woe of this nation.

As yet those influences are by no means wholly satisfactory. Material good has been there produced on a very large scale. In the products of skill and industry, in the vast accumulations of wealth, in strong intellects and untiring enterprise, in patient labour and a teeming population, means and resources of happiness abound there. But does the higher culture exist in similar proportions? The material prosperity of the manufacturing districts has outrun their moral appliances and their moral power. A disproportion between the two is in constant and fearful operation—a great if not an increasing disproportion. If the chasm continues to widen, it may engulf both moral and physical good. The social frame cannot long endure the spasmodic action which must ensue from a loss of equilibrium in its great motive powers.

Hence, the moral condition of the great employers is seen to be no trivial question. Would that we could report of it as favourably as we could wish. An improvement we do recognise. The millowner of the present day is greatly superior to the millowner of forty years ago. He has received a better school education; he is free from the low and degrading habits of his predecessors; he is in a measure sensible of his moral responsibilities; to some extent, he has the appearance and manners of a gentleman; he is more just and more considerate towards his "hands;" the best of his class encourage the moral and intellectual cultivation of their workpeople.

But we cannot affirm that "the masters" adequately appreciate the "higher culture. Even for their own children they do not desire its advantages in a sufficient degree or an effectual manner. A fear prevails among them that a high education unfits a youth for business. With a predominant love of money-making, they look chiefly, some look almost exclusively, to the immediate pecuniary result of intellectual culture. The return per cent. of every outlay is too rigidly regarded. The direct bearing of knowledge on material productiveness is the great question. If the discipline of a university would teach boys to spin more yarn or better yarn out of a given pound of cotton, to the university would boys be sent in crowds. A professor who taught "the art and mystery" of "buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest," would soon make a fortune in Manchester. The love of a high intellectual training, for itself and for its own results, exists there only within a very contracted sphere. Hence, opportunities for collegiate training, which have long offered themselves in its highways, have been almost totally disregarded; and the course of study afforded by the munificence of one of its own citizens, in the Owens' College, is as yet not very superior to that of the better sort of our upper-class schools, and gives at present small promise of attracting to its advantages large classes of earnest and eager disciples.

More intense and widely spread would be the love of the higher culture in Manchester and the important district of which that city is the centre, were the spirit and the practice of Thomas Bazley widely prevalent.

The events of this excellent and amiable man's life are neither numerous nor remarkable. We should more correctly set forth the fact, were we to say, that his has been an even tenor of self-improvement and social usefulness. Possessing from his birth the inestimable privilege of virtuous and morally cultivated parents, and being endowed by nature with a happy temperament, the subject of this sketch was in boyhood and in youth free from many perils incident to that important period of life, and was gradually led to acquire habits of self-culture and self-control. By his father, who was fond of mathematical studies, and who held it to be a parent's duty to discipline and form his children's mind, he was early trained to that mental industry and exactitude of

thinking, which now characterise and distinguish the man, and to which he owes no small portion of his mercantile success and his social eminence. The happy result was facilitated by a superior school-education. No few of our successful manufacturers received no other instruction than such as may be had in the Sunday-school. It was Thomas Bazley's good fortune to undergo a somewhat higher training. Born on the 27th of May, 1797, at Gilnow, near Bolton-le-Moors (now known as simply Bolton), in Lancashire, he was sent to the Grammar School of that town. At the age of fifteen, he entered as an apprentice a manufacturing establishment in Bolton. On reaching his majority, he began business on his own account. In the year 1826, he removed from Bolton to Manchester, where a larger field and freer scope promised to reward his enterprise. At Dean Mills, near Bolton, and at the New Bridge Mills, Manchester, Mr. Bazley, in conjunction with his partners, established a fine yarn and lace-thread spinning concern, the most extensive of its class. In 1828, he married the daughter of Sebastian Nash, Esq., of Clayton Mills, near Manchester, and has an only son, who, having completed his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he left with honours, in January last but one, is now engaged with his father in a fine cotton-spinning business. For twenty years Mr. Bazley has been a director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures, of which he is now the president. While a resident, from 1835 to 1840, in the neighbouring borough of Salford, Mr. Bazley held municipal offices in that town, and promoted the establishment there of the Borough or Magistrates' Court; he also lent efficient aid in introducing the Municipal Act, and whilst occupying the position of boroughreeve, gave the weight of his character and dignity to the promulgation of the doctrines of free trade; to the recognition of which by the legislature of England the present prosperity of the kingdom is mainly to be ascribed. Within this period, Mr. Bazley was an active and influential fellow-worker, in the cause of free trade, with Richard Cobden, John Bright, and the late John Brooks. Of the consequent labours, special mention may be made of an embassy to Liverpool, undertaken by those gentlemen, together with Mr. Bazley, which, the first of the kind, was most important in its results, by securing the co-operation of that great commercial entrepôt. Possessed of a liberal, as well as cultivated mind, Mr. Bazley is a firm advocate of unsectarian education, and has rendered valuable services to the National Public School Association, in the list of whose vice-presidents his name is found. Wholly exempt from the fear with which some still regard the extension of educational means among the people, he has declared his conviction that such extension would prove beneficial even in a commercial point of view.

"If the labouring classes were well educated, their superior attainments would be alike more profitable to their employers, by increased skill and a nearer approximation to perfection; and to themselves not only in augmented rewards, but in the knowledge that would promote their general comfort and each other's welfare; for could every worker be well clothed, dwell in abodes furnished with manufactured products, and all requisites for rendering the home fireside attractive, there would arise a universal demand for the results of labour beyond all precedent. If there be, then, no higher motive for removing the lamentable ignorance which pervades many of the labouring classes amongst us, why does not even the censurable cupidity of the age remove the stigma?"

Repeatedly have Mr. Bazley's high qualifications called forth from his fellow-citizens the expression of an earnest desire that he would become their representative in the Commons' House of Parliament; but hitherto his extensive commercial avocations have prevented him from acceding to their overtures. In the year 1850, he had the distinguished honour of being appointed a member of the Royal Commission for the Exhibition in 1851 of the Industry of all Nations. In that capacity he rendered most valuable services, not less by the suavity of his manners than his intimate and comprehensive acquaintance with industrial products. As a man and

a citizen, Mr. Bazley is held in very high estimation by his neighbours; and by his diligence in business and his well-directed zeal in objects of high and lasting usefulness, he has, without intending it, yet most deservedly, acquired a national repute.

Mr. Bazley is a man of business, not a man of letters. But the "Lecture upon Cotton," which he recently delivered at the rooms of the Society of Arts, London, in connexion with the Exhibition of 1851,—his Royal Highness Prince Albert, president, in the chair,—bears evidences of a refined and well-furnished mind. We have already given one quotation from this lecture; we conclude with another:—

"Persecution under the Duke of Alva became to England a manufacturing monitor. Artizans and weavers were expelled from their abodes in Flanders, and were welcomed here by the wise, energetic, and reigning sovereign, Elizabeth; whose peaceful triumphs have been more enduring and profitable to the nation than were her achievements in war. Here, then, were the expatriated sons of industry—their country's true wealth—received, hospitably cherished, and located. May the industrious and oppressed ever find a refuge here! Aided by the Flemings, the manufactures of England rapidly extended."

THE TURKS AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

CHAPTER I.

We first hear of the Turks in the sixth century, as the most despised portion of the slaves of the great khan, a chief of the Geougen, one of the Tartar hordes, which for ages have inhabited, or rather possessed, the great plains of central Asia.* Their haunts lay mostly in the neighbourhood of the chain of mountains known as the Altai range, which were very fertile in minerals, particularly iron, and the Turks were mostly employed in extracting the ore and forging it. How long the latter remained in this degraded state, we know not, but at last a bold and energetic leader arose amongst them, named Bortezend, and persuaded them to assert their freedom and independence. The revolt proved successful; his daring was rewarded by a crown, and under his command the Turks distinguished themselves by several victories over the neighbouring tribes. The new khan now had the hardihood to seek the hand of his old master's daughter in marriage, but his alliance was contemptuously rejected. He met with better success amongst the Chinese, who bestowed on him one of their princesses, and the insult he had received from the Geougen was avenged in a great battle, in which nearly the whole of that nation was extirpated and their dominion put an end to, and that of the Turks took its place. Their heads, however, were not turned by prosperity, and they preserved the memory of their origin by an annual ceremony, at which a piece of iron was heated in the fire and hammered upon an anvil by the prince and his chief officers in succession; and even when their dominions covered a great tract of territory, they never encamped far from Mount Altai, their former abode. Their emperor's throne was always turned towards the east, and his tent was distinguished by a spear surmounted by a golden wolf, thrust in the ground at the door. They seem to have sacrificed to a supreme being, and to have sung hymns in honour of fire and air, earth and water, as deities of an inferior order. They had unwritten laws, in which offences against morality, or breaches of military discipline, were punished with terrible severity. One of their armies consisted of four hundred thousand men, and in less than fifty years they were connected in loans or alliances with the Romans, the Chinese, and the Persians, and all this while they were still a nomade horde of shepherds. They were terrible enemies to the Chinese, whose empire they invaded as often as internal dissensions gave them a prospect of success, and such was their superiority in arms to their civilized opponents, that their retreat was invariably purchased by subsidies. Their empire at last, however, became large and unwieldy; viceroys who were appointed became turbulent and revolted; continued successes introduced luxury and carelessness; the conquerors became enervated, and the tribes which they had subjugated rose in revolt, so that their dominion was overthrown after it had lasted for two hundred years.

The next time their name comes prominently before us in history, it is as guards of the Mussulman Caliph of the

Saracens, Motassem, who reigned in splendour at Bagdad between the years 841 and 870. He had recruited his mercenary forces by robust Turkish youths, either taken in war or purchased in trade, who were trained to bear arms, and instructed in the doctrines of the Mahometan faith. Fifty thousand of them at one time occupied the capital, while their chiefs filled the principal offices in the royal household, and acted as viceroys of the provinces. They behaved as hired soldiers may always be expected to act amongst a luxurious and enervated people, for the Arabs had by this time lost much of the warlike fervour which had distinguished them when they issued from their deserts to propagate the new faith. They rose in insurrection almost at regular intervals, upon receiving the least cause of discontent, murdered and maltreated the reigning prince, and disposed of the crown as they pleased, just as the prætorian guards had done at Rome centuries before.

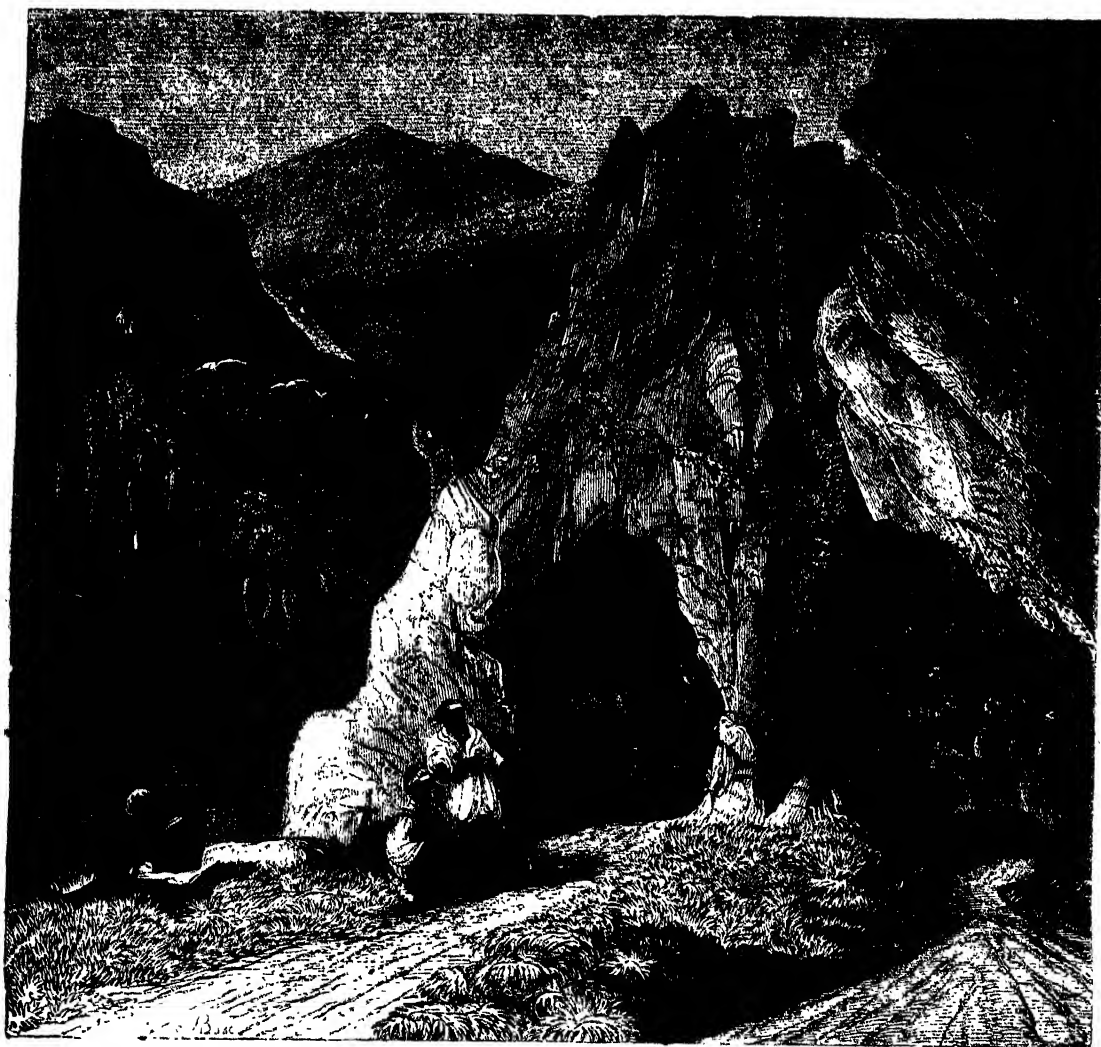
It was in the ninth century, however, that the Turks made themselves known to Europe in all their might and ferocity, under the name of *Ungars* or *Hungarians*. They crossed the frontiers of the Roman empire in the year 889, in huge squadrons of cavalry, and took possession of the province of Pannonia; swept over Bavaria, Swabia, and Franconia, with such speed, that in one day they laid waste a tract of country fifty miles in circuit. In the year 900 they had penetrated as far as the Pyrenees, and in 924 they crossed the Alps, and desolated Italy; and it was not till the year 935 that they were defeated and repelled by the skill and valour of Henry the Fowler and Otto the Great, two Saxon princes, and settled down peaceably in modern Hungary.

The tribe were now scattered loosely over the desert from China to the Oxus and the Danube; one branch of it had founded a republic in Europe, and men of Turkish extraction were the guards and ministers of most of the Asiatic thrones. It was in the year 997 in which Mahmud the Gaznevide, the son of a Turkish emir, seized the throne of the Persian caliphs and assumed the title of *sultan*. He was famed as a warrior, and made twelve expeditions into Hindostan; but he was still unable to contend against the barbarous hordes of his own countrymen, who hovered on the confines of his empire. During his lifetime, however, he managed to keep them in subjection and in peace; but during the reign of his son and successor, Massoud, in the year 1038, they burst upon Persia like an avalanche, and at the great battle of Zendeccan the sultan was defeated, and lost both his kingdom and his life.

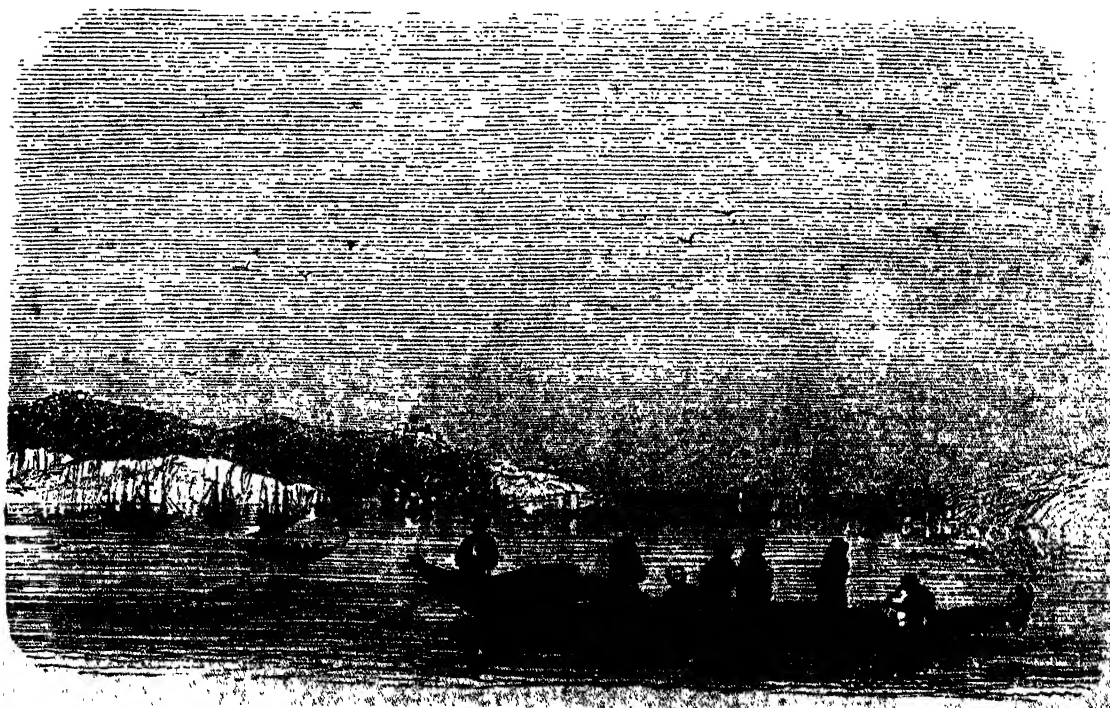
The Turks now proceeded to the election of a king; and the choice fell upon Togrul Bey, the grandson of Seljuk, from whom the dynasty received the appellation of Seljukian. Under him, Persia reached the highest pitch of power and importance; he delivered the caliph of Bagdad from the assaults of a rival, and finally succeeded to his throne; and, for the first time, made the arms of the Turks feared at Constantinople.

Under his successor, the famous and terrible Alp Arslan, the prestige of Turkish valour and ferocity was fully upheld. He conquered Georgia and Armenia, and passing across the

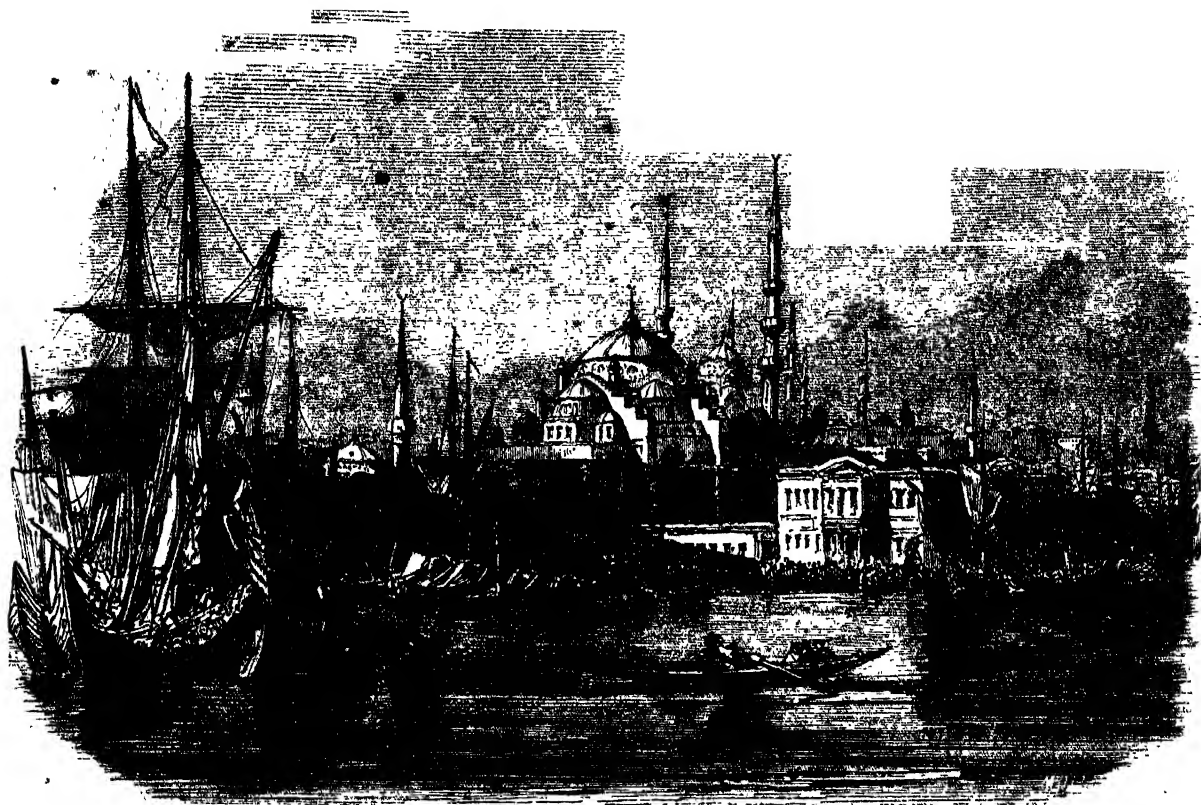
* There was a tradition amongst them that the founder of their tribe was, like Romulus, suckled by a she-wolf, and they preserved the figure of that animal on their banners.



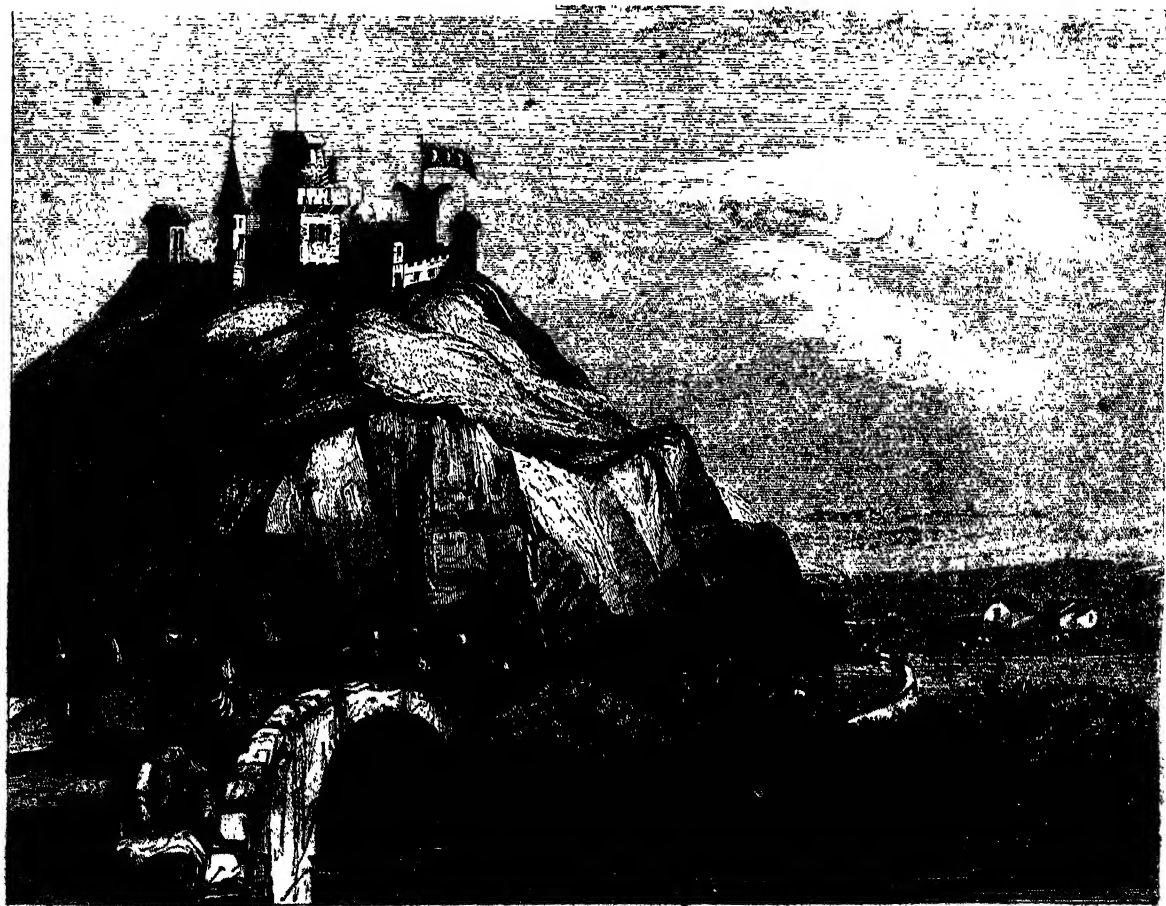
PASS IN THE BALKAN FRONTIER, BETWEEN TURKEY AND RUSSIA.



THE SEA OF MARMORA.



CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE CASTLE OF SYLVRIA, ON THE SEA OF MARMORA.

frontier of the Greek empire, laid waste Phrygia. Diogenes Romanus, the emperor, marched against him with a strong force, and at first met with some slight successes; but at last, owing to the treachery of a subordinate prince, his army was thrown into confusion in the presence of the enemy, and the Turkish cavalry overwhelmed him in a vast cloud. The slaughter was immense, the booty rich, and Romanus himself was taken prisoner, and only liberated upon payment of a large ransom.

Under the successors of Alp Arslan, the Turkish dominions were still further extended, and those of the Greeks still further circumscribed. Palestine was conquered, and a new Mussulman kingdom, that of Roum, was founded, of which Jerusalem was the capital; and nothing interposed between the arms of the conqueror and the capital of the Cæsars but the narrow straits of the Bosphorus. The persecutions suffered by the Christian pilgrims who thronged from all parts of Europe, to pay their devotions at the sepulchre of Christ, became every day greater; and it was a terrible humiliation for the Roman emperor to know, that the barbarian Latins alone had the power as well as the will to aid them. We shall not enter into the details of the various conflicts which took place in the first and subsequent crusades between the Saracens and the Latins, but shall hurry on to the year 1240, when the Ottomans or Othmans, the ancestors of the present possessors of Constantinople, first appear upon the scene.

Gellaleddin, one of the bravest of the sultans of Persia, after a long and brave defence of his dominions against the Moguls, another Tartar horde, was at last defeated, and perished ignobly in the mountains of Kurdistan. His army was broken up by his death; and, while the bolder and more powerful of the Turkman hordes of which it was composed invaded Syria and violated the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, the more humble entered the service of Aladin, the sultan of Iconium. Amongst the latter were the ancestors of the Ottomans. When they joined Aladin, their shah Orthogrul reigned over four hundred families, who dwelt in a camp on the banks of the Sangar, and whom he governed, in peace and war, for fifty-two years. He had a son named Thaman, or Athman, or Othman, a softened form, which it afterwards assumed, who, finding himself gradually emancipated from all control by the downfall of the Seljukian dynasty, and the distance of the Mogul khans, began to assume the bearing and authority of a sovereign prince. In sober reality, he was nothing better than what we, at the present day, should call the chief of a band of marauders; but at that time, and in that region, there was no idea of ignominy or baseness attached to the occupation he followed. He found himself close to the frontier of the Greek empire, and he was thus enabled to gratify his passion for plunder, under the pretext of religious duty; for the Koran not only sanctioned, but encouraged the carrying on of war against the infidels. The passes of Mount Olympus were no longer ably defended as of yore; he easily descended into the plain of Bithynia, and instead of retreating, according to the custom of his tribe, after a successful foray, he retained and fortified all the towns and castles that he captured, and began insensibly to adopt the customs, and indulge in the luxuries of civilization. In the reign of his son Orchan, a body of trained infantry was, for the first time, introduced into the Turkish army, as well as a train of battering engines, and by their aid Nice and Nicomedia were captured. In the year 1300, the whole of the Asiatic provinces of the Greek empire were lost, and the seven churches of the apostle John soon made way for the mosques of Mahomet.

In 1341, the Greek emperor Cantacuzene was foolish or unfortunate enough to call in the aid of the Ottomans against his rivals and adversaries. They crossed the strait, rendered him the assistance he sought; and their friendship was cemented by the marriage of the Greek princess Theodora with the son of Orchan. This time the Ottomans evacuated Europe, but in 1353, they were again invited by Cantacuzene to aid him against his enemies in Romania; and Solyman, his son-in-law, crossed the Hellespont with ten thousand horse, who never went back. The Chersonesus was insensibly filled

by a Turkish colony; an earthquake dismantled the walls of many of the towns and fortresses in the provinces—the Turks entered in and took possession, and never gave them up. When Amurath, the brother of Solyman, ascended the throne in 1360, he reigned over the whole province of Romania, from the Hellespont to Mount Hæmus, and the verge of the Greek capital; and he chose Adrianople as the seat of his government. He marched against the Bulgarians, Servians, Bosnians, and Albanians, and repeatedly defeated them, while the Greek emperor, John Palæologus, and his four sons, humbly followed the march of the conqueror, and awaited his pleasure. The fate of Constantinople, the last relic of so much greatness, of so much strength, of so much glory and civilization, was at length to be decided. Her hour was come, and now, for the first time in a thousand years, she found herself in the midst of her enemies with none to help or deliver her.

Amurath turned his victories over the Sclavonian nations to excellent account. A fifth of the hardiest and most robust of the youth of the Danubian provinces were selected for the sultan's use. They were educated in the religion and arms of the Turkish empire; they were then blessed by Hagi Boktesh, a celebrated dervish, who, placing the sleeve of his gown on the head of one of them, exclaimed, "Let them be called janizaries (*yengi cheri*—new or young soldiers); let their countenance ever be bright, their hands victorious, their swords keen; let their spears always hang over the heads of their enemies, and wherever they go, may they return with a white face!"*

The plan was found to succeed so admirably, that afterwards every fifth child, or the children of every fifth year, were selected from amongst the Christian population of the empire in the same manner, and instructed from the age of fourteen in seminaries appointed for the purpose, where they were taught to shoot with the bow, to wrestle, and speak Turkish. Some of them were employed as the household attendants of the sultan, or in the dockyards and arsenals; but the greater number were draughted into the army, and formed the first body of infantry which had appeared in Europe after the fall of the Roman empire. Here was the great secret of their success. All the western powers at that day believed that their main strength lay in their cavalry; no gentlemen would deign to fight on foot; and when foot soldiers were employed they were recruited from amongst the peasantry, and acted not as a united body, but as a sort of attendants upon the knights. As long as the Christians were ignorant of the vast power of a disciplined force of infantry, the Ottomans conquered; but as soon as their attention was turned to the improvement of this arm, and skill in its use became an essential qualification for a general, the balance was once more restored, and the Turks began to decline. Every possible effort was made to promote the *esprit de corps* amongst the janizaries, so as to keep up a feeling of unity amongst them when scattered in the various towns and provinces of the empire. They thus became the strongest bulwark of the Ottoman power in the earlier days of its establishment in Europe, though we shall see hereafter how greatly they contributed to its present decline.

The other exploits of Amurath and his successor Bajazet are numerous and weighty. The latter defeated hosts of Christian crusaders, spread terror through Europe, and threatened to feed his horse with a bushel of oats upon the altar of St. Peter's at Rome; and at last was himself conquered, and captured at the great battle of Angora, the greatest and most sanguinary that has ever occurred in the history of the world, by Timour, the Tartar khan. Amurath the Second besieged Constantinople in 1422, with an army of 200,000 men; but the strength of the walls, and the valour of the mercenaries whom the Greeks employed to defend them—for they were now too feeble or too effeminate to defend themselves—proved sufficient to repel his attacks, and the Greek empire—if that term may be applied to the city itself, for that

* *White and black face* are terms of praise and reproach among the Turks.

was all that now remained—received a respite of thirty years longer.

It is melancholy to read, even at this distance of time, of the dismay which reigned at that period at Constantinople. Many are the romances that have been written and the homilies that have been uttered upon fallen greatness, but no better instance of the vanity of earthly power could ever be cited "to point a moral and adorn a tale," than the fate of this unhappy city. The two emperors, John and Emanuel Palæologus, who occupied the throne during this period, were in the last extremity of despair. To save their capital they were prepared to sacrifice everything, even their religion, which a thousand years of strife and contention with the Latins had made it a point of honour with every true Greek to uphold. If the Pope procured him fifteen galleys, 500 men-at-arms, and 1,000 archers, he was ready to heal the schism and become his obedient son, abandon all points in dispute between the two churches, and prevail upon his clergy and people to submit themselves to the spiritual sway of the successor of St. Peter. He went as a miserable suppliant to Rome—the first Greek emperor who had ever done so—and there, such was his terror of the ferocious Turk, that in the presence of four cardinals he acknowledged as a true Catholic the supremacy of the Pope and the double procession of the Holy Ghost. He then kissed the Pope's feet, and hands, and mouth, publicly at St. Peter's, and was in return allowed to lead his Holiness' mule. Alas, poor Greece! Eight centuries previously, bishops were ready to cut their rivals' throats, and shed blood upon the altar itself, sooner than make either of these concessions; but to do the Greek clergy and people justice, whatever the emperor might say, they were as obstinate schismatics as ever, and hated the Latin Christians as cordially as the followers of the false prophet. John's conversion, however, did not avail him. The western powers could not be induced to do anything for him, and after a wearisome delay he returned empty-handed to Constantinople, after being arrested for debt at Venice on his way.

His son and successor, Manuel, made a similar excursion for the same purpose, and with no better success. He was received with all due respect in Rome. He passed on to France, and was there welcomed by Charles VI. and his nobles with magnificent politeness. He was lodged in the Louvre, and a succession of balls and fêtes were got up in the vain attempt to drive away his cares; but his demands for assistance were met with expressions of cold regret that it was impossible to comply with them, or vague promises more painful and more injurious than flat refusals. He crossed over to England, was met by Henry IV. at Blackheath, and during a stay of some days in London, was treated with all the respect and attention due to the representative of the declining dignity of imperial Rome. But the quarrels of the Roses gave the English no time for another crusade. Manuel returned to his capital, after an absence of two years, poorer and more downcast than when he left it.

On the 1st of November, 1448, the last of the Cæsars ascended the imperial throne in the person of Constantine Palæologus. The sultan of the Ottomans, reigning at this time at Adrianople, was Mahomet the Second, a man of great valour, unscrupulous ambition, great learning, but of ferocious temper. He declared his intention of building a fortress upon the European side of the Bosphorus, close to the walls of Constantinople. The emperor feebly remonstrated. Mahomet set him at defiance, and declared that he would order the next envoy who came with such a message to be flayed alive. The castle was accordingly built, and the marble of Christian churches was employed in its construction; the horses of the janizaries, who guarded the workmen, strayed into the neighbouring cornfields—the owners drove them out—frays issued in which many of the Greeks were massacred; the city gates were closed in alarm; Mahomet overjoyed went home to prepare for war. Constantine in despair declared that since the Turks were bent on his destruction, he would put his trust in the Lord of Hosts and die sword in hand at the head of his people. The winter of 1452-3 was spent in preparations on both

sides: Mahomet levying vast armaments and casting guns—for gunpowder had just been invented—of monstrous size; Constantine in strengthening the fortifications, saying his prayers and soliciting aid from abroad. But the west looked coldly on, and on the 6th of April, 1453, the crescent standard was planted before the gate of St. Romanus, and the famous siege of Constantinople commenced.

Some of the populace had previously withdrawn, and many of the degenerate nobility had accompanied them in their flight. Others kept masses of treasure in concealment which, if patriotically devoted to the state, might have employed whole armies of mercenaries in its defence. The Turks numbered 300,000 men; but although Constantinople contained 100,000 inhabitants, most of them were priests, or women, or men so devoid of spirit that they had lost even the first and noblest instinct of our nature, that which prompts a man to fight in self-defence, and in defence of his family and his liberty. A diligent inquiry was made at each house how many of the inmates were able and willing to bear arms in the coming struggle, but the minister to whom the duty was entrusted bore to his master the terrible news that of all this vast multitude there were but 4,970 Romans to man the walls. The old Romans, after losing 60,000 men in eighteen months, out of a population of fighting men of 270,000, and suffering three defeats from the armies of Hannibal, in which their best and bravest lost their lives, met not in fear or lamentation in the forum, but in fury, and the remnant marched forth to fight again, unconquered and unconquerable. At Marathon 10,000 Greeks charged a countless host of Persians on an open sandy plain, in a running step, and drove them on board their ships in confusion. How true it is that freedom is its own best defender, and that slavery is the grave of valour, of honour, and of manly sentiment!

Constantine had sought, by conforming to the Roman faith, and suffering service to be celebrated in the church of Sophia, with the Latin ritual, to secure the aid of the Christians of the west; but the unfortunate man by this step only drew on himself the rage of his own subjects, and the degenerate slaves who trembled at the sound of the Turkish cannon were ready to massacre the Roman Catholic priests because they consecrated a wafer of unleavened bread, and poured cold water into the sacramental cup. They yelled in the streets, what need had they of Latin aid, and in drunken zeal declared that with the Virgin's aid they could themselves deliver their city from her assailants.

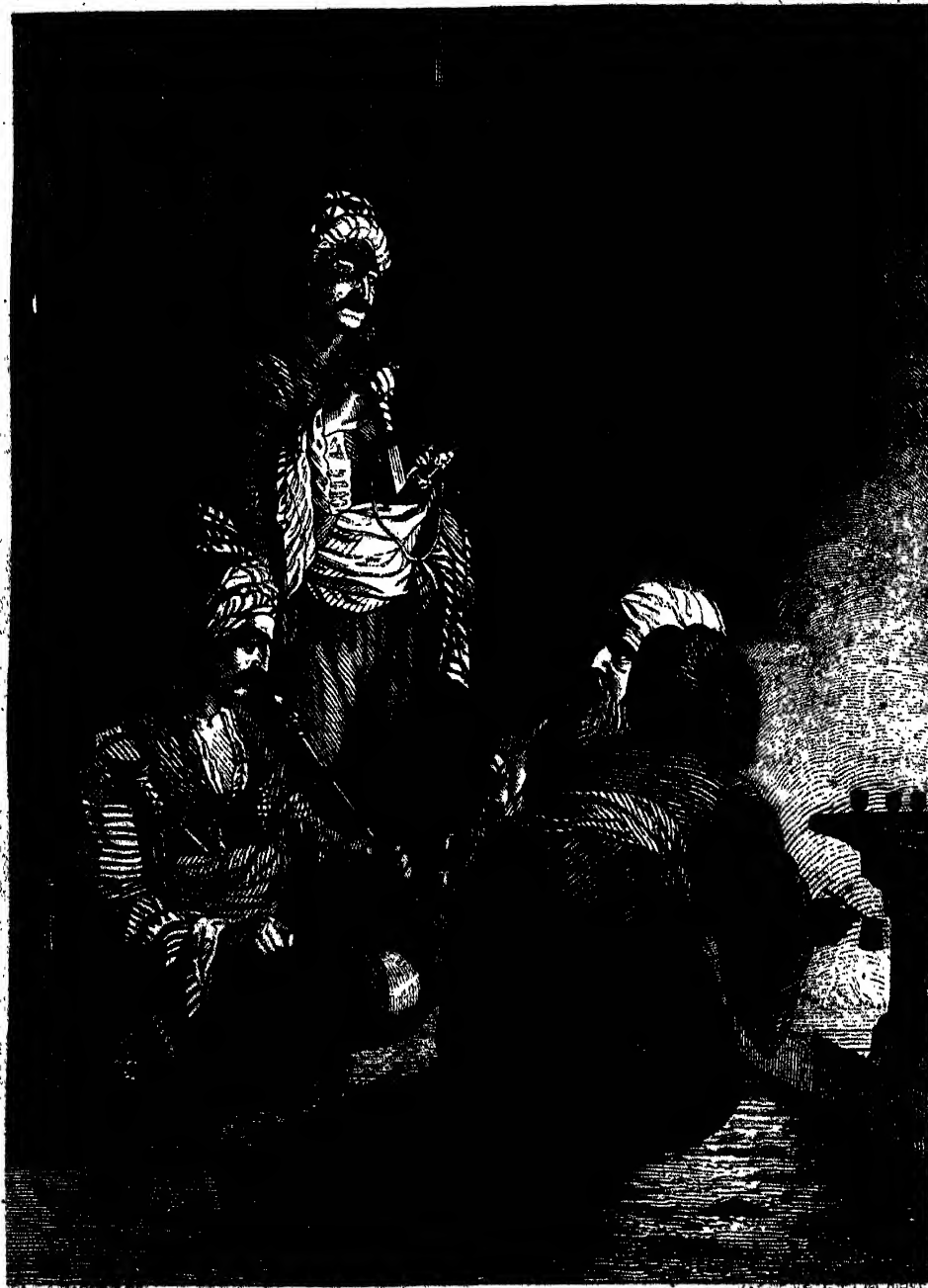
To his five thousand volunteers Constantine was enabled to add two thousand foreigners under the command of John Justiniani, a noble Genoese, and these were all he had to defend a city sixteen miles in circumference, but they animated by the greatest enthusiasm, and he himself was in every way worthy of the name he bore.

The Greeks at first sallied from the gates and engaged in desultory conflicts outside the walls, but they soon found that losses which were nothing to the Turks were disastrous to them in the highest degree, and they henceforth confined themselves to the defence of the ramparts. Their artillery was scanty, but it was well served, though small in calibre. They had a few great guns, but feared to fire them, lest the explosion should overthrow the old walls. Mahomet's great guns, in the meantime, thundered against the fortifications, and at last made some impression. The Turks advanced to fill up the ditch with fascines and rubbish; but all that they threw down in the day the Greeks removed at night. Mahomet mined; they countermined. He erected huge towers on a level with the walls, and by the aid of battering-rams, overturned the turret of St. Romanus; they overturned his towers and built up that of St. Romanus in one night. When he saw it in the morning he swore that had thirty-seven thousand prophets told him, he would not have believed that infidels could perform such a feat in so short a time. He poured liquid fire upon the Greeks; they poured liquid fire on him. He planted scaling-ladders, and the janizaries mounted them in a furious throng; the Greeks hurled them down as fast as they mounted, in one mangled and gory mass.

Towards the end of April fire-ships arrive from Genoa laden with supplies for the weary garrison. They enter the Bosphorus, and are already in sight of the city, when the sultan sends a fleet of three hundred vessels against them. They engage; the unwieldy and badly managed barks of the Turks are overwhelmed by the skill of the Christian sailors. The slaughter is frightful. Mahomet sits on horseback on the beach

came on shore he was stretched on his face and received one hundred strokes with a golden rod under the kindling eye of his master, but the city is supplied with provisions and ammunition, and the Greeks are jubilant.

It was now evident that the Turks must abandon the siege if the city could not be attacked from the sea as well as from the land. Their fleet lay far down in the straits, and the



BULGARIANS, INHABITANTS OF TURKEY IN EUROPE.

surrounded by his officers, and swears and yells with fury as he sees his followers giving way. They take heart again, they scramble up the sides of the Genoese vessels, Mahomet spurs his horse into the water in impotent rage and threatens them with vengeance in case of another failure. They are swept down by the artillery and burnt with liquid fire, and twelve thousand Turkish bodies floating in the Bosphorus attest the fury of the combat. When the Moslem commander

Genoese vessels, inqored in a firm line, lay between them and Constantinople. Mahomet constructed a wooden way ten miles in length, dragged his ships along it in one night, and launched them on the side next the Black Sea. They were chained together, a battery constructed upon them, and several breaches were speedily made in the walls. The garrison was thinned; four towers were levelled with the ground; the Greeks began to despair.

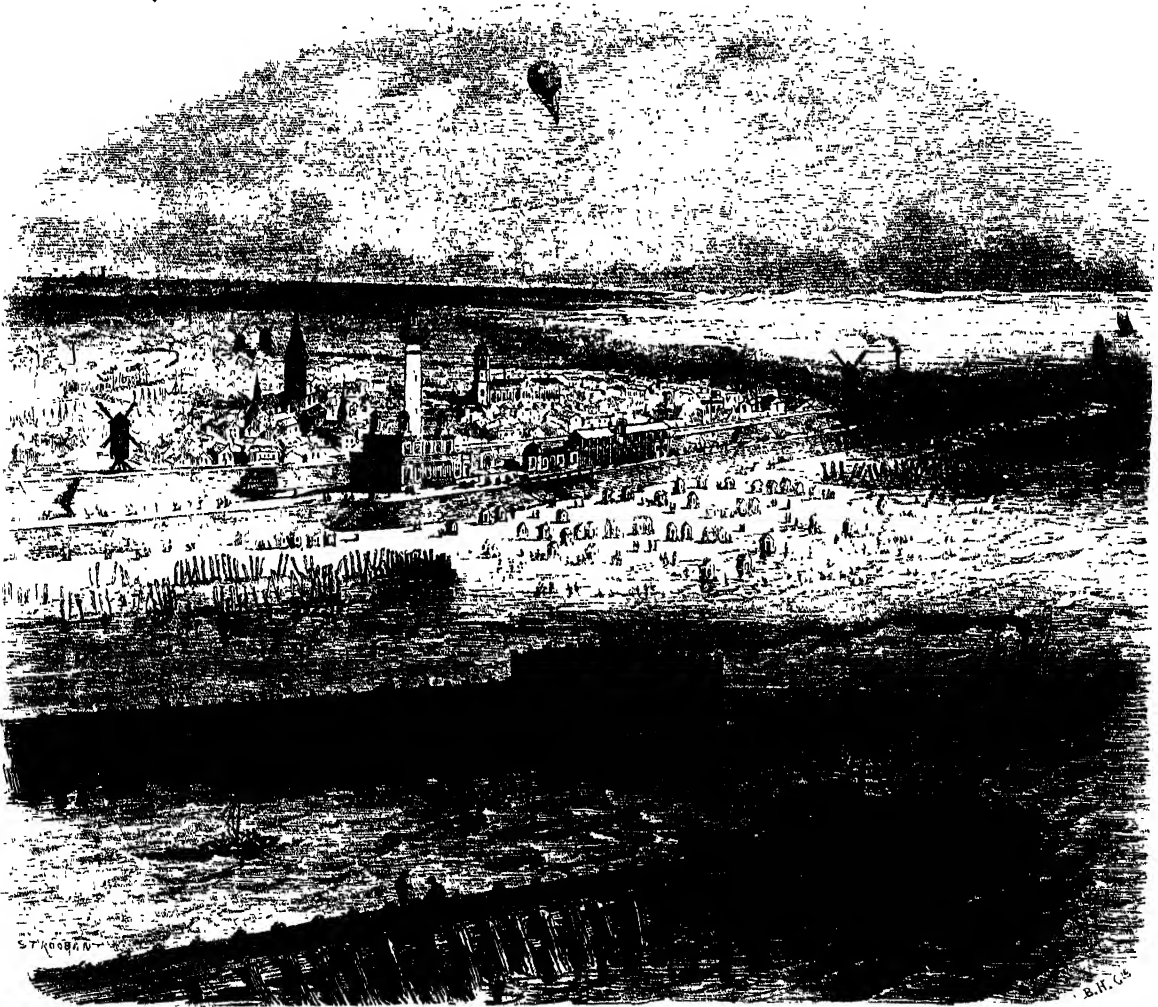
OSTEND.

In the ninth century Ostend, a name which signifies the eastern extremity, was a village of but small importance; yet before the eleventh century had closed, its renown as a port and city was widely extended. In 1445, Philip the Good found it necessary to enlarge its boundaries, and erect a high wall, a magic circle of stony strength, and not long afterwards we find Ostend a regularly fortified city. These fortifications were completed by the Prince of Orange (1583), who had placed himself at the head of the Dutch revolt. The siege which Ostend sustained for three years against the Archduke Albert, from 1601 to 1604, is one of the most remarkable events of modern history. Seventy-two thousand of the besieged perished, and a far more considerable number of the Spaniards

fended by its modern fortifications, and is entered by four gates. The population is nearly 11,500. The Hotel de Ville, flanked by two towers and surmounted by a cupola, was rebuilt in 1711, it having been destroyed by the siege of 1706.

The only part of Ostend which presents a modern aspect has been built upon a somewhat singular plan; it is called the New City. This is the work of the Emperor Joseph II., who exerted himself to establish and extend the maritime interests of the place.

The ramparts which overlook the sea form an agreeable promenade, at the foot of which a column has been erected which serves at night as a lighthouse for vessels approaching the harbour. During the day the naval signals are conducted



VIEW OF OSTEND.

were destroyed. At the siege there are said to have been 300,000 pieces of cannon which were for the most part manufactured in London. At the time of the capitulation Ostend was literally nothing more than a mass of ruins; and in this condition it was surrendered to General Ambrose Spinola on the 14th of September, 1604. The city was entirely rebuilt in 1706, and ceded in 1715 to the Emperor of Germany, Charles VI., who by the establishment of an Indian Company brought about the true era of its prosperity. Unhappily that period did not last long: for in 1734 the Indian Company was suppressed, and ten years afterwards, by a siege of eighteen days, Louis XV. destroyed the new fortifications and captured the city. It was re-taken by the French in 1794.

Situated at the extremity of a plain, Ostend is mainly de-

fended by its modern fortifications, and is entered by four gates. The population is nearly 11,500. The Hotel de Ville, flanked by two towers and surmounted by a cupola, was rebuilt in 1711, it having been destroyed by the siege of 1706.

The port has two basins, very large and very carefully constructed, formed with stones and timber; two jetties of timber divide them from each other, and the width of the opening is about five hundred feet. The port affords safe and convenient harbourage to the largest vessels, but the entrance is not always easy, and shipwrecks in its neighbourhood are of no uncommon occurrence.

The port is used by vessels of all countries and of every description, from the small sloop to the citadels of the ocean. More than a thousand are annually entered. The sea bathing is justly celebrated, and attracts a great number of visitors.

HAWKS AND HAWKING.

But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Henry VI., part 2.

HAWKING is the art of taking wild animals, chiefly birds, by means of hawks. This sport, though of great antiquity, seems chiefly to have been practised in the two countries of Thrace and Britain. In the former it was pursued merely as the diversion of a particular district; for Aristotle tells us, that "there was a district in Thrace, in which the boys used to assemble at a certain time of the year, for the sake of bird-catching; that this spot was much frequented by hawks, which were wont to appear on hearing themselves called, and would drive the little birds into the bushes, where they were caught by children; and that the hawks would even sometimes take the birds and fling them to these young fowlers, who, after finishing their diversion, bestowed on their assistants part of the prey." But the aborigines of Britain, as well as the Saxons, had a great fondness for hawking, and every chief amongst them maintained a considerable number of birds for that sport.

To the Romans it was scarcely known in the days of Vespasian, but was introduced soon after from Britain; and Martial has the following epigram on the fate of a hawk:—

*"Prædo fuit voluerum, famulus mene ancupis, idem
Decipit, et captas non sibi, meritis, aves."*

Among this people, the hawk was called *accipiter*, and it was considered a bird of ill omen from being carnivorous; but Pliny says that sometimes, particularly in marriage, it was esteemed of good omen, because it never eats the hearts of other birds; intimating thereby that no differences in the marriage state ought to affect the heart. The *accipiter* was worshipped as a divinity at Tentyra, an island on the Nile, being considered by the inhabitants as an image of the sun; and hence we find the sun represented under the figure of a hawk in hieroglyphics. It became a favourite exercise of the Roman Britons in the sixth century, and in later times was the principal amusement of the English. Under the Welsh laws of Hoel Dha, "the falconer has a privilege, the day the hawk shall bill a bittern, or a heron, or a curlew. Three services shall the king perform for the falconer on such a day: hold his stirrup while he dismounts; hold the horse while he goes after the birds; and hold his stirrup while he mounts again. Three times shall the king that night compliment him at table." In the beginning of the seventh century, two falcons and a hawk were sent by the Archbishop of Mons, an Englishman by birth, to Ethelbert, king of Kent, the birds then reared in England not being in such high repute; and a king of Mercia requested the same dignitary of the church to send him two falcons which had been trained to attack cranes, as those he had were not sufficiently strong and skilful. At a later period, hawking became so common that laws were made for the purpose of restraining some of the abuses to which it gave rise. Monks were forbidden to keep hawks and falcons; and, in 821, persons carrying hawks were forbidden by the then king of the Mercians from trespassing upon the lands belonging to the monks of Abingdon. Alfred the Great wrote a book on the management of hawks, and, according to Asser, he himself instructed his falconers, hawkers, and hound-trainers. Edward the Confessor's fondness for hawking seems to have been excessive, for in the words of an old manuscript, "Every day after divine service he took to this beloved sport;" while the cause of Harold's unfortunate voyage to Normandy is by some writers attributed to the straying of a favourite falcon, which he was anxious to recover. In the Bayeux tapestry, said to have been worked by Matilda, wife to William the Conqueror, and her ladies, he is represented as embarking with a bird on his hand and a dog under his arm; and in an old picture representing the marriage of Henry VI., a nobleman is represented much in the same manner. After the conquest, the common people seem

to have been prohibited from keeping these birds, hunting with them being considered an amusement worthy only of kings and nobles; and thus these birds became as much the token of high birth, as the spurs of knighthood or the blazon of a shield. Nobles carried their favourite falcons with them on journeys, and sometimes even into battle, and would not part with them even to procure their own liberty, if taken prisoners; for to resign his hawk was considered one of the most disgraceful actions of which a nobleman could be guilty, and as a voluntary resignation of his nobility.

Magna Charta, however, gave liberty to every freeman to have in his woods eyries of hawks, sparr-hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons. Large numbers of hawks were generally kept at the monasteries; and Walter, Bishop of Rochester, was so fond of this sport, that when he was eighty years of age, it was (with hunting) the sole employment of his life, to the total neglect of the duties of his office. English ladies also applied themselves so much to the art, that they are said to have excelled the men in their dexterity,—“a proof,” says John of Salisbury, “that it is an effeminate amusement.”

We find that Geoffrey Fitzpierre gave two good Norway hawks to king John, to obtain for his friend the liberty of exporting one hundredweight of cheese; and Nicholas the Dane stipulated “to give the king a hawk every time he came into England, that he might have liberty to traffic throughout the king's dominions.” Great, indeed, must have been their value, to have been considered as bribes not unworthy of a king. Vast, too, was the expense which sometimes attended this sport. In the reign of James the First, Sir Thomas Monson is said to have given £1,000 for a cast of hawks. We need not wonder, then, at the rigour of the laws tending to preserve an amusement which was carried to such a pitch of extravagance.

In the 34th Edward III., it was made felony to steal a hawk; and to take its eggs, even in the person's own ground, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure. In queen Elizabeth's reign the imprisonment was reduced to three months, but the offender was to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or lie in prison till he did so.

Hawks were also made the tenure by which some of the nobility held their estates from the crown. Thus, Sir John Stanley had a grant of the Isle of Man from Henry IV., to be held of the king, his heirs, and successors, by homage and the service of two falcons, payable on the day of his or her coronation; and Philip de Hastang held his manor of Comlertoun, in Cambridgeshire, by the service of keeping the king's falcons. The duke of St. Albans is still hereditary grand falconer of England, an office bestowed on his ancestor, the son of Charles II. and Nell Gwyn.

According to Olearius, who wrote in the seventeenth century, the diversion of hawking was then more followed by the Tartars and Persians than it has ever been in any part of Europe.

Sir John Malcolm, in his sketches of Persia, alludes to the chase of the *ahubura*, or Persian bustard, with hawks. He says that the instant that the *byri*, a kind of hawk, said by Vigne to be the peregrine falcon, is flown, the *ahubura* runs to meet it with outstretched wings. A fierce contest then ensues on the ground, which generally ends in the *ahubura* taking wing. A goshawk is then flown, when the *ahubura* takes again to the ground. The first *byri* is now no longer of any use, and a second is flown; the contest ends in the *ahubura* again taking wing, when it is pounced upon by the goshawk, which had all the time remained hovering over the combatants.

Vigne, in his “Travels in Kashmir,” &c., gives a nearly similar account.

Near the junction of the rivers Chunar and Dodah, in Kashmir, is a village famous for the capture of hawks. They are taken in nets set open like a school-boy's sparrow-trap, containing a live pigeon as a bait. The peregrine, the goshawk, or the sparrowhawk, which are commonly used in the East, might all be taken in this way. Chumla is the only

place in India where Vigne saw the *chark falcon* in training. He believes this bird to be the true lanner of naturalists.

The following account of falconry in Assyria, from the pen of the great traveller Mr. Layard, is so interesting, that we insert it at length :—

FALCONRY IN ASSYRIA.

“The hawk most valued by eastern sportsmen is the *shaheen*, a variety of the northern peregrine falcon, and esteemed the most noble of the race. Although the smallest in size, it is celebrated for its courage and daring, and is constantly the theme of Persian verse. There are several kinds of *shaheen*, each distinguished by its size and plumage; those from the Gebel Shammarr, in Nedjid, are the most prized, but being only brought by occasional pilgrims from Mecca, are very rare. The next best are said to come from Tokat, in Asia Minor. The *shaheen* should be caught and trained when young. It strikes its quarry in the air, and may be taught to attack even the largest eagle, which it will boldly seize, and checking its flight, fall with it to the ground. The sportsman should, however, be at hand to release the falcon immediately, or it will soon fall a victim to its temerity. It is usually flown at the crane, the middle bustard (*houbara*), geese, and francolins. There is a variety called the *bahree*, found on the borders of the Persian Gulf, which can be taught to catch geese, ducks, and all manner of water fowl; but it is difficult to keep and train. The next in value is the *balaban*, which can be trained to strike its quarry either in the air or on the ground. It is found in the neighbourhood of Baghdad, and in other parts of Mesopotamia; is caught and trained when full grown, and is flown at gazelles, hares, cranes, bustards, partridges, and francolins. The *baz* and *shah baz* (? *astur palumbarius*, the *goshawk*, and the *falco lanarius*) is remarkable for the beauty of its speckled plumage and for its size. It strikes in the air and on the ground, and, if well trained, may take cranes and other large game. The *balaban* and *baz*, when used by the Persians for hunting hares, are sometimes dressed in a kind of leather breeches; otherwise, as they seize their prey with one talon, and a shrub or some other object with the other, they might have their limbs torn asunder. The *chark* (? *falco cervicalis*), the usual falcon of the Bedouins, always strikes its quarry on the ground, except the eagle, which it may be trained to fly at in the air. It is chiefly used for gazelles and bustards, but will also take hares and other game. The bird usually hawked by the Arabs is the middle-sized bustard, or *houbara*. It is almost always captured on the ground, and defends itself vigorously with wings and beak against its assailant, which is often disabled in the encounter. The falcon is generally trained to this quarry with a fowl. The method pursued is very simple. It is first taught to take its raw meat from a man, or from the ground, the distance being daily increased by the falconer. When the habit is acquired, the flesh is tied to the back of a fowl; the falcon will at once seize its usual food, and receives also the liver of the fowl, which is immediately killed. A bustard is then, if possible, captured alive, and used in the same way. In a few days the training is complete, and the hawk may be flown at any large bird on the ground. The falconry, however, in which Easterns take most delight, is that of the gazelle. For this very noble and exciting sport, the falcon and greyhound must be trained to hunt together by a process unfortunately somewhat cruel. In the first place, the bird is taught to eat its daily ration of raw meat fastened on the stuffed head of a gazelle. The next step is to accustom it to look for its food between the horns of a tame gazelle. The distance between the animal and the falconer is daily increased, until the hawk will seek its meat when about half a mile off. A greyhound is now loosed upon the gazelle, the falcon being flown at the same time. When the animal is seized, which of course soon takes place, its throat is cut, and the hawk is fed with a part of its flesh. After thus sacrificing three gazelles, the education of the falcon and greyhound is declared to be complete. The chief art in the training is to teach the two to signal out the same gazelle, and the dog not to injure the falcon when struggling on the ground with the quarry. The greyhound, however,

soon learns to watch the movements of its companion, without whose assistance it could not capture its prey. The falcon, when loosed from its tresses, flies steadily and near the ground towards the retreating gazelles, and marking one, soon separates it from the herd. It then darts at the head of the affrighted animal, throws it to the ground, or only checks it in its rapid course. The greyhound rarely comes up before the blow has been more than once repeated. The falconer then hastens to secure the quarry. Should the dog not succeed in capturing the gazelle after it has been struck for the third or fourth time, the hawk will generally sulk and refuse to hunt any longer. I once saw a very powerful falcon, belonging to Abde Pasha, hold a gazelle until the horsemen succeeded in spearing the animal. The fleetness of the gazelle is so great, that, without the aid of the hawk, very few dogs can overtake it, unless the ground be heavy after rain. The pursuit of the gazelle with the falcon and hound over the boundless plains of Assyria and Babylonia is one of the most exhilarating and graceful of sports, displaying equally the noble qualities of the horse, the dog, and the bird. The time of day best suited for hawking is very early in the morning, before the eagles and kites are soaring in the sky. The falcon should not be fed for several hours before it is taken to the chase. When not hunting, the Arabs give it meat only once a day. Some hawks require to be hooded, such as the *chark* and the *shaheen*; others need no covering for the eyes. The hood is generally made of coloured leather, with eyes worked on it in beads, and gold and variegated threads. Tassels and ornaments of various kinds are added, and the great chiefs frequently adorn a favourite bird with pearls and precious stones. To the legs are sometimes fastened small bells. Few hawks will return to the falconer without the lure, which consists of the wing of a bustard or fowl, or of a piece of meat attached to a string and swung round in the air. The Eastern huntsman has a different call for each variety of falcon. A good *chark* will sometimes take as many as eight or ten bustards, or five or six gazelles in the course of a morning.”

Hawks were divided into two kinds—the long-winged and the short-winged. Of the long-winged, the first in value, as in size, came the *gyr* or *jer-falcon* (*falco islandicus*), which, in spite of its alleged want of teeth, is one of the boldest and most powerful of its class, and therefore was used to fly at wild fowl of the largest size, as cranes, storks, herons, and geese. Among falconers, the female only was named the *gyr-falcon*, the male being called the *jerkin*. This fine species seems now confined almost entirely to the most northerly parts of Europe and America. It was often seen by Dr. Richardson during his journeys over the “barren grounds” of North America, where it preys principally on ptarmigan; and the latter birds endeavour to avoid him by diving instantly into the loose snow for a considerable distance. Two of these falcons attacked Dr. Richardson as he was climbing up a lofty precipice in the neighbourhood of their nest.

Next in esteem came the peregrine falcon (*F. peregrinus*), the female of which only was called the falcon, and, on account of her greater size, usually flown at herons and ducks. The male, being smaller, was more frequently flown at partridges, and sometimes at magpies, and was called *tiercel*, *tiercelet*, and *tassel-gentle*. The red falcon and red tiercel were only the young of this species. The true lanner and lanneret (*F. lanarius*) are only found in the south. Louis XIV. had lanners sent him annually from Malta. This bird exceeds the peregrine in size, and was much esteemed for flying at the kite, with which the latter could scarcely contend.

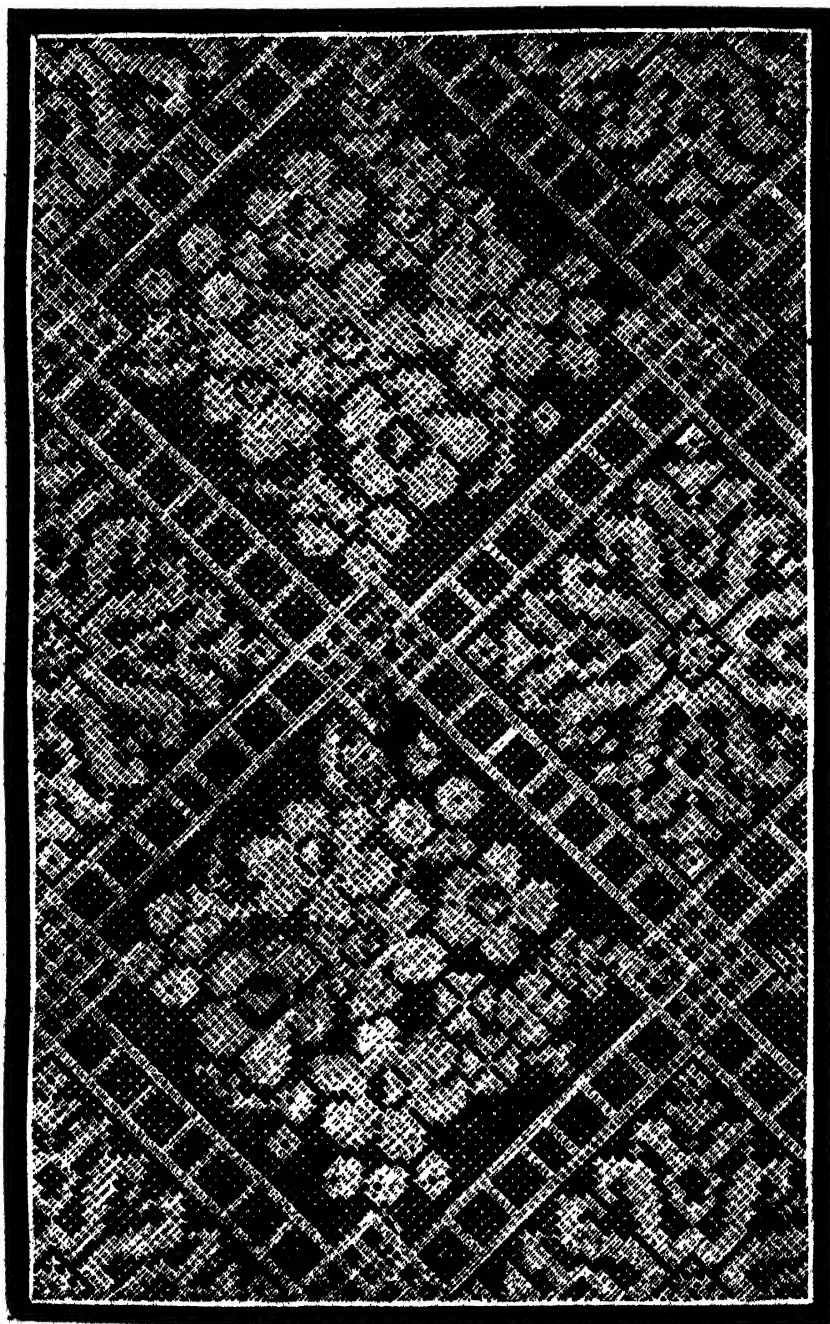
Wonderful stories are told of the swiftness of flight of the falcon; and it is well known that a falcon belonging to Henry II. of France, made its escape from Fontainebleau, and was retaken the next day in the island of Malta, where it was recognised by the rings on its legs. Had it continued on the wing the whole time, it must have flown at the rate of fifty-seven miles an hour; but such birds are said never to fly by night, and the velocity must therefore have been equal to at least seventy-five miles an hour. Another falcon, having

been sent from the Canaries to the Duke of Lermos, then in Andalusia, was found in Teneriffe sixteen hours after it had been seen in Spain.

The hobby (*F. subuteo*), called also the jack, was much esteemed for lark hunting.

The merlin (*F. asalon*) and jack merlin were used to take blackbirds and thrushes. The stone-falcon is only a variety of the merlin. Other species are the bockerel and the bockeret, the saker and sauret; the stelletto of Spain, the blood-red rook from Turkey, and the waskite from Virginia.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.



NETTED WINDOW CURTAIN.

MATERIALS:—Netting Cotton, No. 24; Embroidering Goat's-head Cotton, No. 30; a middle-sized Netting Needle; Steel Mesh, No. 9; and a long Embroidering Needle.

If worked with the above cotton and mesh four squares will measure one inch, which will be a guide for the number of foundation stitches to make in the beginning for the curtain. The pattern must afterwards be darned in embroidering cotton No. 30, according to the engraving, by passing

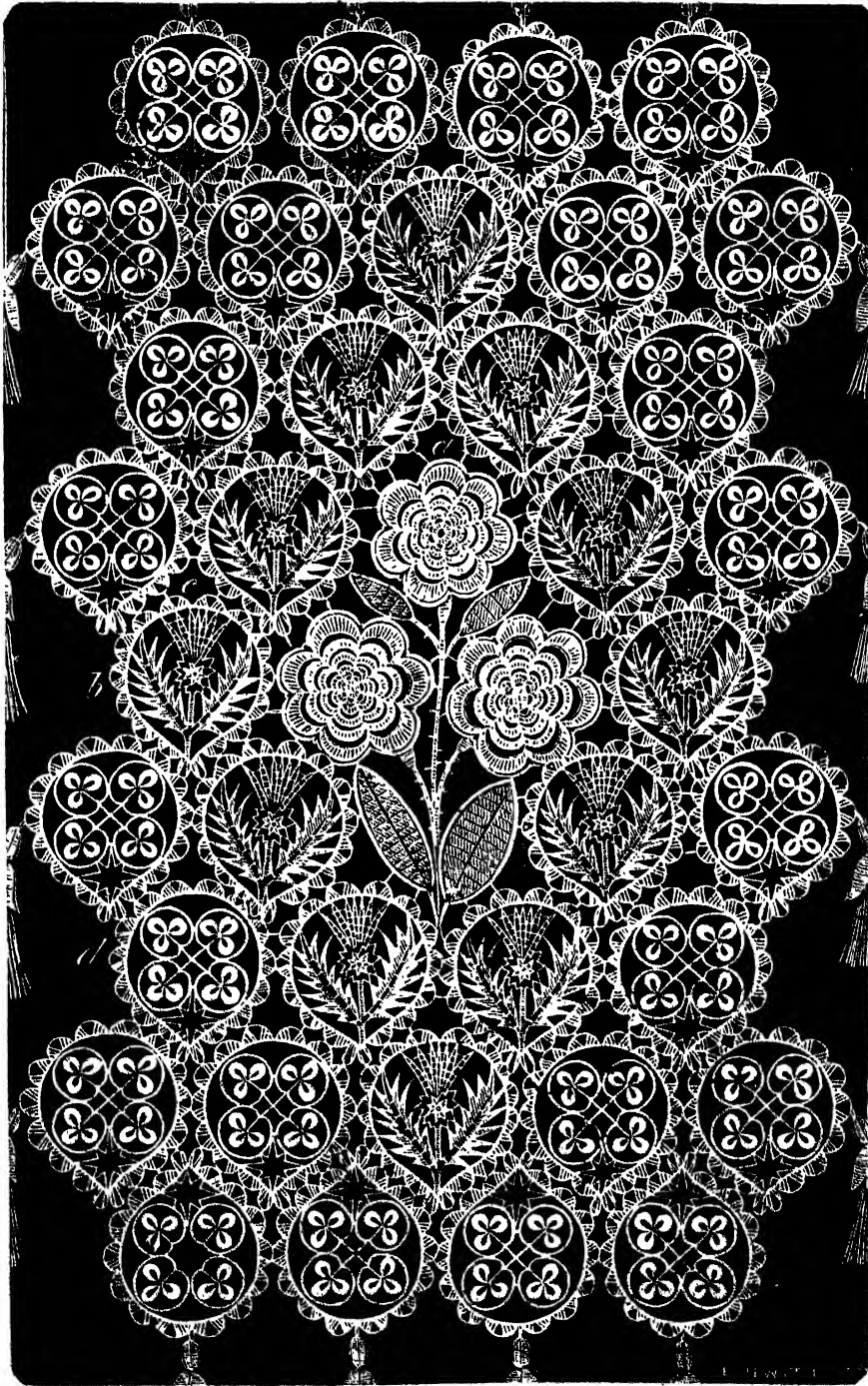
the needle under and over the threads of the meshes very regularly and even, always keeping the same number of threads in every square, and all must run the same way and be drawn to one degree of tightness, for all the beauty of the work depends upon its evenness and regularity. This pattern may be extended to any size, and would look very well if the flowers were sewn in pale pink ingrain cotton, and the fret-work in white cotton.

UNION ANTI-MACASSAR.

MATERIALS.—Exhibition Cotton, Nos. 10, 18, 22, 30; and Penelope Hook, Nos. 3, 4.

Commence working this anti-macassar with the centre group of roses and leaves, which is marked *a* for 1st leaf. 18 chain, turn, and on the chain; miss 1, 1 d.c., 4 long, 4 d. long, 2 long, 1 d.c., 4 s.c. turn and on the other side of the chain, 4

1st rose. ... turn, miss 7 and 1 s.c. in 8th stitch, then in the same loop work 14 d.c.; 1 d.c. on 1st d.c. 3 chain, miss 1, repeat 6 times more. 1 d.c. on d.c., 5 chain, repeat 6 times more. 1 d.c. on d.c., 7 chain, repeat 6 times more. 1 d.c. on d.c., 10 chain, repeat 6 times more. In 1st 10 chain, 1 d.c., 4 long, 8 d. long, 4 long, 1 d.c. repeat in the



UNION ANTI-MACASSAR.

s.c., 1 d.c., 2 long, 4 d. long, 4 long, 1 d.c. fasten off. This finishes 1st leaf.

2nd leaf. Work another leaf from to then 1 s.c. in 1st stitch of stem of 1st leaf: 2 chain, 1 s.c. in next stitch join to stem of 2nd leaf: 8 chain; join to 3rd d. long in same leaf; 34 chain.

same way in each 10 chain. In filling up the last 10 chain in 4 d. long:—Join to 1st leaf as in the engraving. Then in 1st 7 chain, 1 d.c., 3 long, 7 d. long, 3 long, 1 d.c., repeat in each 7 chain working in the same way. Then in 1st 5 chain, 1 d.c., 2 long, 4 d. long, 2 long, 1 d.c., repeat in each 5 chain work in the same manner. Then in 1st 3 chain, 1

d.c., 3 long, 1 d.c., repeat " in each 3 chain all round. Along the stem from the rose work 6 d.c., 3 chain, 1 s.c. in last d.c., 3 d.c., 3 chain, 1 s.c. in last d.c.; 6 s.c. " 24 chain, work another rose from " to " joining to 2nd leaf; then work 10 s.c. up the 1st stem of 1st rose, 8 chain, join to the stem of 1st rose; 20 chain, join to the 2nd rose; 34 chain, work a 3rd rose from " in 1st rose to " After working the flowers, join the stem to the last petal, and down the stem 1 d.c., 5 long, 4 d.c.

1st bud. 4 chain, turn, miss 1, 2 d.c., 3 long, 2 d.c., turn, and on the other side of 14 chain: 2 d.c., 3 long, 2 d.c., fasten off. Then on the stem from the bud 8 s.c. cross, and on the other side work second bud, joining to the flowers as you work them. This finishes the centre group.

b, thistle. Commence working with cotton No. 22 and hook No. 3. Work 8 chain, turn, and down the chain work as follows: miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long, 4 chain, turn, and on the 4 chain; miss 1, 1 d.c., and 2 long. Repeat 4 times more: 2 d.c. down the stem, 4 chain, turn, and on the 4 chain, miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long; then 1 d.c. in 4 chain, stitch of stem repeat " 4 times more. This finishes 1st leaf.

2nd leaf. Work 6 chain, turn, and on the chain miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long; 4 chain and on the chain miss 1, 1 d.c., 2 long, repeat " 4 times more. 2 d.c. down the stem, and then work from " in 1st leaf to " then 2 s.c. on the remaining 2 chain of 6 chain for stem of thistle. Make 12 chain, turn, miss 5, 1 s.c. in 6th which forms a round loop: then down the remaining 6 chain, work 1 s.c., and on the 4 chain between the two leaves work 4 s.c. across the stem; and work 10 s.c. which brings to the top of the round loop again. You then commence the thistle. And in the round loop 1 d.c., 2 chain; join to point of 1st leaf, 1 chain; 2 d.c. in round loop; 3 chain join to point of 2nd leaf; 2 chain; 2 d.c. in round loop; 4 chain join to point of 3rd leaf; 3 chain; 1 d.c. in round loop; 6 chain join to point of 4th leaf; 13 chain, turn, miss 9, 1 s.c. in 10th chain stitch: 12 d.c. down the chain, 1 d.c. in round loop; 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c., in 3rd d.c. of last row; 3 chain, miss 2, 1 s.c. in 6th d.c. of last row; 4 chain, miss 3, 1 s.c. in 10th d.c. of last row; 11 chain, miss 10 and 1 s.c. in 11th: then d.c. on the remaining chain stitched; 1 d.c. in round loop; repeat from " to " 11 chain, miss 10 and 1 s.c. in 11th; then work d.c. along the chains; and 1 d.c. in round loop. Repeat from " to " 9 chain, miss 8, 1 s.c. in 9th d.c. down the chains, 1 d.c. in round loop. Repeat from " to " 9 chain, miss 8, 1 s.c. in 9th; d.c. half down the chain: join to 4th point of 1st leaf d.c. down the remainder of chain; 1 d.c. in loop, 4 chain, join to point of 3rd leaf; 3 chain, 1 d.c. in loop; 3 chain join to point of 2nd leaf; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in loop, 2 chain join to point of 1st leaf; 1 chain, 1 d.c. in loop: fasten off.

c, or outer edge of thistle. With cotton No. 18 and hook No. 3. 1 s.c. in 1st s.c. of stem; 5 chain, 1 s.c. in point of 1st leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 2nd leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 3rd leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 4th leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 5th leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 6th leaf; 7 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 7 chain; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 11 chain; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 9 chain; 2 chain, 1 d.c. in centre of 7 chain; 7 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 6th leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 5th leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 4th leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 3rd leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 2nd leaf; 4 chain, 1 d.c. in point of 1st leaf; 5 chain, 1 d.c. in 1st chain stitch of stem. Then round the chain work as follows: 8 chain, 1 long in next chain; 3 chain, 1 d.c. in next chain: then 2 long, 3 chain, 1 long in same chain as last long, 1 long in next chain stitch, 1 d.c. in next repeat " 11 times more: 2 long, 2 chain join to 2nd outer leaf of first rose 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long in next chain, 1 d.c. in next chain stitch. In the next two repeat from " to " join in the same manner to 1st leaf. Repeat from " to " 6 times more: 3 chain, 2 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., and fasten off.

Make 11 more joining to centre a as in the engraving and exactly in the same manner.

d, shamrock. With the cotton No. 22, and hook No. 3.

Make 10 chain, turn, " miss 5, 1 s.c. in 6th chain which forms a round loop, into which work 1 d.c., 7 chain, 1 d.c. in round loop, repeat " twice more, 1 chain to cross; and in each 7 chain all work 9 d.c.: then down the stem 4 s.c., 7 chain, 1 d.c. in 5th d.c. of 3rd 9 d.c.: 7 chain 1 s.c. at the end of the stem " then work 39 d.c. all round the chain, which will bring you to where you started from.

2nd flower: 17 chain repeat from " to " in 1st flower, then round the chain 39 d.c.: 4 s.c. down the stem.

3rd flower: 13 chain repeat from " to " in 1st flower. Then round the chain 5 d.c. join to 5th d.c. of 39 d.c.: then 29 d.c. round the chain join to 2nd flower to the 5th d.c.; 5 d.c. and 3 s.c. down the stem.

4th flower: make another exactly like the 3rd flower, then 3 s.c. up the stem of first flower, and fasten off.

e, or outer edge of shamrock. With No. 18 cotton and hook No. 3. Make 11 chain and work 1 d.c. in 16th d.c. from where you joined the two leaves together of the shamrock: 20 chain, 1 d.c. in the 16th d.c. of 3rd flower from where you joined the two shamrocks together: 20 chain, 1 d.c. in 16th d.c. of 4th flower from where you joined the two shamrocks together: 10 chain join to 1st stitch of 11 chain. Then round the chain work 3 chain, 2 long, 3 chain: " 1 d.c., 2 long, 3 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long in next chain repeat " 12 times more. Then 1 d.c., 2 long, 4 chain join to the 2nd stitch of 3 chain of 1st thistle edge the 5th point from where you joined it to the rose, turn, 3 s.c. down the chain, 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long, 1 d.c., 2 long, 2 chain; join to next point of edge of thistle, 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long, 1 d.c., 2 long, 3 chain, join to next point of edge of thistle, turn, 2 s.c. down the chain, 1 chain, 1 long in same as last long, 1 long. Repeat from " to " 4 times: 3 chain, 2 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., this brings you to where you started from, draw the cotton between the edge and flowers: 10 chain join between 1st and 2nd flowers and down the chain 4 s.c.: 7 chain join to 8th chain from where you began to work the edge, turn, and on the chain 6 s.c. pass the cotton under the 10 chain and work 7 chain join to 8th chain of edge the other side to what you joined the last 7 chain, turn, and on the 7 chain, 7 s.c.: then work 5 s.c. down the remainder of 10 chain and fasten off.

Work 23 more shamrocks, with the outer edge joining each as you work them, in the same manner.

Tassel. With No. 10 cotton; and a card three inches wide. Wind the cotton over the card 30 times, draw the two ends to the top, then through the tassel, and tie firmly. Then about half an inch down, draw the cotton round the tassel and tie; draw the ends again to the top. Then take the tassel off the card, and cut it evenly, after which work the covering for the tassel.

With cotton No. 30, and hook 4. Make 10 chain, 1 s.c. on 1st chain stitch, and in round loop 16 d.c.: 1 d.c. on 1st d.c.: " 15 chain, turn, miss 3, 4 long, 4 d. long, 4 long, miss 2, 1 d.c. on 3rd, repeat " 5 times more. Joining each piece by 1 d.c. at the bottom. When you have finished the 6 pieces, you will have it round at the bottom; and from your last stitch " 15 chain, turn, and on the chain miss 1, 1 d.c., 4 long, 8 d. long, 2 long, join to the round; and on the other side of the chain, 2 long, 8 d. long, 4 long, 1 d.c.; this brings you to the end of the other side of the chain; work 1 s.c. in each stitch till you come to the top, when repeat " 3 times more, only remembering you join each as you work them half way up.

Then with the ends draw the cover over the tassel, and fasten to the outer edge of the shamrock, as seen in the engraving.

Make a tassel for each outside shamrock. This pattern may be increased to any size required by adding other medallions of either thistles or shamrocks; it has a very beautiful effect if the rose and all the borders are worked in white cotton, the shamrock in green, and the thistles and the upper part of the tassels in pink in ingrain cotton; the centres of the tassels should be white.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI., PART V.

STAMBOYSE looked up with an expression of less contempt: his interest was aroused. Agnes' words now flowed unimpeded; she had lost all self-consciousness and embarrassment. "I am Agnes Singleton, who have chosen as my future husband your nephew Leonard Mordant, the son of that unhappy and misguided man, Augustus Mordant, and of your most unhappy, most to be compassionate sister. I am acquainted with the whole misery of the marriage; of your hatred of Leonard's father—a just hatred; of your anger with Leonard; of your utter abandonment of him; of the disappointment you have had in him. Restrain your angry words, Mr. Stamboyse, what I have to speak now I *must* speak. Pardon me that I touch upon subjects so painful, so forbidden; but at times words must be merciless as the knife of the surgeon. I desire only truth to exist between you and me, between Leonard and you."

"You wish to make up matters. That sneaking young coward has sent you, as his miserable father of old sent my befooled sister, to whine and wring her hands and play off a woman's fooleries before me!" burst in Stamboyse with a force of anger and contempt which must have silenced any one less resolute than Agnes' Singleton. But she, proudly approaching the irate man as he paced with angry steps the room, said with a voice of such convincing truth and noble pride, that it quelled even Stamboyse's anger,

"No; Leonard is utterly unconscious of my being here—he would be the very last person in this world to desire so mean, so base a thing. All blame be upon my head. It is because I have perceived in Leonard's soul a secret yearning after a reconciling word from you, as balm to heal the unhealed wound of that great misery, that bitter curse hanging upon him from the wretched marriage of his parents; it is for this that I am come. His is a gentle, noble, yet proud spirit, incapable of base meanness. It is because I recognise, on your side, Mr. Stamboyse, justice—to a certain point—because I regard moral principle as highly as you can do—because I regret, ay, a thousand times more deeply than you can do, the spectacle of glorious mental gifts being dragged down into the mire and trampled upon by coarse brutal feet, through lack of *honesty*—yes, because I consider moral principle of higher importance than intellect, yet worship intellect with the whole powers of my being—that I am come as a mediator between you and your nephew. Let not the additional curse of your displeasure cling to him and darken his life—"

Whilst Agnes still spoke, the old woman burst in wringing her hands and crying aloud, "A fire! a fire in Deich-strasse! the flames are curling up through the roofs at the back of the houses across the canal. You can see them. The engines are coming—don't you hear them? Lord of heaven, preserve us! The warehouses, *Herr Kaufmann*, the warehouses!" And whilst they listened the tolling of the alarm-bells was heard, the thundering along of fire-engines, the shrieks of people in the streets. Stamboyse and Agnes flew simultaneously to the window and flung open the casement. Thick volumes of smoke were hurried along by a brisk wind, sparks were falling in showers upon the barges moored in the canal beneath the windows, people were seen hurrying along or flinging furniture into the street from the windows. A sudden panic seized upon the city this bright holiday morning. The old woman had fallen upon her knees, praying. "We are safe, Martha," said Stamboyse; "don't be such an old fool! I must see, however, that the people are on duty." And he hurried off without apparently remembering the presence of Agnes, and leaving the old woman still sobbing and praying. Agnes gazed out of the window towards the burning houses; the flames flared and leaped up through the roofs, windows and chimneys, white and livid in the glare of the bright early morning sun. Now was heard the sudden crash of a stack of

falling chimneys, now the shouts of the distant crowd—the roar of fire-engines, the galloping of soldiers arriving to drive off the crowds of gathering spectators, the rumbling along of waggons and carts carrying away madly heaped together furniture; barges suddenly were unmoored and glided down the canal loaded with furniture and people; men, women, and children bearing the most heterogeneous articles—bedding, books, clothes—were seen hurrying along the quays; the sick, the dying, were borne in litters or in the arms of their friends; children were lost in the crowd uttering loud shrieks of despair. Whilst Agnes yet gazed out, her eyes swimming with tears of excitement and sympathy, a barge just opposite the windows suddenly burst into flames; the shrieks of the people upon it yelled fearfully above the more distant roar of terror—there were people seen leaping into the water, boats putting out to snatch up the sufferers, masses of burning merchandise and furniture falling hissing into the canal. In a moment Agnes had rushed down upon the quay—she was carrying on shore a terrified child whose mother lay fainting upon the stones.

Agnes suddenly felt an extraordinary strength and energy enter into her. Every interest of her being seemed absorbed by the great misery around her. Helping, suggesting, cheering, she was carried along through a dozen dangers, which at the time appeared no dangers to her.

It was at the foot of a flight of wide steps leading up from a wharf into great warehouses, that she had constructed an asylum for a group of children, terrified women, and sick persons. And here with water in front, and on either hand, seemed to be a place of entire safety; besides which, the wind carried the flames towards another quarter of the city. Still, fire-engines came thundering along the wharf, and were stationed in readiness with their long leathern pipes curling like serpents up the walls and over the roofs, and everywhere men were vigilant—for these were the warehouses of the great house of Stamboyse.

The group of people who under Agnes' guidance had sought shelter upon the steps, felt, in resting over-shadowed by the walls of this great house, an assurance of protection. It was such a rich, such an important house, that ill-luck could not befall it—at least, they knew that all that the power of man could do to avert the flames would be done. But together with the engines came men who ruthlessly sought to drive away the fugitives from the broad steps. Agnes pleaded with an unconscious eloquence for the little band; she caught a glimpse of the tall figure of old Stamboyse himself. The brisk wind which so unluckily for the doomed city was abroad that morning, blowing through his gray locks, and fluttering his long green morning-gown. "Oh, sir!" she cried, stretching forth her hands and seizing upon its folds, as he stood at the top of the steps commanding the men to drive off the fugitives; "I conjure you, have pity upon these miserable women and children—upon these sick—these aged! See, see, the wind carries the flames in the contrary direction—your great warehouses stand surrounded by this canal; oh, may not this be an asylum for this handful of the afflicted! May not heaven for their sakes guard, preserve your merchandise!" And she clung to his skirts, looking up at him with such an eager, pleading, and extraordinary look in her excited young face, that Stamboyse was strangely affected.

"Yes, yes; perhaps you are right—let them be brought in. Within the court there is space sufficient; only let these steps be cleared—let there be room for the engines to work, if need be!" And Agnes had the great joy of seeing Stamboyse himself aid in the conveyance of the weak and fainting within the arms of the great court-yard.

"What are you here for?" the old man said hurriedly to her, after they had made a temporary shelter for the sick. "You should not be here—go home. Are you alone here in

Hamburg—quite alone? This is no scene for you. Heaven alone knows what may be the termination of this fire. I will send you under safe escort to your hotel. You must return directly to England!"

"I cannot go yet," returned Agnes in a low, firm tone, grasping Stamboyse's hand. "I must stop with you—I must. God will bless you for your action to these miserable people. I shall be no burden to you. I feel it within me to remain here." The old man returned no answer, except a momentary glance of surprise and inquiry at the delicate white profile which was turned away from him and which was arrested as if intently listening to some distant sound. "Hark! hark!" she exclaimed; "do you not hear that cry! It is from the brigade in the street: they command that water be made to play upon the roofs of the houses; the cry is that the flames are rushing in this direction."

She and Stamboyse now were out upon the quay. A chain of busy hands was formed to pass along buckets of water, in order to saturate the bales of goods lying within the court-yards, whilst the engines played vigorously upon the roofs. Across the canal, in thick volleys, flew flakes of fire; the wooden bridge spanning the canal was wreathed with flame. A turmoil of men surged around the nearer end of the bridge, seeking to stop the fatal progress of the fire. The houses connecting the bridge with the street, in which the Stamboyse warehouses stood, were blown up with gunpowder. The horror, the tumult, increased with every hour; but as yet the warehouses of the wealthy Stamboyse stood untouched.

And hour after hour passed by, and Stamboyse with Agnes at his side stood working in the chain. No words were uttered by either. All consciousness seemed lost, except for the one absorbing anxiety—the putting a check upon the devouring flames. Before the eyes of Agnes rose the vision of the helpless beings within the court-yard—the weeping children—the sick. What vision rose up before the inward eye of the stern old merchant? Let us believe, for the sake of the divine spark implanted within each human breast, that it was some other object than the salvation of his bales of lace and stockings.

Time passed over uncounted by the surging multitude. The hoarse voice of the bell from the near church of St. Nicholas tolled the hours; but its voice was drowned in the hubbub of cries and crashing roofs and walls, and in the roaring of panting flame which a quick light breeze fanned into yet wilder fury; and the sun calmly sank down in the gloomy western sky, and was mirrored together with the flames within the waters of the Alster basins, and of the many canals. And now flames wreathed around the St. Nicholas church, and its tower fell with thundering crash, scattering death and still deeper horror around it. Fire had seized, as evening approached, upon the corner of the outer warehouse of the house of Stamboyse; but the redoubled energy of the workers had kept it under; and now it was extinguished, and the flames, as if wafted away by the wing of some guardian angel, turned to devour elsewhere.

Agnes, in after years, referring to this moment, was heard to say that she suddenly became aware of her own identity when the flames sank and the immediate danger was passed, and that she, feeling a sudden weakness overwhelm her, was caught round the waist and sustained from falling under the feet of the multitude by a strong arm, and that this was the arm of old Stamboyse. "My whole soul," pursued she, "seemed to have poured itself forth in silent, yet frenzied, prayer, for aid from heaven for those poor souls. All personal danger was unheeded, all physical exhaustion, during those long hours of strained anxiety." Stamboyse at that moment also came out of his rapt trance, and his eyes became aware of the young girl standing at his side drenched with water; her black hair fallen upon her shoulders, her face white as a corpse, and rigid as a statue. And as he saw her small white hands, upon one finger of which glittered in the fire-light a slender ring, handing on the water-buckets, a sentiment of tenderness, unknown since his early love of his sister, seized upon him, and his heart opened and received her into its depths.

But we must hasten over this portion of our story. The fire had passed in its fury across this portion of the city, leaving wreck, ruin, and death behind it. Few were the buildings which escaped besides the warehouses of the Stamboyse. Smouldering ruins were revealed in this quarter of the city when the sun arose next morning, whilst the flames were still devouring like hungry demons all before them as they hastened forward. The cry went through Hamburg that the judgment day had arrived, and that all would perish. But the miseries of the great fire, at Hamburg we will not here dilate upon, further than as they concern our story. Stamboyse and Agnes, as if united by this vast calamity, throughout that night did noble deeds of love and piety to numbers of miserable homeless beings who took refuge within the asylum so marvellously preserved. And thus did Stamboyse break his vow, registered long years ago, "to root out utterly all human love from his disappointed heart."

"But Agnes—that is your name, is it not?—you must now return to England; I insist upon it; I dare not permit you to remain longer in this doomed city. You have already done more than your strength can sustain. All that can be done more for these miserable people shall be done—trust in me. Such great afflictions truly open the hearts of men; they do more to prove the fact of universal brotherhood, as you remarked, than all the democratic orations in the world." And Stamboyse insisted upon Agnes reposing herself for a short space in such accommodation as the awful time afforded. The tenderness which the old man lavished upon her remained deeply impressed upon her soul, and will continue to be remembered until the latest hour of her life. He learnt from her her own anxiety regarding the precious manuscripts left at the hotel; had it been possible, he would have hastened himself to ascertain their safety and bring them to her. But the flames were roaring on in their fatal career in the very direction of the hotel—nay, even flying rumours reached them that the *Jungfernstieg* was already one mass of flames. All that Stamboyse could do was to assure her that he would seek after the papers, and if they existed send them after her. He insisted upon her starting by the steamer the next morning; accompanied her thither, pressing upon her a much larger sum of money than she was willing to accept; and, in short, did all that the tender affection of a kind father would dictate.

"And Leonard," said Agnes, at parting, "what message to him? Oh, Mr. Stamboyse, you can forgive!—"

"Any message you choose, Agnes, for the sake of his love of you—of yours for him." And thus Agnes Singleton returned to England by the first steamer which brought to London the disastrous news of the great Hamburg fire.

PUNISHMENT OF TORRIGIANO, THE SCULPTOR.

PETER TORRIGIANO, the celebrated Florentine sculptor, who executed the fine monument of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, was engaged upon a statue of the Infant Jesus for a Spanish grandee. The price was not fixed, but the purchaser, who was very rich, had promised to pay for it according to its merit. Torrigiano made it a *chef-d'œuvre*; the grandee himself enthusiastically admired it: he was at a loss for words to express his approbation of it, and on the following day sent his servants with enormous bags of money. At the sight of them the artist thought himself amply recompensed; but on opening the bags he found—thirty ducats in copper. Justly incensed, he seized his hammer, broke the statue, and drove away the servants with their bags, bidding them tell their master what they had just seen. The grandee was ashamed of his conduct; but it is impossible to make the great blush without arousing their vengeance. He immediately went to the inquisitor, accused the artist of having done violence to the infant Jesus, and pretended to be horrified at so frightful an outrage. In vain did Torrigiano contend, that one who creates has a right to destroy his own productions; justice pleaded in vain for him, with fanaticism for his judge. The ill-fated man was put to the torture, and expired in the midst of the most horrible sufferings.



RAFFAELLE'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD."

Rome has been a watchword in the world. There, from their mountain throne, the grave of barbarism, the cradle of civilisation, the Cæsars ruled all lands, and shouted forth their proud defiance to all nations and kindreds of the earth. There, philosophy and poetry developed all their acuteness, and refinement; and while in solemn tones one gave forth its deep speculations and rules for useful life, the other clothed its thoughts in a vesture of enchanting loveliness and imperishable beauty. There, the arts and graces waited on man's bidding, and reared for him the golden house and temples of snowy marble, and with all their magic power made his life a very vision of delight. Italy was the mistress of the world; Rome was the wonder of Italy. And when these classic days had passed away, when the sun of their glory had sunk in night, and all that remained to tell of the imperial majesty of Rome were ivy-mantled ruins or disjointed fragments of its artistic greatness—great in their fall—beautiful in their decay—the admiration of succeeding ages—the models for all time!—there again revived the love of the beautiful, which was not dead, but sleeping; and from the ignorance of the dark ages, Italy was the first to recognise the value of art.

From the study of the antique—art-trophies won from time—the Roman painters improved in knowledge of design, greatness of style, beauty of form, and justness of expression, and they have left behind them, as monuments of their genius, and as a legacy to the world, much that is valuable in the higher departments of art; so that Rome has become the centre to which European painters have directed their attention.

And foremost stands Raffaele, a great man towering above his fellows, the prince of painters, at once the admiration and the envy of his contemporaries, the cynosure of all eyes, the painter for all men and for all time. His whole life was devoted to art. He was the only son of Giovanni Sanzio, an ordinary artist of Urbino, and was born on Good Friday, March 28, 1483. His father instructed him in the rudiments of his art, and the boy afterwards became a pupil of Pietro Vannucci (Perugino), who at once detected the genius which he had possessed. Raffaele was an ardent student; he applied himself with indefatigable industry to the details of his profession, and so closely imitated the style of Perugino, that it was difficult to distinguish their works the one from the other. When Raffaele was sixteen years old, he had gained all that was to be acquired from his master Perugino, and soon after began to execute some original designs for churches and private galleries. For the convent of Everitani he painted a picture of the crowning of the Virgin; for the Dominican church at Città di Castello, a crucifixion; and the marriage of the Virgin for the church of St. Francis, at the same place; all of which laid the foundation of his future fame, although in these early productions the style of Perugino is strikingly observable.

Not long after the completion of the last-mentioned picture, Raffaele, in conjunction with his fellow-pupil, Pinturicchio, was employed by cardinal Piccolomini to decorate the Siena library. Ten large pictures, illustrative of the history of pope Pius II., were to be executed, and the cartoons for the whole were drawn by Raffaele. At Florence, he carefully studied the works of Musaccio and Leonardi di Vinci, acquired the true principles of colouring, and the art of chiaro-oscuro; so that from that period his painting became more and more interesting and attractive. While he resided at Florence, he composed that admirable production, the "Entombing of Christ," which drew forth the high applause of Vasari, as a "most divine picture." In 1508, Raffaele was employed by the pontiff, Julius II., in ornamenting an elegant suite of rooms, called La Segnatura, which he completed so much to the satisfaction of the pope, that the works of former masters were excluded from the papal palace, and the walls occupied by the productions of Raffaele. Julius II. loved art, but not so ardently as Louis X. This zealous friend of painting steadily patronised Raffaele, and for a long time he superin-

tended the erection of St. Peter's. The arcades of the Vatican were decorated under his direction; and their thirteen ceilings, each containing four subjects taken from sacred history, were designed and harmonised by himself; and about the same time his genius was exerted on those majestic cartoons from which were embroidered the tapestries of the papal chapel.

Raffaele remained single all his life—he was wedded to his art; the cardinal di Bibbiena offered him his niece, but he declined the proposal. In his early days he had formed an attachment for a baker's daughter, to her he was strongly attached, and in his will left her a sum sufficient for her maintenance.

The last work in which he employed his pencil was a painting in oil of the transfiguration. With this sublime production his life and labours ended. While engaged upon it he was attacked by a fever, which, for want of proper treatment ended fatally on Good Friday, 1520.

His whole existence was spent before the shrine of art. He was cradled in a studio, the palette and the brushes were his toys, his earliest lessons were in painting, his childhood and youth were consecrated to it, he rose higher and higher in the path of glory, surrounded by aspiring disciples, dwelling in the greatest splendour, until at thirty-seven years of age his life was ended and his body was laid out in his painting-room in state, and his own picture of the Transfiguration placed near him. He was the great incomparable man of his time, distinguished among painters by the appellation of the Divine.

Some people have been disappointed when they have looked upon the pictures of Raffaele; and a story is related that a person of acknowledged taste and judgment visited the Vatican with an eager desire to study the works of Raffaele, but passed by with indifference those very compositions which were the objects of his inquiry and curiosity, till he was recalled by his conductor, who told him that he had overlooked what he sought for. This suggests an important inquiry. How is it that the works of Raffaele strike some minds so little at first sight? It is not, it has been said, that he imitates nature so well, that the spectator is no more surprised than when he sees the object itself, which would excite no degree of surprise at all; but that an uncommon expression, strong colouring, or odd and singular attitudes of an inferior artist, strike us at first sight, because we have not been accustomed to see them elsewhere. Raffaele may be compared to Virgil—sublime, easy, natural, and majestic. There cannot be a stronger test of excellence of any performance, either in poetry or painting, than to find the surprise we first experience not very powerful; and yet to find, by more frequently testing it, that it not only supports itself, but increases continually in our esteem, and leads us on to admiration.

Every accomplishment and qualification necessary to form an illustrious painter were combined in Raffaele; sublimity of thought, a fruitful and rich invention, remarkable correctness of drawing and design, and a wonderful disposition and expression. His attitudes are noble, natural, and graceful, and contrasted without the smallest appearance of affectation or constraint, and to the eloquence and grandeur of the antique he added the simplicity of nature.

Our engraving, from one of this master's designs, represents what has been so often and so beautifully represented, "The Virgin and Child." The original picture is in the possession of Rogers, the poet and banker, and the cartoon or rough drawing, upon large paper, which served as the design for the picture, is numbered among the treasures of Mr. Colnaghi. It was discovered by that gentleman in a very dilapidated condition, but with great care and attention has been completely restored. From that cartoon our engraving is exactly copied. The design is simple, but its very simplicity constitutes its greatness, and exhibits the power and skill of Raffaele. To enumerate his works would require a volume; to point out their whole merits, a genius as mighty as his own.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

AMONGST the nations of Europe, England stands foremost for the freedom of its institutions—a freedom the result of its representative government. Some nations we see still dependent for their weal or woe on the pleasure of one man; others have adopted the system of representative government, but they have emasculated it so as to take from it all power for good. Even in England in our own time we have seen a wonderful change introduced. The constitution had lost its virtue—it had become a sham, a means whereby a selfish oligarchy waxed fat and insolent and strong. The very struggle for reform put an end to that. Old Sarum and Gattin ceased to exist. The representatives of Manchester and Birmingham were admitted into the senate of the land, and on the success of the free-trade movement it was shown how right in the main, how superior, as a whole, to all selfish and party considerations, is the representative body as it exists now. True, there are selfish men belonging to it—men sordid, worthless, without principle, without honour, without the sense of shame; but they are not leaders of the house, they form a contemptible minority. Test the house any way you will, and you will find it impossible to get a better. The senior wranglers of Cambridge and the first-class men of Oxford—these are the men you see framing budgets and discussing tariffs, night after night. Go into the courts at Westminster, ask who are its chiefs, look well at their faces—and you will recognise them on the floor of the House of Commons. You say this is all very well; but you are a practical man, and you want practical business men in the house. Well, turn to the manufacturers, and merchants, and bankers most widely known—the men in whom the public most confide—the chairmen and directors of our great railways, of our gigantic navigation companies, and other bodies—where are they? The answer is, in the house. Try it in another way; what class has not its representative there? We answer none.

Can oratory boast a more brilliant son than Macaulay?—he is in the house. There Fox, the Norwich weaver boy, represents democracy, and he is heard with a deference rarely paid to the inheritors of noble names and stately halls. There nonconformity has its champions as well as the church. Mr. Bright represents the peace party, Mr. Heyworth that of temperance. We know not how an assembly of equal worth, and talent, and power, could be got in any other way; and Englishmen think so too. Every man who can, wishes for a vote—every man who can, wishes to add M.P. to his name.

All, then, are interested in the history of Parliament, including in that phrase not merely the Commons but the Lords as well—its history, its privileges, its power, its great men concern us all. They belong to all that is best and brightest in our national life. If it were not for our Parliament, we should now be withered up by the blight of the despot and the priest. We have not to look far to see what would have been our despicable state had it not been for that. We propose, then, to treat this subject, so interesting to all, as popularly as we can—if possible, to be amusing and as rarely dull as the nature of the subject will admit. At times we must be so, for we shall have to wander far back, groping our way in the dark sepulchre of the past. If we do so, we shall have the consolation, however, of feeling that we thus give the reader a sketch more complete than he could get in any other way. Elsewhere he can find the details at greater length; here we give an outline sufficient for those who in this busy age have little time to read. To original research we make no claim: those who seek that must go elsewhere.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

On the banks of the Thames, on the right hand, just above Westminster Bridge, a palace with a hundred turrets may be seen. This is one of the most magnificent buildings ever erected continuously in Europe. Probably it is the largest

edifice in the world. It is the royal palace of Westminster; beneath its roof meet the Houses of Parliament. Upon what is said and done there depends in a great degree not merely England's future, but also that of Europe and the world. With the new building there are but few historical associations; yet it must be looked on with admiring eye, on account of the important nature of the business transacted, and on account of the character of the men by whom that business is carried on. The old palace was burnt down on the 16th of October, 1834. The first stone of the new one was laid April 27, 1840. The architect is Sir C. Barry. It covers an extent of nearly eight acres. "In its style and character," says Mr. Cunningham, "it reminds us of those magnificent civic palaces, the town-halls of the Low Countries at Ypres, Ghent, Louvain, and Brussels, and a similarity in its destination renders the adoption of that style more appropriate than any form of classic architecture. The stone employed for the external masonry is a magnesian limestone from Auston, in Yorkshire, selected with great care from the building-stones of England by commissioners appointed in 1839 for that purpose. The River Terrace is of Aberdeen granite; there is very little wood about the building; all the main beams and posts are of iron, and the Houses of Parliament, it is said, can never be burnt down again. The east, or river front, may be considered the principal. This magnificent façade, 900 feet in length, is divided into five principal compartments, panelled with tracery, and decorated with rows of statues and shields of arms of the kings and queens of England from the Conquest to the present time. The west or land front is as yet in an imperfect state, but will, it is believed, surpass in beauty and picturesqueness any of the others, though from the nature of the ground it will not be in an uninterrupted line. A new façade is to replace the law courts, but is not yet commenced." The principal public entrances are through Westminster-hall, from Old Palace-yard, both leading into the central octagon hall, whence the right-hand passage will take you to the Lords and the left to the Commons. We will suppose you are anxious to be present at a sitting of the Upper House. For this purpose you must be furnished with a peer's order. The house meets at five, and seldom sits more than a couple of hours. Compared with the Commons, the Lords take it easy indeed. You will see also that the house is thinly attended, and that the most active in it are the law lords and the bishops, whom you will observe sitting on your left in their robes. The House of Peers, one of the richest chambers in the world, opened for the first time, April 15, 1817, is 97 feet long, 45 wide, and 45 high. When you enter you will see the throne, with the chairs for the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert—the woolpack in the centre of the house, on which the Lord Chancellor sits—the reporters' gallery facing the throne—the strangers' gallery immediately above—the frescoes, the first on a large scale executed in this country, in the six compartments, three at either end, the subjects of which are "the Baptism of Ethelbert," by Mr. Dyce; "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on the Black Prince," and "Henry Prince of Wales committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne," both by Mr. Cope; "the Spirit of Religion," by Mr. Horsley; and "the Spirit of Chivalry," and "the Spirit of Law," both by Mr. Macise. There are twelve windows of stained glass by which the house is lighted at night from the outside. Between the windows, and at either end of the house, are eighteen niches for statues of the Magna Charter barons, carved by Mr. Thomas. Immediately beneath the windows runs a light and elegant gallery of brass-work, filled in compartments with coloured mastic, in imitation of enamel. On the soffits of the gallery, or cornice immediately beneath the gallery, are the arms of the sovereigns and chancellors of England, from Edward III. to the present time. During the debate the stranger will have time to see all these things. The chances are he will be more interested with the chamber and its splendid decorations than with the speeches of the peers; but if such be his object he can easily effect that when the house is not sitting. When occupied in hearing appeal cases the house is open to the public; at other times

an entrance is obtained by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, or by a personal introduction by a peer.

If, instead of the Lords, you prefer to visit the Commons, by turning to the left when you enter the central octagon hall, you will find yourself at the lobby of the house. If you wish to catch a member, you had better be there by four, when the speaker is usually at prayers, and the house meets. Any member will give you an order for the strangers' gallery, which is thrown open immediately after the speaker's prayers are over; but if the debate be an important one, you had better get your order a few days previously, and be down at the house by one o'clock at the latest, or you will have no chance of getting in. Before now, the writer of this, on an eventful night, has waited in his turn from half-past one to ten before he has been able to take his seat in the strangers' gallery. The speaker's gallery is the best place for a stranger: you have comfortable cushions to sit on; you are nearer the house; and as it is not thrown open before five, you can save yourself the dull hour which is appropriated to presenting petitions and transacting private business. The debates commence generally a little after five, and continue till midnight, and at the latter end of the session far beyond that. The House of Commons is a much plainer chamber than that of the Peers; is sixty-two feet long by forty-five feet broad, and forty-five feet high. The ceiling, however, is of nearly equal beauty. The windows are filled with stained glass; the walls are lined with oak, richly carved, and supported on carved shafts and brackets is a gallery for members, extending on either side. The house is lighted in a remarkably beautiful manner from above. At the north end, directly opposite you as you enter, is the speaker enthroned in his chair of state; on a table before him is the mace, which is removed when he leaves the chair; and boxes, green and red, appearing to be official, which orators on each side thump in a very impassioned and effective manner. Above the speaker is the reporters' gallery, and above that are gilt lattice wires through which

"We almost think we gaze
Through opening vistas into heaven."

That is to say, gleams of silk and satin indicate that behind those wires are clustered a select few of the British fair whose womanly curiosity has led them to submit to being cooped up in that abominable style while the debates are being carried on.* Just under the strangers' gallery is the bar, at which sits, gilt with a sword, no less a personage than the sergeant-at-arms. Members come into the house either by the public approaches or by a private door and staircase from the star-chamber court (one of the twelve courts lighting the interior), so called from occupying the site of that once dreaded tribunal. The Westminster Bridge end contains the apartments of the speaker and the sergeant-at-arms, and the Vauxhall Bridge end the apartments of the usher of the black rod and the lords librarian. Above these a long range of rooms has been appropriated to the committees of either house. Altogether the building is very fine, and so it should be, for it is there the nation collectively acts, and thinks, and speaks; and it will cost an enormous sum, which would be thrown away were it wasted on a building in which there was nothing to see and admire. The entire expense of this vast and splendid building will, probably, not fall short of a million and a half, nor will it be completed, it is thought, before 1856.

You will find the lords are more polite than the commons. Often, in the galleries of the former house, you will see woman in her pride and beauty looking calmly down upon the busy scene. As we have already remarked, she is not visible in the lower house, and perhaps 'tis as well that she is not. What is the oratory of the tongue against that of the eye? What chance has a prosy senator of being heard when the wives and daughters of England are before you in all their

charms? Where they are, they certainly can do no harm and receive none. The reporters, however, can tell you something of the dulcet tones that occasionally—even during the most eloquent parliamentary harangues—find their way into their gallery from the gilt wires above; so true is it that though you coop up woman, you cannot silence her—so true is it that woman has a tongue which she will ever proudly use.

If, supposing you have effected an entrance, you mean to stay all night, you had better buy an orange or two of the merry-hearted Irish woman who waits in Westminster Hall, and who will supply you with that necessity at a very fair price. You are not allowed to leave your seat and return to it; once in the house, you must stop there, if you wish to make a parliamentary night of it. This is very trying, indeed. The house, as we have stated, begins at four, the private business lasts till past five. About seven the house goes to dinner; about ten the house gets very full again. Then the great guns speak. Her majesty's ministers, who sit on the treasury-bench, which is the first row of benches on the speaker's right, rise to defend their measures from the great men of the opposition, who sit immediately fronting them. The benches become crowded; loud "hear, hears," run through the house; the bell rings for a division; the members tell off into different lobbies behind the speaker's chair; in a little while the tellers return and announce the number; the victorious party, of course, receives the announcement with tremendous cheers. Some routine business is then disposed of, and the house willingly adjourns to bed.

THE LORDS.

Our readers must forgive us if we give them the results of a few historical inquiries—inquiries, however, made by such men as Mackintosh, and Hallam, and other great ones in historical lore; the subject may be dull, but, as we cannot omit it, we will be as brief as it is possible to be.

The House of Lords consists of two classes, lords spiritual and temporal. The temporal and spiritual peers of England all sit by virtue of their creation or consecration; the temporal peers of Scotland have each a vote in the election of sixteen members of their body to represent the whole during the continuance of each distinct parliament. The temporal peers of Ireland, immediately after the passing of the act of union, elected under its authority in the same manner, but for life, twenty-eight representatives, and the right of election has subsequently been exercised to supply from time to time the deficiency created in the representation by death. The spiritual peers of Ireland are represented, not by election, but by rotation, the two archbishops sitting alternate years and three bishops in annual rotation. At this time there are in the House of Lords twenty dukes, twenty-one marquises, one hundred and twelve earls, twenty-four viscounts, twenty-four bishops, and one hundred and ninety-six barons. You will find but a small proportion of these in the house. The absentees are by far the most numerous.

"The following," says Lodge, "is the ceremony in use in admitting a peer into the House of Lords. After the peers have taken their seats, the lord chancellor being on the wool-sack, garter-king-at-arms attired in his taliard, and bare-headed, comes into the House of Lords bearing the patent, if there be one, and writ of summons of the peer to be introduced, who then follows between two peers of his own rank, attired in their robes of state, and is led by them to the chancellor, to whom he makes obeisance; garter then presents the patent and writ of summons to the lord chancellor, who directs the same to be read; this being done, the oaths are administered to the new peer, and the chancellor dismisses him to take his seat, to which he is directed by the two noblemen who introduce him, garter leading the way. The writ is then delivered by the lord chancellor to the clerk of the house, to be laid up. The new peer forthwith rises from his seat and returns to the lord chancellor, who congratulates him on his becoming a member of the house of peers, or on his elevation to the dignity of the peerage, as the case may be.

* Ladies have been excluded from the strangers' gallery since 1738. Mr. Grantley Berkeley has gallantly attempted to get the house to sanction their admission, but the house has hitherto stolidly refused.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER II.

ON the 26th of May, the Turks prepared for a final and general assault. Some attempts were made at negotiations, but they failed, and both sides allowed themselves but one alternative—victory or death. Mahomet found by astrology



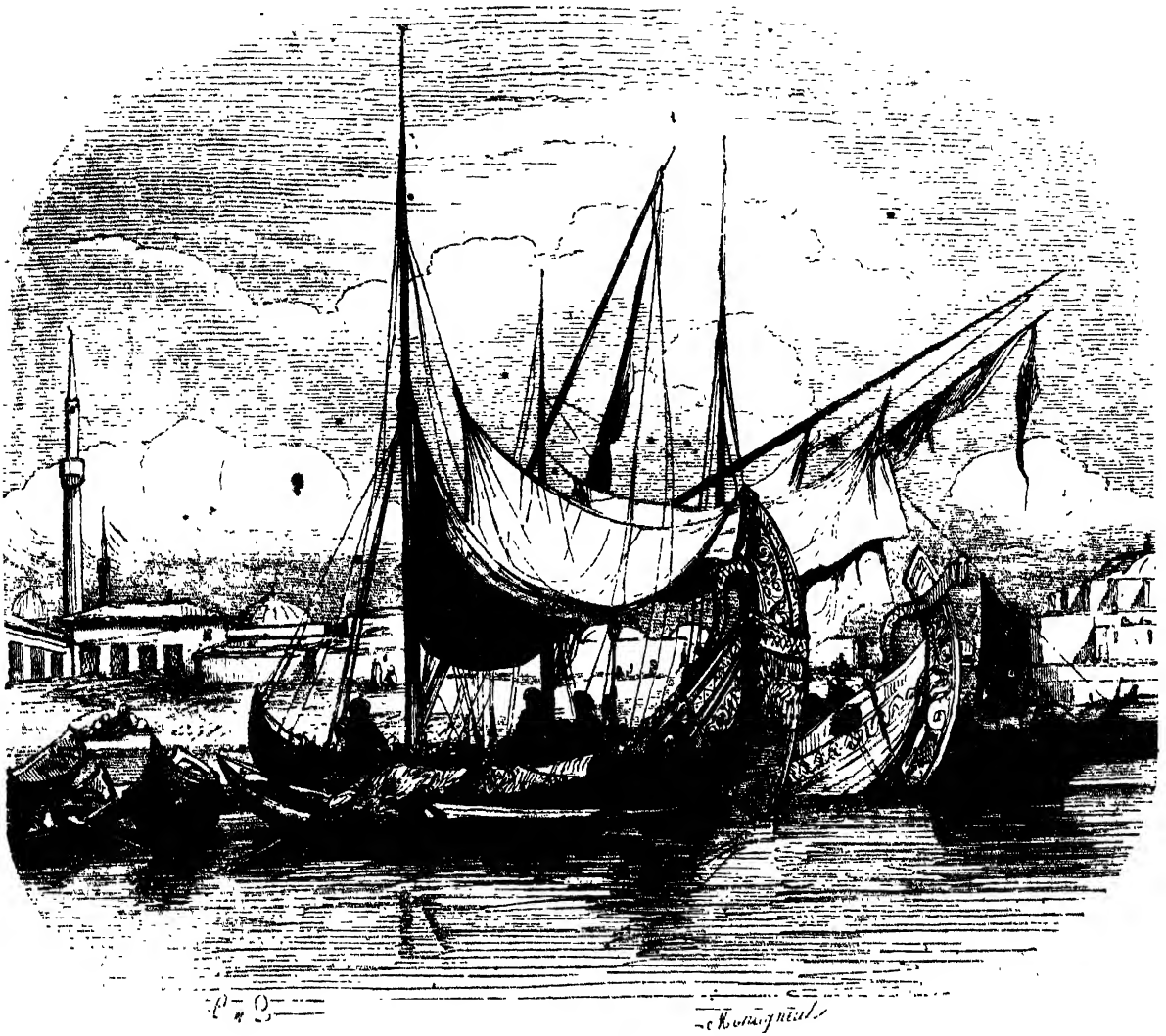
RECEPTION OF AN AMBASSADOR AT CONSTANTINOPLE.



HEAD-DRESSES OF THE TURKISH WOMEN.

1. Abyssinian. 2. Egyptian Fellah. 3. Ditto, woman of the lower classes. 4. Syrian. 5. Women of Constantinople. 6. Simplest of the Eastern head-dresses.

that the morning of the 29th was the propitious hour for the assault. On the evening of the 27th, the various bashaws and commanders were summoned to his tent to receive his final instructions. The cowards were warned in oriental



KARAVELLAS AND OTHER TURKISH VESSELS.



HEAD-DRESSES OF THE TURKISH WOMEN.

7. Cap in use at Smyrna.

8. Almeh, or dancing girl at Cairo.

9. The Sultana.

10, 11, and 12. Are all Syrian.

13. Another form of the head-dress in use at Smyrna.

language that if they turned away from the foe, had they the wings of a bird, they could not escape his vengeance. To the first man who mounted the breach, he promised the government of the fairest and wealthiest provinces of his empire, and to load him with riches and honour. Dervishes traversed the camp, and held out to those who fell in the conflict visions of immortal bliss in the flowery gardens of Paradise, wrapt in the embraces of dark-eyed lovers of inconceivable beauty. And those who should survive were promised the plunders of the luxurious city, and their share of the captives. In the interval they were exhorted to abstain from food, and to fortify their courage by prayer and ablutions. The enthusiasm and fanaticism of the whole army was thus wrought up to the highest pitch, and loud shouts of "God is God, there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" warned the unhappy Greeks that their hour was come.

The scene in Constantinople was widely different. On the evening of the 28th, Constantine summoned the noblest of the Greeks and the bravest of the allies to his palace. What followed was touching and pathetic in the last degree. Constantine rose superior to his fate and situation, and seemed in this last awful hour to bid defiance to fortune. His words were worthy of the line of kings of which he was the last, and of the great empire whose overthrow he was about to witness. The purple, for the first time in eight hundred years, seemed to cover a Roman of the ancient mould. His speech was a farewell worthy of Cato or the Gracchi. He sought to infuse hope into the minds of his friends, when his own looks and the tones of his voice were those of a man in whose breast all hope, save the hope of immortality, was extinguished for ever. His followers saw his struggles, and threw aside the mask of calmness and inflexibility. They armed with the courage of despair, the only courage which needs no exhortation to arouse it. They wept, they embraced, they solemnly devoted their lives to the service of the empire; this was all they had; their families and fortunes were in the hands of God. They parted at midnight—each to his post on the ramparts, where he maintained a feverish and anxious watch till morning. Constantine with a few faithful followers entered the church of St. Sophia, and there with prayers and tears received the sacrament for the last time, and the last sacrament that was ever administered there. The body of the church, dimly lighted by a few lamps, was filled with a crowd of worshippers, women, children, and old men, prostrate in adoration, but it was the adoration of fear. The plaintive wail of the "Kyrie Eleison!" uttered by thousands of voices, was wafted across the straits, and was heard with trembling by the peasants on the further shore of the Bosphorus, and fell with a strange significance on the ear of the Turkish soldiery. The emperor reposed for a few moments in the palace, then took a last farewell of his family and household, who filled the air with their lamentations, and rode through the deserted streets to the walls. From the summit he could hear the noise made by the countless hosts below filling up the ditches and smoothing the way to the breach.

At daybreak the besiegers rushed to the assault; in the van, a dense mass of fanatical peasants and camp followers, without order or discipline, whose slaughter blunted the weapons and tired the arms of the Greeks. Every shot and thrust swept them down by dozens; but still on they came—on, on, on,—in a vast swarm, till the ditch was choked with their dead, and the main body could march over them as over a bridge. After two hours' fighting, the Greeks had still the advantage, when the sultan in person led on the janizaries for one vigorous and simultaneous effort. The drums and trumpets struck up a martial air to drown the cries of fear or pain, the artillery thundered from the land-batteries and the fleet, and the vast force plunging madly forward, was soon lost in the cloud of smoke which hung like a curtain round the scene of carnage. To describe what followed would be impossible. The shouts of the combatants, and the clash of the weapons, and the roar of the guns, rent the air. The Greeks revived their ancient glory, and fought like giants against those awful odds, foot to foot and hand to hand. Constantine

cheered them by his voice, and incited them by his example. Thirty janizaries, headed by a huge monster named Hassan, gained the top of the ramparts. Eighteen of his followers were killed upon the spot, and he sank on one knee beneath a shower of stones and darts; a host of Turks followed close at his heels, and the city was lost. A few nobles formed a square round the emperor, and, with their faces to the enemy, died man by man. "Will no Christian cut off my head?" was the mournful exclamation of Constantine in his last anguish, as he was swept along in the mêlée, the aim of a thousand weapons. He fell by an unknown hand, and his body was afterwards found buried beneath a mountain of the slain.

The whole of the Turks now rushed into the streets, and, in the first heat of the pursuit, two thousand unresisting Greeks were slaughtered; but their attention was soon drawn off by the rich booty which they saw on every side. The Greek and Latin historians who have written of the occurrence tell fearful stories of the massacres which followed, and the Turks speak with equal confidence of their clemency and generosity; and it seems likely that the latter are nearer the truth. In large cities, the number of lives lost after the fighting is over is seldom great. The assailants become scattered, and their fury is abated by a thousand novelties which strike the eye in every street. But of the violence of the Ottomans there does not exist a doubt. Everything was done to outrage the feelings of the Greeks. The images of the saints, upon which they looked with so much reverence, were dragged through the streets with every circumstance of ignominy. The cross was trampled under foot; convents were broken open, and the nuns violated at the altar. Upon the first news of the assault, a crowd had filled the Church of St. Sophia. When the Turks entered the city, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were thronged to excess by ladies, children, husbands, and fathers, and the doors barred, in the foolish belief that, ere the infidels entered the holy place, an angel would descend from heaven and put them to flight as far as the frontiers of Persia. The doors speedily gave way before the axes of the Turks, who rushed in and began to select the captives from the mass before them. They were bound together without distinction of rank or sex, and driven rudely through the streets under the lash of their captors. The fairest of the women were reserved for the harem, the men were sold into slavery, and many a nun, of noble descent, was torn from the horns of the altar to adorn the seraglio of the sultan. The splendid libraries with which the city abounded were scattered or destroyed; the churches and convents were despoiled of their rich ornaments, accumulated by the piety and munificence of centuries. The sultan entered on horseback at two in the day, and rode straight to the Church of St. Sophia, marvelling as he passed along at the splendour and riches which surrounded him. He saw a soldier breaking the marble pavement of the church, and sternly ordered him to desist. "Be content," said he, "with the booty I have given up to you; the town and buildings belong to me." He then ordered the walls to be deprived of the pictures and mosaics with which they were adorned, and restored to their naked simplicity. The muezzin ascended the tower, called the faithful to prayer in the name of God and the prophet; the imam preached, and Mahomet himself offered thanksgiving on the altar, and the Christian church became a mosque.

Thence he proceeded to the palace of the Cæsars, and as he entered, struck by the air of desolation which marked that august abode, he repeated two lines from a Persian poet—

"The spider hath woven her web in the palace of the emperors,
And the owl hath sung her watch-song in the towers of Ebn-siyah."

The sultan now fixed his residence in Constantinople. The Greeks, upon being assured of protection for their lives and property, returned to their homes; their patriarch received his crozier from the successor of the prophet, and the establishment of the Turks in Europe became an accomplished fact.

We have already alluded to the amazing extent of the empire they established in Europe, and the strange element thus introduced into European society, as one of the most wonderful events in modern times. But it loses a great deal of the marvellousness which at first sight we might be disposed to attach to it, when we remember the mixture of extreme simplicity and temperance with fervid fanaticism which has at all times characterised them. They emerged from the condition of a simple pastoral tribe into one of comparative civilisation, without losing many of their old virtues or contracting many new vices. The Turk, when roused into action, acts vigorously, promptly, energetically, and allows no scruples to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his purpose. But to see him afterwards, one could hardly believe he was the same being. The deed done, he relapses into listless dreamy indolence, and seems content to let everything take its course. He is perpetually at one extreme or the other. He knows nothing of our calmness and steadiness of purpose, and our moderation. Most of the passions of savage life have accompanied him from the plains of Tartary and cling to him still. If a man offends him, he is seldom content with any reparation short of his life. If he covets a thing, he seizes on it straightway; if he falls in love, he does not pay court, and dangle, and sigh, and write poetry; he buys the woman he adores in hard cash, hurries her into a seraglio, and shuts her up close, as if he was jealous of the wind and the sun, and there sates his passion. Of anything like a union of souls between man and woman he has no idea, nor could it readily be explained to him. The Koran denies that women have souls, and he is the more inclined to believe it from the fact, that those that he sees have received no education, except a few idle accomplishments to delight the voluptuous eyes of their owners; their intellects are so dwarfed that there is apparently little in them, except the gift of speech, to distinguish them from the lower animals.

Nor has the Turk any idea of the whirl and bustle of public life, such as we see it in England or France—the thirst for distinction, the patient industry, the complicated intrigues, the eager watching of public opinion, the united agitation, and all the strife and turmoil by which the great business of life is carried on. He cannot see the use of all this. He loves ease above all things. To secure it he rouses himself occasionally into violent exertion, but then as soon as the occasion has passed away he relapses again. The leading feature in his character is undoubtedly his religious fanaticism, but unfortunately the religion he professes is not of such a nature as to turn this fanaticism to good account,—for Mahometanism does not contain the two great requisites which a religion must possess before it can influence men's lives. It does not inculcate self-restraint as a desirable means of attaining to a higher state of happiness, and as conducive to mental repose; nor does it act upon the fears or hopes of its worshippers by threatening to visit their bad acts with retribution, or reward their good deeds with happiness in the world to come. One or two verses in the Koran certainly represent revenge as an undesirable mode of gratification, but by no means in very strong language; and in other places true believers are commanded to content themselves with mere pecuniary compensation, or at all events to take care that the retaliation does not exceed the offence. But the futility of this injunction must be apparent when we remember that men never take vengeance except when under the influence of fierce passion, and to expect persons in this state to strike a proportion between the injury they have received and the retribution they are about to inflict, is the acme of absurdity. The virtues which Mahomet inculcates are precisely those which a barbarous people would be sure to practise, though he had never said a word about them. They are generous, humane, charitable, kind to the miserable and forlorn, but when their passions are roused, woe to him who stands in their way.

Faith and not works is the sum and substance of Mussulman orthodoxy. It is not necessary that one should do right, but that he should think right, in order to enter paradise. Any Moslem who dies in the belief that there is but one God,

and that Mahomet is his prophet, by that alone secures his salvation. A man of loose and dissolute life, who disobeys the precepts of the Koran, is, indeed, understood to undergo a short period of severe discipline by way of expiation in purgatory, *mais cela ne fait rien*. No jolly Mussulman would renounce his pleasures for such a bagatelle, especially when it looms so dimly in the future. As is generally the case, however, the minute observances of the faith are strictly attended to; the five daily prayers with the face turned towards Mecca, the various ablutions of the person and garments, the fasting in Ramadan from sunrise till sunset, are observances which no believer omits to perform. These are, however trivial in themselves, sure evidences of a pharisaical spirit, and consequently are not entitled to the praise which sentimental travellers have expended upon them.

Whatever may be the value of Mahometanism in a moral point of view, however, as a military creed it is unexceptionable. Many, in fact nearly all its formulas, are better adapted for the regulation of a camp than the government of a civilised nation. Wine is forbidden; cleanliness is strictly inculcated; close and unshrinking fidelity to one another, and unswerving hatred to infidels are essential duties; and, lastly, he who falls in battle for the faith, no matter what his previous life, is forthwith wafted to paradise—an abode of sensual bliss, where the warrior passes the time in the society of immortal women of ravishing beauty, and finds himself constantly surrounded by all the delicacies that can please the palate, and is lulled by the flow of clear streams. The ten first followers of the prophet possess, in this immaculate region, seventy pavilions glittering with gold and silver and precious stones; in each of these seven hundred beds, and around each bed seven hundred hours! Every soldier goes into action with the encouraging prospect of a crown of victory or crown of martyrdom. Death in battle against the infidel, amongst the Ottomans supplies the place of patience, and faith, and hope, and charity, and long-suffering, and virtue, and knowledge, and truth. No mode of propagating a faith was ever more agreeable to its missionaries. All Mussulmans, under the Turkish law, were looked upon as soldiers, and formed a separate and superior class to the nations they conquered; and to this day none but Mussulmans can enter the Turkish army. When they first commenced their career of rapine, a third of the conquered lands was distributed amongst the soldiers; the privates often receiving large tracts of territory, which the original inhabitants cultivated as their serfs, rendering them a tenth part of the produce. The tenure by which they held these gifts, however, obliged them to follow the sultan to the field, whenever he called upon them; but did not oblige them to remain beyond one campaign, so that when the winter began to close in, they generally marched off home, and left him to fight his battles by himself as he best could. This of course rendered foreign wars next to impossible, and a standing army became clearly a necessity. The corps of janizaries, was accordingly embodied in the manner we have already described. Part of these, about 25,000, were kept in barracks at Constantinople; other divisions in some of the principal towns of the empire; but a vast number were scattered over different parts of the country, married and pursued various trades and occupations, and though in receipt of regular pay, never performed any part of a soldier's duties. In fact, the janizaries were rather a military caste than an army, for their sons were, *ipso facto*, janizaries also, though they never handled a musket. Those of them who lived in barracks and were under arms, were as insolent, turbulent, and rapacious as praetorian guards usually are. They plundered and maltreated the people, and kept the sultan in terror; and owing to their refusal to submit to any of the modern improvements in drill or discipline, they were almost useless against European armies in the field.

In 1826, the sultan Mahmoud occupied the throne—a ferocious Turk, but a man of great strength of character, and fully alive to the necessity of introducing reforms into the internal administration of his empire. One of his first steps was, the levying of a body of troops, amongst whom he intro-

duced the European drill with the happiest effects. The janizaries were enraged at this, and began to clamour for the heads of the principal officers of the state, a very common mode of showing their displeasure. Mahmoud raised the standard of the prophet, and called upon all true Mussulmans to rally round him; and, attacking the janizaries upon all sides, massacred every one of them, as Mehemet Ali the Marmelukes, or Peter the Great the Strelitz. This step was

change in an artistic point of view may be estimated by reference to our engraving, exhibiting the various forms of head-dress used in different parts of the empire. The tendency to adopt European customs has been equally great in every other department; and what effect these changes will have upon the general condition of the empire still remains to be seen; for there can be no doubt that Turkey has not yet passed through the transition state, and it would therefore be



12.
TURKISH HEAD-DRESSES.

1. Constantinople Fez. 2. Egyptian Tarbouch. 3. Fellah's Turban. 4. Turban of the poor in Egypt. 5. Turban and Cap of Bethlehem wool. 6. Egyptian Caffieh, worn as a turban. 7. Arab Caffieh, held by a band. 8. Caffieh, with a cord of camel's hair; Caffieh with a turban. 9. Greek Fez. 10. Round Turban with a twisted pad, common in Africa. 11. Loose Syrian Turban of a Scheikh of Lebanon. 12. Drapery for protection against cold or rain. 13. Head-dress of peasants in Lebanon. 14. Turban of a patriarch, or bishop of the Copts. 15. Coptic priest. 16. Asiatic Turban, common at Smyrna, very heavy behind.

followed by various other reforms, even of the costume—the flowing drapery and magnificent turbans of the nation being displaced by the angular frock coats and tight of the Franks, and the red and ungraceful fez-caps. The importance of this

premature to pronounce upon the merits of the reform. Our engraving (p. 124) represents the reception of an ambassador at the divan.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH.

This eloquent and successful advocate of Temperance was born on the 22nd of August, 1817, at Sandgate, in the county of Kent. His father had served in one of the regiments of British soldiers engaged in the Peninsular war, and had retired on a pension, having been wounded in the neck. His mother occupied the position of a village schoolmistress. From her John received his first lessons, but was sent at a very early age to a school at Folkstone, where, though so young, he soon became a teacher. When only about eight years of age, he manifested a keen taste for the beauties of nature, and an ardent love of history and poetry, especially of the romantic kind. He was a good reader; and on one occa-

sion attracted the notice of the celebrated Wilberforce, who patted John on the head, and presented him with a book, having first written his name on the fly-leaf. There was a library in the village, and John was often sent for to read to the visitors of that watering-place. He was fond of speaking also, and having a talent for mimicry, he would dress up a number of dolls, and personating some clergyman, he would pour forth his mimic oratory much to his own amusement, if not to the edification of his dumb auditors.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

When about twelve years of age, John's father made an agreement with a family in the village, who were about emigrating to America, to take him with them, and gave them a small sum on condition that they should teach the boy a trade, and provide for him till he was twenty-one. In June, 1829, he left his native village; and after visiting some of the principal attractions of the metropolis, he sailed from the Thames on

About this time the foundation was laid of many future sorrows. Having a good voice, being able to sing pretty well, having the faculty of imitation strongly developed, and being well stocked with amusing stories, he got introduced to the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom his talents made him welcome. Here he acquired a fatal appetite for strong drink, which he indulged to excess. He began to attend the theatres frequently, and soon felt ambitious to "strut his hour on the stage." He obtained a situation as actor and comic singer. A career of recklessness and dissipation succeeded; his habit of drinking excessively became confirmed, and in 1837 he was, to use his own language, "thrown like a football on the world's great highway, at the mercy of every passing foot." For a short period, poverty brought him to his senses, and induced him to abstain from the intoxicating cup; but he soon formed an acquaintance with

companions who destroyed his resolutions of amendment, and before long he was again on the broad road of dissipation, neglecting his business, impoverishing his resources, destroying his reputation, and injuring his health.

In 1838, Mr. Gough married, and commenced housekeeping, and engaged in business with a good prospect of success. But in a short time every bud of promised comfort and respectability was nipped, and his circumstances began to be truly desperate. Want of health, and remorse of conscience, made him miserable beyond description. He sought relief in deeper and yet deeper potations, till *delirium tremens* in all its terrors attacked him. The narrative of this portion of his life—including amongst other harrowing details the death of his wife and child—may be passed hastily over; his career became one of almost unmitigated woe. He sank as low in mental and moral degradation as it was well possible for a human being to sink,—into a state apparently beyond all hope of redemption. Yet at this very point his redemption was at hand.

Societies for the promotion of Temperance had for several years existed in various parts of the United States, and had operated with considerable success. The members of these societies exerted themselves with exemplary industry, and left no means untried to place the sober on their guard against the insidious influences of strong drink, and to rescue from the grasp of intemperance those who had unhappily become its victims. On a certain day—in the year 1842, if we mistake not—Gough was tapped on the shoulder by one of these zealous advocates. With a benevolent look, and in a kind and courteous tone, the stranger asked John how he should like to become, as he once was, respectable and respected, well clad, esteemed by friends, useful, and happy? John sighed, and expressed his belief that such a change was impossible. The course the stranger proposed was that of immediately abandoning the use of all intoxicating drinks, and signing a pledge expressive of his determination to do so. This was urged with so much earnestness and affection that Gough determined to comply with the friend's request. Accordingly, he attended a Temperance meeting the next evening, and after briefly relating his once happy and now miserable condition, he signed the temperance pledge, with a palated hand and in characters singularly crooked! He was long before he recovered his strength and spirits; but he persevered. Friends rallied round him. His talent for public speaking being known, and his former career having been notorious, curiosity as to his addresses was excited. He soon became popular, and his time was almost wholly occupied in lecturing on the Temperance question. The sphere of his operations was soon extended, and his popularity increased with great rapidity.

In November, 1843, Mr. Gough married his present wife; and from that period he has devoted his time and talents entirely to the public advocacy of Temperance; addressing audiences consisting of many thousands, and everywhere obtaining friends, making converts, and receiving testimonials of approbation and good will. In the course of less than two years from the time he commenced his public career, he had travelled more than twelve thousand miles, by land and water;

delivered six hundred and five public addresses, in churches, halls, public buildings, and in the open air; and obtained 31,760 signatures to the total abstinence pledge.

The fame of Mr. Gough's eloquent and successful advocacy of Temperance having reached England, desires had frequently been expressed for a visit from him. Invitations had more than once been sent to him, but they were respectfully declined. At length, however, a Metropolitan Society—"THE LONDON TEMPERANCE LEAGUE"—sent an invitation to him in terms so urgent that he found it impossible to refuse compliance. After consulting valued friends, he determined on a visit to his native country, and on the first of August, 1853, he and his wife arrived safely in the metropolis. He has delivered several addresses at Exeter Hall, and other places in London, as also in various parts of England and Scotland. The expectations raised by the reports which had reached England have, in every case, been more than realised; and so great is the anxiety manifested by the largest Temperance Societies in Great Britain to obtain his services, that it is probable he will prolong his stay till the summer of 1854.

The highest testimonials to his character, both as a man and as an orator, have been borne by ministers and gentlemen of the first respectability in America. In England, as in America, he has "swayed multitudes by his oratory; made strong men weep like little children, and women to sob as if their hearts would burst." His whole soul appears to be thrown into his discourses, and he succeeds in riveting the attention of his hearers from first to last, eliciting loud and repeated plaudits, and calling forth manifestations of feeling to an extent rarely observed in a public assembly.

An English journalist, whose judgment in these matters is considered sound,* says:—"Mr. Gough is a well adjusted mixture of the poet, orator, and dramatist: in fact, an English Gavazzi."—"If Gavazzi possesses more power, Gough has more pathos. This is the main difference, the chief distinction; and here the difference is in favour of Gough. Gough excels Gavazzi in pathos, far more than Gavazzi excels Gough in power."—"His air makes promise of nothing; and hence all that is given is so much above the contract. It is impossible to conceive of anything more entirely free from empiricism. From first to last, it is nature acting in one of her favourite sons. Oratorically considered, he is never at fault. While the vocal pronunciation, with scarcely an exception, is perfect, the elocutionary element is every way worthy of it. He is wholly free, on the one hand, from heavy monotony, and, on the other, from ranting declamation, properly so called. There is no mouthing—no stilted shouting. His whole speaking is eminently true; there is nothing false either in tone or inflexion; and the same remark applies to emphasis. All is truth; the result is undeviating pleasure, and irresistible impression. His air is that of a man who never thought five minutes on the subject of public speaking; but who surrenders himself to the guidance of his genius, while he oftentimes snatches a grace beyond its reach."—"Gough is a pattern to Temperance advocates."

* Rev. John Campbell, D.D.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VI., PART VI.

On the morning after Agnes' arrival, upon Leonard's mantel-piece lay a note directed in the hand of Agnes; no longer a far-travelled letter, but a note left by a messenger. Leonard hesitated to break the seal, and he looked long and with a moody gaze upon that bold and rapidly-indited address. He paced up and down his room; he felt as though his doom were about to burst thundering over him. Where was the winged impulse of Love which should have transformed him into a very Hermes or speed? Instead of words of joyous, passionate welcome, his disturbed fancy hissed around him words of bitter reproach and reproof, and cold, stern eyes glittered hatefully in his imagination, like the fiery swords of

the angels of Rebuke and Judgment. The secret voice of self-contempt also raised its bitter cry—his very life seemed frozen within him. Having so long yielded to morbid weakness, having so long permitted weeds to spring up unchecked from the rich soil of his nature, they now had choked the fair lilies and the gorgeous roses, and all the tender herbs and blossoms were dragged down into a tangle of confusion and misery. "Had only the gardener Love but tended the fair herbs, then would they have flourished and waxed into mighty forest trees," said the voice of self-excuse. "The gardener Duty was ever ready at his post, even were Love absent," whispered the voice of conscience; "but thou

turnedst away and wouldst not heed his advice. Behold the desolation of thy garden! were Love even to return, the garden would know him not."

"Dearest Leonard," ran the note, written in pencil and with a great haste visible in each word, "I am come back to surprise you—I have much, very much, of vital importance to communicate. I cannot write more—but come! you *must* not delay.—Yours, A. S."

Did Leonard speed to his betrothed on the wings of love? No. The words of the note jarred his every nerve. He paced up and down with a vacant misery. He pulled forth a sketch which he had begun—some way suggested to him by the sharpened features and form of little Cuthbert, as he saw him lying day after day upon his couch. The sketch represented an aged woman, a pilgrim as it were to some far off shrine, lying dead at the foot of an ancient cross. She had come up through the land of graves and of gloom. A sea stretched out beyond the barren place of sepulchre, and the uprising sun cast beams of light upon the waters and upon the sharpened rigid face of the dead. "The End of the Pilgrimage" was written beneath the sketch. As Leonard drew the recollection of little Cuthbert's sad white face, in which the simplicity of the child mingled so awfully with the expression of a life's pain and anxiety,—that face, stamped with the mystic and unmistakable print of death upon the hollow eyes and skeleton-like profile, rose up before his soul, and blinded his eyes with tears, whilst a mighty longing seized him to soothe even for one hour that little pilgrim touching upon the threshold of the awful unknown. "Oh! why in the sight of the All-seeing One do I dare with base untruth to simulate a love which I do *not* feel?" cried out the nobler nature of Leonard. "It is love which binds my soul to this poor child; there is no deception in that, and now it speaks in these burning tears, in the mighty pity, in the unappeasable longing to soothe him, to clasp that tiny transparent hand, in the thought which makes his departure such unutterable pain. In the presence of the purified soul of this little pilgrim sunk at the foot of his cross, for whom the morning of immortality is about to break, let me gird up the loins of my resolution; let me shake off the fetters of a mean slavery; let me not do a base injustice to the woman whom I have once thought I loved. *She does not love; thus her suffering, if she should suffer, will be but the sufferings of a wounded pride; and justice and nobility of soul Agnes possesses, if not love.* The very words too of her note may have reference to some communication of her own relative to this very subject. Let me save her the pain; let me take the burden upon myself."

A transient gleam of energy shot forth through Leonard, and hastily laying aside his sketch, he seized his hat and went forth towards the Gaywoods, intending to sit a little while beside Cuthbert's sofa, and then proceed to Agnes.

The formation of a resolve even, be it a painful one, has something in itself so healthful that body as well as spirit are braced by it as by a fresh breeze from the ocean. Leonard walked along with a step almost buoyant; even the suburban trees and shrubs, and the blue May heaven arching over the roofs of houses, sent a waft of hope to his spirit.

The carriage of Dr. S. was standing before the Gaywoods' little gate, and that benevolent man himself was descending the steps as Leonard reached them. A peculiarly grave expression upon his countenance fell upon Leonard's heart with a sad foreboding—a cloud suddenly overcast the transient gleam.

"Poor little Cuthbert," said Dr. S., "I fear will not remain many days, if hours, with us. Miss Gaywood you will find much distressed. It seems also that her sister has always believed that the child must ultimately recover. I grieve that at this trying moment, when Miss Gaywood herself has so much to endure, there should be the necessity for her to inflict this fresh pain upon her sister. But I am sure they will wish to see you, Mr. Hale," pursued Dr. S., as Leonard, with a mingling of delicacy and cowardly shrinking from the sight of their hopeless misery, was about to turn from the door. "Little Cuthbert was asking for you whilst I was

there; he seems extraordinarily attached to you. What a dreadful shock will this be to the poor child's father."

In the passage Lucretia encountered Leonard, her face was bathed with tears. "Dear, dear Leonard!" she ejaculated, "you will guess the sad news. How thankful am I to see you! Go in to the beloved child; he has had a wretched night, and in the delirious dreams which tortured him, was unceasingly conversing with you as though he were a grown man. A man?—what do I say?—as though he were a seraph! Oh, he loves you so much, so much, you can comfort and cheer him as we cannot, for he always has loved you more than he has loved us. Oh, I thank God that he sent you to us. I cannot yet come in, Leonard; the dear child cannot bear to see me weeping, and cuts me to the soul by his words of comfort. I must tell poor Mary the dreadful truth; she never has listened, for one moment, to a hint of the possibility of Cuthbert's dying. How can I prepare her and strengthen her to endure the blow? But go in—dear friend: stay with Cuthbert till I return."

Leonard found the child lying, as usual, upon his sofa, with his books, his little drawings, his flowers about him; but he was thinner, more spectral—the terrible fever of the night had been doing its fatal work rapidly.

"Dear, dear friend," cried the child, opening his heavy eyelids as Leonard softly unclosed the door, and stretching forth his arms eagerly towards him, "I felt you were coming. I've seen you all night, and we have been so happy, for we both were in heaven, and you were much happier than now; and we were gathering flowers such as do not even grow in dear India. I know they are all unhappy because I am going to die. I know Dr. S. told dear aunt Lucretia so, and I do wish I could comfort them—make them feel as happy as I do. I'm not unhappy now as I was when I came away from papa and dear India; or as I have been at school when I have quarreled with the boys and felt angry and bad. Do comfort them—you always have comforted me—you talk so beautifully, and are so gentle and kind. Oh, I do love you, dear," and the child raised his thin arms and encircled Leonard's neck as upon that first night when they met; and his little parched lips kissed again and again Leonard's bowed face. "Don't you also be sad, dear," said the child anxiously, as Leonard averted his face seeking to repress his emotion. "I'm sure we never shall be parted. Dear, dear man, don't be sad; I've a deal to say to you; sit down beside me, dear; take hold of my hand—there: that does me good. I've not much pain now. I've not had pain now for a long time, that is so nice, only I am so faint, and am not certain of all that I say; but I do not now trouble you, dear aunts, by being so fretful. Oh, it's you, dear. I feel—ah—I want to ask you something. I have known a long time—oh, long before aunt Lucretia, that I was going away, and have thought a great deal of dear Christ's words about dying, though I did not like to talk with people of what I knew, for it made them cry; but as I have lain upon the cushion, dear, beneath the trees and the sky, and you have talked or read so beautifully to me—all those words came clear to me—and oh, many, many things which I *can't* tell you even! And often, when you have thought me asleep, I've been thinking upon these things; how happy, how lovely those days were. Oh, how I do love you, dear! But one thing I have often, often thought of, and it makes me very unhappy. I do pray God will forgive me! I saw one day, when I first went to the school, a poor old man who was quite lame, and he hopped along in a very funny fashion; and I laughed quite loud, and began to hop as he did, and all the boys clapped their hands and laughed, and hopped also—the poor old man was very much hurt; was it not wrong; was it not wicked? I have so often thought of this since I was lame. I would give a great, great deal to ask that poor lame man to forgive me. I know now what a sad thing it is to be lame. I've always looked about for him when I was well enough to go out in my little carriage. But I feel better since I've told you, dear friend—but don't you ever be cruel—be unkind; it is a deal worse than death. I'm glad you are here, keep fast hold of my hand. I'm tired

now, I'll sleep—only don't move from me—I do so love you." Leonard leaned his head upon one hand, whilst the other grasped the boy's little fingers.

What strange visions may now have flitted ghost-like before the spirit of the child as it journeyed along the dim Valley of the Shadow of Death? Sunlight fell upon the rigid features—and birds and butterflies flitted about without on joyous pinions, and the cries of merry, robust children at play came into the still room through the open window! But the senses of little Cuthbert seemed already closed to all sound and sights of earth.

thought of death is a reality. To her, until now, that great school-master in the School of Life—Death—had read no lesson. And she, hearing his stern, relentless accents, finds the lesson one too hard to be believed. A fresh and unimagined consciousness of evil—sweet, joyous Mary—has entered into thy life, as pacing and weeping restlessly up and down that straight gravel walk, thou seekest to understand these mournful accents. Henceforth, at times of greatest joy and security, their echo will resound through thy heart, and a horror will have entered into thy soul, which will lurk behind each beautiful beloved form and feature.



THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

And what strange and doleful visions arose now before the spirit of poor Leonard? Let us not seek to enter the torture chamber of that poor soul, where once more the rack, and the flame, and the pincers, and the saw were at their fearful labour. The child's placid but sharpened countenance lay statue-like upon the pillow, the face seeming to mature in its expression as hour after hour passed over. Lucretia and Mary, recalling the face in after years, always remembered it as the face of a youth and not of a child. At length Lucretia having performed her painful task of preparing Mary for the sad climax approaching in the dear child, looked into the room, and there still sat Leonard, with bowed head, grasping the little hand. She silently breathed a prayer, and gazing with swimming eyes, glided forth again to seek poor Mary, who in an agony of grief was pacing up and down the straight walk of the little garden.

Mary's joyous and hopeful nature, in which life was so strong and beautiful, must endure a great struggle before the

CHAPTER VII.

Again the voice spake unto me,
Thou art so steeped in misery,
Surely 'twere better not to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

Guess now who holds thee? Death, he said. But there
The silver answer rang, "Not Death but Love."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It is the morning of Agnes' arrival, and whilst Leonard sits holding the hand of the dying child, steeped in bitterest despair, self-contempt, and distrust of Agnes' love, poor Agnes waits with longing, listening, breathless impatience for Leonard. What joy to convince him by the greeting of love, brought from his uncle, that his interest, his happiness, have been a quickening thought in her soul during a long absence. What matters the loss of her long-worked-for papers! The awful sights and sounds of that terrible day and night, the glow of human sympathy which had electrified her being, cast

all personal loss into nothingness. "Oh, if he would but come—quick! quick!" cried the excited girl; "why did I home—let me seek to calm myself; but every nerve still vibrates,—my ears still resound with the crash and the cries



THE DEATH OF LITTLE CUTHBERT.

not more urgently word my note? but words upon lifeless paper sound so flat—so powerless; he must have been from of that dreadful scene. My eyes, if they close, mirror back that whirling chaos of flame and vapour and swaying multitudes.

Oh, Leonard! Leonard! why do you not come? I long to hold your hand, and to assure myself that I am sane—that I possess a peaceful, a calm haven of rest. If there be communion of soul, you must—you must listen to my cry!" And Agnes, with excited hands, pushed back the hair from her throbbing temples, and with clasped hands, standing by the window, gazed with fixed searching eyes and listening ear. But hour after hour went by, and no Leonard arrived.

"Do you say that Mr. Hale left home at eleven *after* he received my note?" asked Agnes, with a forced calmness, from a servant whom she questioned in the course of the afternoon; no Leonard having arrived, and poor Agnes, after tortures of anxiety, impatience, and indignation, having once more despatched her messenger to Leonard's lodging.

"Yes, miss, Mrs. Buddle said she put the note upon Mr. Hale's chimney piece, and she saw Mr. Hale reading it a long time as she was a fetching the breakfast-tray out, and then Mr. Hale had painted a bit, and took his hat and went out. She says she did wonder how he could stop painting just as usual, so quiet-like, after he got a letter from you, miss, and you just come back; but gentlemen says she is so—"

"That will do," coldly and sternly interrupted Agnes, and the gossiping woman withdrew to gossip to her heart's content below stairs.

Every word had been torture to Agnes. The door closed. Agnes clenching her hands together, for a moment stood white and rigid as a statue, then sunk her clenched hands upon the table, and falling to the floor upon her knees, buried her face in her hands—a heart-piercing low moan bursting from her lips; and so for a space she knelt. No tears flowed from beneath the burning eyelids. The moment had arrived when spontaneously, irrevocably, her soul severed itself from Leonard. "Henceforth he shall be as one dead to me," spoke the inward voice within Agnes' heart: "what miserable weakness to permit a phantom, a mere love of an ideal Leonard, to devour my life, my happiness, my career! God be praised, life is rich in a thousand ways! Yet—yet to have possessed in Leonard the unutterably dear friend whom I have dreamed—to have been all in all to him—to have been doubly strong in each other, I in him and he in me! Oh, what joy, what deep, deep, blessed joy! But, alas, alas! that cruel voice which has ever whispered of his coldness—his carelessness; that, *that* was the truth. No, he never burned with the ardour of my love. No fire of devoted passion burned within his heart! But *that* fire smoulders within my heart ready to leap forth into a mighty conflagration: but it shall not kill—destroy,—it shall, O Father in heaven, through Thy aid, flame forth only to kindle noble love and devotion in other hearts. My work in the world shall be wrought out alone through this mighty love—it shall be my husband, my beloved. Father, I thank Thee that I am snatched away from the brink of a great misery—from this treachery: for the sake of this strongest impulse of the soul and being, I can crush all tender thoughts of a cruel phantom. Leonard does not and *never* loved me; this I see clear as the sun. Thus am I severed from him, and he from me. I pray heaven I forget him—I shall, I do. I am happier, O God, than I have been for long." Agnes arose from her knees—a strange light burnt in her eyes, her usually pale cheeks glowed crimson, her lips were streaks of vermillion, her frame trembled with a strange ague-fit; and yet her countenance was that of a victor, and not of the vanquished. Up and down the little chamber she paced—the air oppressed her—the sounds of the awful fire at Hamburg roared in her ears, mingling in delirious confusion with the thousand fancies of her overwrought brain. "I stand upon the eve of a fresh chapter in my life: I shall never see Leonard more—I *will* not—if his love did not dictate an instant meeting with me, it is a miserable love, unworthy of the name. He shall be freed from his bondage. I will never more see the face of one who has been so unutterably dear. I will write to him, telling him of his uncle's words—that shall be my revenge. Let me to the last offer him only deeds of love and words of kindness. As the words of a guardian angel shall be the words of my letter;—

but—no never, never, never more will I see him. And my dear papers—my lost manuscripts—the labour of three long months! But what is that loss, the loss of Leonard, to the losses, the agonies, the burning frenzies of those poor sufferers in this mighty conflagration! Would that I knew what tidings were received!" Agnes bathed her burning cheeks in water; she flung open her window to gain a breath of air; but her lips were parched, her very brain seemed scorched and seared. As evening began to gather, and the golden rays of sunset glowed upon the windows of the houses opposite Agnes hurriedly walked along the dry, warm pavement of the narrow, quiet street in which she lived; she was seized with an impetuous longing after physical action; repose she could not, weary and exhausted to the last degree as was her frame. Calling a cab, and ordering the driver to drive as rapidly as he could to the outskirts of the great city—she cared not whither, only that it must be where were green fields and fresh air—she was soon driving along one of the great crowded thoroughfares leading from the heart of the heat and fever of the metropolis into suburban verdure.

SIGNS OF OLD LONDON.

WITHIN two doors of Cheapside, there is a head with a large feather or other projection shading the upper part. Of these singular-looking relics, there are many scattered over the city. At the back of this house, in Paternoster-row, there is another specimen peering out from the centre of plain brick surfaces, ill according with the present style of architecture. These relics may have been inserted as mementos of the old building which was destroyed at the great fire. There are four others to be seen in adjoining houses in Queen-street, and which are well worthy attention. Two of them have the evidence of high antiquity. The mode of decorating of the hair in one case corresponds with that of the costume in the time of Henry III., whilst another may very possibly be a relic of a far earlier date. In many instances they can be accounted for as marking the property of the Mercers' Company, as in the examples to be found in Gracechurch-street, where they are evidently their crest, and have the distinguishing mark of the crown on the head. While these have, in most cases, no reference to signs of tradesmen, nevertheless we find them sometimes called the "Maiden Head," which was by no means an uncommon sign. In like manner the "Dolphin" and "Mermaid" were appropriated from the arms of the Fishmonger's Company.

In Upper Thames-street, next to the church of Allhallows Great and Less, is a singular sign of an enormous size, and which in that respect is unequalled by any in London. It belongs to a public-house, and the subject is an "Hour Glass." Nearly opposite to this in the same street, and placed flat against the walls of an old warehouse, is a painting on a metal plate of a "Leather Jerkin." This unique specimen is worthy attention in connexion with costume. The inscription is too much effaced to decipher more than a few detached letters. The similarity in the form of the dress has given rise to very absurd traditions of the watermen in the neighbourhood, who connect it with the "coat and badge" given by Doggett, to be rowed for annually, but to which it has no evidence of shewing any reference.

In Lower Thames-street there is another specimen of a "Sun," very similar to the one in the Poultry, with the exception of the date, which is the same, appearing below the figure.

In Fenchurch-street, at a grocer's, are seen "Three Sugar Loaves" projecting, and gilt and surmounted by a "Crown;" and near to it, at another of the same trade, is a similar sign with a "Star" above, in which is the date 1726.

In Little Distaff-lane, in stone, against a house, is a shield with a book with seven seals and three crowns, which are the arms of the University of Oxford.

Over the door of a grocer's shop in Gracechurch-street, near Fish-street-hill, is a very good specimen of the sign of a

"Grasshopper:" it is of metal, gilt; and the fact of the spot being very near to the house of Sir Thomas Gresham, favours the tradition of its being his identical sign. His shop was near the end of Lombard-street. Near the other end of the same street, within a few doors of Leadenhall-street, is a fair specimen of a "Black Boy:" this is carved in wood.

In Leadenhall-street, at No. 36, is the sign of an ornamented "Key," suspended with the handle downwards, in which is inscribed the date 1713. Within a few doors of the East India House, against the house, is a large carved shield, on which are the bearings of three mitres.

In Aldgate is a gilt sign of the "Head of Galen," over a chemist's shop, date of 1765; and another of the same subject in the Minories.

In Clement's-lane, within a few doors of Lombard-street, is a good stone sign inserted of "Three Foxes," with a date of 1668. This sign is worthy of remark from the very spirited manner in which the subject is treated. The attitude of the triad is curious, the foxes being seated in a remarkably upright posture. The subject itself is also worthy of notice, and capable of speculation as to its origin and meaning. The immediate locality being directly opposite to Three Kings'-court, suggests a notion of a satirical allusion to the three kings. The fact of the number three so often occurring in different signs, and in connexion with subjects which appear to afford no explanation, is worthy also of passing notice. One, however, may be offered, and that is that three objects are often described in coats of arms in the shield, which first may have been used as an armorial bearing, and afterwards retained as a sign; and another of the mystic number, as in the case of the seven stars before referred to.

In Paternoster-row is the sign of the "Bible and Crown," inserted in a niche over the window of a house long famous for the publication of religious works.

In the Old Jewry, against a house, is a large carving of an eagle or griffin, which perhaps is merely a fragment of the original sign.

The Museum of Guildhall contains, amongst other city relics of antiquity, the stone sign of the "Boar's Head," in Eastcheap. This marked the spot where formerly stood the inn mentioned in Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," and is an exemplification of a desire after the great fire of London to identify spots which were dear to the old citizens by early associations.

In King-street, within a few doors of Snow-hill, is a piece of spirited sculpture in stone, inserted, representing the figure of "St. George and the Dragon," in high relief, with the date of 1668. It is the sign of the "Old George" inn.

In Holborn there are few signs worthy of note from their antiquity, with perhaps the exception of the "Bull" inn.

On the Surrey side of the Thames there are many curious relics. A short distance from Blackfriars'-bridge, is the sign of a dog eating out of a three-legged pot. There has been much speculation as to the origin of this singular sign. In Akeman's list of tokens we find No. 1442, "The Dogg's Head in the Potte in Old-street," and No. 1610, "Oliver Wallis in Red Cross-street, O. I. W. 1667," each of which has on it the device of a dog eating out of a pot.

In several towns in the west of England the same sign occurs, and its antiquity is undoubted from the fact of its being mentioned in the old poem of "Cock Lorrels Bote."

"Here is saunder sader of fuge strete corner,
With Jolyan Joly at sygne of the bokeler,
And mores moule taker;
Also annys angry with the croked buttocke,
That dwelled at ye sign of ye dogges hede in ye pot,
By her craffe a breeche maker."

The old stone sign of the "Dog and Duck" may be seen inserted in the wall of Bethlem Hospital, on the garden side. This relic formerly decorated the well-known place of entertainment. It represents a dog with a duck in his mouth, with the date of 1617 engraved in the stone.

These notices and remarks of the old London signs will, doubtless, be very unsatisfactory to the antiquarian ramblers who may be in search for historical relics. The sketch could easily have been extended to a considerable length, as many of the subjects introduced are capable of a separate essay in the hands of a zealous antiquary. That, however, has not been the object of the author of these remarks; but merely to introduce the subject and leave it for others more able than himself to do greater justice to it. There are, no doubt, very many relics of old signs still in existence, and which are worthy of record, in obscure situations, or which are preserved in other parts of the houses than meet the eye in a pilgrimage through the street. The subject has hitherto met with little attention, except in desultory and incidental notices. This has, probably, arisen from its not appearing of sufficient importance; but when we consider that the quaint sign has played its part and formed a prominent characteristic in the customs of old London, has been used to decorate the residences of its most eminent citizens, and is stamped on the title-pages of the choicest treasures of our libraries, it is presumed it will require no further apology for offering it to the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

THE LIGHTHOUSE OF CORDOUAN.

THIS celebrated French lighthouse is built upon an isolated rock at a short distance from the mouth of the Gironde. It was commenced in 1584 under Henry III., and finished in 1610; but considerable alterations have been made since that time. It was originally designed by Louis de Foix, the architect of the Escorial, who is said to have died there, and to have been buried within it. The same rock was formerly occupied by a lighthouse founded by the Black Prince, when the English held possession of that part of France.

The neighbourhood of the Gironde is peculiarly interesting. It is one of the most flourishing vine districts in France. The aspect is that of an undulating country, affording here and there peeps of the river between the gentle hills and valleys which intersect it. The vintage occurs in the month of September, and then the banks of the Gironde present a scene of activity and bustle. Every road is crowded with ox-carts and cheerful groups of pickers; the air resounds with songs and laughter. But beautiful as the locality appears, it abounds in marshes and stagnant pools which render it unhealthy; and gay and cheerful as are the groups of vine-dressers, fearful scenes have been enacted on that very ground. There raged the horrors of the civil war, when the revolutionary party overcame their antagonists the Girondins, and swamped even

the very name of the department. One cannot regard the old lighthouse—la Tour de Cordouan—without remembering the deep tragedy of the revolutionary struggle, when the lily of St. Louis gave place to the Bonnet Rouge.

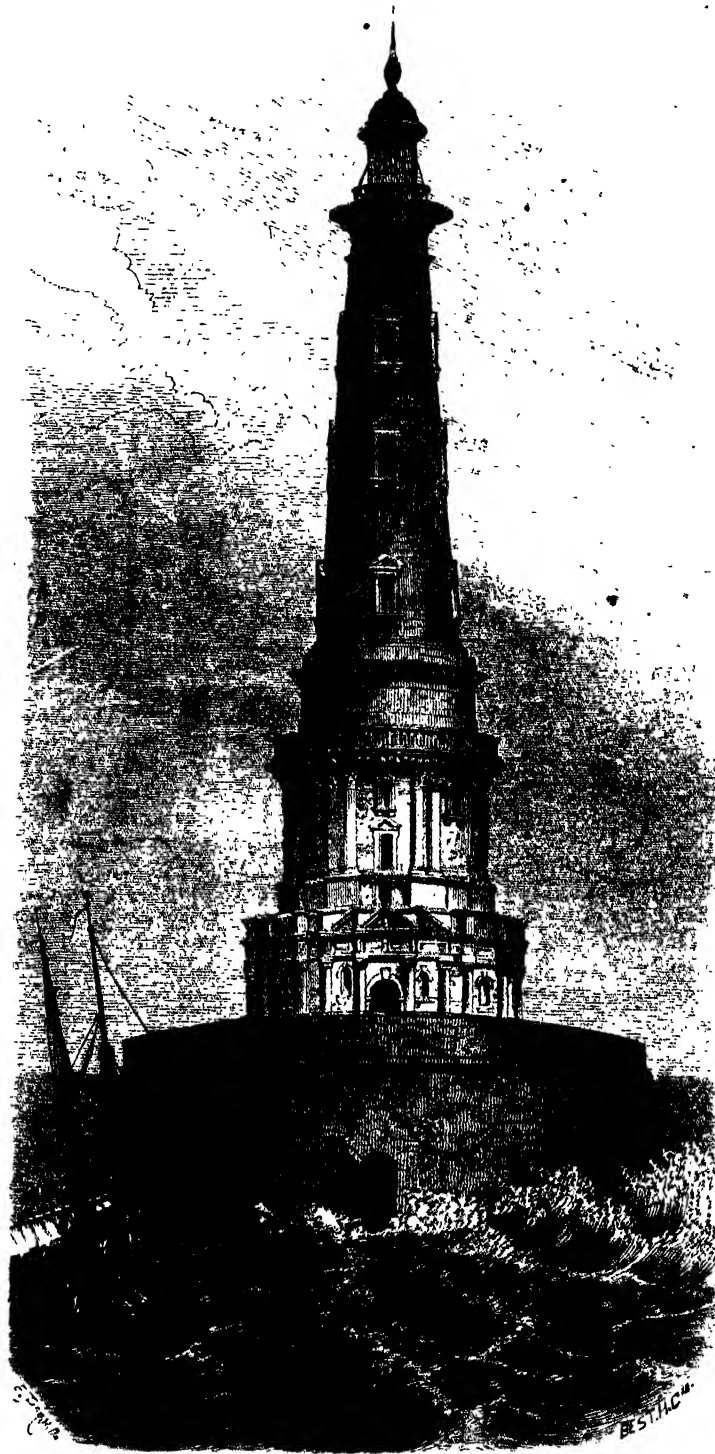
The present building is elegant in form and rich in architectural ornament. The structure is circular, the vestibule extensive and carefully fitted up, while the lofty turret is surmounted by the lantern, the light of which affords a safe guide to mariners entering the estuary of the Gironde. The first story of the tower is known as the king's apartment, richly and profusely ornamented, the exterior decorated by a colonnade of Doric pillars which support the first gallery. The second story has been consecrated as a chapel, and is of a circular form, enriched by Corinthian pillars and sculptures of great beauty; it is lighted by a double range of windows, while over the entrance to the chapel is a bust of the architect, Louis de Foix, admirably executed, together with an appropriate inscription. The tower which rises from the summit of the chapel is occupied by a winding staircase, lighted by large and elegant windows; a gallery surrounds the pharos, from which a commanding view may be had of the neighbouring coast line.

The lighthouse of Cordouan is more richly ornamented, and

possesses greater attraction in an architectural point of view, than any other on the coast of France. In structures of this sort attention is usually absorbed in the utility of the building rather than in any graceful appearance which it may present to the eye. But both beauty and utility have been united in this

edifice not only beautiful, not only valuable in the navigation of the coast, but also a noble model of what such structures might be made.

The number of lighthouses on the French coast was, in 1830, fifty-nine; since that period the number has been aug-



LIGHTHOUSE OF CORDOUAN.

ancient specimen; the harmony of its proportions, and the perfection of its decorations, are worthy of the strength of the tower and the firmness of its foundation. In these days utility is the great object of an architect, and for this taste is sometimes sacrificed and harmony disregarded; but Louis de Foix, in this sublime monument of his genius, has left an

monument to 169, comprising thirty-seven of the first order. The beacon tower of Cordouan is one of very great importance, as the mouth of the Gironde is beset with sand-banks, rendering the passage difficult and dangerous to mariners quitting or entering the river. For antiquity, beauty, and utility, this lighthouse is peculiarly interesting.

LORD BROUGHAM.

HENRY Brougham was born in the house, No. 19, St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, in the year 1778. His father was a Westmoreland gentleman, of old Saxon family, who, while travelling in Scotland, became acquainted with Miss Eleanor Lyme, niece of Professor Robertson, the celebrated historian; he married that lady, and took up his abode in Edinburgh, in the house above named, where the subject of our memoir first saw the light. He was educated at the High-

thus alludes to Brougham—then a youth of nineteen or twenty:—"Had you any conversation with Brougham? He is an uncommon genius of a *composite order*, if you will allow me to use the expression. He unites the greatest ardour for general information in every branch of knowledge—and, what is more remarkable, activity in the business, and interest in the pleasures of the world—with all the powers of a mathematical intellect. Did you notice his physiognomy?"



HENRY LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.—FROM A DAGUERRFOTYPE BY BEARD.

school of Edinburgh, and at fifteen entered the University of the same city. Leonard Horner, who was an infant playfellow of Brougham, on the pavement in St. Andrew's-square, was also his college contemporary, and augured great things of him. They were admitted members of the Speculation Society at the same time—a society in which Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Jeffrey, and many other distinguished men, first exercised their oratorical powers. Writing to a friend, Horner

Even at that early age Brougham's physiognomy must have been something remarkable. His is one of those remarkable faces which distinguish men from the common order; and a face like Brougham's does not change much. There is nothing soft nor beautiful about it; it is lowering, stern, hard, and almost repulsive; and yet with a wonderful softness about it when lit up by a smile. The chin is long and squared; the forehead high; the cheek cold and brassy; the nose, mouth,

and eyes seemingly huddled together in the centre of the face. No—Brougham never could have been good-looking, even as a youth; and therefore we wonder not at the query of Horner to his friend, "Did you notice his physiognomy? I am curious to know your observations on it."

Brougham, as a youth, did not seek the "primrose path of dalliance." From the first, he was a hard and energetic worker. Mathematics were his favourite study; and within a year after his matriculation at college he transmitted to the Royal Society a paper on *Porisms*, which was duly published in the "Transactions." Other papers followed, which led to a correspondence with foreign scientific men, conducted in Latin. His college studies over, Brougham travelled abroad, and on his return he settled down for a time in Edinburgh, practising at the Scotch Bar until the year 1807.

It was about this time that Brougham was brought into contact with Jeffrey and Sydney Smith, and the *Edinburgh Review* was founded. It is now known that the slashing review in that publication of Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which stung the noble poet into writing his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," was the handiwork of Henry Brougham, written in his 29th year.

By this time, 1807-8, he had left Edinburgh and settled in London, where he was shortly after called to the bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and engaged in extensive practice. His always indefatigable industry pointed him out as a man to be employed in business of emergency; and the selection of him to plead the cause of the English merchants against the Orders in Council, during the very year in which he settled in London, shows that he was already regarded as a man of mark in his profession. But he had, before then, been engaged in the House of Lords, as counsel for Lady Ker, in the Roxburgh Succession case, in which he honourably distinguished himself.

It is said, however, that Brougham did not acquire his wonderful powers of speech without great labour. His first efforts, both as a pleader in the courts and as a debater in the Commons, were failures. But he had extraordinary pluck. He was never cast down nor disheartened. He only set to work again with renewed energy. His mind travelled into all subjects; and many languages were made tributary to him. After pleading in the courts all day, he would go home to study foreign politics at night, and forthwith publish the result in a brilliant pamphlet. He first publicly introduced himself to the political world in this way by a pamphlet, or rather book, entitled "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers."

Brougham, even from youth, seemed to watch his waking moments as misers watch their gold. Not one was allowed to pass without being laid under contribution. Hazlitt has said of him, "Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also, in one sense, of the length of human life. If we make a good use of our time, there is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass 'no day without a line,' visit no place without the company of a book, we may, with ease, fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have." This seems to have been Brougham's practice—to be ever busy, and yet withal to have leisure! Once, when some one called upon Romilly to ask him to edit a book, he pleaded want of time, but said, "Take it to that fellow Brougham—he has time for everything."

In 1810 he entered Parliament as member for Camelford, a rotten borough belonging to the Earl of Darlington. Being a Whig and Reformer, he attached himself to that party, and, consequently, remained long in Opposition. Although, in an early number of the "Edinburgh Review," he had written an article somewhat hostile to the slavery abolitionists—then believing the struggle to be only one between the East Indian merchants and the West—he took his side by Wilberforce and Granville Sharpe, and spoke more than once on the same

side. But his first appearances were unsatisfactory; and it was not until he had been some time in the House, and delivered his speech on the Rights of Admiralty, that he began to excite attention. Horner speaks of this speech as a triumph, and predicts great things from his parliamentary career:—"I would predict," says he (and this was written forty years ago), "that though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove serviceable to the true path of liberty and liberal principles."

At the general election in 1812, Brougham contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, but was defeated; and for four years he remained out of Parliament. During the interval, he laboured at the bar; he had an immense practice, and probably got through more work than any barrister of his day.

In 1816, Mr. Brougham was again returned to Parliament, this time for the borough of Winchelsea, and again through the influence of the Earl of Darlington. We find him immediately devoting himself to what has ever been one great object of his life—the advancement of Public Education. He moved for, and obtained, a select committee to inquire into the state of the education of the people in London and Westminster. He was appointed chairman, and gave a great impulse to the inquiry by his personal exertions. The committee, in its first report, stated that there were a hundred and twenty thousand children in the metropolis without the means of education; and that the numerous splendid charities provided in past times for the education of the poor were grievously mismanaged. Several further reports were made, and the result was, a commission of inquiry into Charity and Endowed Schools all over the kingdom.

Brougham's popular reputation was immensely increased in 1820 by the part he took in connexion with the "Queen's Trial," as it was called. He was the leading counsel on the occasion, her Majesty having appointed him her Attorney-General. His exertions in this cause were prodigious, and the speeches which he delivered on the occasion were perhaps his greatest efforts.

The orator succeeded. The government announced their determination to proceed no further with the "Pains and Penalties" bill, and the Queen was thus "acquitted." Such was the popular verdict at least. The public joy was without bounds. A spontaneous illumination in London for three successive nights, followed the announcement of the triumph of the Queen's cause. The witnesses for the prosecution were burnt in effigy, again and again; the newspaper offices which had taken part against the Queen were mobbed; and Brougham, Denman, and their coadjutors became the idols of the nation. There could be no doubt of the disinterestedness and courage of Brougham and Denman on this occasion. By exposing themselves to the displeasure of the court and government, they shut themselves out from official advancement in their profession—not only in that reign, but in the reign that was to succeed—for the Dukes of York and Clarence were both arrayed against the Queen and her cause. Brougham and Denman, however, could both afford to wait; they suffered for a time, it is true, but they both ultimately earned the lofty position and reward, to which their splendid merits so well entitled them.

Brougham continued his labours in the House of Commons, devoting himself chiefly to commercial subjects, Foreign Policy, Negro Emancipation, and National Education. Throughout life he has been the untiring friend of the oppressed African, and his eloquence has on many occasions rendered valuable aid to the anti-slavery cause. In 1820 he introduced a bill to provide gratuitous education for the poor of England and Wales, but it met with such determined hostility from the clergy, that he abandoned it in despair. In 1823 Mr. Canning took office, and it was rumoured, that he who had heretofore been friendly to the Catholic claims, now intended to make sacrifice of the cause. Some words which he had let fall in debate had been construed in this light, and the friends of the Catholic claims unitedly fell upon him as a renegade.

On the night of the 17th of April, a debate occurred upon

petition presented in favour of Catholic Emancipation, in which Burdett, Tierney, and Brougham all spoke vehemently against the minister. Brougham's speech was the most severe. At the outset he was hesitating, disjointed, and somewhat rambling, as is his wont in opening up a subject. He cited instances of the humiliation of genius at the throne of power, and of dereliction of principle for the sake of office; he went on accumulating a cluster of such illustrations, and then, growing in vehemence, and increasing in rapidity of utterance, he glared his eye and pointed with his finger, to make the aim and direction sure. Canning sat in constrained silence, obviously ill at ease, writhing his body to this side and that, as if to find some shelter from the storm. The most perfect stillness hushed the House; every member held his breath; and it is said that, in one of the pauses of Brougham's speech, a clerk let fall a pen on the floor, the sound of which was audible in the far gallery. But on went Brougham; his stiffness and awkwardness clean gone, every feature working with excitement; and down came his terrible accusation of Canning, "that his acceptance of power had been the most monstrous truckling for office that the whole history of political tergiversation could present."

At length Canning could endure no longer. His prudence left him, and starting to his feet, his cheeks flushing, his nostrils quivering, and his eyes almost glaring, he exclaimed—"I rise to say that that is false!" There was dead silence for a few moments, and even the Speaker seems to have been taken by surprise. At length he broke the silence by expressing a hope that the Right Honourable Secretary would withdraw the expression. He refused to retract "the sentiment," and Mr. Brougham to withdraw the imputation. But at length, after "explanations," and with the aid of friends, the quarrel was composed, and Brougham and Canning afterwards shook hands in the House.

In the year 1823 we find Brougham co-operating with Dr. Birkbeck in the foundation of the London Mechanics' Institute; and in 1825 he was exerting himself to establish a University in London, in which he ultimately succeeded. Indeed, the University of London, of which he seems to be the permanent Lord Rector (though not called by that name), was mainly founded through his untiring exertions. About the same time (in 1825) we find him engaged in another movement for the Popular Education of the masses—namely, the establishment of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the object of which was to prepare, and circulate among, the working classes cheap books and treatises of a much higher character than had formerly been accessible to them. The *Penny Magazine*, among the first of the higher-class cheap periodicals, sprang out of this movement; and unquestionably this and the other admirable publications of the Society gave an impetus to the cause of popular education, of which we are still reaping the benefits.

King George died, and was succeeded by his brother William; on which a general election took place in 1830. Political feeling ran high at the time; the Reform movement was acquiring power; and it had been considerably increased by the revolutionary events which had occurred in France. Brougham was looked upon as one of the greatest men among the Liberal party; and, in proof of the estimation in which he was held, he was invited to stand for the largest constituency in England—that of Yorkshire. His electioneering canvass of that county is spoken of as something quite extraordinary and unprecedented. The district to be canvassed was of great extent, and no candidate had before ventured upon a personal canvass as Brougham did. He devoted about a fortnight exclusively to the work, during which he travelled by night and day: he had relays of horses at intervals, stopping at all the chief towns and large manufacturing villages, where he appointed meetings of the electors—in schools, chapels, and public rooms; and these he addressed, some at cock-crow in the morning, others in the forenoon, at mid-day, in the evening, and, in some places, the people assembled at midnight to receive and hear him. He travelled many hundreds of miles in the course of this canvass, sleeping

little and talking enormously. The canvass was a triumph; and Brougham was returned the representative of the largest constituency in England: he himself said that he had thereby arrived at the pinnacle of his fame.

But he went higher yet. A Reform ministry came in, and it is said the Mastership of the Rolls was offered to Brougham, but declined; and his name shortly appeared in the list of the new ministers as Lord Chancellor. We are not about to describe his acts or conduct in that high office. Perhaps more are disposed to blame than to vindicate him while in power. O'Connell used to say that he considered himself "the best-abused man in Europe;" but Brougham shared with him in this honour, if such it be. His appearance in their Lordship's House was dreaded as a spectre of revolution; and certainly he disturbed the equanimity of the debates in the Upper House by occasional extraordinary displays of his peculiar oratorical powers. He was Henry Brougham still, though now a Lord. The nature of the man was unchanged, and he continued the same restless, indefatigable, hard-working, versatile genius that he had ever been. Take an instance. He was sworn in Lord Chancellor at twelve o'clock, and at six o'clock of the same day he had laid on the table a bill to reform the abuses of the Court of Chancery. In the capacity of Lord Chancellor, he got through an enormous amount of work, and cleared off in a wonderfully short time the long arrears of business which had accumulated under Lord Eldon. Lawyers said he was hasty and impetuous in his procedure; and not always sound in his judgments—one of which was reversed by the King in Council. Indeed, the satirical remark was made of him by an eminent lawyer, that "if his Lordship knew a little law he would then know a little of everything." But he was doubtless of great use, and we are now profiting by his labours in Law Reform—especially in the Law of Debtor and Creditor, and in the Law of Bankruptcy. He also originated the excellent County Court system, his object being "to bring justice home to every man's door."

But Lord Brougham was felt to be a man who did not work well in harness. He was constantly leaping over the traces. So, when a change of ministry took place, and a new Liberal ministry was appointed, Lord Brougham was not included. Since then, his career has been pronounced to be somewhat erratic; but he has held by his early principles, though he may not have chosen to take the particular course prescribed by the party of the time. His mind is of too original and eccentric a cast to allow him to follow quietly in the track of a party: and, consequently, no party relies upon him. On that fruitful topic, however, we shall not venture to dilate.

It remains for us to say a few words on his lordship's career as an author and a philosopher. His optical discoveries and discourses have won him an honourable name in France. He has contributed several able treatises to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; that upon the "Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Science," is one of his best, and is most popular, simple and clear in expression, and exceedingly interesting. His work on "Political Philosophy," written for the same society, is a very able book, but little known. On his loss of office as Lord Chancellor, he devoted some portion of his leisure to the illustration of "Paley's Natural Theology," and he afterwards published a valuable Treatise, originating in conversations with Lord Althorp, on the same subject. Since then, he has published two series of "Lives of Men of Letters and Science, in the time of George III.," which have had an extensive circulation, and been deservedly admired. But his greatest work, unquestionably, is the Edition of his Speeches which he has himself corrected and published. That work will be his best monument; forming, as it does, a collection of the finest master-pieces in modern oratory. "It is in this work that posterity—while it will, happily for him, have lost the record of his weaknesses—contemplating the value of his services, will place him amongst the foremost men and greatest benefactors of his age and country."

BALMORAL.

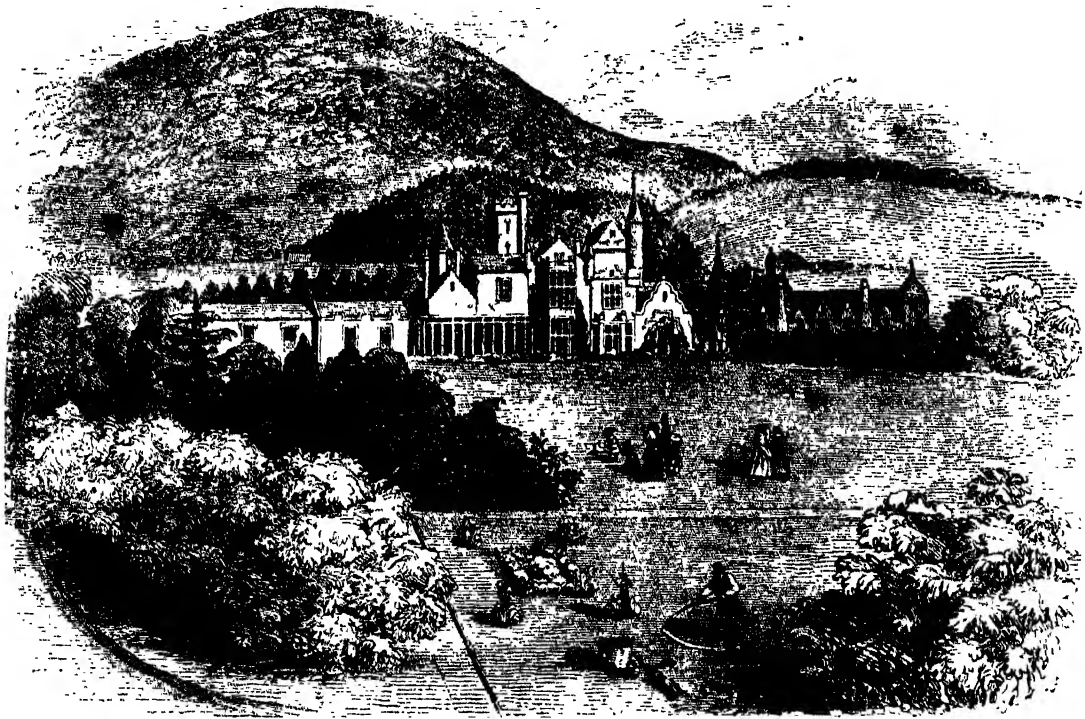
BALMORAL Castle, the Highland residence of Her Majesty, is situated in the county of Aberdeenshire, some five hundred and fifty miles from London. The house and grounds belong to the united parishes of Crathie and Braemar, on the south side of the valley of the Dee. The castle stands on a beautiful level, while

"The Dee's silver stream rolls his swift waters near,
Gilt with the golden sunbeams here and there."

The villages of Ballater and Castleton—pretty retreats for a few months in the summer, and rendered of somewhat more importance than hitherto by virtue of their vicinity to royalty—are each about eight miles distant from Balmoral, the one *up* the river and the other *down*; but the quiet of the place is seldom much disturbed by visitors, the nearest post-town, Aberdeen, being fifty miles away, and the roads onwards but indifferent.

The parish church manse, with the school-house and post-

with the adjoining property of Abergeldie at Birkall. Having been thus suddenly raised from the condition of a gentleman's shooting box to the rank of a royal palace, Balmoral soon underwent considerable alterations and improvements. During all the spring and summer months, for several years, the sounds of the carpenter's hammer and the mason's saw were heard amid the quiet woods around the house, and many were the alterations and transformations that took place before it was considered in a fit condition for royalty to reside in; but as the end of the parliamentary session came round, the sounds were gradually stilled by all descriptions of labour being quietly put aside for a season, and the Queen and Prince, with the young family, came and took possession of the mansion. As year succeeded year, the castle increased in size and importance—tower being added to tower, and apartment to apartment, and wing to wing, till at last it assumed a very picturesque and handsome appearance. To be sure, there was no particular order of architecture observed; but the mixture



BALMORAL CASTLE.—FRONT VIEW.

office, are distant about half a mile from the castle, on the opposite side of the river, which is here crossed by a suspension bridge. The few cottages thereabouts are hence called Crathie Bridge. All the district, from Balmoral up towards the source of the Dee, was once covered with dense masses of trees called Marr Forest; and, even now, much wood remains on the Braemar side of the castle; so that, with the extensive plantations of fir and larch, which have been formed by order of the Prince, the wood around the castle subserves a double purpose—that of ornament, and shelter for the deer and other game on the estate.

The Castle of Balmoral formerly belonged to the Earl of Fife, who let it on lease to the late Sir Robert Gordon, brother to the Earl of Aberdeen. After the Queen's first visit to Scotland, several years since, she expressed a desire to possess a house of her own among the mountains, and this wish becoming known, it was proposed to Sir Robert Gordon to offer his house to Her Majesty. Sir Robert complied, and Prince Albert became the purchaser of the estate, together

of castellated towers, conical turrets, pointed gables, &c., erected at different periods, just as fancy or necessity dictated, gave to the whole pile an imposing, old-fashioned, and home-like aspect, quite at variance with our notions of royal palaces in general, and like none other in particular. The magnificent George IV., "the finest gentleman," &c., built a palace at Brighton, which looks like a toy for the top of a giant's twelfth cake—a palace indeed, which, considering its cost and the poor return which the public have eventually got for their money, gave the English people rather a distaste to kingly architects. But as neither Osborne (the royal summer residence in the Isle of Wight), nor Balmoral, has cost one penny of public money, either for the original purchase, or subsequent alterations; and as the Queen and her husband have shown themselves neither extravagant nor careless of the feelings of the people; their movements are regarded with a love and devotion to which the "finest gentleman," &c., was a complete stranger. Thus it is that, year after year, the royal progress to Balmoral is hailed with delight by every man, woman, and

child—"from peer to peasant"—along the whole route from Euston Square to Aberdeen.

As the royal circle has increased, it has been found that the old castle at Balmoral, in spite of numerous extensions, is inadequate for its requirements; and orders have been given for the erection of a new and more commodious house a few yards distant. We have no doubt the same sound economy, prudent management, and good taste with which all Her Majesty's household concerns are conducted, will be found to have presided over this necessary addition; and we are quite sure every one of her loyal subjects will unite with us in ardently desiring that it may add greatly to the comfort of the whole royal family.

Standing as it does in the lovely valley of the Dee, surrounded by all the beauties of Highland scenery—never so beautiful as in autumn, when the heather bells are in blossom and the yellow gorse throws a liberally golden hue on the hills and valleys—Balmoral may be considered one of the finest residences, in point of situation, ever possessed by royalty.

Immediately above the fall, and a fog-house has been erected just in front of the fall, commanding one of the most picturesque views imaginable—a very Niagara in miniature. Further up the valley are several other romantic falls, among which may be mentioned those of Cornuelgie, Quoich, and the Linn of Dee.

At about six miles distance over the hills, in the valley of Glenmunick, stands a cottage surrounded by a few trees, which is known by the name of the Hut. It is nothing more nor less than a gamekeeper's lodge; but her Majesty having taken a fancy to reside in it occasionally, she has had its little rooms furnished and made comfortable, and often remains here for days at a time. It is surrounded by the wildest and most romantic scenery imaginable: the crested summit and rocky sides of "dark Lochnagar" tower in all their majesty behind, while in the foreground lie the dark silent waters of Loch Muick—a sheet of water four miles in length, closed in on either side by steep hills whose shaggy sides descend abruptly into the water.



BALMORAL CASTLE — BACK VIEW.

In every direction, the view from the house is grand and picturesque. A writer in a local guide-book thus describes it:—"From the castle whithersoever the eye is directed, it catches glimpses of enchanting scenery, in which the beautiful blends with the sublime, and the picturesque rises to the romantic. Eastward, the view is bounded by Craig-audarroch (the rock of oaks) and by the precipitous chasm called the pass of Ballater. Westward, beyond the military road from Braemar, which winds by the hoary Cairn-na-cuimhire, may be obtained some glorious peeps of the pine-clad heights of Invermulet. Southward, the eye reposes on the soft and fragrant foliage of the Birks of Craig-au-gowan; and northward, the Dee winds its silvery course amid a hundred heathery hill-tops, with a dark curtain of inaccessible mountain behind."

Nor are the environs of this delightful residence less inviting. About four or five miles up the valley, in the forest of Balloch Bay, is the fall of Garrawalt, formed by a mountain stream dashing with impetuous fury down a narrow glen, dark with trees. A neat wooden bridge crosses the boiling stream im-

mediately above the fall, and a fog-house has been erected just in front of the fall, commanding one of the most picturesque views imaginable—a very Niagara in miniature. Further up the valley are several other romantic falls, among which may be mentioned those of Cornuelgie, Quoich, and the Linn of Dee.

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It is almost needless to say that the royal family are beloved by the peasantry round about Balmoral. No military cortège attends their footsteps as they wander over hill and dale, or through dark wood and glen; no guard is necessary to shield the Queen from her hardy Highland subjects, and she walks or rides about the neighbourhood of the castle as any Lady Bountiful might, doing good and visiting the sick and needy; the blessings of the poor attending her whithersoever she goes. A thousand stories might be told of her thoughtful kindnesses and judicious charities among her humble neighbours—at one time erecting a school-house, and providing efficient teachers for the children; at another rebuilding the cottages of the peasantry in good substantial style; and at all times so comporting herself as to win their honour and respect. Her Majesty and Prince Albert regularly attend divine service in the little parish church on Sundays, during their stay at Balmoral. The parishioners take no particular notice of them or the children, but allow them to come and go just as any other respectable proprietors in the neighbourhood. The same conduct is observed at all other times. When the

royal family go out among the villagers, there is no such running after their carriages, or crowding to get a sight of royalty, as disgusted her Majesty on her first, and only, visit to respectable Brighton. On the contrary, at Balmoral the simple people content themselves with a distant respectful recognition—a touch of the hat, or a curtsy, which is invariably and graciously returned; and so our beloved queen and her husband are enabled to enjoy their autumn holiday in their own fashion.

About two miles from Balmoral, on the same side of the river Dee, there is a small castellated mansion belonging to the Prince, which is known thereabouts as Abergeldie castle. This is the Highland residence of the Duchess of Kent and her suite during the period of the Queen's visit. It is a plain substantial-looking house, with nothing but a square tower in

the centre to distinguish it from many a private gentleman's mansion; but its situation is delightful. Standing close by the side of the river, and embosomed in thick woods of birch, which abound in this neighbourhood, it has a charming outlook. The visitor to this spot, if he be at all romantic, can easily understand the sort of feeling which inspired Burns on this neighbourhood, to write his charming "Berks of Aberfeldy."

The district all around the royal residence is well stocked with game, and affords abundant sport for the Prince and his friends. Deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, lake and river fishing, and such other out-door exercises and amusements as are common to Scotland, are to be found whenever they are required, and many a good day's sport is, no doubt, cheerfully afforded to visitors.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER VII., PART II.

YOUTHS and children passed the dusty careering cab, in which, sunk back in a corner, lay poor Agnes, devoured with strange feverish horrors, and yet planning great plans for the future. These youths and children grasped in their hands bunches of blue hyacinths, and cowslips, and primroses, telling of happy strolls among the distant woods; their faces were full of joy, and they all talked merrily among themselves, but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed a poor sun-burnt countryman who, standing at the corner of a squalid street, exhibited, with stolid mien, to a squalid crowd, a marvellous banner of his own construction—a banner fit to have been borne in a procession to the honour of Flora. Primroses, and blue-bells, and cowslips, and tulips, and narcissi, all in thick clusters massed together with bright contrasts, and upborne by a thick hazel-pole wreathed with ivy. The children, with their hot dirty hands and faces, eagerly stared up at the beautiful banner, attracted by its magic, as was also a certain astounded white butterfly which had bewildered itself among the smoky London roofs. Even the policemen's hearts were touched by the vision of spring beauty, and left the stolid countryman unmolested; and he had stood there all that livelong day with the same unmoved features, except when a most unusual gleam had passed across his copper-coloured face, as a tall gentleman, whom he had observed watching his banner for some moments, placed in his hand half-a-crown. Yes, Leonard had heeded the countryman whilst passing along this same great thoroughfare, although Agnes had not. And the tall gentleman, and the vast wealth of the half-crown, remained the one bright memory of London in the heart of the bearer of the floral banner for long dull years to come.

On rattled the cab past crowded stalls of fish and vegetables, where miserable flowers had baked in the sun's rays the hot day through, their parched leaves covered with dust, and fainting amidst the squalid crowd; and on rattled the cab out among suburban pleasantness, where lilacs were bursting forth into their fresh greenery, and where the little garden plots were gay with bright spring flowers; but Agnes heeded them not. Neither did she heed the darkened windows of a little house especially gay with spring beauty; and little did she divine that within its shadow Leonard's spirit had brooded, these last many hours of misery; nay, was still mysteriously linked with its sorrow. Agnes, forgetful of the Gaywoods and of their connexion with Leonard, was utterly unobservant of the road she was pursuing, and remained oblivious to all but her partial delirium.

Within the green duskiness of the Gaywoods' little sitting-room was an awful visitant. The Angel of Death already cast his shadow across the brow of little Cuthbert. Mary and Lucretia, with hushed breath, knelt beside the sofa where the child still lay, sleeping as Leonard had left him a few hours

previously, but the features were sharper and the complexion more transparent. Suddenly his large eyes flashed open with a strange intelligence, a smile beamed over the whole transfigured countenance, and then the head sank with leaden weight upon the encircling arm of Lucretia. The supreme moment had arrived. The sisters sank their faces upon the little corpse with a sickness of the soul too deep for tears; and, marvellous to relate, through the brain of Lucretia passed a strange vision of seraphic awe. The spirit of the child shone down upon her with eyes of joy and purity unutterable—as if of effulgent glory was his whole being—and stretching forth his loving hand, suddenly another spirit was at his side, dimmer, sadder, yet scarcely less beautiful, and as if flaming up into brightness as it touched the hand of the child, and as the unheard accents of the child-spirit's quivering lips fell upon his ear. It was the spirit of Leonard!

And where was Leonard? Rousing himself at length from his torturing meditations, with a stern determination to meet Agnes, Leonard arose from beside the sofa of the dying child, and without indulging in a natural grief at what his soul told him would be his last glimpse in life of his beloved little friend, he quietly left the room and house, unseen by any one of the small household. But once more within the vortex of the metropolis, and approaching the presence of Agnes, disgust and world-weariness seized yet firmer hold upon him; he seemed impelled to fly from his stern judge, as if some irrevocable repulsion dwelt within her sphere. Her countenance, her fancied words, harrowed his morbid and vacillating nature, till, mingling with the old pain, a paroxysm, it may be, seized upon him, not unlike the misery of his poor mother, whose face was ever haunting him in strange juxtaposition with that of Agnes. Now Agnes' stern cold features melted into the unrecognising gaze of his mother as last he had seen her; now as vacantly he stood staring into a toy-shop—the toys unconsciously bearing his memory back into the years of his childhood—the passionate words of his mother's love rang in his brain, but the words were words spoken with Agnes' stern, unrelenting, cold lips. Impelled as if by a demon, Leonard posted out of London. On and on he walked for hours, with a strange delirium upon him, which, as in the case of Agnes, showed itself in a restless desire for motion.

When the rejoicing rays of the morrow's sun darted sparkling through the matted boughs of a solitary wood, some miles from London, they fell upon the pallid face of a man who lay prostrate at the foot of a twisted and gnarled old thorn just bursting into blossom. The sun's rays danced merrily among the leaves; the soft morning breeze arose shivering through the branches, and scattering down the rain-

drops which hung upon them from a shower fallen in the night. The little birds suddenly burst forth into their morning anthem, and the whole wood was awake and filled with an active joy. But the man lay unmoved. The glittering rain-drops fell upon him, glancing upon his soft but matted hair, and quietly rolling over his white face like bright tears. The wind waved his hair and the skirt of his coat; and a little bird, fluttering down from the thorn tree, perched upon his uncovered head, and began pecking the long, dank hair which fell upon the mossy ground, and with several hairs in her bill flew up again to weave them into her nest. A lovely green and orange beetle crawled wonderingly out of a hole in the thorn-tree root, and passed slowly across the man's clenched hand, as it lay outstretched upon the moss. Trees, birds, insects, and flowers had all awoke to activity and joy, but the man lay motionless among them. The sun rose higher into the heavens, and his rays fell through an opening among the trees with a searching violence upon that passive face; and then came a sudden shower, drenching the hair and clothes; but the form remained quiescent and as fading as a mass of crushed flowers which lay beside him. And sounds of gay laughter, from picnic parties in distant parts of the wood, floated upon the breeze to the old thorn tree; and the cheerful splash of oars from a little river which flowed through the wood; and the quiet bleating of sheep from sunny uplands; and the barking of watch-dogs and the crowing of cocks from lone homesteads and the yet more distant village. The sad face grew darker and more ghastly, and birds continued to sing over the poor corpse for three days, and grass, full of its young vernal vigour, and convolvulus, and vetches, had begun to nod over the face and hands and catch at the fearful fingers with their innocent, loving tendrils. But about sunset on the third day, a keeper, passing through the deep wood, discovers by his dog this strange trespasser. His face grows dark almost as the one upon the moss at which his dog barks and whines, and the keeper rushes out of the wood, and up to the distant village. And the passive figure lying at the foot of the thorn tree occasions a mighty convulsion within and around that rose and honeysuckle festooned and whitewashed public-house. And the doctor, and the beadle, and the landlord, and the keeper, and various other notables of the village, are off with a cart to fetch out of the wood this sad, terrible figure; and the coroner is sent for post-haste.

And when the moon slowly rises and shines between the clump of pines which grow upon the terrace of a beautiful Italian villa lying among the hills above the village, where the slender spire of the village church seems to melt away into the tender night heaven, and where the breath of May sweeps across meadows and into the open casements of cottages, cheering the hearts of the sick and wafting sweet dreams to the slumbering children, slowly comes the cart along with its fearful burden; and there is a busy hum of voices around the cart from the men who accompany it, and women and children glance fearfully at the procession as they stand outside their gardens in the dusty road; and some of the children begin to cry; but the women's voices murmur as busily as the men's who attend the procession.

And the clergyman and others are awaiting the arrival in the dimly lighted mouldering church. And when the sad form is displayed by the glare of candles, the changed face is still not so changed but that the landlord gives a great gasp, and exclaims, all hot and excited—"Lord! Lord! if it aint that painter gentleman as used to be down here last summer a painting—a mighty great friend of Miss Pierrpoint's,—Lord! Lord! but my missus will take on a bit I reckon: he took a picture for her of our pretty little Rose as is gone, and was a right nice pleasant gentleman—Lord! Lord!"

And among the people looking in at the church door was the countryman of the floral banner; but the face glared upon by the dismal candles, and stolid in the midst of that excited assembly, was faded as the banner now was, and scarcely less an object of scorn. Though the countryman had only that very hour been showing his marvellous half-crown given by the tall gentleman, even he did not recognise the giver.

CHAPTER VIII.

O friends—O kindred—O dear brotherhood
Of all the world! what are we, that we should
For covenants of long affection sue?
Why press so near each other, when the touch
Is barred by graves?—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

We left Agnes Singleton driving along in a cab towards the first glimpse of country freshness and repose which she should reach, with her being fevered with the memories of the awful Hamburg fire, and her soul sick with its renunciation of her love for Leonard. We will not follow her along her wild walk across the lovely stretch of undulating country, lying between Highgate and Hampstead, which so peacefully reposed that beautiful May evening, with its rich woods, and gleaming ponds, and soft green slopes, beneath the golden sunset sky—on, on she walked, like one in a trance, oblivious to all around her, and it was only a kind of instinct which led her back to London and her solitary home, when night had closed in. Neither will we describe her miserable awakening upon the morrow, nor how with this morrow still no Leonard came! Alas! Agnes little could divine that the earthly husk of Leonard's spirit lay fading and changing into an object of dread beneath the pleasant leaves and blossoms of the beautiful, peaceful woodland. Could she, as she wandered frantically along that soft May evening, but have manifested the richness of her love to him, instead of hardening her soul against him, would it have availed aught? Could she have withdrawn him from his miserable fate by the strength of her warm life—could she have bound him to the earth and to its beautiful realities? Had Agnes' eyes looked into his with all the devotion which filled her heart, would they have laid the phantoms which tortured his brain? Had the voice of Mary Gaywood reached Leonard's ear, clear as a bell and holy as a seraph's hymn pouring itself forth in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as upon many a twilight—would the demon have been laid, as within Saul's breast by the touch of David's harp? Could aught have rescued Leonard from the last sad act? Alas! Leonard was one of those beings left, in the extreme moments of their existence, to struggle utterly alone; abandoned, as it seems, by man—abandoned even by their better self; and whose cup of misery flows over in completest bitterness through the loss of faith in the one True Friend, the Father without whose knowledge not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

Honoria is standing beside the bed of Agnes with an extraordinary mournfulness and pallor upon her noble countenance. Agnes is lying dressed upon her bed, and appears sunk in a profound sleep. There she has lain for two days and a night. Honoria has learnt from Agnes' servant that she has awakened once and drunk a cup of coffee, and again fallen into her death-like sleep. Agnes was not one of those people who would fall into a brain fever, or pine away and break their hearts, however bitter the pain; her physical being was utterly exhausted, but Nature, that marvellous restorer, sank her into the Lethe of sleep in order to again brace up her being for fresh endurance! Alas! poor Agnes, thou art proud and filled with a bitter indignation, which for the time would have silenced thy cry of love—had Leonard lived! How will thy soul array itself in sackcloth and ashes for each shadow of reproach and anger, when thou shalt hear that Leonard is dead—has died by his own hand!

Whilst Honoria gazed upon that calmly sleeping pale face, the tears rolled quietly over her cheeks, and stooping down to impress a kiss upon her friend's brow, the eyes of Agnes suddenly unclosed and looked at her for a moment in bewilderment.

"Oh, Honoria!" cried she, hurriedly, and started up, "Honoria! Where am I?—Oh!—I begin to recollect—but how kind of you, Honoria! How did you learn of my return? What a great, great joy to see you, beloved friend! I have been so strangely exhausted by all that great fatigue of the fire—that awful fire at Hamburg, Honoria. You can tell me what news has arrived since I left. I have been in a strange dream ever since, but am quite refreshed now." And she

rose from her bed, and drawing back the window-curtains, looked out into the sunny street. "Honor, I have lost all count of time; I have no conception what hour of the day it is; scarcely what day it is of the week. I feel like one of the sleepers of Ephesus," with a deep sigh and her head sinking upon her breast. "Honor, I shall have such sad things to describe to you about that fire, when I feel less weary than I do now; and some noble and beautiful things, too; but oh, my God!" and Agnes, dropping her arms upon the toilet-table, buried her face upon them, and deep sobs shook her frame. Honor watched her friend in the most painful state of suspense. Had she seen Leonard since her return? did she know any circumstances which might throw light upon the termination of his life? what did this demonstration of a great grief denote? and Agnes, too, ordinarily of so undemonstrative a character? Honor knew not how to enter upon the miserable inquiry, how to break the sad intelligence to her.

Agnes soon restrained herself. "Honor," said she, with a sad, faint smile, "I am so utterly exhausted by this great excitement, my nerves so thoroughly unstrung, that I must appear in your eyes little better than a weak child; but you must have read of some of the horrors of the fire in the papers. And, Honor, only think, I have had a great loss myself: all my papers—all my labours of the past winter at Upsala and Stockholm—are probably lost. Is it not a sad thing for me? But you do not seem to appreciate my loss, dear Honor—the loss of such valuable material?" "That seems to me at this moment but a small loss, Agnes," spoke Honor, with trembling lips, and her eye rivetted with an unspeakable sadness upon her friend. "Of course, of course, Honor, in comparison with the loss at Hamburg of life and property; but, just at this moment, to me this loss of mere written paper is very sad; it was so very, very dear to me!" And again tears chased themselves down Agnes' face, and her lips quivered convulsively. "Agnes, my dear, dear Agnes!—But there is Leonard!" and Honor would have drawn Agnes' bowed face upon her breast; but Agnes started violently up, and exclaimed,—her face flushed crimson, and her eyes sparkling with a wild light—"Honor, never, never speak that name to me: our love is at an end: with him it never existed! He is to me as one dead. For his sake—for mine—let us never, never speak of Leonard!"

"Have you seen him since you returned, Agnes?" eagerly inquired Honor.

"No, no, Honor; he loved so little that he never came, although I summoned him—yes, in the first hour of my arrival. Oh! Honor, was *that* love?" and the poor girl trembled with a bitter passion.

"My Agnes, Agnes! Leonard is DEAD!" cried Honor, flinging her arms around her friend, and pressing Agnes convulsively in them.

"Dead!" spoke Agnes, in a low hoarse voice, tearing herself from Honor; then, as if in whisper, "Dead!" and Agnes had sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

It was a most painful task to communicate to Agnes, upon her awaking, the truth regarding the death of Leonard, and little was the light which the unhappy girl could throw upon the motives leading to such a deed as self-destruction. That he had been seized with a sudden fit of insanity was their sad verdict, as well as that which the coroner had passed the evening before.

News of Leonard's death had been brought with the early dawn to Honor upon the very day we find her now with Agnes. Accompanied by her father, she had hastened down, post-haste, into the neighbourhood of Dorking, when, having satisfied themselves that the body was indeed that of poor Leonard Hale—having learnt all the very small information that could be given by the villagers, and arranged with the clergyman what was necessary to be done for the interment respectfully and mournfully of the poor corpse within the precincts of the quiet church-yard—they returned as rapidly again to town, there to prosecute fresh inquiry. Honor, upon their journey, communicated to her father, the, to him,

most astounding intelligence, that Leonard Hale and the son of Augustus Mordant were one and the same person. The old gentleman appeared unable to realise such a surprising fact. "And yet, and yet, Honor, you remember how the likeness to Mordant always struck me in the young man: but it is surprising, surprising!" he repeated, a dozen times as they hurried back to London.

Honor knew that Agnes was expected from Sweden about this time, and her anxiety regarding her waxed great; but that she had really returned Honor first learnt at Leonard's lodgings, whither she and her father had immediately hastened. There, upon a table beside Leonard's easel, lay the little hasty note in Agnes' hand, and to which, sobbing violently, the good old woman of the house pointed. For, like every one brought within his sphere, Leonard had inspired her, through his gentleness, with a strong affection for him.

"Oh, do you think, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, that there was anything wrong between Mr. Hale and Miss Singleton. Oh, if we had but known that the poor gentleman had had anything upon his mind—my old man and I—I'm sure and certain we'd have worked the very flesh off our bones to have given him a bit of ease. He was such a sweet-spoken gentleman! Yes, indeed, Miss Pierrpoint, mum, and Mr. Pierrpoint, sir, he was far more like a lady in his ways than any gentleman—never a cross word; but it was always—'If you please, Mrs. Buddle;' and, 'I'll be obliged to you if you will have my breakfast ready at the hour I ring for it;' and, 'You'll oblige me by not disturbing my pictures;' always 'please' and 'thank you' so natural like, and so punctual in his payment. Mum, it's true *this* month is owing for; but then, poor young gentleman, he could not have foreseen his death, you know." And she sobbed violently into her checked apron. "And all his traps, mum—Mr. Pierrpoint, sir—what's to be done with them? Mr. Buddle and me, we've had a precious deal of talk about who'd look after them. If Miss Singleton—but I don't think she cared much for the poor departed gentleman—that I don't, indeed, mum; for Mr. Hale, he never seemed revived like by her letters; and the very last morning that I set eyes upon his blessed face, came that trumpery bit of a note there from her, and she just come, her servant said, from across the sea, and to send such a two or three lines as *that*! And he seemed to think so too, for he drew and drew a mortal long time before he went out—to see *her* we supposed. Now that does not look much as though she cared for him—do it, mum?"

And so Mrs. Buddle sobbed and chattered, and passed judgment upon Agnes Singleton, whilst Honor gazed round the room filled with its traces of poor Leonard's sad life and beautiful genius, till her heart swelled with a sad pain. Mr. Pierrpoint meantime condescended to communicate all the details of the discovery of Leonard's body and of the inquest to Mr. Buddle, who, with spectacles on nose and newspaper in hand, listened breathlessly to every word. The newspaper contained a paragraph descriptive of the discovery of a dead man within a wood near Box Hill, and that paragraph had greatly excited Mr. and Mrs. Buddle's nerves—already excited by the disappearance of their cherished lodger—and Mr. Buddle, in a nervous trepidation, had just made up his mind to set off that very afternoon to look at the corpse, so soon as Mrs. Buddle should have fortified him for the journey by a hot luncheon, when the sad mystery was partially cleared up by the appearance of Mr. and Miss Pierrpoint. And now Honor sought out poor Agnes, as we have already seen.

Within a week's time Mrs. Buddle had to retract her hard judgment upon Agnes.

"Oh Mr. Buddle, it is enough to make one's very heart break to see the face of that poor young thing Miss Singleton! Not that she takes on like as I should have done, a crying and a sobbing like; but she looked so very white in her black dress when she stepped out of the carriage in which Miss Pierrpoint brought her, that I'd a mighty piece of work of it not to begin a crying myself in her face; and they says not a word, but Miss Pierrpoint and she they just goes into Mr. Hale's painting

room as was, and I hears the key turned in the lock, and Miss Pierrpoint comes down directly—'and don't disturb her on no account,' says Miss Pierrpoint, in her noble, commanding way; 'leave her quite alone, Mrs. Buddle, I shall call again for Miss Singleton.' But I assure you, Mr. Buddle, I got quite frightened—she stayed so long up in that there room. Thinks I to myself, if she should now make an end of herself, what a tragedy that would be! If she should fall into a fainting fit, or take on dreadful, whatever could one do for her? I listens, and listens, and listens, and I hears nothing at all, but the old clock ticking in the passage just as usual, and the distant cries in the road. I gets quite fidgety, and at last I remembers that I'd opened the window of Mr. Hale's painting-room this morning, and that if I stepped into the garden, without being

garden that behind the door, and all his colours and brushes and painting things and books lay about just as he'd left 'em—I'd not had the heart to touch them; and the sun shone in so warm through the window, and the birds were a singing so cheery, and some way I never felt sorrier for anything nor anybody in all my life, Mr. Buddle, I do assure you, and I did not know which to pity most, him or her; and I stepped quite back from the window and prayed that the spirit of peace might enter into that poor young thing's heart, and that she might put her trust in what is more than man. And then, whilst I was crying a bit to myself in the garden, and tying up your balsams, Miss Pierrpoint comes again, and comes out to me in the garden, and asks me a deal about Mr. Hale, and she looks very sad; and she says, says she, 'Mrs.



AGNES IN LEONARD'S STUDIO.

inquisitive like, I could just quietly see what the poor thing was a doing of—it is but taking a motherly oversight, I says to myself—and then I steps across the flower-bed. I took care and did not trample upon your sweet-williams and sweet-peas, Mr. Buddle, so don't be so frightened!—and there I gently looks in—and Lord a mercy!—I was ready to give a skreech; for I sees the poor young lady lying upon the ground, and one grows quite narvus with such horrid histories; but she was neither dead nor in a swoond, I see immediately, for her hands were clasped and her head, as it lay upon a chair, shook with her violent crying; but all so quiet, Mr. Buddle; and there was the picture Mr. Hale were a drawing of—the woman dead at the foot of a cross—the very last day he were alive; she'd put it, poor young lady, up upon the easel; and there hung his cloak and

Buddle, Miss Singleton thinks she should like to come out into this quiet place and live with you—she would like to live in Mr. Hale's rooms; and you must disturb nothing till she comes—poor thing!—she was to have been Mr. Hale's wife, you know, Mrs. Buddle, and every thing is very dear to her. Now, if she comes to live here, you will be very attentive to her and kind, and will not disturb her in any way, for she is a great writer and very clever, and must be quite quiet, especially now she is so unhappy. Now, remember, she takes your rooms from this time, but she will not return here for some weeks, as she is going away with me into the country. But here is my address, and if you want anything, write to me; and if there are any little bills of Mr. Hale's to be settled let us know. Very handsome that of Miss Pierrpoint; but I don't think there will be many bills, he was such a very

abstemious gentleman was Mr. Hale. And, then, Mr. Buddle, Miss Pierrpoint went up into the room, and directly after, without ringing for me, they lets themselves out and drives away."

Somo ten days after Honoria and Agnes had thus abruptly left Mrs. Buddle's, and were located in a quiet village in one of the most beautiful districts of North Wales, whither Honoria had conveyed her friend, the following letter was received by Honoria from Ellis Stamboyse:—

Nottingham, May 25th, 1842.

MADAM,—Learning from my confidential clerk, Andrew Gaywood, of your friendship with Miss Agnes Singleton, I am induced to address you in preference to her, considering the natural state of her feelings in consequence of the rash and fatal act of my relative, Leonard Mordant, more particularly as the circumstances which I have to communicate bears upon her connexion with that unfortunate man.

A succinct narrative will perhaps be the best mode of presenting my communication.

On hearing of the fatal fire of Hamburg I hastened immediately to that city, but arrived only to learn, although the whole of the property and premises of our home remained in substance intact, that still we had sustained an irreparable loss in the death of the valued head of our house, Michael Stamboyse. He appears to have perished with several others, towards the close of the fire, in endeavouring to save a valuable amount of property lying in the city warehouses. My relative, who was a man of the strictest business habits, appears on the day previous to this event to have made a final will, which I found in his bureau properly attested, and which, to my astonishment, was made principally in favour of Miss Agnes Singleton, supposing her to become the wife of his unfortunate nephew, Leonard Mordant.

I have said that I made this discovery with surprise, because at that time this young lady's connexion with my relative was quite unknown. On inquiry, however, I soon learned of the singular circumstances of her arrival in Hamburg, and of the extraordinary manner in which these two strangers, of apparently such opposite characters, were thrown together, and became co-actors amid such appalling events. From Miss Singleton herself you will probably have heard the particulars, and more than I myself know of what passed between her and my deceased uncle, relative to Leonard Mordant.

From what I hear regarding this young lady's character, I deeply deplore the rash, and I must say sinful act, of poor Leonard, which has thus deprived both him and herself of benefits which Providence evidently designed for them.

This is perhaps hardly the time to express my sincere and earnest admiration and esteem of such portions of Miss Singleton's character as have come to my knowledge. At some future time, I trust that I may be enabled to evince to her the sincerity of these sentiments, and my earnest sympathy with her in this deep trial.

I remain, madam,

Yours truly,

ELLIS STAMBOYSE.

Miss Pierrpoint.

Of the tempest of affliction which had burst over the little home of the Gaywoods by this accumulation of death and sorrow, we will not speak; the sympathetic reader, who has accompanied us so far, will easily have conceived it.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

THE problem of squaring the circle, to which allusion is so often made—without, however, being always clearly understood—consists in constructing a square whose area shall be exactly equal to that of a given circle. Unhappily, the problem is insoluble; we can only arrive at an approximate solution; and in the present day no one who has even an elementary acquaintance with the first principles of geometry will lose his time in the vain attempt to solve it completely. True geometers have always been aware of the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of the task. In their investigations, they have merely aimed at approximating nearer and nearer to exactness; and not unfrequently they have been, as it were, surprised into discoveries in the various branches of mathematical science. But there has always been a class of men less enlightened and more daring, who, scarcely knowing

what they wanted or what they were doing, yet pretended to discover the squaring of the circle, perpetual motion, and other things beyond human power. The problem of squaring the circle is as old as geometry itself. It occupied the thoughts even of philosophers in Greece, the very cradle of mathematical science. Anaxagoras employed himself about it in the prison where he was confined for having proclaimed the doctrine that God is one and alone above all. Aristophanes, the Molière of the Athenians, introduces the celebrated philosopher Meton upon the stage, and cannot devise any better method of bringing ridicule upon him than by making him promise to square the circle. It was Archimedes who first found out the approximate ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. Apollonius, or Philo of Gadara, found ratios still nearer the exact truth; but what they were is not now known. The labours also of Adrian, Metius, Vietus, Zudolph, Van Keulen, Machin, and Lagny, in this direction of inquiry, are well known.

Cardinal de Cusa was the first of modern alchemist-geometricians. He fancied he had discovered the true method of squaring the circle, by making a circle or a cylinder roll along a plane surface until it had described its whole circumference; but he was proved by Regiomontanus to be in error. After him, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, a professor-royal of mathematics, Orontius Pineus, gained distinction by his remarkable fallacies on this subject. The celebrated Joseph Scaliger also indulged in these caprices. Thinking lightly of geometers, he wished to show them the great superiority of a learned man like him. Vietus, Clavius, and others, having ventured to refute his mathematical reasoning, he became incensed, loaded them with abuse, and was more than ever convinced that geometers had no common sense. About seventy years ago, M. Liger thought he had discovered the true solution, which had been for ages concealed from view, by demonstrating that the square root of 24 is equal to that of 25, and that that of 50 equals that of 49. His demonstration did not, he said, rest upon geometrical reasoning, which he detested, but upon the properties of figures.

There have been a number of bets and challenges in connexion with this problem at different times. Among other examples we may mention that of a manufacturer at Lyon, named Matherton, who after having announced to geometers and mechanicians the discovery of the squaring of the circle and perpetual motion, defied them to prove that he was mistaken, and deposited a sum of £120, to be paid to the person who should succeed in doing so. M. Nicole, of the Academy of Sciences, irrefragably demonstrated his error, and demanded that the deposit should be awarded to him. The obstinate manufacturer resisted, and pretended it was necessary also to prove the fallacy of his perpetual motion; but the Judicial Court at Lyon could not see what a demonstrated truth had to do with an error yet to be demonstrated. He, accordingly, lost his cause, and Nicole devoted the money to the hospital of the town. Another instance was that of a gentleman at Paris who first challenged all the world to deposit very large sums against the correctness of his method of squaring the circle, and then himself deposited £400. From his method he deduced proofs of the doctrine of the Trinity, of original sin, and certain philosophical principles. As might be expected, there was great competition for such a deposit. Among others, a woman entered the lists. She thought nothing more than common sense was needed to refute the alleged discovery. The matter was tried in a superior court of law, which decided that a man's fortune ought not to suffer for the errors of his judgment, provided they are not injurious to society, and the king ordered that the challenge should be considered null and void. The French Institute having been overwhelmed every year with voluminous packets on the squaring of the circle and perpetual motion, at length came to the resolution to receive no more upon these subjects. Yet only a few years ago, on opening a paper which had been kept sealed for many years at the request of the author, as containing a precious discovery, it was found to be another attempt to solve the insoluble problem.

SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN," ILLUSTRATED BY RETSCH.

On a former occasion we presented to our readers eight illustrative designs by this celebrated German artist; engravings made doubly interesting by the genius of the designer and the fame of the poet whose composition they illustrated, namely, the "Pegasus in Harness," by Schiller. In those designs the peculiar characteristics of Retzsch were distinctly portrayed; that style and expression which can be taught in no school, but owe their birth to the genius of the man, were well depicted. While the general effect is good, while the grouping shows both taste and judgment, the careful minuteness with which every detail is managed shows us that the German master was diligent in every minor particular, in order that his work might bear a more elaborate criticism than that which would suggest itself on a first glance.

Retzsch possesses an almost intuitive perception of an author's meaning, and this renders his illustrations striking and peculiar, sometimes exaggerated and fantastic, often ineffably sublime. Here and there he even corporealises the metaphors of the poet, now by a drawing grotesque and vague, now by a literal interpretation. And he is neither a borrowing nor begging man, his work is original; whether he depicts the thoughts of others or his own, he goes about it in a way no other man would, never seems to seek for a precedent, or to design after this or that great man, but fairly sketches what he thinks; he has fashioned the picture in his mind's eye, it has grown up before him into shape and vigour as real as though the men, women, cattle, fields, and cities were actually before him. For while Retzsch is original, his is not that sort of originality which represents nothing truthfully; he is true in all that he does. He is thoroughly German, has much of the earnestness and depth of thought peculiar to his countrymen, is the best picture-maker for a German poet, and besides no mean poet himself, the picture-poet of Germany.

The designs which we now give are intended to illustrate Schiller's well-known poem, entitled "The Brave Man."

A river has overflowed its banks, the desolating water with huge masses of ice floating upon it has poured down on the devoted city, these ice fragments are striking together with fearful violence, the cry of alarm has been raised as the dark waters have come onward with irresistible power, deluging the fields and pasture lands, sweeping over the high roads, and in their wild fury bursting on the town, and in a few moments carrying away the arches of the bridge, the houses, and the walls. Towards the banks of the river there is nothing but desolation, and the citizens of the loftier localities look with affright on the raging water—old and young, rich and poor, are gathered; the governor with his slashed doublet and plumed bonnet is riding in their midst, the people flock around him, all suggesting remedies, for a portion of the bridge still remains separated entirely from the shore, the rushing water beating upon it with increased violence, but that one part of the bridge and one house upon it still is there, like a rock in the sea. There is within that dwelling an old man, his daughter, and entire family; they are exposed to almost certain death; they stretch forth their arms, crying for help to their fellow-citizens, crying for help to the heavens! The people regard them with stupor. Who is bold enough to front the danger? Who has courage enough to expose his life to save those unfortunates? Who among that crowd will do it? Again and again the question is put, but in vain; the hours pass on; the peril increases; the ice-blocks smite on the frail arch like battering-rams, and the stones tremble.

The governor offers a large reward; he holds the bag of gold in his hand; how anxiously all eyes are turned towards him; even the crippled beggar strives to get nearer, and his eyes grow bright at the chink of the guilders. The figure nearest to the magistrate is looking upward with a perplexed glance, as though counting the cost of the venture. Every face exhibits the same expression; what will cupidity not do? who can withstand the offered gold? who will

now volunteer to aid in the rescue? Duty and humanity have appealed in vain, let Mammon cry in the market!

Do you remark in the crowd that young man of a vigorous frame, and fine, sagacious, honest countenance; his shadowed profile only visible, but his athletic form indicating strength and energy? He presses through the crowd, and volunteers to go, and a great shout is raised for the hero. A boat is procured, he steps lightly in, and, with almost supernatural skill, guides his craft amongst the ice-blocks. This is the second picture.

The brave man is standing in the boat, his tall, well-proportioned frame in full exercise, his head towards the citizens he strives to save; his countenance is noble and expressive, the index of a noble heart. A wild scene of desolation surrounds him. To the right is the city, the steeple of the old church rising above the houses, but elsewhere nothing but the turbid waters, the masses of floating ice, with here and there the fragments of the wreck it has already made;—here the trunk of a tree—there the body of a dead bullock—and in the centre of the stream the remaining portion of the bridge fast giving way, the unhappy family gathered upon it, with arms outstretched for help. Help is at hand. Fearlessly the deliverer urges on the boat nearer and still nearer to the object that he seeks; his risk is imminent, but his brave heart never trembles. True courage knows no danger, and from its vocabulary blots out "impossible."

The third picture shows that the rescue has been effected. Amid the floating ice-blocks the brave man steers his boat, at the near end of which sits the old man, wan, pale, ghastly; his children are clinging to him with the tenacity of despair; the young hero is exerting himself to the utmost, and his figure is displayed to advantage by the position which he occupies;—the artist has thrown wonderful energy into this composition; the anatomy of the strong, muscular frame is boldly and accurately represented. The boat is nearing the shore, where the group of citizens may be noticed; the governor occupies the principal place, and the evident excitement of the crowd is well exhibited; most of them are pressing forward, while some have climbed the neighbouring walls, and are looking on the brave man's struggle. Already they hail him as a hero, a conqueror—and caps are waved, and shouts are raised, as the boat draws near.

The fourth picture concludes the story. The bark has touched the shore. The emotion of the citizens, their joy at the rescue, is evident enough; the family rescued from their perilous position form an interesting and touching group, as with clasped hands and on bended knees they pour forth their gratitude. The governor and the brave hero form the principal objects in the design; the first is stooping forward and offering the bag of gold to the young man, who is steadily refusing it; with significance he points to the rescued group, as if he said, "This is reward enough, I seek no other recompence, my guerdon is their happiness; what gold can be compared with that?" Skillfully the artist has represented the sunshine, bright and beautiful, falling on the group; elsewhere the clouds are dark and murky, but now the storm is over, and the beams of light fall cheerfully on the brave deliverer.

Maurice Retzsch was born at Dresden in 1779. His family came from Hungary, and had been driven from their old home to escape the persecution that raged there against the Protestants. Not till he was twenty years old did Retzsch apply himself to the study of painting; but he disliked all restraint and would have preferred following the bent of his genius as a hunter in the woods and as a student of nature in solitude. He was, however, persuaded to enter the Academy at Dresden in 1798, and after submitting awhile to the irksome drudgery of copying, to acquire the mechanical part of painting, he began to exhibit his talent and genius as an original and poetic artist. The works of his illustrious countrymen Schiller and Goethe acted on his mind like inspiration, and



THE GOVERNOR OFFERING A REWARD FOR THE RESCUE OF THE FAMILY.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."



THE BRAVE MAN GUIDING HIS BOAT TO THE RESCUE.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."



THE RESCUED FAMILY NEARING THE SHORE.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."



THE BRAVE MAN REFUSING THE OFFERED REWARD.—SCHILLER'S "BRAVE MAN."

with a kindred spirit he embodied their wild and wonderful descriptions in form and substance." The principal engravings of Retsch are "Sketches illustrative of Goethe's Faust," "Illustrations of Schiller's Fight with the Dragon," "Fridolin, or a Walk to the Forge," "The Song of the Bell," "Pegasus in

Harness," "Illustrations to Bürger's Ballads," and to Shakespeare's Macbeth, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Lear, Tempest, Othello, and Merry Wives of Windsor. Besides these there is a great number of purely original pieces, and a celebrated design called "The Chess Players."

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER IX.

"Les lagunes offrirent alors le singulier spectacle d'une troupe se hasardant sur des barques construites avec des débris de maisons, et qu'on était obligé de soulever pour les faire passer par-dessus une enceinte de pieux; les Génois, tantôt dans l'eau, tantôt dans leur bateaux, et l'enfanterie de Zeno s'avancant dans ces marais pour les charger."—*Daru*.

"Come, bring forth the prisoners."—*Richard III.*

It was a spectacle worthy of the hand of a painter to commemorate, or of a historian to describe—that moment when Zeno directed the attention of the Venetian army to the strange flotilla moving slowly downwards from Chioggia. The cheers and shouting which a moment before ran along the camp were now hushed to the profoundest silence. The tumultuous mass of troops, partially armed, in all variety of costumes, and speaking in different dialects and tongues, surging like the waves of the sea, when the wind drives them to and fro, were now motionless and mute as that sea in a summer calm. They gazed in speechless astonishment at this evidence of a sudden and desperate courage on the part of the Genoese, and felt that a deadly struggle was near at hand. The general felt that the crisis was at hand, and promptly and skilfully he availed himself of it.

"Look, soldiers," exclaimed Zeno, "while ye are wasting your energies in causeless complaints, the prize of all our toils, that which should crown our patient perseverance, is about to escape from us. See, the Genoese are bearing away all their riches, the spoil which should soon have been yours by the right of war—the pillage which I would have given to you when we should enter Chioggia. But it is not yet too late. The admiral will aid us. See, he is ready." And pointing to where the Venetian fleet lay, he showed them Pisani steadily bearing down so as at the same time to intercept the vessels of the Genoese admiral, Muraffo, from forming a junction with the rafts, and to prevent the latter getting out of the lagunes.

The words of the general, added to the sight which the troops beheld, produced a change in the feelings of the soldiers as sudden as it was complete. They felt that if they now refused to act cordially under the command of the republic, the Genoese would assuredly escape with their property and equipments. The approach, too, of the enemy aroused all their martial feelings, and a simultaneous hearty cheer burst from all sides; and cries of "To arms! to arms! Viva San Marco! viva la Signoria!" ran along the lines and rent the air. Zeno was not slow in seizing upon this favourable conjuncture, for he knew well how evanescent and uncertain is the enthusiasm of the masses; he, therefore, called upon the soldiery to arm themselves with all speed, and to be prepared at once to act under his command. Nor was he without assistance. The sagacious mind of Recanati at once perceived that the tide of popular feeling was completely turned, at least for the present; he, therefore, determined to affect to guide the current which he could not oppose, and patiently await its reflux. And so he now joined in the exhortations of Zeno, and commanded his band to equip themselves in their armour and be prepared for an approaching engagement. It was not long before the whole force of the republic, domestic and foreign, were under arms and drawn up as orderly and quiet as if no mutiny had, within the last hour, threatened to overturn all authority and discipline.

And now the rafts, crowded with Genoese soldiers and sunk to the water's edge, were bearing down through the shallows. At the same moment the Genoese fleet made all sail towards

the barricades that had been placed across the mouth of the lagune with the intention of driving with full force against them; and so sweeping them away. But Pisani was not an idle spectator of this movement. Dividing his flotilla into two, he placed one portion at the barricades to meet the fleet of Muraffo, and reserved the other for the rafts that were coming down the lagune. The action commenced between the fleets of the two republics, each commanded by its admiral. In vain did the Genoese galleys bear down upon the Venetians—again and again they were repulsed; and as the object of Pisani was to protect the barricades from his enemy, he was contented to act merely upon the defensive, avoiding, as much as possible, a close collision with the hostile fleet, and keeping them from coming side by side by a constant discharge from the archers with which his galleys were manned. Meantime, the other portion of the Venetian fleet awaited the nearer approach of the rafts. These latter had now reached a part of the lagune, where the Venetians had driven down piles of timber attached to which were beams which floated across the water. In order to pass these the Genoese were forced to get off the rafts and stand in the shallows nearly up to their necks, while they endeavoured to lift the rafts over the floating barrier. With infinite toil they had now succeeded in forcing two or three of the lightest of the rafts beyond the beams, and still, to their surprise, their enemies looked on without an effort to check them. Another and another of those frail barks was freed, and the men springing from nearly all the others into the water, prepared for one simultaneous and decisive effort. Now was the moment for which the Venetians had waited. The land forces had moved down to the brink of the lagune, watching in silence and ill-restrained eagerness the progress of the enemy. The moment was now come when that restraint should be removed. Drawing his sword, Zeno waved it over his head and crying out—"On comrades, on—follow me." He plunged into the water and was soon wading deeply through them. The cheers of a thousand voices promptly responded to his cry—"On, on! follow the general," was heard on all sides, and the troops dashed impetuously into the lagune and struggled onward to meet the foe.

While the land forces were thus occupied in this singular movement, Pisani's galleys bore down upon the ill-fated rafts. The collision was terrible, as the large, heavy galleys came crushing over the frail and ill-constructed floats, smashing through them as the ploughshare tears through the soil and breaks it in pieces. Many of them were sunk with drowning wretches clinging to the spars; those which had not yet passed the boom made all speed back towards Chioggia; but great numbers of the men were already disembarked, and with the courage of despair now fought their way onwards in the water. It was at this crisis that the forces of Zeno reached their enemy. A terrible and a novel sight it was truly, to see land forces thus engaged in a species of sea-fight, standing not upon the decks of galleys, but mid-deep in the water. A silent, deadly struggle ensued; silent save when that silence was broken by the gurgle of some death-groan

bubbling up through the water, or the splash of the wounded man as he fell down dying the double death of slaughter and drowning. At length victory declared in favour of the Venetians. The greater portion of the Genoese who had thus rashly deserted their rafts were slain, the residue of them contrived to struggle back and rejoined their companions, and ultimately regained Chioggia, with a considerable portion of their effects, which, fortunately for them, had been stowed upon the rearmost rafts, and thus remained above the boom. There was little booty, therefore, for the soldiers, save what armour was on the slain, and such jewels and money as they had upon their persons. But the issue of the day was of no small importance to Zeno. He had succeeded in checking the spirit of discontent and insubordination, and animated the troops with new vigour and fresh dependence upon him. Above all, he had counterplotted the crafty condottiere, and even made use of him, without his knowledge, as a vehicle of communicating the schemes which he was plotting against the republic.

And now the day was well nigh finished, when but one further duty remained to be discharged. Zeno sat in the large apartment of the fort which we have already described; around him were several of the military leaders, and amongst them some faces with which we are already acquainted—the Count Polani, Checco, and Roberto di Recanati. In the midst of the apartment stood the German arblastier and the three Italian soldiers, the latter with their hands bound. It was a court-martial, which, notwithstanding the busy events of the day, Zeno did not neglect to call.

"Signori," said the general, addressing the officers, "I must crave the aid of your judgments for a short space. The affairs of the morning prevented my disposing of this matter sooner."

A moment's pause ensued, when he continued,

"Stand forth, good arblastier, and state to the court thy grievance."

The big German, whose wrath had cooled down considerably since the morning, seemed but little desirous to prosecute the matter any further. Nevertheless, in his own defence, he was forced to detail the transactions which we have already related. When he had ended his story, he exclaimed with a rude good nature,

"Der teufel, general, I bear no malice, not I. Let yonder lance-man give me back what he won of me, and I am content."

"Dost hear what the German says, fellow?" asked the general of the Italian soldier. "Wilt thou do as he requires?"

The lance-man looked at his companions, and then replied,

"So please your excellency, I will."

"It is well," said Zeno. "Thou doest voluntarily that which, hadst thou refused, thou shouldst have been compelled to do. So much for the matter between thee and this German. Now for that which is of graver import. Messires, I crave your attention."

Zeno then detailed to those whom he had summoned, the tumultuous scene of the morning, the immediate cause of which was the complaints of the three men of Recanati's band, and their demand for increased pay. When he had ended the statement, he asked,

"And now, Messires, is not this a plain violation of the allegiance which the soldier owes to the state that pays him? What say you?"

There was but one whose voice was not heard in affirmation of Zeno's question. To that one Zeno now turned, and said,

"Sir Roberto di Recanati, I would have your judgment in this matter, as the captain of these men. Perhaps I am justified, by your silence, in holding that you concur with all those present?"

The condottiere bowed slightly, as if implying an assent which he dared not withhold; but Zeno still looked at him as if demanding a more unequivocal expression of his opinion. The condottiere was therefore forced to speak out.

"I do not dissent from the opinion of the court: the matter

is as you say, signore, too plain to admit of dissent. Methinks, however, it might have been safely left to their own chief to deal with these offenders, as I would assuredly have done after I had aided in suppressing, for the time, the discontents which somehow manifest themselves amongst the troops but too often of late."

The look and tone with which these words were uttered did not escape the observation of Zeno; nevertheless, he seemed not to notice them, but continued,

"Well then, signori, the opinion of the court is unanimous, that these three men, belonging to the lances under the command of Sir Roberto di Recanati, have been guilty of mutinous language, and of having excited the troops to revolt against the republic. And now for the punishment to be awarded. With that I shall charge myself. Is the provost-marshal in attendance?"

The officer referred to stepped forward.

"Lead forth these men to the quarters of Sir Roberto di Recanati's band, and in the presence of their companions—for I shall look to you, Sir Roberto, that your troops are turned out—proclaim that they have been found guilty by their own captain and this whole council, of having excited the mutinous tumult of this morning, and then declare the sentence which the state awards—the loss of the right hand. And add that which thou findest written herein." So saying, Zeno wrote a few lines which he folded and delivered to the provost-marshal. The culprits were immediately removed, and the court rose.

"Aye, let it be so," muttered Recanati to himself, as he made his way to his quarters. "Fool that thou art! I will indeed do thy will in this matter. Ha! thou seest not how thou art playing my game. When thy provost-marshal chops off the hands of these three poor catiffs, he shall have done more to forward my plans and to make the troops disaffected than I could have accomplished in days of plotting."

And the condottiere smiled and compressed his thin lips, and pursued his way homewards.

The troops of Recanati were drawn out in front of the fort, awaiting in silence the scene that was about to be presented to them. Many, too, of the other mercenaries were present, and amongst them a number of the English archers of Sir William Cheke. Whether the appearance of these latter was casual or the result of some precautionary arrangement of Zeno's we shall not say. And now the three prisoners were led in front of the soldiery, bound and guarded by the men of the provost-marshal. This officer proceeded deliberately to state the crime of which the men had been found guilty, and then said in a loud voice—

"Hear the sentence which the state awards—that each of these men shall lose his right hand! But," he continued, reading from a scroll in his hand, during the breathless silence (a silence which Recanati knew was like the lull which precedes the whirlwind on a sultry day in summer), "the most Serene Republic, through her generalissimo, remits the punishment in consideration of the alacrity with which the soldiers returned to their duty and the bravery with which they fought to-day."

The effect of this unexpected pardon was electrical. Shouts rent the sky as the liberated men joined their comrades. "Viva Zeno! Viva il generale! Viva la Signoria!" resounded on every side; and one could scarce credit that they who now uttered these acclamations were the same fierce soldiery who, a few hours before, had assailed the same general with threats and intimidation. The dark eyes of the condottiere glittered with malignant passion at an issue so utterly different from that which he had confidently calculated upon. Clenching his hands with suppressed rage, he said hissing—

"Sacro Diavolo! che cosa sciagurata! Who could have foreseen such an issue? Well, well, the wind takes many a turn; who knows how soon this breeze may chop about and blow from the opposite quarter. And then—aye, then—let our generalissimo look to himself. In the meantime patience."

CORK AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

"The sweet city o' Cork," as the "natives" denominate it, has from time immemorial been the head-quarters of Irishry, or rather the principal town in it, for it has for many a day been an English stronghold, and until the sudden growth of Belfast, it was the greatest, if not the only commercial town in Ireland. The name is said to be derived from *Corough* or *Curkey*, an Irish word, meaning morass or swamp, as the site was formerly a cluster of marshy islands, often overflowed by the river Lee. Its identity with that of the well-known bottle-stopping wood, has furnished materials for a great variety of jokes, some of which Croker has recorded amongst graver matter. One is told of Foote, who, on being asked, at a

length, as it were, in one direct broad street, and the same having a bridge over it!" The river was not made navigable in the south channel till 1670, and about that time, the town, which, till then, was but a receptacle for provisions from the surrounding country, began to improve rapidly. The eastern marshes, on which the best part of Cork now stands, were drained, and a bowling green and pleasure gardens established upon them; but these were destroyed by the Earl of Marlborough (afterwards Duke), in 1690, when besieging the place. The fortifications gradually decayed from this time forward, and were replaced by useful buildings; canals were arched over, the marshy islands united with one another, and the



SHANDON STEEPLE, CORK.

convivial entertainment given by an Irish nobleman, if he had ever been at Cork, replied, "No, my lord, but I have seen a good many drawings of it this evening;" another of Curran, who, apologizing to a foppish companion for wearing a shabby coat, on his return in the packet from England to Ireland, said, "I always make it a point to go to sea in a *Cork jacket*."

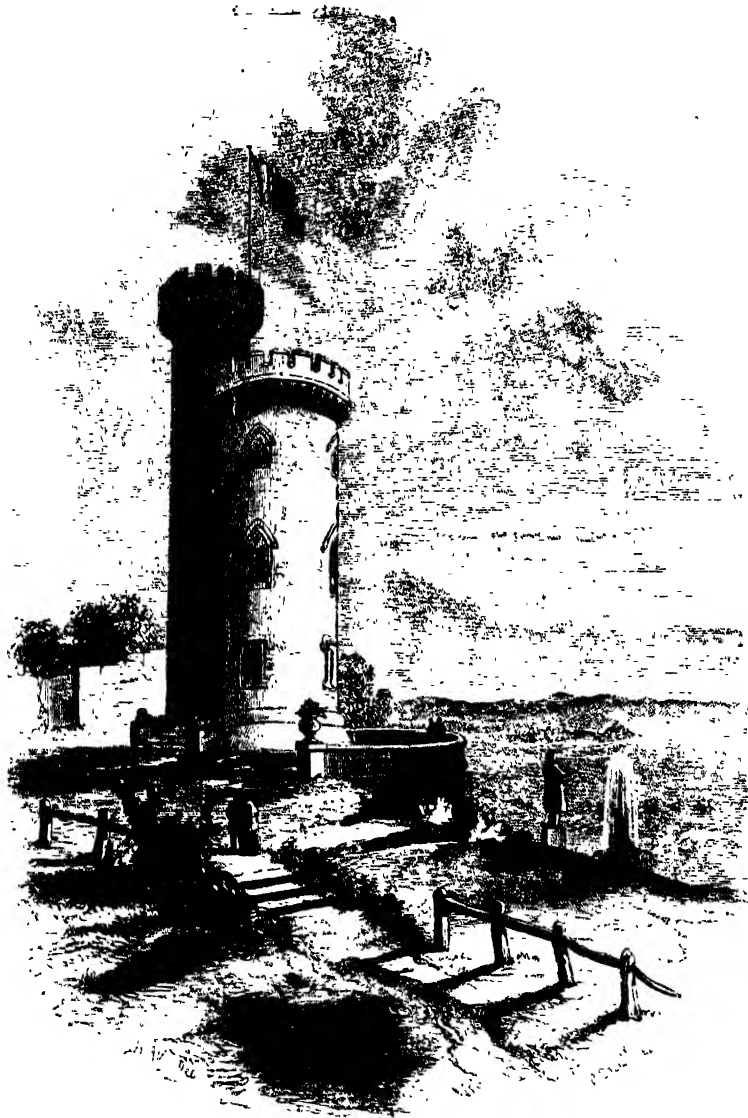
In the year 1600, Cork consisted of but one street, like any Irish village of the present day, and was thus described by Camden. "Enclosed within a circuit of walls in the form of an egg, with the river flowing round about it, and running between, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in

city assumed its present appearance, which fully entitles it to the praises its inhabitants bestow on it. But it was a long while before it became celebrated for its gaiety. Lord Orrery, in writing to Dean Swift in 1736, drew a woful picture of its dulness, a description which would now-a-days, we think, be applicable to no town in Ireland but Derry. "The butchers," says he, "are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, and the Presbyterians as holy and as full of the Lord as ever; all things are *in statu quo*; even the hogs and pigs grunt in the same cadence as of yore, unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dulness of the place; materials for a letter

are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth."

To enliven the place a little, a theatre was opened in 1760 by Spronger Barry, and the first night of the performance was signalised by a very uncommon occurrence. There had been an execution that morning for robbery, and the body of the culprit, after hanging for the usual length of time, was cut down and delivered to his friends. One of the actors, named Glover, having a taste for surgery, and fancying the man was not dead, used means to restore animation, and succeeded. Patrick Redmond, for such was the name of the hapless wight, having indulged rather freely in whiskey on the same

rison with Cork as regards the number of the historical reminiscences connected with it. Limerick boasts itself the "city of the violated treaty;" Derry, "the maiden city," as having sustained the ever-memorable siege, which Orangemen, in their cups, to this day celebrate with jubilation; but for a real city of broils, and tumults, and wars, and rumours of wars, and changes, and revolutions, give us Cork. It was here that Perkin Warbeck, the personator of the murdered Duke of York, first made his appearance upon the scene; and the first who saluted him king was John Watley, a wealthy Cork citizen, afterwards mayor; and when the impostor had been baffled in England, baffled in Scotland,



THE MATHEW TESTIMONIAL, CORK.

evening, in honour of his restoration, went to the theatre, and on seeing Glover, rushed on the stage, to the terror of the audience, and thanked him publicly in the most uproarious manner. Even at this period Cork was famed for its handsome women, who made their appearance in the height of the mode, though London was then at a fortnight's distance, and Paris beyond reach of all persons of moderate expectations. There were assemblies held once a fortnight, and smaller ones weekly, called *drums*, for admission to which a trifling charge was made, and the company sang, danced, walked, or played cards, without restraint.

No town in Ireland, Dublin alone excepted, will bear compa-

and baffled in France, hither he returned to recruit his failing fortunes, and hence he hurried to his doom in London. This business caused Cork for the first time to feel the effects of royal displeasure. Henry VII. deprived it of its charter, but soon restored it, however. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, Cork was a thriving place, but, strange to say, the citizens all intermarried with one another, for the simple and cogent reason, that the whole of the surrounding country being in possession of the Irish clans, who treated the towns-people as *Sassenachs*, the latter never dared to show their noses outside the walls, much less go abroad for the purpose of making love. During the great wars of Hugh

O'Neill, in Elizabeth's reign, the inhabitants of all creeds, Catholic as well as Protestant, continued faithful to England; but when James I. succeeded to the throne, they became insubordinate and dissatisfied, being unwilling to be ruled by a Scotchman. The Catholic party broke out into open rebellion, and signified their abhorrence of the new dynasty by burning all the bibles and prayer-books they could lay their hands upon. Lord Mountjoy, however, put an end to the tumult on his arrival in May, 1603, and hanged the ringleaders. In the revolution of 1641, Cork adhered to the royal cause, even after it had become desperate; but as soon as Cromwell made his appearance before it, it speedily surrendered, terrified by the "crowning mercies" which that personage declared Providence had bestowed on the republican arms in other quarters. On this occasion, Oliver, probably for the first time in his stern, rigid, and sanctimonious life, was pleased to be facetious. But the joke he perpetrated was grim, severe, and sarcastic, as became the witticisms of a general of the Commonwealth. He had ordered the church bells to be all taken down and converted into siege artillery. The clergy remonstrated, as did also the citizens. He simply remarked in reply; "that since gunpowder was invented by a priest, he thought the best use for the bells would be to make *cannons* (canons) of them."

Prince Rupert proclaimed Charles II. at Cork in 1649, but Admiral Blake appearing in the harbour at the head of a large fleet, the inhabitants were over-awed, and would have remained quiet, if they had not been excited to resistance by the instigation of Lord Broghill. In 1655, under the parliamentary régime, very severe laws were enacted against the Catholics, none of whom were allowed to reside within the walls. On the 18th of May, 1660, Charles was again proclaimed, eleven days before his restoration in England; and during his reign, Cork made rapid progress in trade and commerce, and the Catholics once more regained the ascendancy in the city. Consequently, when William of Orange landed, it declared for James, and in his interest received a garrison of Irish troops, and his adherents maltreated the Protestants, in which they were countenanced by James himself, when he made his appearance there.

The battle of the Boyne did not discourage the Stuart party, and they still held out, till William sent a large force, under the Duke of Marlborough, to reduce the town. He arrived in the harbour in September, 1690, and the garrison surrendered a week afterwards. The Duke of Grafton, a natural son of Charles II., was killed during the siege, and there were many romantic displays of valour on both sides. One of these is worth recording. The besiegers, having seized the cathedral, posted two files of musketeers in the steeple, for the purpose of galling the garrison of an old fort with their fire. They succeeded so well, that the latter turned two guns against the church, and the steeple soon began to totter. The men in the tower got frightened, and were preparing to go down, in spite of the remonstrances of their officer, Lieutenant Horace Townsend, when he kicked away the ladder by which they had ascended, and thus cut off all means of escape. His gallantry met with its reward, for next day the fort surrendered.

Some slight ebullitions of Jacobite feeling in 1715, and again in 1745, are the only political incidents worthy of notice which have since taken place.

Rick as Cork is in literary reminiscences, in literary and artistic associations it is probably still richer, if we may be allowed to include the county with the city. Who does not know that it was in the latter that the gentle author of the "*Faerie Queene*" lived, and loved, and laboured, and fled in the night from his burning homestead at Kilcolman, with the yells of Tyrone's kerns ringing in his ears; thus paying the penalty of his Saxon origin, and being in no way respected for his poetical abilities, which the clans were but ill prepared to appreciate? His "*View of the State of Ireland*," composed in his retreat at Cork, is a faithful description of the country at that period, and abounds in acute observations, and sound criticisms on the men and manners of

the time. Three books, at least, of the "*Faerie Queene*" were written in the same romantic retreat, and here, too, he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, the "courtier, scholar, and soldier," and one of the warmest of his friends. Raleigh had been commissioned in 1580, in the army that was sent to repress the rebellious Earl of Desmond, who was aided by Spanish and Italian auxiliaries, and, during the summer of 1581, being left in command of the Queen's forces by the Earl of Ormond, lay in the woods about Lismore, and in the neighbourhood of Cork, carrying on a partisan warfare with the insurgents, and occasionally residing at Cork. It was at the close of these troubles that Spenser came to Ireland, having been presented by Elizabeth with three thousand and twenty-eight acres of the lands of the unfortunate Desmond in the county of Cork, but on condition that he should reside on his property. When Raleigh returned from his American voyage, he, too, took a part in the "Munster Plantation," by taking possession, under royal letters patent, of twelve thousand acres of the conquered territory. The house in which he resided, and the garden in which he first planted the potato in Ireland, are still shown to the visitor at Youghal. On his return from the expedition against Spain and Portugal in 1589, he paid a visit to his estates, and saw Spenser in his shady retreat on the pleasant banks of the Mulla. The poet celebrated his friend's return by the poem entitled "*Colin Clout's come Home Again*," the dedication of which he dates from "his house at Kilcolman."

It was in Cork that Penn, the great William Penn, first became a quaker. The new society made their appearance there about 1655, and Penn, having attended one of their meetings, was so struck by the homily preached by Thomas Lowe upon the text—"There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world," that he adopted the broad brims and straight collars on the spot.

He did not escape the persecutions with which all dissenters were visited at that day. He was arrested in 1667 with several others, and carried before the mayor, who, however, knowing his father's influence in England, offered to liberate him, if he gave a bond for his future good behaviour. Penn, however, being of opinion that he could behave himself sufficiently well to satisfy the expectations of all reasonable men without any bond at all, sturdily refused, and was thereupon committed to goal. A manly letter addressed to Lord Orrery procured his release, but eighteen of his companions in misfortune were left to languish in confinement. During his imprisonment, John Exham, another quaker, an enthusiastic disseminator of the new doctrines, and an old soldier of Cromwell's army, walked through the streets, clothed in sackcloth, and with ashes on his head, preaching repentance and amendment of life. The authorities, considering, we presume, that these things were not so necessary as Exham imagined, shut him up also, for a long period, but could not damp his ardour. He lived till 1720, when he was ninety years of age, and whenever he found himself at liberty, persevered in his old course.

A host of other celebrities have in later times made their appearance in Cork. Barry, Butts, Grogan, and Cavanagh Murphy, in the fine arts, and Boyle, the famous Earl of Cork, in science, would alone be sufficient to render the place illustrious. The writers who, in the columns of the *Nation*, in 1843 and 1844, poured forth so rich a stream of ballad poetry, and shed lustre on the follies of the O'Connellite agitation, received some of their most ardent and gifted recruits from the banks of the Lee. And the city too was well beloved by the witty, the humorous, the polished, and well-read Father Prout, the parish priest of Watergrasshill. It is a little village, in the midst of bogs, and brakes, and dells, on the coach-road from Dublin to Cork, and if we mistake not—for it is now a long time since we travelled it—the last stage before the end of the journey. Stages are now done away with; even Bismarck's cars—those capacious vehicles which in the olden time swept the tourist through the south of Ireland—are steadily receding before the mighty railway engines and

Watergrasshill is relapsing into obscurity. It is surrounded by the chosen home of elves, and fairies, and goblins, and ghosts, the classic ground of myth and legend; and here for many a year the good father tended his flock, and amused the world of London by his quaint disquisitions and squibs in the pages of "Fraser." He belonged to the old school of parish priests, who will never more be seen in Ireland, but who differed from many of their successors in being polished and travelled gentlemen, well read in foreign literature, haters of broils, and lovers of jovial companions and good wine. Peace to their ashes! Father Prout was the last of them, and in him Cork lost a son who, in all his wanderings, looked to her with fondness and regret. The church of Shandon, a very conspicuous object—an engraving of which we herewith present to our readers—came in for a large share of his regard. It stands upon the ruins of Old Shandon Castle; and the belfry, with its beautiful peal of bells—built on one side, strange to say, of grey stone, and on the other of red—is associated in the mind of every genuine Corkonian with his dearest and tenderest recollections of his native place. Long ago, when Irishmen were obliged to seek refuge daily in foreign lands from the misery and ruin which reigned in their own, a ballad was composed by some of the exiles, beginning, "Farewell to thee, Cork, with the sugar-loaf steeple," full of pathos and beauty, in which Shandon tower received its due meed of honour. Father Prout pays it a tribute no less exquisitely beautiful, in the well-known lines, which we regret our space will not permit us to quote entire. A few stanzas, however, will serve our purpose:—

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

"On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

With the mention of one other name we shall conclude this notice; but this is a greater one than any—Father Mathew, of temperance celebrity—who has worked so great a revolution in the social habits of the Irish people. He is a native of Thomastown, and was educated at Maynooth. He took religious vows as a Capuchin friar, and entered upon his labours at Cork. The frightful consequences resulting from excessive whiskey drinking amongst the peasantry struck him at once, and he formed the noble resolution of devoting his whole life and energies to the extirpation of this pernicious habit. He commenced holding meetings twice a week, in which he detailed to his hearers, in simple but forcible language, how much evil their drinking customs brought upon them, and called upon them to take the total abstinence pledge. This was administered in the shape of a simple vow, dictated by the father himself, after which he added, "May God give you strength to keep your resolution;" at the same time presenting the individual with a medal. His efforts were crowned with an almost marvellous degree of success. His brother, a distiller on an extensive scale, was ruined by the movement, and the worthy friar himself was impoverished by his philanthropic labours. As a tribute to his worth, the government settled on him a pension of £300 a year, but this, we believe, is barely sufficient to pay the premium of an insurance policy which he placed as a security in the hands of his creditors. The monument, of which we furnish an engraving, was erected in his honour by his fellow-citizens, but we regret to say, that, owing either to poverty or apathy, it has never yet been completed. It stands upon the Charlotte Quay, near the Capuchin Church.

MOSESSES AND THEIR ALLIES.

CLUB-MOSSES AND LIVERWORTS.

CHAPTER III., PART II.

THE colour of the scale-mosses varies through all the shades of green into brown, yellowish, dusky purple, and bronze. The theca is usually black, or deep purple, or dark brown, although occasionally it is nearly transparent.

The seta or fruit-stalk is in most cases semi-transparent and as delicately reticulated as the other parts of the plant. Our example, the pear-shaped scale-moss (*J. turbinata*, fig. 4.) shows this very beautifully. This species is one which frequent in moist shady spots in limestone districts, and we have selected it as illustrative of the highly cellular structure of plants of this tribe. *J. pusilla* (fig. 5), the dwarf scale-moss, is given for the purpose of exhibiting the beautiful form of its folded sheath or perichætium. The plant is of a tender green, the capsule brown, and the edges of the bell-shaped sheath of a delicate pink. This is given, as are all the other scale mosses of which we present drawings, as they appear when magnified to about six times the natural size.

Sowerby says, in speaking of mosses, that which may with

equal truth be said of the tribes which at present engage our attention, "It is chiefly in the economy of nature that we must look for the utility of these little plants, that she has fashioned with so much care, and for the reproduction and dissemination of which she has invented so beautiful and complicated an apparatus as that described above, though they are destined for the most part to flourish where no human eye beholds that beauty, no intelligence, save her own, can calculate the necessity and advantage of their existence. Their ministry is pursued in concert with other families lower in the scale of vegetable being; the smaller species assisting in the production of soil upon newly formed lands, clothing with verdure the most barren spots, and gradually fitting them for the support of the higher order of plants; while the larger are occupied in no small degree in the production of land itself, especially the aquatic kinds, which fix themselves upon the surface of lakes and stagnant waters, already interlaced with the slender stems of the *Chara-Confervee*, and

plants of similar habit, gradually converting the liquid plain into a partially solid one, on which eventually grasses, rushes, &c., are capable of growing; thus are formed morasses, which, by a further progress of vegetation, become at length fertile meadows. While thus slowly operating to increase the extent

wells and rivulets. The alippery scale-moss (*J. Pinquid*) is another of this description.

We next come to the family *marchantie*, named from Nicholas Marchant, a noted botanist. It is a pretty and singular tribe, its trivial name, liverwort, being derived from a fancied resemblance to the human liver; this resemblance was supposed to indicate some special virtue in the plant, as connected with that organ, and in olden time it was considered a specific for jaundice and other such disorders. The *marchantie* grow on

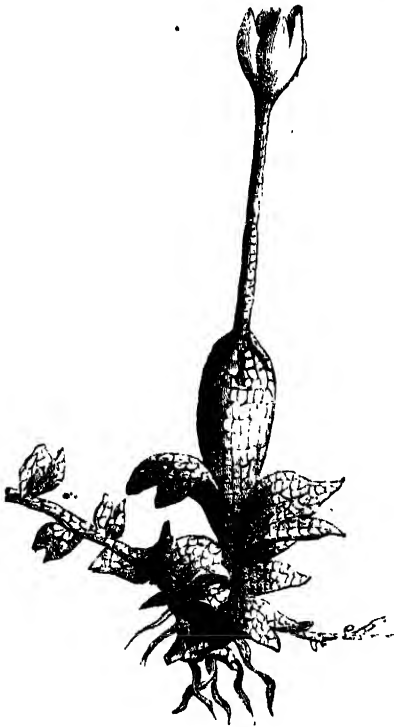


Fig. 4.—The Pear-shaped Scale Moss.

of the habitable world, their influence directly and indirectly affects in various ways, but more frequently, perhaps, unseen and unsuspected, the welfare and interest of those who are too apt to despise their apparent insignificance, and too proud to stoop to the examination of their surpassing beauty." Of the

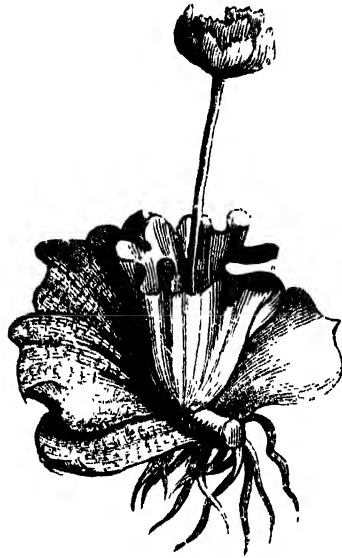


Fig. 5.—The Dwarf Scale Moss.

earth or the bark of trees in damp places, spreading over the ground in the form of a green incrustation, from the lower surface of which root-fibres are developed. This crust or thallus is entirely composed of cellular tissue, the cells of the outer layer being closer in texture than the rest, and forming a thick leathery cuticle, in which are large stomata. The fruit consists of a head of spore-cases, radiating from a central disk called the "shield," like the spokes of a wheel. The

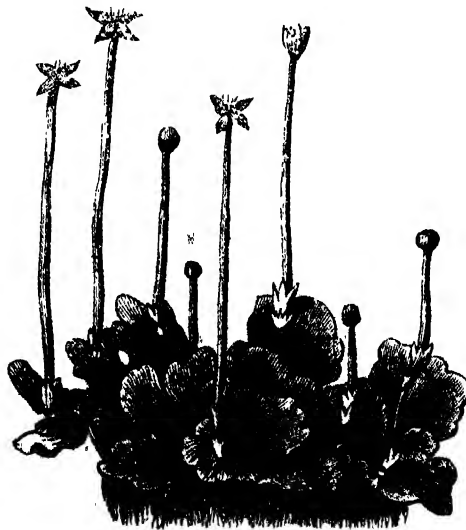


Fig. 6.—The Broad-leaved Scale Moss.

species which render their feeble aid in thus converting water into land, are some of the little frondose scale-mosses, and also some of the other tribes of the hepaticæ. The broad-leaved scale-moss (*J. Epyphilla*, fig. 6), which is depicted of the natural size, is one of these. It is frequent on moist heaths, and in damp woods, and thickets, especially by the sides of

head is mounted on a long stalk springing from a bell-shaped sheath, which starts from the surface of the frond or thallus, usually at the margin. The spore-cases or thecae open by irregular fissures, either four or eight in number. Besides this normal fruit, *gemmae*, or detached buds, of quite a different structure, are found on these plants. These are small leafy

bodies which spontaneously separate from the parent plant, and when mature are washed out by the rain, and carried abundantly to new localities, where they spring up and grow very rapidly. The form of the thalli or fronds of the marchantia is thus quaintly described by the good old herbalist Gerard:—"Liverwort is a kinde of mosse which spreadeth

the fronds. The sporules are large, of a dark olive hue. The fronds, when bruised, send forth a peculiar fragrance, like bergamot.

The other example given (fig. 8) is of the star-headed liverwort (*M. polymorpha*), a species even more common than the conical.

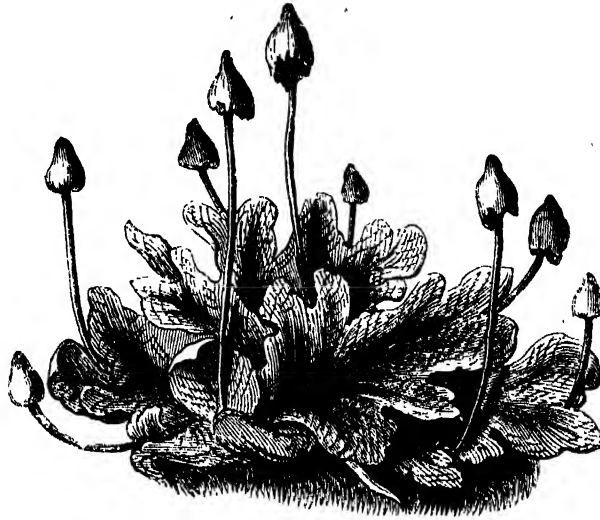


Fig. 7.—Conical Liverwort.

itself abroad upon the ground, having many uneven or crumpled leaves lying over one another, as the scales of fishes do; greene above, browne underneath." These fronds are variously lobed, their colour is a living green, and when broadly spread over a damp bank or the wall of a fountain or reservoir of water, they form a beautiful object. The Germans

Of the other genera which the order *hepaticeæ* comprises we shall say but little, as they are few and, in comparison, insignificant.

Targionia hypophylla at first sight resembles a marchantia, but differs in its fructification, which is globose and nearly buried in the margin of the frond; and this, with *anthocerus*



Fig. 8.—Star-headed Liverwort.

have the same name for the tribe as ourselves, and call it *leberkraut*. The conical liverwort (fig. 7) is common. It is of a yellowish-green tinged with brown; the peduncle, or fruit-stalk, is white touched with pink, and fleshy. It springs from a concave disk, usually situated in the marginal clefts of

punctatus, *spharocarpus terrestris*, and a few species of a little tribe called *riceia*,—on which, as they are for the most part little known and not of much general interest, we shall not enter particularly,—complete the number of the genera contained in this order.

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.
II.

THAT the proceeding does not in all cases pass off with perfect smoothness, the reader of Lord Byron's life is aware. Mr. Dallas, who was present, says: "I accompanied Lord Byron to the house. He was received in one of the anti-chambers by some of the officers in attendance, with whom he settled respecting the fees to pay; one of them went to apprise the Lord Chancellor of his being there, and soon returned for him. There were very few persons in the house; Lord Eldon was going through some ordinary business; then Lord Byron entered. I thought he looked still paler than before, and he certainly wore a countenance in which mortification was mingled with, but subdued by, indignation. He passed the woolsack without looking around, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through, then the chancellor quitted his seat and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand warmly to welcome him, and though I did not catch his words, I saw that he paid him some compliment. This was all thrown away upon Lord Byron, who made a stiff bow and put the tips of his fingers into the chancellor's hand. The chancellor did not press a welcome so received, but resumed his seat, while Lord Byron carelessly seated himself on one of the empty benches to the left of the throne, usually occupied by the lords in opposition. . . . We returned to St. James's Street, but he did not recover his spirits." His lordship's mortification arose in part from the fact that his relative, the Earl of Carlisle, had not offered to introduce him. To revenge himself for this disappointment, Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," took a biting revenge. Till then he had introduced his guardian into the satire in the most complimentary manner possible—

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

In common with members of the House of Commons, peers enjoy all the privileges they possess. They have, however, others. They may vote by proxy; they are not subject to make answer to questions from the lower house of parliament; they can only be tried by peers, and a peer has this advantage on his trial, all his peers are summoned to his trial, and he is acquitted or condemned by the verdict of the majority, which is not given upon oath, but in the form, "Guilty," or "Not guilty, upon my honour," pronounced by each peer in his place in answer to the question severally put by the lord steward who presides in the court, beginning with the youngest baron and proceeding to the first duke or senior prince of the blood royal. A peer, also, answers to bills in chancery upon his honour and not upon his oath; but when he is examined either in civil or criminal cases as a witness, or in the high court of parliament, he must be sworn. A peer cannot be bound to keep the peace in any other than the courts of queen's bench and chancery, and the honour of peers is so highly tended by law that it is much more penal to spread false reports of them than of other men; scandal against them being called "*scandalum magnatum*," and subjected to punishment by divers ancient statutes. Peers are exempted from attending court-leets or on the "*posse comitatus*." A peer cannot lose estate but by death or attainder, except, indeed, he wastes his estate so as not to be able to support his dignity; then he can be degraded by act of parliament; but there is but one instance of this supreme jurisdiction, which was in the case of George Neville, Duke of Bedford, in the reign of Edward VI.

The great council of lords spiritual and temporal dates as far back as the time of William the Conqueror. In the reign of Henry III., where we more clearly see daylight, it was entirely composed of such persons, holding lands by barony, as were summoned by particular writ of parliament. Tenure and summons were both essential at this time in order to render any one a lord of parliament. No spiritual peer was summoned without a baronial term. The prior of St. James,

at Northampton, having been summoned in the twelfth of Edward II., was discharged upon his petition because he had nothing of the king by barony, but only in *frankalmoign*. The prior of Bridlington, after frequent summonses, was finally left out with an entry made in the roll that he held nothing of the king. The abbot of Leicester had been called to fifty parliaments, yet, in the twenty-fifth of Edward III. he obtained a charter of perpetual exemption, reciting that he held no lands or tenements of the crown by barony or any such service as bound him to attend parliament or councils; but there were great irregularities in the lists of persons summoned. "It is worthy of observation," remarks Mr. Hallam in a note, "that the spiritual peers summoned to parliament were in general considerably more numerous than the temporal. This appears, among other causes, to have saved the church from that sweeping reformation of its wealth, and perhaps of its doctrines, which the commons were thoroughly inclined to make under Richard II. and Henry IV. Thus the reduction of the spiritual lords by the dissolution of the monasteries was indispensably required to bring the ecclesiastical order into due subjection to the state. From the time of Edward III. the council, consisting of the chief ministers of the crown, and the lords' house in parliament, were often blended together in one assembly. Thus was formed the great council which exercised a considerable civil as well as criminal jurisdiction. In the time of Edward III. or Richard II. the lords, by their ascendancy, throw the judges and rest of the council into shade, and took the decisive jurisdiction, entirely to themselves, making use of their former colleagues but as assistants and advisers, as they still continue to be held in all the judicial proceedings of the house. Ages have come and gone, and the grand council of the nation is now not in the upper, but lower house; but, as part of the whole English constitution, it still exists. And though now of decreased importance and power, still it has claims for the intellect it yet boasts, and for the good it yet accomplishes. Intellectually, it must take a high stand, for it is constantly replenished from the most successful lawyers of the other house. Historically, it has been the barrier against the despotism of the crown. To the great whig families that upheld the revolution of 1688—that bravely contended with a lower house of Jacobites—we owe the Hanover succession, and England's subsequently growing favour. On the face of it, it seems absurd that a man should be a legislator born; but, at the same time, practically the custom has not been fraught with the evil which might have been anticipated. It is very clear that many men who have done the state good service, have cared more for acquiring hereditary honours for their children, than for the immediate éclat which promotion to the peerage conferred on them.

Of course the lords do not act as common men. For instance: in divisions they give their votes beginning at the lowest and proceeding *seriatim* to the peers highest in rank. Each one answers for himself, content or non-content. If the numbers should chance to be equal, it is invariably presumed that the house is against the bill. The lords are still true to the maxims of their forefathers. We are unwilling to change the laws of England. Right or wrong, a law is a law, and with them, for that reason alone, is to be revered and preserved. The lord has this advantage over an M.P.: the latter may pair off when a division is about to take place, and thus the loss of his vote to his party is compensated for by the absence of the vote of the M.P. with whom he pairs off to his party. A lord may do more than this: he may vote for a measure by proxy. Some men are very large holders of proxies. The number of those held by the late Duke of Wellington was prodigious, and almost dangerous to the state. There were times when the noble duke had nearly half the votes of the peers in his pockets. Debating, in such circumstances, must have been little better than a farce.

THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

The world in general, and the readers of "*Bleak House*" in particular, we take it, have heard of the Lord High Chancellor,

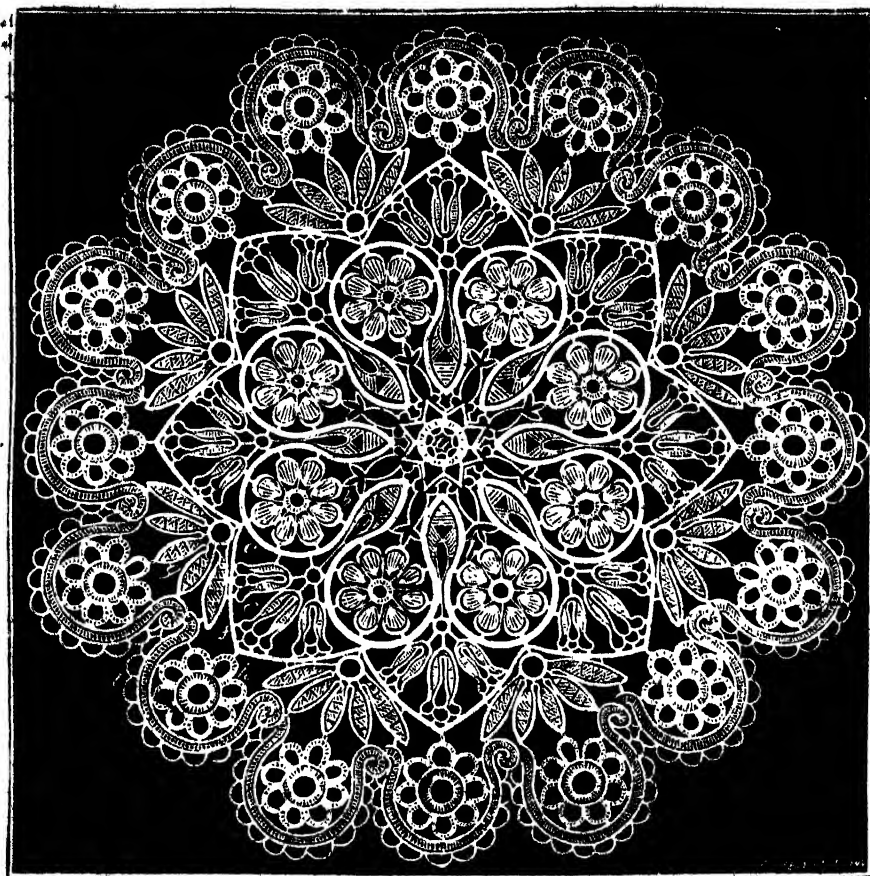
the Keeper of the Great Seal—of her Majesty's Conscience—of church livings and patronage and power held by no other living man. Of his power and influence in general it does not become us here to speak, but it does become us very briefly to state that he is Speaker of the House of Lords, and that, therefore, we have something to do with him here. One of the oldest offices existing is that of Lord Chancellor; the almost fabulous Arthur is said to have had a chancellor; certainly such an officer existed in the time of the Anglo-Saxon monarchs, for the good St. Swithin, we believe, was one. But in our point of view he is merely Speaker of the House of Lords, an office he holds whether he be peer or not. In recent times, for instance, we find on the 22nd of November, 1830, an entry in the list of peers present, "Henricus Brougham, Cancellarius;" but he had no right to debate and vote till the following day, when the entry of his name and office appears in the same place, "Dominus Brougham et Vaux, Cancellarius." This privilege of speaker, according to Lord Campbell, is said to belong to him by prescription, and he has enjoyed it many centuries, although in the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III. (within time of legal memory), it was exercised by the Chief Justiciary. The crown may by commission name others to preside in the House of Lords in the absence of the Chancellor; and no speaker appointed by the crown being present, the lords of their own authority may choose one of themselves to act as speaker, which they now often do in hearing appeals; but all these speakers are immediately superseded when the Chancellor enters the house. He is a very great personage, is the Lord Chancellor, for the time being. To stay him in the execution of his office is high treason. Whether he be peer or commoner he has precedence above all temporal peers, except they be kings' sons, nephews, and grandsons. If he be a peer his place is at the top of the dukes' bench on the left of the throne, and if a commoner before the woolstack. Generally, however, peer or not, he sits there as speaker, and when he joins in debate he leaves the woolstack and stands in front of his proper seat at the top of the dukes' bench. Anciently the Chancellor addressed the two houses on the meeting of parliament. This, however, he does not do now; as speaker of the lords, he is not equal in power to the speaker of the commons. He is not addressed in debate. He does not name the peer who is to be heard; he is not appealed to as an authority on points of order; and he may do what would be considered very indecorous in the Speaker of the lower house—he may cheer the sentiments expressed by his colleagues. When he addresses their lordships he is to be uncovered, and he is covered when he addresses others including a deputation of the commons. When he appears in his official capacity in the presence of the sovereign, or receives messengers of the House of Commons at the bar of the House of Lords, he bears in his hand the purse containing, or supposed to contain, the Great Seal; on other occasions it lies before him as the emblem of his authority, or is carried by his purse-bearer. When he goes before a committee of the House of Commons he wears his robes and is attended by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer. Being seated, he puts on his hat, to assert the dignity of the Upper House; and then, having uncovered, gives audience. At the opening or close of a session of parliament he is the bearer of the royal speech, which he delivers, on his knees, into the hands of his sovereign—a mode of procedure handed down from very early times. In respect to dress he has great choice. He may "weare in his apparel velvet, satene, and other silkes of any colours except purpure, and any manner of furies except genettes." In good old times the office was filled by an aspiring clerk with a view to a fat bishopric; now it leads to nothing further. It has become the *ultima Thule* of the aspiring lawyer. Once chancellor, he has nothing else to look forward to. On account of his high rank, his important duties, his great labours, and the precariousness of his tenure, he has generally received the largest remuneration of any servant of the crown. In early times, this supply seems to have been raised principally from presents and bribes; then by sinecure

places in possession and reversion. Now he has a fixed salary, and a retiring allowance when he has resigned office, to enable him to maintain his station and still to exert himself in the public service as a judge in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council. But for the prospect of a sufficient pension on retiring from office, it would be unreasonable to expect men who are at the head of a most lucrative profession to give up their practice, as is required of all who accept this exalted but precarious dignity. It is well known that Lord Brougham made a considerable sacrifice of income by becoming Lord Chancellor, and there are, even now, barristers whose professional gains amount to, if they do not exceed, the salary attached to the chancellorship. Yet these are the men, and none but these, who are wanted to preside in the highest court of judicature in the realm. The proper tenure of office is during pleasure, and it is determined by the voluntary surrender of the Great Seal into the hands of his sovereign, or by the latter's demanding it in person, or sending a messenger with a warrant for it under the privy seal or sign manual. There have been grants, says Lord Campbell, of the office of chancellor for life and for a time certain, but these Lord Coke pronounces to be illegal; and while its political functions remain, the person holding it must necessarily be removable with the other members of the administration to which he belongs.

Lord Campbell, in his valuable work, commemorates 107 chancellors. Memorials of the Anglo-Saxon chancellors are scanty, but we have a series nearly unbroken from Maurice, who held the Great Seal in the year 1067, to the present occupier of that important post. Of these chancellors, the greater number were ecclesiastics. The first lay chancellor in England was Fitzgilbert, appointed by Queen Matilda soon after her coronation, during the short time she occupied the throne; and there was no other till Sir Robert de Bouchier a soldier appointed by Edward III. Bishop Williams, in the reign of James I., was the only Protestant divine who was ever in possession of the Great Seal; although the Privy Seal was held by a bishop during the reign of Queen Anne. Scrope, in the reign of Richard II., was the first lay lord ever created; since then the number has considerably increased. Much of the best blood in the peerage has a legal origin.

There are now sitting in the House of Lords, seventeen peers descended from chancellors in the direct line. Earl Fortescue from Sir John Fortescue, Lord Mountfort from Sir Thomas Bromley, the Marquis of Winchester from Sir William Poulet, the Earl of Bradford from Sir Orlando Bridgman, the Earl of Coventry from Lord Coventry, the Earl of Shaftesbury from Lord Shaftesbury, the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham from Lord Nottingham, the Earl of Guildford from Lord Guildford, Earl Cowper from Lord Cowper, the Earl of Macclesfield from Lord Macclesfield, Marquis Camden from Lord Camden, the Earl of Lovelace from Lord King, the Earl of Hardwicke from Lord Hardwicke, Earl Talbot from Lord Talbot, Earl Bathurst from Lord Bathurst, the Earl of Eldon from Lord Eldon, and Lord Erskine from the illustrious lord of that name.

It may be satisfactory to our readers to learn that only one chancellor was beheaded while in possession of the Great Seal, and that, during the last three hundred years, only six have been impeached, and only one—the great Somers—acquitted. So much for the Lord Chancellor. Gradually he has become great and strong and terrible, from a very small beginning. As Gibbon says, "This word, so humble in its origin, has, by a singular fortune, risen into the title of the first great office of state in the monarchies of Europe." It is clear that the office has now reached its culminating point; change looms in the future—law reformers are at work. In a short time the political character of the office may cease to exist. In the meanwhile, chronicling things as they are, we could do no less than devote a chapter to an office which makes its possessor the president of the peers of England, and which has been generally bestowed by victorious party chiefs on the lawyers who have most skilfully—most powerfully and successfully—fought the battle of party on the floor of St. Stephen's.



ROSE D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS:—Exhibition Crochet Cotton, Nos. 14, 16, 18, 20, 28. Walker's Penelope Hook, Nos. 3, 3½, 4.

a. With cotton No. 20 and hook 3½, work 18 chains: make it round and in loop 24 d.c., 1 d.c. on d.c. 7 chain, miss 2, repeat 7 times more: "in 4th chain stitch of 7 chain, 1 s.c., 12 chain, 1 s.c. in 6th chain from hook; 7 chain, 1 s.c. in same as last s.c.; 5 chain, 1 s.c., in same as last s.c., 5 chain, 1 s.c. in next chain stitch to 1st of 12 chain; 5 chain repeat " 7 times more, fasten off.

b. With cotton No. 18 and hook 3½, work 10 chain, make it round, and in loop 24 d.c. In 1st d.c. work 3 chain, 3 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., miss 1, and repeat 7 times more. Those only in the last, 2 long, join to 4th chain stitch of 7 chain of *a*, 1 long, 3 chain, 1 d.c., fasten off. Make 7 more *b*, joining to the 7 chains of *a*.

c. With cotton No. 16 and hook 3, 1 s.c. in the centre of the two 5 chains of *a*, nearest the foundation; 7 chain, 1 s.c. in the centre of 5 chain; 5 chain, 1 s.c. on 2nd long of 1st division of *b*; 3 chain, 1 d.c. on next division repeat 5 times more, 5 chain; 1 d.c. in next 5 chain, 7 chain, repeat " 7 times more, fasten off.

D.c. all round the chain and fasten off.

d. With cotton No. 28 and hook 4, 7 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st chain, and in round loop 1 d.c., 4 long; 3 chain; join to d.c. stitches where the two 5 chains are found together, turn, and on the 3 chain 1 d.c., 3 long; then in round loop, 4 long, 1 d.c.; then join to the d.c. on the opposite side, and fasten off. 1 more.

With cotton No. 18 and hook 3. Where you left off in *d*, join on No. 18 cotton; 9 chain, 1 s.c. in 5th chain; then in round loop 1 d.c., 5 chain; join to 5th d.c. from where you joined No. 18 cotton on; 5 chain, turn, and on 10 chain, 1 d.c., 5 long; 1 d.c. in round loop; 7 chain; join to the top d.c.; 8 chain, 1 s.c. in the 2nd chain; 3 chain, 1 d.c. in the 7th chain; 2 5 long, 1 d.c. in same as 1st d.c., 1 d.c. in round loop

repeat " from " without joining the 10 chain twice. The second time only work to "2", work 3 long, join to 5th d.c. from where you joined No. 18 cotton on; 2 more long on 7 chain, 1 d.c.; then 3 s.c. down the stem. Make 7 more joining in the same way: fasten off.

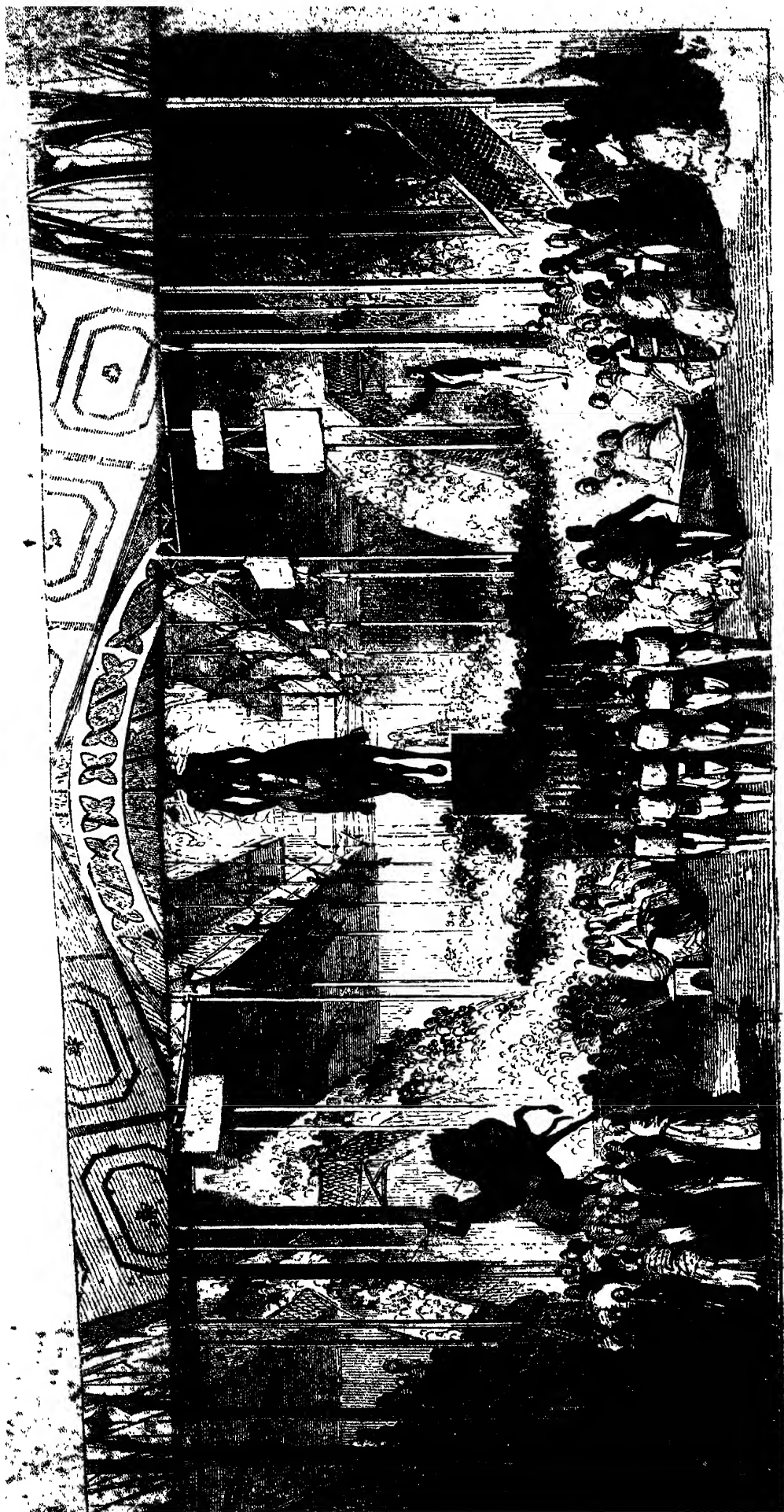
f. With cotton No. 16 and hook 3. In 14th d.c. of *c* from where you joined No. 18 cotton on, 1 d.c., 4 chain, join to 1st 3 chain of *e* of 1st section, 4 chain, join to 2nd 3 chain of *e* of 1st section; 8 chain, join to 1st 3 chain of *e* of 2nd section, 3 chain, join to 2nd 3 chain of *e* of 2nd section; 8 chain, join to 1st 3 chain of *e* of 3rd section; 3 chain, join to 2nd 3 chain of *e* of 3rd section; 4 chain, repeat all round; d.c. all round.

g. With cotton No. 16, and hook 3, 10 chain, make it round and in loop; 8 d.c. join to the same place, where you began the long chain of *f* 5 d.c. 5 chain; join to 8th d.c. of *f* from where you joined the d.c.: 6 chain, turn, 1 d.c., 7 long; 1 d.c. miss 1, 1 s.c. in next d.c., repeat 4 times more. Join in the same place only to last petal. In the last petal work down the chain as follows: 1 d.c., 4 long, join to 8th d.c. from where you joined the 1st d.c.; 3 long, 1 d.c., fasten off. Make 7 more. Joining each as you make them.

h. With cotton No. 16 and hook No. 3, 16 chain, 1 s.c. in 1st stitch; then in loop; 24 d.c., 1 d.c. on d.c., 7 chain, miss 2, repeat 7 times more, then in each 7 chain, 9 d.c., except the last, which work as follows: 5 d.c. join to 3rd point of *g*, 4 d.c. in same 7 chain.

The next, *h*, join in the same manner to point of *f*, make sufficient to go round, joining alternately to *g*s and *h*s.

i. With cotton No. 14 and hook No. 3, 1 s.c. on 5th d.c. of 1st division of *h*, 5 chain, 1 s.c. in next division, repeat 5 times more, 9 chain; join to next point of *g* "9 chain," 1 s.c. in next point of *g*, 9 chain, repeat " from all round, d.c. all round, and when you have come to the end of "9 chain" 4th d.c. join to the 9th d.c. 7 chain, miss 2, 1 d.c. in next, repeat 9 times the 10 and 11. join to the other side and fasten off.



INTERIOR OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, NEW YORK.

THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION.

THE great advantage of a university education lies in the knowledge it gives young men of the exact extent of their own powers, as compared with those of their companions, who are to be their competitors in the great race of life. A home-bred youth, however careful his training, must always labour under serious disadvantages, because, for want of a standard of comparison by which to measure himself, he never knows his weak points, nor in what direction his strength may be most profitably exerted. He may enter upon life in the full persuasion that every word his friends told him was true, and that he is in reality a prodigy of learning, or one of the rising stars in the constellation of science, till he perhaps finds himself miserably deceived, and surpassed by thousands even in his favourite pursuits. On the contrary, frequent trials of strength with others whose occupations and prospects are the same, not only sharpen his faculties and stimulate him to industry, but enable him to form an accurate estimate of his own worth, tell him where his forte lies, reveal his weaknesses, rouse his caution, and teach him what weapons he is most likely to handle with greatest dexterity. The great secret of success in this world lies not merely in doing a thing well, but doing it better than others. If you cannot beat somebody, you are nobody. It is no wonder that life is compared to a battle.

Now, as far as regards all peaceful pursuits, the nations of the world have been hitherto exactly in the position of a youth who has never been at either school or college, and is consequently in complete ignorance as to the position he occupies on the ladder of attainment. In the science of destruction the scale of merit has been many a time adjusted. The killing powers of every people in the universe have been ascertained with marvellous nicety; but strange to say, down to the year 1851, no country had full means of learning what was its real proficiency in the arts which minister to human happiness and comfort. In that year, the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations in London for the first time made the artisans and manufacturers of each completely aware of the precise nature of their merits, and the extent of their deficiencies as compared with their neighbours. The eyes of some of them were painfully opened. Marvellous transformations took place. Designs and ornamentations which, a month previously, had been looked upon as perfection itself, appeared hideous and absurd; workmanship, warranted to last for ever, found itself side by side with some that plainly promised to last longer. The finest linen met with finer linen still; furniture that had defied competition all over the world, and in all the newspapers, cried craven, and showed the white feather when it found itself in the lists. In short, prejudices of every kind received a general shock from which they never recovered. Before the Exhibition opened, America, France, and England, the three great rivals in commerce and manufacture, had but a vague and imperfect idea of each other's strength. None of them knew exactly what it had to fear—on which side it was likely to be assailed. When it closed, each was perfectly aware of its own position. Clearly France was by far superior in everything in which taste and artistic skill played the leading part. Nobody could accuse the lively Gauls of overweening vanity in informing the world so often during the period of the Exhibition—that “*quant aux articles de goût et de luxe, la France y tenait la première place.*” In the useful, in everything that could be accomplished by enormous power of machinery, by untiring industry, in the art of production, in short, without reference to anything but practical utility, Great Britain was undoubtedly first in the scale. But America had certainly the pre-eminence in ingenious applications of science to industry, in inventions calculated to facilitate the great transactions of commerce and agriculture,—in everything which acute practicality could devise. This was exactly what was to be expected from a new country, the resources of which are still but imperfectly developed, the raw materials of which are but half known, in which the whole energies of a

people of unrivalled activity have as yet been barely sufficient to afford a glimpse of the mighty future that is still in store for them.

But from the very nature of her contributions, bulky, heavy, and valuable, America laboured under great and striking disadvantages at the World's Fair in 1851. The expense of carriage, in some instances from an immense distance inland, and over a vast expanse of ocean,—the risk, the doubt which many felt regarding the success of the enterprise,—all combined to deter American inventors and manufacturers from entering into competition. The consequence was, that the department allotted to the United States in the Crystal Palace was at first scantily filled, and though later arrivals helped to swell the list, its contents were at no time of a nature to attract the attention of the multitude. The glittering products of French and Austrian and Belgian industry which surrounded them, as a general rule, presented far more attractions to the marvelling crowds who daily thronged the fairy avenues of that gorgeous erection. Nor did the English press at first do justice to the efforts of the Americans. The contrast between the sombre hues of their contributions, and the brilliant exterior and exquisite finish of the more elaborate handiwork of their competitors, was sneeringly pointed to. It was not till the first burst of superficial sight-seeing was over—till the thoughtful and serious portion of the visitors began to make the Exhibition a place of study, with a view to discover what blessings or promise of blessing for mankind it contained, that America received her due meed of praise. And when it came, we are bound to acknowledge that it was hearty and cheerful. It was then found that almost every article she sent in contained in itself the germ of a revolution in some department of trade or commerce or manufacture. It was, however, evident that it was only on her own soil that her capabilities could be rightly judged of, where all the products of the vast extent of territory which acknowledges her laws, and which includes every variety of climate, from the frosts of the arctic circle to the blazing heat of the tropics—her railway system, her telegraphs, her steamboats, her fire-arms, her locks, her sailing vessels, her marine engines, all of them different from, and, let us add, all of them in some way superior to those of the old world—could display all their peculiarities, powers, and advantages. In no foreign country was such a consummation possible, and in the New York Exhibition America has done all, and more than all, that was expected of her. In no collection of the works of human industry has the genius of utility made such a triumphant display. All the ingenuity, mechanical skill, and enterprise of a great people have been combined for the single object of facilitating or securing man's dominion over nature. Native cutlery has made a brilliant show, and one that may well cause Sheffield and Birmingham to tremble. Indeed Yankee manufacturers in this department have already attained to such proficiency as to have, in many instances, excluded the Englishman altogether from the market. In locks, the old supremacy has been fully maintained, and in mechanics' tools ingenuity enough has been lavished in devising new shapes, new powers, and new methods of use, to dispense, one would think, with any progress in this direction for a generation to come. Four new patent processes for planing boards; new machines for cutting staves, and for dressing flax; new lathes; new iron planers and shapers, and presses which manipulate cold iron like so much putty, bruise it, slice it, roll it, bore it; looms; spinning-machines, carding-machines, power-pumps, steam-presses, caloric-engines, steam-engines, screws, sewing-machines, and a host of other contrivances for diminishing or dispensing with manual labour, or for overcoming space and wind and waves, crowd the machinery department. There is one article in it, however, which, although it does not, in consequence of its well-known by the public, attract so much attention, deserves more than a passing notice, from it has exercised upon the industry both

of Great Britain and America. We need hardly say we allude to Whitney's Cotton Gin, an invention now half a century old, but which has played as prominent a part in the growth and extension of cotton manufacture as the power-loom.

A few facts will convince our readers of its importance. Great Britain, the great seat of cotton manufacture, receives eighty-four per cent. of the raw material from America. In certain parts of Georgia and South Carolina, owing to peculiarities of the soil, the cotton when plucked is almost ready for exportation without any further trouble. But throughout the remainder of the cotton districts of the Union, it is so entangled with the seeds when gathered, that a tedious course of hand picking used, in former times, to be necessary to make it fit for the manufacturer. The consequence was, that in 1793 the United States were able to export only 307 bales, and the manufacture in England was proportionally restricted. In 1794 Eli Whitney invented a machine which with marvellous rapidity clears the staple of every impurity, and turns it out ready for use; and in that year the exports rose to 3,000 bales. In 1849 it reached 1,500,000 bales, and in 1859 it will probably be one-third larger. At the present moment the manufacture of cotton employs one-eighth of the population of the United Kingdom, who turn out products to the value of £30,000,000 yearly, and its taxes supply one-fourth of the whole revenue of the empire. So much for the Cotton Gin.

In the philosophical instrument department, America stands without a rival; in carriages—in which she displayed so much excellence at the Great Exhibition—we observe no novelty, except wooden springs, which we think an invention of doubtful utility. Piano-fortes, too, hold their old ground, but still fail to equal those of other countries in finish.

In a mere summary like the present, we cannot enter into the details of the various departments. We therefore pass from the subject of mechanical inventions, with a mere mention of those in which we think American skill and perseverance have produced marked and striking results, and promise to compete successfully, and that at no distant day, with the best productions of foreign artificers. American artisans have now seen their strength, and are enabled to measure the progress they have made. They began little more than half a century ago from nothing; they now find themselves entering the lists against the time-honoured skill of the old world. There is, however, one section of the Exhibition more interesting, we think, than any, but which has not at all made the display that might have been expected of it; not for the want of materials, certainly, but perhaps for want of time, and space, and means. We allude to that which contains, or should contain, the natural products of the American climate and soil, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great northern lakes to the gulf of Mexico. A more wonderful and varied collection of articles which minister

to human comfort or happiness, or more striking evidence of the vast and almost inexhaustible resources of the territory of the United States, could not be afforded than specimens of each of these, if well arranged, would exhibit. Much has been done; more might have been done. We do not chide; we simply regret. The various kinds of farinaceous and other products, which make an American breakfast-table such a marvel to a foreigner—wheat, rye, oats, Indian corn, pumpkins, peaches, yams, flour, sugar; the materials of industry and manufacture—hemp, cotton, flax, wool, and the iron, copper, and other ores, from the great mineral region of Lake Superior and other districts, all find a place in the Exhibition; but not so prominent a one as we could wish them, nor so arranged as to indicate their importance. In one branch of industry, however, we are glad to find America rising into competition with the old world—and that by no means a trifling one. Vine-growing has become a profitable calling in the States, and promises to render them independent of the European continent in a matter for which a large sum of money is yearly disbursed. It is, of course, still in its infancy, but the results hitherto obtained have been most gratifying. Ohio is its great seat, and the grape mainly cultivated is of home origin. Cincinnati is the centre of the vine district, and though many of the dressers are foreigners from Germany, France, and Switzerland, most of the vinegrowers are Americans. The wines already obtain a preference in America, although, of course, the manufacture has not been brought to anything like perfection. The number of acres cultivated as vineyards in Ohio is about 2,000; and the crop of last year is supposed to be worth 1,000,000 dollars, or about £200,000 sterling. This year four commercial houses in Cincinnati have prepared more than 250,000 bottles of sparkling wine, worth about fifty shillings a dozen, but have not been nearly able to supply the demand.

With regard to the fine arts, the result of the Exhibition has been gratifying and holds out great promise of future excellence. American artists have hitherto had great difficulties to contend with. The intense application to money getting, or purely material pursuits, which always prevails in a new country, has deprived them of the great rewards of genius—fame, and public encouragement. The beautiful has been too much kept in the background, and her sister the useful over-caressed. Properly, the two should work together in harmony, and this is a truth which the American people are now beginning to recognise. Considering, therefore, that all the gems of art lie in Europe, and can never be examined or studied by the mass of the people, and that American artists can only drink in inspiration at these great fountains after a long and painful pilgrimage, the collection of so many *chefs-d'œuvre* at New York is an inestimable benefit, and the works of native genius occupy no unworthy place beside them.

THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

Gray makes his bard exclaim—

“Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed.”

It is more than questionable whether the poet had any right to connect the name of the great Roman with London's lasting shame. It is certain, however, that England's saddest tragedies have been acted there—that nowhere has poor human nature appeared in darker colours—that nowhere have been seen in clearer light the faithlessness of friends, the brutality of power, the savage hate of foes. There Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, the victims of a monarch's caprice, went to a bloody death. There Lady Jane Grey met her untimely end, so as to shed eternal lustre on her ill-starred life. There is that gate,

“Misnamed, through which, before
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Crommer, Moore.”

Those walls tell a fearful tale. In the absence of history, we

could read in the Beauchamp Tower the characters of the men and times. So strikingly true is it, as has been observed, that there could be no doubt, for instance, as to the ambition of Edward I. or the weakness of Edward II., the lust of Henry VIII., the bigotry of Mary, or the vanity of Elizabeth, if we possessed no other record than these walls could furnish. The Beauchamp Tower is history. Ages speak to us by it. It records for us the chronicle of the past; it tells what innocence languished here, trusting in God when vain was the help of man—what high hope was here changed into black despair—what proud ambition had here to relinquish a palace for a prison, dreams of empire for stone walls, the throne and the sceptre for the scaffold and the axe.

The Beauchamp Tower, in all probability, derives its name from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was confined in the state prison there, prior to his banishment to the Isle of Man, in 1397. It consists of two stories, ascended by a circular staircase; the lower story was till lately used as the

officers' mess-room. In this apartment there are several pointed arched recesses, originally admitting light into it from narrow embrasures, but these are now blocked up, and windows opened in another part. It is situated on the west side of the Tower. We have said, part of it is the officers' mess-room; part of it is devoted to better purposes, for it is now a repository for the ancient enrolments of chancery, the most valuable, it is said, of our national documents. Of the Tower as a whole little now remains. To what therefore does exist at the present time a considerable value attaches. As we as a nation have not been remarkable for the attention we have paid to such places, it is gratifying to find that we are awaking from our apathy, and that the Beauchamp Tower is being restored under the direction of Mr. Salvin, an eminent architect in this department of building. Till recently it has been inaccessible to the public. It was only so late as 1706 that the inscriptions it contains were discovered. Till then, by some means, they had been plastered over; now, when we enter the state prison, memorials of its former inhabitants meet us on every side. Everywhere we see inscriptions, coats of arms, initials cut to wile away a weary hour, or, possibly, to remind posterity of men who hoped to be remembered by it for something more than an inglorious captivity and a wretched end. These inscriptions are sad in the extreme; no one can expect they could be otherwise. For instance, what can be more touching than the following:—

"William Rame, 22 die Aprilis, anno 1550.

"Better it is to be in the house of morning than in the house of banquetting.

"The hearte of the wyse is in the morning house. It is better to have some chastening than to have over moche libertie.

"There is a tyme for all things; a tyme to be borne and a tyme to dye; and the daye of death is better than the daye of birthe.

"There is an ende of all things; and the ende of a thing is better than the begynnyng.

"Be wyse and patient in trouble; for wysdom defendith as well as money.

"Use well the tyme of prosperitie, and remember the tyme of mysfortune."

Another inscription, in old Italian, is translated as follows:—

"Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed, my planet being ever sorrowful and discontented. "Wilim Tyrrel, 1541."

The above inscription has the name Charles Bailly cut upon it. In another part of the prison is the following inscription by the same hand:—

"Be friend to one, be enemy to none. Hoping, have patience, A.D. 1571, 10 Sept. The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not patient in adversitie; for men are not killed with the adversitie they have, but with the impatience which they suffer.

Tout vient a point qui peult attendre

Gli sostiri ne son testèmoni veri dell'angoscia mia.

"Att. 29, Charles Bailly."

It appears that Charles Bailly, or Bailif, as Camden spells his name, was a person engaged in the services and practices of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, coming over to England, was, at the very moment of his landing, seized and imprisoned. This prisoner was afterwards liberated.

"Thomas Maigh, 1581.

"Thomas Maigh, which lieth here alone,

That fayne wold from heave begon,

By torture strung my troyth was tried,

Yet of my libertie denied.

"1581—Thomas Maigh"

"1585—Thomas Bawdewin—Juli.

"As virtue maketh life,

So sith causeth death."

(A pair of scales.)

Not the least interesting of these marks is the name IANE, (fig. 6), without any ornament in addition: this is supposed to have been cut by the husband of Lady Jane Grey during his imprisonment. The beautifully designed and well executed sculpture (fig. 3), is the work of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, eldest son of John Dudley, the ambitious Duke of

Northumberland, and brother to Lord Guilford who was executed.

It will be seen, by a reference to the engraving, that the shield containing the lion, bear, and ragged staff is surrounded by a border composed of oak sprigs and acorns, honeysuckles, and another plant which we have not been able to find a name for. The inscription is as follows:—

"Yow that these beaust do wh. behold and se,

May deme with ease wherefore here made they be,

With borders eke wherein

From brothers names who list to search the ground."

The unfinished line may be filled up with the words "there may be found."

Mr. Bailey, in his history of the Tower, says, "The names of the four brothers were Ambrose, Robert, Guilford, and Henry; and taking it for granted that the pun, which is evidently couched under the above lines, has an allusion to them, we may conjecture that the roses, separated in one corner, are meant for the name of Ambrose, his next eldest brother; the elucidation of the remaining part of this singular device may be left as an interesting puzzle."

We would suggest that the acorns may possibly have been intended for the first letter of Ambrose's name; the roses for the R in Robert; the honeysuckle for the H in Henry; and perhaps some ingenious reader will enable us to apply the remaining flowers to the G in Guilford.

Another inscription (fig. 7) is the following:—

"Verbum Domini manet,

1568.

John Price"

The date, as well as the words of this inscription, renders it highly probable that the person who made it was some priest of the Roman Catholic communion.

The words, "Saro Fideli. Ingram Percy," (fig. 7) were written by the third son of Henry V., Earl of Northumberland. There is every reason to believe that he was implicated in the northern rebellion, for which his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed, with several others, in the month of June, 1532. He appears to have been pardoned, and to have died about the latter end of the following year.

The inscription "A. F. Page" (fig. 1), relates to Francis Page, who, after studying the municipal laws in England, went abroad, and being ordained priest, returned as a missionary into his own country. He resided for the most part with Mrs. Anne Line, a widow gentlewoman; and being at last seized, he was condemned to die, and was executed at Tyburn in the year 1601. Mrs. Line was also persecuted and suffered death for entertaining him.

The name of Peveril is met with in several parts of the prison; one in connexion with sculptures of a cross and shield of arms, on which are three wheat-sheaves, the armorial bearings of the Peverils of Derbyshire (fig. 2); again at the bottom of a partly defaced Latin inscription, cut round a border of a horse-shoe shape (fig. 8); and also at the bottom of the inscription (fig. 1). The history of this prisoner is not known; but it is no doubt owing to the sight of these inscriptions that we are indebted for the suggestion of the novel of "Peveril of the Peak." The scene in another part of the Tower, described in the "Fortunes of Nigel," has also been evidently studied on the spot.

The inscriptions are so numerous, that it is difficult to select from them; here is, however, one we cannot pass over—

"He whom this place will not mend,

Was bad before and worse will end."

Above the fire-place is an inscription by the Duke of Norfolk, who aspired to the hand of Mary, Queen of Scots. Scattered here and there are the names of several eminent nonconformists (fig. 4), who suffered at Tyburn and elsewhere, amongst them Mr. Cook.

Elsewhere we meet with the record, "1578, Thomas Foell." Below this is a rude piece of sculpture by Thomas Willyns.

gar, without date, which consists of a bleeding heart with the letters T. W., the initials of his own name, on the one side, and P. A., most likely those of his mistress, on the other. There

“ My hart is yours tel dethe.”
Passing over several inscriptions of little interest, we come to the following inscription :—



ROOM IN THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

is also a figure of Death holding a dart in the left hand, and an hour-glass in the right; and on the opposite side of the

“ Thomas Roper,
1670.

Per passage penable passions a part plaisant.”

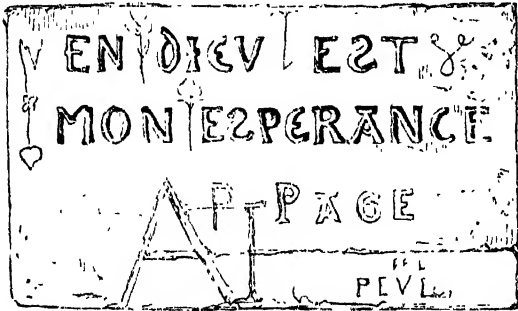


FIG. 1.

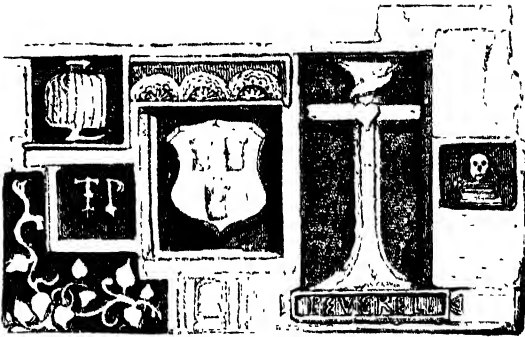


FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

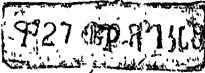


FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

bleeding heart are the words “Thomas Willyngar, goldsmith.”

This person was, probably, a descendant of the Ropers in Kent, one of whom married Margaret, the accomplished daughter of Sir Thomas More.

Our space obliges us to refrain from noticing other inscriptions of much interest; we cannot, however, pass over, without a few words, that of Thomas Abell (fig. 5), who, on the authority of Dodd, was educated at Oxford, where he completed his degrees in arts in the year 1516, and,

mentioned. When the validity of the marriage between Henry and Catherine became a question, the affection which Dr. Abell bore towards his mistress led him into the controversies to which it gave rise, and he opposed the divorce both by words and writings. By giving in to the delusions of



JANE



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

proceeding in divinity, became a doctor of that faculty. He was a man of learning, a great master of instrumental music, and well skilled in modern languages. These qualifications introduced him at court, and he became domestic chaplain to Queen Catherine of Arragon, wife of Henry VIII., and had the honour of serving her majesty in the capacity above-

Elizabeth Barton, called the Holy Maid of Kent, he incurred a misprision, and afterwards was condemned and executed in Smithfield, July 30, 1540, together with Dr. Edward Powell and Dr. Richard Featherstone, for denying the king's supremacy, and affirming his marriage with Queen Catherine to be good.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

"My bride,
My wife, my life! O we will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end;
And so through those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself.
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

Alfred Tennyson.

LET us, at all events, have a gleam of sunshine in which to bid farewell to these scholars in the School of Life. It is full three years after the mournful deaths of Leonard and of little Guthbert, that we meet our friends, Lucretia, and Mary Gaywood, and John Wetherley, sauntering along an umbrageous lane leading from Clifton Grove towards the Hellings. Of poor Leonard's fate the three friends had been conversing; and this may account for a certain mournfulness which overshadows their countenances; but as they speak of the noble steadfastness with which Agnes has pursued her path, purified by her deep sorrow, an undying love permeating her every word and deed—her whole life devoted to the service of suffering humanity—their faces beam with an enthusiastic joy.

"Her true union with poor Leonard was more accomplished

by his death," remarked Lucretia, "than ever it could have been by his life. Through her he still acts and lives in the world; his spirit of universal love has entered into her, and become active through her moral being. To her imaginative nature, the ideal of Leonard, mingling, as it does, with bitterest regret for her own hardness—though even I, John, am ready to confess now, that I formerly accused Agnes Singleton too severely of an absence of tenderness and love—has been, and ever will be, probably more effective in its influence for good and nobleness upon her life, than the marriage with the living Leonard ever could have been, even had he returned her love with the full force of his being. Love may do his work by separation at times; rather than by accomplished union. But you, dear Mary and John, shake your heads; you are

sceptics! And may your lives, beloved ones, in their accomplished union, read a yet stronger and yet more beautiful moral. But, dear ones, I am not going to preach you a marriage homily; I am going to consult you about a scheme which Andrew, and Mr. Ellis Stamboyse, and I have in hand. We were very busy in discussion, you may remember, the other evening when you two returned from your long day's ramble, bringing with you that grand sheaf of water-plants, and that beautiful sketch of the old willows upon the island; but as we had not quite settled affairs, we would not then tell you."

"Oh, I'm afraid you did not tell us, dear Lucretia," cried Mary, with her sweet, gay voice, "because John and I were so full of our adventures, and so selfishly absorbed in our happy day; do, do forgive us! But what is the scheme? three such wise people can only have concerted a marvel of wisdom!"

"It is that I shall become book-keeper for the London branch of the great house of Stamboyse—book-keeper with a salary of £200 a-year; what think you of that?"

"You book-keeper, Lucretia!" her two listeners exclaimed with one voice of astonishment.

"Yes, the idea is novel I confess, but the more you reflect upon it the better I fancy you will like it," pursued Lucretia, smiling at the surprise written upon the countenances of her auditors. "You know that Ellis Stamboyse has long been an advocate for the employment of women in various occupations usually closed to them—and how in every direction he would open up paths for their enlightenment, and for means of their usefulness, both to themselves and others—and how he and Agnes have worked together in this direction for some two years past you also know—and how since his return from America he has become still more earnest upon the subject. The other day he offered Andrew this situation in London, which has a much higher salary than the one which Andrew fills at Nottingham; but Andrew hesitated, both because he dreaded, on account of his delicate health, the increased responsibility, and the greater confinement; and because, delightful as would have been his near neighbourhood to us, he still regretted leaving his old routine of business and his old haunts—you know Andrew's ways! And then, all at once, Mr. Ellis proposed that I should become their book-keeper with £100 a year! I was not so much surprised as you are; all became clear to me at once, and many things could thus be accomplished about which I was anxious. I had wondered often how I might, after dear Mary was gone, employ my time in such a manner as should, to some degree, banish my longing for her dear presence. Dearest Mary, now that I have found this employment, I can speak of this selfish regret of mine in losing you, who these long years past have been my sister, daughter almost, and most beloved of friends." Mary could only reply by pressing Lucretia's hand fervently to her lips.—"And then, too, I shall be so rich; there will be no fear for sickness or old age in years to come; and, besides, I have secretly determined never to rest until Andrew gives up his situation and comes and lives with me in London—and we will take a cottage within a short walk of you at Brompton—so there will be plenty of money provided for our own wants. I already have fixed upon the cottage even. And it will be most edifying, I assure you, dear ones, to see me setting off to my office each morning punctual as clock-work by the omnibus; and still more edifying to see me sitting within my glass case, like some rare stuffed animal, with my big ledgers about me. I mean to become the very model of a book-keeper; it will never do for a woman to do such a thing imperfectly, you know. And thus you see it is all arranged, and Andrew comes over to-morrow evening to give me my first lesson in posting the ledger. Yes, dear Mary, you and John may laugh, but the thing is no joke!" And thus, gaily talking, the trio passed along towards the old-fashioned village of Wilford, where John had determined that he and Mary should be married, and where the three were now waiting until the marriage-day arrived.

The reader will perceive that various changes must have

taken place in the heart of our friend John Wetherly since we parted with him, seeing that we find him now a third time in love. John himself laughed with Mary about what he called "his very susceptible heart," and had confided to her the history of his youthful passion for L'Allegro; at which both Mary and John smiled, recalling L'Allegro, as they now knew her, the very elegant, but insipid, fine lady, whose interests in life were bounded by the desire to see "her dear husband and babes" enjoying every possible creature-comfort, the "babes," be it observed, adorned always in the most exquisite and costly of attire, fashioned by no meaner hand than that of the fair L'Allegro herself. They smiled not at L'Allegro's love—so far as it extended—but at its extending within such narrow bounds, and sighed also when they believed that they had divined what was the peculiar and secret trial of Ellis Stamboyse's life, disappointment in the compass of his pretty wife's soul, which he so willingly would have cultivated and enriched with precious seed, till it should have brought forth roses more beautiful than those which glowed upon her pretty cheeks, and she became truly a help-mate for him in this world of stern labour. John also had confided to Mary his more serious passion for Honoria, and with words of a deep earnestness declared that if ever Mary found in him the devoted, faithful friend and life-long companion which he so earnestly desired to be to her, she must ascribe much—if not all—of their happiness to Honoria, and to the upright principles which she so sternly had inculcated, to the aspiration after, first moral, then intellectual perfection, which she had thought necessary to inspire him with. "No, never, never, beloved Mary," had John once exclaimed, "could I ever have recognised the beauty of your and Lucretia's lives, had it not been for Miss Pierrpoint's influence. Never, never could your beautiful love have been bestowed upon me, except for her teaching of wisdom; for even had she by her wealth and influence raised the poor boy from the turnip-field into the painter and well-to-do man, that would not have crowned me with the rarest of blessings, the love of a pure and noble-minded woman such as you! Yes, sweet little Mary, let our gratitude towards, and love of, this dear and noble friend show itself to her through the accomplishment of our beautiful dreams of an ideally lovely marriage. Oh, Mary, how lovely, how pure and noble a future lies before us. God only grant us strength to accomplish some of these beautiful aspirations through His holy power and love!" "Amen!" spoke Mary in a low, deep voice, and clasped her beloved with unutterable tenderness in her soft arms.

John Wetherly truly must have been born under a lucky star; for not only upon his return from his continental sojourn, enriched with study and purified by a profound mental struggle in which he had come forth nobly victorious, did he achieve an extraordinary success in his artistic life; but gradually had dawned in his breast a fresh love for sweet Mary Gaywood, who had been developed during his absence, by her sorrow over little Cuthbert's death, and by the gradual course of time, from the gentle, sweet young girl into the sweet, joyous-hearted, and intellectual woman. This love, virginal in its purity as his love of L'Allegro, elevated in its moral tone as his love of Honoria, yet differed from either through its blessedness in being returned, and that with a fullheartedness which at times fairly intoxicated John. Mary, if anything, grew graver and more thoughtful; but her gay, joyous nature lost nothing by the mellowed earnestness which this deep affection, with its beautiful but awe-inspiring responsibilities, cast over her.

And now, as we have seen, the wedding-day was rapidly approaching, and we find our friends located at the quaint little village where first we made John's acquaintance. John is staying with his good old grandmother, who yet lives, of course looking older, but hale and merry as ever, although we have lost sight of her these ten years past. She lived in the same little cottage, but which had, thanks to John's never-ceasing thoughts of the dear old woman's comfort, been enriched with many useful presents. She had a girl, too, who did whatever house-work was beyond the old body's

strength; and altogether old Sally Wetherley was regarded quite as a lady by her village acquaintance—not that she regarded herself as a lady; she would have been the first to ridicule the idea, and still hobbled about her work with a certain pride, although her dream of former days was strangely realised, and she “had a maid-of-all-work, and could live like a lady.” Her greatest pride was “my grandson John.” “He’s a brave lad’s my John, not a bit of pride, I assure you, Dolly,” she had said some weeks before to her old gossip—“not a bit of it, and that you’ll see when he comes down here next week to look out for lodgings for the lady as he’s going to be married to, and as is coming down here to stay, as she must do, you know, she and her sister. John says in his letter they’s made up their minds long ago only to be married by Mester Brewster, as had laughed at him for painting with ‘t powder-blue and mustard, when he was a bit of a chap, thou remembers, Dolly; and that he and Mary—that’s th’ lass’s name—none of your fine fly-away names, you see—had rather be married in th’ old Wilford church, than in St. Peter’s at Rome, or in any o’ th’ fine churches he’d seen in foreign parts. And it seems that the lass knows all about Wilford, and has a brother as lives in Nottingham; and she sends her affectionate love to me, thou sees, Dolly—nay, I forgot thou wast so blind, and could not see th’ writing, though it is big;—my lad always writes big and black; for he knows my eyes is bad, though not so bad as thine yet, Dolly. And so thou sees it’s no wonder I’m a bit in a flurry, and must help Bess to red up th’ place. But I must say, Dolly, I’m a bit scared when I think a seeing my grand lady granddaughter as is to be! Not but that she’ll be a good lass to my lad, I feel sure; but she mayn’t like, thou knows, to find, as her husband was such a poor lad, thou sees, and has still such a poor old woman for a grandmother, as can’t talk fine.”

And terribly “scared” indeed was good old Sally the evening of Mary and Lucretia’s arrival. “Now, grannie!” exclaimed John, bursting into his grandmother’s cottage, his face radiant with joy,—“make haste and come across the green. Mary is come! I’ve just brought them from Nottingham; they are going to drink tea, and are a little weary after the journey, or would have come on directly with me—but I said I’d fetch you to drink tea with them—come along, come along. Mary’s so impatient to see you,” cried he, kissing the old woman, “I’ll put your bonnet on—and there’s your shawl!”

“But bless thee, lad, I can’t, I tell thee; thou quite upsets a body—thou’s rumbled my cap, and flustered me ever so, lad!” cried the old grandmother, a little bit ruffled in temper as well as in dress. “I can’t go and see thy fine Lunnon acquaintance I tell thee, Johnny, thy fine ladies in this old rag; thou should’st a bit more respect for me—and you’re come ever so much sooner than Bess and I expected—we’ve been redding up the hearthstone thou sees, and have been making some pikelets. I was just a-going to clean myself and be ready. Thou shouldn’t be in such a hurry, lad!”

“But you’ll do beautifully, grandmother,—that nice russet gown Mary will admire if she looks at it; but she’ll only look at your dear old face that I’ve told her about so often,” said John, laughing.

“Make me believe that, lad,” interrupted his grandmother with a touch of her old hastiness of temper, “as if a young fellow like thee talked so much to his sweetheart about an old woman. I can’t go in this shabby rag, I tell thee; and my puce silk’s laid out all ready up stairs to put on, and my best cap, and my beautiful reticule with thy pretty flower paintings upon it, as I use only on holidays—thou remembers it, John, Miss Emma Dale as was, made it up for thee: I’ve not forgotten it if thou has.”

But John’s laughter and his grandmother’s oration were interrupted by a sun-beam gliding into the room and pausing beside them: it was dear Mary. “Have you quarrelled again about the comforter, then,” said a merry voice, and in a moment more the old grandmother and Mary were folded in a warm embrace.

“Well, Johnny, and this is thy wife then, that is to be,” said

the old woman at length, sinking down upon a chair, and wiping her eyes which some way were full of tears, as were the eyes of John, and of Mary, and of Lucretia, who stood upon the threshold of the cottage. “Well, but she’s a sweet lass, and looks as though she’d make thee a brave wife—and do thou, lad, make her a brave husband, which is a harder thing, John, than being ever such a brave grandson as thou’s been to me. ‘Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her,’ so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her,” added the old woman in the beautiful blessing of Scripture, and then fairly sobbed outright.

Surely a more beautiful prelude to a beautiful and holy married life could not well be imagined than were the quiet weeks spent by John and Mary at Wilford before their marriage. Mary and the old grandmother became very fond of each other, and could not outdo one another in singing his praises. Lucretia and Andrew and Ellis Stambosac had many discussions leading to results equally rational as the one we have already recorded, and Mary and John spent days of almost celestial joy among the woods and fields, looking down into the depths of each other’s being with an unreservedness such as could alone exist between two such loving, pure, and enlightened hearts, and mirroring each other in their souls, mutually to gain truth and strength. Not a spot hallowed to Mary by any incident of John’s childhood but was visited by them; “for,” said Mary, with her deep love welling up into her sweet eyes as she looked into her lover’s face, “I must not alone belong to your present and to your future, but must be able to live with you in the past. To me it is so beautiful, John, that I also have childish associations with these dear fields and groves; for it would seem to me so sad and painful if ever there had been a time when no association bound us together. And that you knew and loved Cutlibert and poor Leonard, and love Lucretia only next to me, is indeed a great blessedness; but it could not be otherwise, for my soul acknowledges you as an old friend. I cannot imagine how I felt or lived before this deep emotion formed a portion of my life.”

And a great deal more such love-making, went on whilst John sat painting among the pleasant trees and blossoms, with Mary beside him, forgetful of the book which she had begun to read aloud to him; or when John, flinging aside his sketch, would throw himself at her feet in the grass, and gaze into her dear face with a nobler but not less intoxicating passion than had flamed up within him for his lost love.

“I do think my Johnny’s nearly off ‘s head with love for that lass,” had been Sally Wetherley’s remark to old Dolly; “only think, I came the other evening upon the two whilst they was sitting down at the bottom of the garden—thou knows the turf-seat, where John’s made the strawberry-bed as is so full o’ fruit this season—and there, only think, if th’ silly chap had not made her a crown o’ flowers which he’d put upon her head, and was lying down ‘mong the grass at her feet; and just when I and Miss Gaywood hobbled up—they’d been too throng in their talk to heed us—there was the lass a-laughing like a madcap because my silly big booby of a grandson—who, they say, is a mighty great man, and has his bits a paintings written about i’ th’ Lunnon papers—had just seized hold of her little foot and covered it with kisses—her foot, Dolly—if it had been her pretty white hand I should not have wondered, but her foot, in its little light-coloured, dandified boot, as these ladies wear. ‘Johnny, Johnny, thou big booby!’ I cried, laughing a’most as much as she did, ‘a dozen years hence, think you, wilt t’ be as fond and foolish as now?’ ‘Not quite so foolish, grandmother, I hope,’ the dear lass replied, stopping her laughter, ‘but quite as fond.’ And if you had seen how proud and happy they both looked up toward me, thou’d a thought with me, Dolly—though we know what wedded life is—that mappen a dozen years hence he might be as fond of her, if not so foolish!”

THE DORIA PALACE AT GENOA.

There are few, if any, of the Italian cities which possess a greater number of attractions, both for the antiquarian and the artist, than Genoa. It stood amongst the foremost of three great republics of the fifteenth century, in which the wealth, liberty, art, and learning of the world were concentrated. To have produced Columbus and Doria was title enough to fame and admiration, if it had no other. But it was no less renowned for commercial enterprise and for daring hardihood by land and sea, than for the magnificent tastes of its great men. The mighty sailors who carried its flag triumphantly into every corner of the Mediterranean, and baffled the might of Mahomet II. in the straits of the Bosphorus, were as remarkable for the refinement of their tastes, in the retirement

out picturing in his mind's eye that majestic figure, the lofty port, and the venerable gray hairs of Andrew Doria—the Father of his country, the rival of Gonzalvo de Cordova, the admiral of Francis I., the conqueror of Charles V. and of Barbarossa?

It would be well if the tourist in Italy could dwell upon these recollections solely, and shut out the present from his sight. The contrast is appalling. The liberty, wealth, learning, and genius which shed lustre round every wall and hillock in this classic land, have fled northward and westward; and here, in the birthplace of Petrarch, and of the Medicis, of Zeno, of Doria, of Titian and Michael Angelo, ruin and desolation and decay mark every yard we traverse. A race of



of their homes, as for their stern valour on the waves. In none was this combination so fully displayed as in Andrew Doria, the great admiral, whose virtues and exploits have formed the theme of so much eulogy, poetry, and romance. Amidst the wonderful amphitheatre of houses, temples, palaces, terraces, of which Genoa is composed, and which mirror themselves in the blue waves that dash their silvery foam on the strand beneath, his palace is the first object which strikes the eye and fixes the attention, with its colossal Neptune, its splendid gardens, and its ennobling memories. Who could look on it without being forcibly reminded of the great age in which it rose? How many noble and patriotic struggles, how many grand self-sacrifices, how much courage, constancy, and devotion, does the name of its founder alone call up? Who could gaze upon the white terrace in the gardens with-

slaves display their squalor and misery around the Ghiberti Gates at Florence—"those gates fit to form an entrance to Paradise;"* and at Genoa, those awful palaces, each a poem in stone, are mouldering to decay, as if blasted by a curse. The statue of Neptune, in the Doria gardens, is mutilated; the porticoes are falling into ruin. The sculptured trophies on the walls are hidden by lichens, and the sea roars over the grounds of him who so often baffled its fury. But even in desolation the palace is magnificent.

It was designed by Montoisoli, a Roman architect. The gates, statues, and arabesques are the work of Pierino del Vaga, the pupil of Raffaele. Many of his paintings still adorn the walls—"Children's Games," amongst others; and, as a contrast, "The War of the Giants."

* So said Michael Angelo.

HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY has been styled the Canning of America, as Daniel Webster has been likened to Burke. Clay and Webster were for forty years the leading orators of their country, and although, at their outset in life, they were for a time opposed to each other, during the latter and best part of their career they stood together on the same side, contending for the lead of the whig or conservative party of the United States. Both were the sons of men who moved in a humble station of life; Webster's

earliest settlers in the States. Before he was four years old his father died, leaving his mother with a large family of young children dependent upon her. Shortly afterwards she married again, having for her second husband Captain Henry Watkins, a man well worthy of her affections. His step-father and mother introduced him to the practical business of life at an early period; for even in his fourteenth year we find him an assistant at the store of Mr. Richard Denny, Richmond; his educa-



PORTRAIT OF HENRY CLAY.

father was a small New England farmer, and Clay's was a poor clergyman of Virginia. Clay was born of English parents at a place called the Slashes, in the county of Hanover, Eastern Virginia, on the 12th of April, 1777, just after the Declaration of Independence, and while the country was still amidst the throes of the revolution. He was the seventh child of a numerous family, some branches of which still remain in England, and which includes among its members Sir William Clay, who has represented the Tower Hamlets ever since the passing of the Reform Bill. His ancestors were among the

tion, which was that of an ordinary private school, having been prematurely brought to a close rather than properly completed. But whatever deficiency there may have been in his early training was, as far as possible, supplied by the more effective discipline of self-education.

It soon became evident that he was capable of much higher pursuits, and accordingly his step-father took him away from the store, and placed him in the office of his friend, Peter Tiley, Esq., who was at that time clerk to the court of chancery. Here, by his diligent attention to

his duties, he soon attracted attention, and made friends. It happened opportunely that Chancellor Wythe was just then in want of a private secretary, and young Clay entered into an engagement with him, which lasted four years, and proved the great turning-point in the future statesman's history. His employer, perceiving the singular ability and industry with which he performed his duties, soon became strongly attached to him, joined Governor Brooke in advising him to study for the bar, generously granted him the free use of his library, and himself undertook the task of superintending his studies. Accordingly, in 1796, he left Mr. Tilney's office and became a student at law. After a year's intense application, he qualified himself for admission, and obtained his diploma before he had fairly entered into manhood. But it was a matter of vital moment to him that he should commence practice forthwith, as his mother and sister were entirely dependent on his exertions for a living, and they accompanied him on his removal to Lexington, in Kentucky, where he began the practice of his profession. The same diligence characterised him throughout. His amenity, accessibility, close attention to business, and eloquence as an advocate, soon attracted suitors enough, and before many years were over, Henry Clay led the bar of his state. Alluding, years afterwards, to this period of his life, he said he was then "without patrons, without friends, and destitute of means;" and again, "I remember how comfortable I thought I should be, if I could make £100 Virginia money per annum, and with what delight I received the first fifteen shillings fee. My hopes were more than realised. I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice." As a not unnatural consequence of his success, he married; and it is gratifying to be able to add, that the union was a source of happiness to both parties. His wife was Lucretia, the daughter of Colonel Thomas Hart, of Lexington, whom he left a widow, and by whom he had eleven children, only two surviving him.

Henry Clay, as a youth and a man, was throughout life a diligent self-cultivator. He was an extensive reader, and he did not fail carefully to cultivate the art of speech, by which, indeed, he made his bread. On one occasion, when giving advice to young men, he described the secret of his success in life after the following manner: "I owe my success in life," said he, "chiefly to one singular fact, viz.—that at the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off-hand efforts were made, sometimes in a corn-field, at others in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the art of all arts that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my whole subsequent destiny."

From the bar the road to the legislature is comparatively easy in America, as it is in England. He was first returned to the legislature of his state in 1803, and immediately assumed a prominent position there. Three years after, he was returned to Congress as a member of the Senate, and chosen speaker the following year. Webster and Calhoun did not enter it until some years later. Coming from a new state of the west, Mr. Clay at first took the side of Mr. Madison and the democratic party, and was soon recognised as one of its leading members. He was once more returned to the Senate, in 1811, when there was some prospect of a war with Great Britain; but withdrew from it to the lower house, where he had a more commanding position, and a better field for the display of his oratorical powers. He took his seat at the opening of Congress, November 4, 1811, and was elected to the honourable post of speaker by a majority of 31 in a house of 128 members. This high distinction, which was the more marked from the circumstance that there were many much more experienced members of his party in the house, was continued—with a short interval during his absence in negotiating the treaty of Ghent in 1814—till the year 1826, when he received the appointment of Secretary of State. He was chosen speaker on six different occasions, viz., 1811,

1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, and 1823, and filled the chair about ten years altogether. He was Mr. Madison's most able supporter in Congress, in 1812, during the debates on the subject of foreign policy, especially as respected England, a war with which power Mr. Clay strongly urged. Indeed Mr. Madison attributed to Clay much of the success that attended his administration; and when congratulated on the successful conduct of the war, he said, "to the right arm of the administration, to Clay, all is due." Daniel Webster had by this time entered Congress, and was ranged with the moderate federalists on the side of peace. He represented the more pacific commercial character of New England, whereas Clay then represented the ardent and rather headstrong republicanism of the west. But though Webster was opposed to the war with England, he yet advocated such measures as were essential to the honour and safety of the country, and particularly an increase of the navy. "Even our party divisions cease," said he, "at the crater's edge. They are lost in attachment to the national character, where that national character is made respectable."

It is easy to understand the feelings which actuated Henry Clay, and the majority of his countrymen who sided with him at that time, in their eagerness for a war with Britain. While a child, war was raging about him, and the Americans were engaged in a deadly struggle to free their country from British power. The impressions then made sank deep into their hearts, and the long war with England left behind it, together with their independence, many traditions of oppression and of hate. These still survived, when, in 1812, the attack was made upon the Chesapeake; and the numerous petty indignities committed, and supposed to have been committed, by Britain upon its late revolted colony came to a head, and burst into open war. Clay was an enthusiastic nationalist; love of country was his controlling principle; and it is therefore easy to understand the part he took on the occasion. It was this which made him a protectionist. He desired to quicken the industry of his country, to establish the peaceful arts there, and to render it independent of foreign supplies, from which it might at any time be cut off by the superior power of the British at sea. Hence the imposition of high protective duties, which at length became so intolerable that they threatened the existence of the Union. That policy has, however, been changed; and now that the old traditions are dying out, we trust we may look forward to a peaceful and mutually beneficial intercourse between America and England.

When the war was brought to a close, Mr. Clay was appointed one of the deputies to meet the British negotiators at Ghent to settle the terms of a treaty of peace, which has not since been broken. On his return to the States, he resumed his extensive practice at the bar, and in the House of Representatives he was appointed to the honourable post of speaker. Mr. Clay's personal and political influence steadily increased, and in 1824 he mainly contributed to carry the election of John Quincy Adams, of whom Mr. Clay was afterwards the first adviser in the cabinet. He held the office of Secretary of State under Mr. Adams, and in this capacity negotiated many important treaties with foreign governments. He succeeded in striking a blow at the system under which armed vessels were formerly enabled to carry on piracy under what were called "letters of marque." He advocated the cause of the South American revolted colonies, and induced the government of the United States to recognise their independence. He somewhat departed from the line of policy of the older statesmen of the Union, in taking part in the political affairs of Europe, having exerted himself to procure the intervention of Russia in establishing the independence of Greece.

When the high protectionist duties on British manufactures led to extreme agitation throughout the Union, and threatened the disruption of the northern and southern states, Mr. Clay projected and carried a compromise measure, which restored peace to the nation, and enabled it to adjust its financial policy after the excitement had subsided. But the anti-slavery movement soon threatened the States with new dangers,

the end of which, indeed, no one can yet very clearly see. Being a zealous unionist, and not at all a zealous abolitionist, Mr. Clay again stepped forward with a new compromise bill, which he succeeded in carrying, in the belief (though, as events may yet prove, a vain one) that the vexed question of slavery in the States would thereby be permanently settled. Mr. Clay's readiness to make compromises on all important questions, has led some to call in question his statesmanship; but others, who recognise in all legislation a system of compromises, where extreme views are sacrificed for the sake of a wise moderation, have been found equally ready to defend him.

Henry Clay owed much of his influence to his personal qualities. He gave one the impression of a thorough-bred gentleman. His ways were most winning—we might almost say fascinating. His voice was beautiful; and his action while speaking was graceful, and yet emphatic. To a friend or stranger he was kindness itself; yet to an opponent he would display a lordly imperiousness. He spoke with earnestness, too; often with fiery eloquence, though he could be sweet and gentle as a woman in his more subdued moods. He could play upon the heart-strings as upon an instrument, and he could also rouse the fiery passions of our nature. To understand the enthusiastic admiration with which Henry Clay was regarded throughout the States, one must have seen him and heard him speak. Merely to read his speeches in the book in which they are collected, fails to give any adequate idea of the man. Webster's speeches are different: there you see the orator in all his greatness; and the orations of Webster will be read and admired long after those of Clay have been forgotten. And yet there are few of Webster's speeches which had the immediate effect of the more fervid orations of Clay.

The Earl of Carlisle, when on his last visit to America, in 1841, met Mr. Clay more than once, and has given us an interesting account of his appearance at that time.

"I heard Mr. Clay in the Senate once," says he, "but every one told me that he was labouring under feebleness and exhaustion, so that I could only perceive the great charm in the tones of his voice. I think this most attractive quality was still more perceivable in private intercourse, as I certainly never met any public man, either in his country or in mine, always excepting Mr. Canning, who exercised such evident fascination over the minds and affections of his friends and followers as Henry Clay. I thought his society most attractive, easy, simple, and genial, with great natural dignity." His lordship had afterwards an opportunity of visiting Mr. Clay at his country residence at Ashland, in Kentucky. "The qualities," says he, "which rivet the Senate and captivate his adherents, seemed to me both heightened and softened by his frank, courteous, simple intercourse. He lives with his family in a modest house, among fields of deep red soil, and the most luxuriant grass growing under very thriving and varied timber, the oak, sycamore, locust tree, cedar, and that beautiful orna-

ment of the American woods, the sugar maple. He likes showing some English cattle. His countrymen seem to be in the habit of calling upon him without any introduction. Slavery, generally mild in the pastoral state of Kentucky, was certainly seen here in its least repulsive guise. Mr. Clay's own negro servant, Charles, was much devoted to him; he took him with him on a tour into Canada, and when some abolitionists there wanted him to leave his master—"Not if you were to give me both your provinces," was the reply."

Mr. Clay was several times a candidate for the presidency, but failed to achieve that highest ambition of American statesmen. He died at Washington, in June, 1852, and on the 1st of July his remains were conveyed from Washington to New York. His funeral took place on the 4th, with all due solemnity, when a vast crowd, composed of senators, friends, and other admirers, assembled to pay the last tribute of regard to the memory of one who had throughout life shown such an undeviating attachment to his country, and rendered it such essential service in several critical periods of its history. His personal graces and high intellectual qualities will long be remembered; and after these have been forgotten, the traces of his useful public career will be read in the legislation of half a century.

We cannot close this biographical account better than by quoting from the following warm eulogium pronounced upon the departed statesman by Mr. Breckenridge, in the House of Representatives. "As a leader in a deliberative body, Mr. Clay had no equal in America; in him intellect, person, eloquence, and courage, united to form a character fit to command. He fired with his own enthusiasm, and controlled with his amazing will, individuals and masses. No reverse could crush his spirit, nor defeat reduce him to despair—equally erect and dauntless in prosperity or adversity. When successful, he moved to the accomplishment of his purposes with severe resolution. When defeated, he rallied his broken bands around him, and from his eagle eye shot along their ranks the contagion of his own courage. Destined for a leader, he everywhere asserted his destiny. In his long and eventful life he came in contact with men of all ranks and professions, but he never felt that he was in the presence of a man superior to himself. In the assemblies of the people—at the bar—in the Senate—everywhere within the circle of his personal presence, he assumed and maintained a position of prominence. But the supremacy of Mr. Clay as a party leader was not his only nor highest title to renown—that title is to be found in the purely patriotic spirit which on great occasions always signalled his conduct. We have had no statesman who, in times of real imminent public peril, has exhibited a more genuine and enlarged patriotism than Henry Clay. Whenever a question presented itself actually threatening the existence of the Union, Mr. Clay, rising above the passions of the hour, always exerted his powers to solve it peacefully and honourably."

THE ART OF TURNING,

In a previous article on Turning, an intimation was given of an intention to recur to the subject on another occasion. The promise then made we now redeem. The lathe in its primitive and more complex but completer form we have already presented to the reader; the chucks and gouges we likewise exhibited; how to use the gouge, and how to work the lathe, we now proceed to tell.

For turning a cylinder, or anything of a cylindrical form, by the lathe, the piece of wood chosen should be first reduced to something resembling the shape intended, roughly hewn into the proposed form; the wood should then be attached to the centres or points of the puppets, being firmly wedged into its right place. The cord is then adjusted to the wheel, and the rest for the tool so arranged that the gouge may be easily employed. The workman then presses the treadle, communicating a regular rotary motion to the wood, and firmly holding

the tool with both hands (fig. 1), commences the operation. Slowly moving the gouge upon the rest as the wood turns upon its axis, every part of the article is attacked; this must be done with the greatest care and attention. Various tools must be employed; now the circular gouge, now that with a straight edge, according as the nature of the work requires, finer and more delicate tools being used as the work approaches completion. The dimension of the article must be carefully tested, for which purpose callipers are used. The operation is completed by the workman's employing a chisel of a peculiar form, which removes the remaining imperfections. The article is polished sometimes with glass paper, sometimes with fine sawdust. The last application of the gouge is made by holding the tool either as A or B (fig. 2.) The latter position is generally considered the best. The whole process is remarkably simple, and no less remarkable for its accuracy; by no

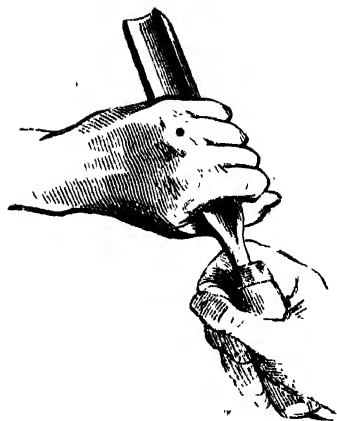


FIG. 1.—METHOD OF HOLDING THE GOUGE.

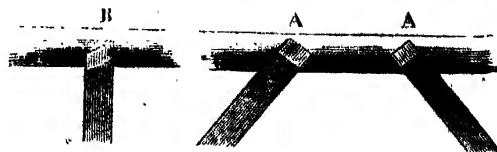


FIG. 2.—VARIOUS METHODS OF APPLYING THE CHISEL.

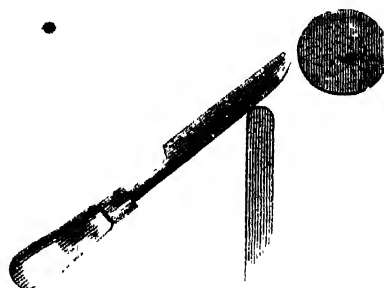


FIG. 3.—POSITION OF THE GOUGE ON THE REST.

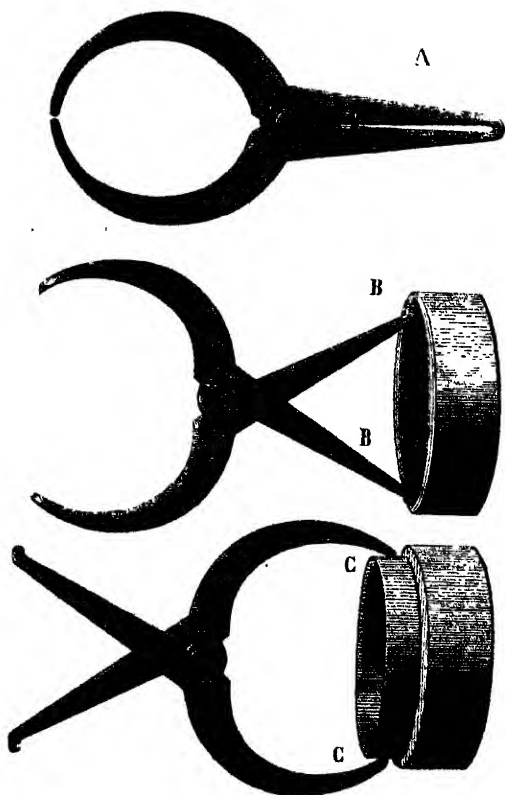


FIG. 4.—CALLIPERS.

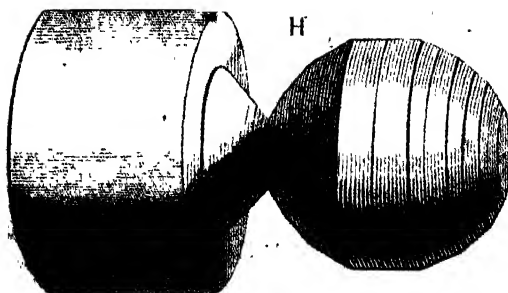
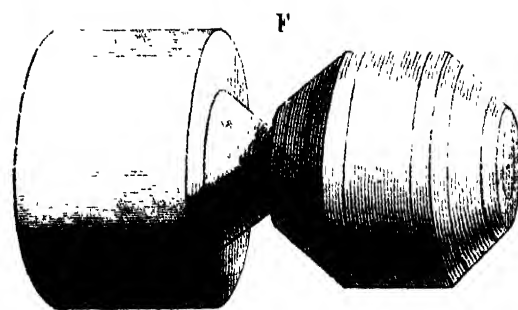
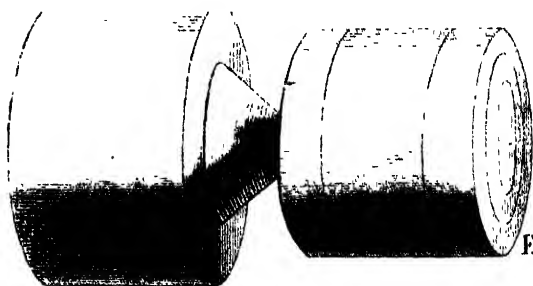


FIG. 6.—TURNING A BALL.

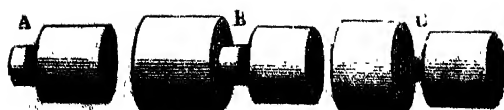


FIG. 5.

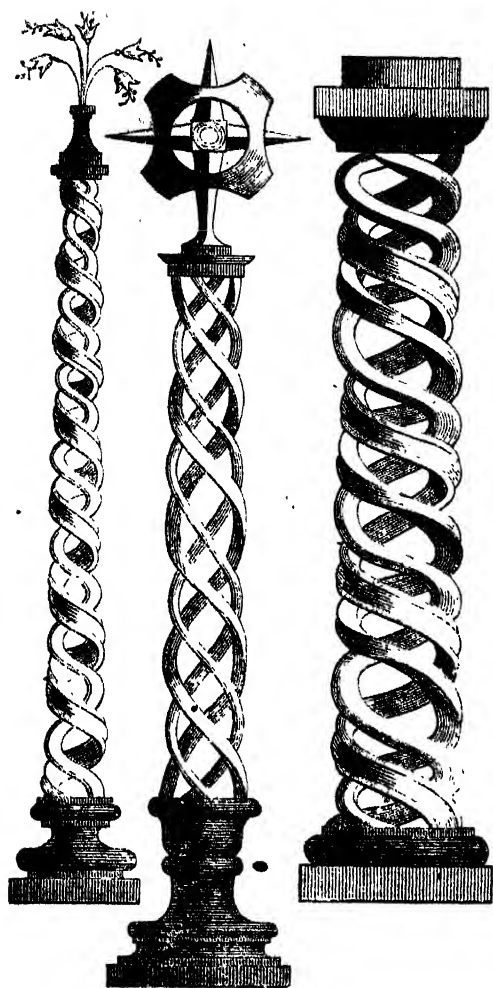


FIG. 7.

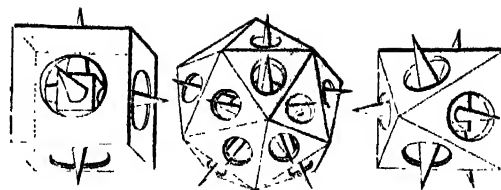


FIG. 8.

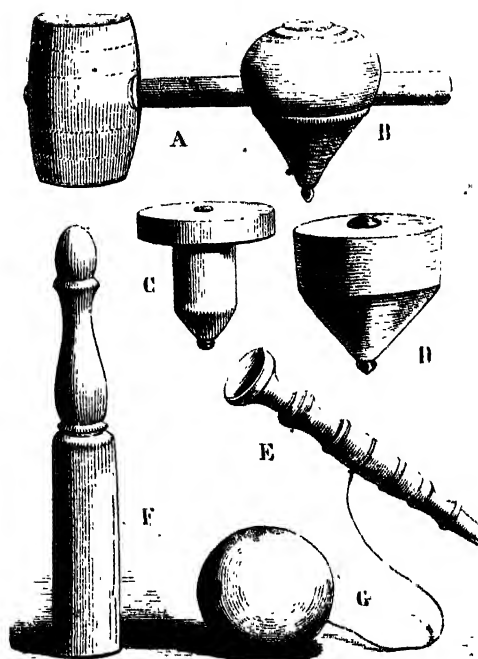


FIG 9.

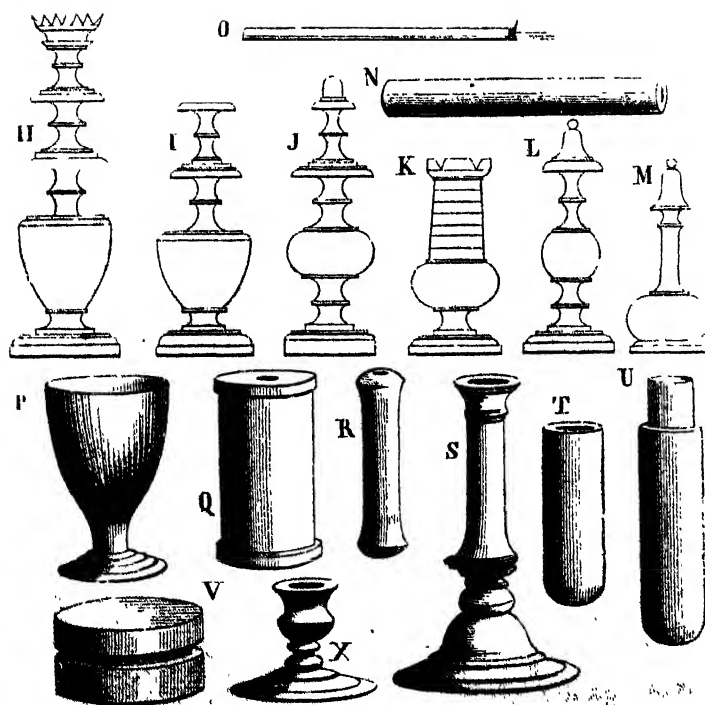


FIG. 10.

VARIOUS SPECIMENS OF TURNERY.

other means could the manufacture of a circular article be so exactly and so easily effected (fig. 3).

The callipers, called by the French *matrice à danser*, represented by fig. 4, are used for ascertaining the exact measurement of the article to be turned, and frequently applied during the process so as to prevent any error in the operation. In turning boxes, box-lids, and indeed in all the various departments of the art, they are peculiarly useful.

Boxes and box-lids are generally turned from one piece of wood; the exactness necessary is thus preserved with but little trouble. *a a* represents the lid of a box, *c c* the box itself, the accurate dimensions of each being carefully taken by the callipers.

The method of turning a ball is shown in figs. 5 and 6. A cylindrical piece of wood is taken, say two inches thick and three inches long, and placed in the lathe (fig. 5, *a*), or fixed to the ordinary mandril (*b*) or (*c*); the lathe is then set in motion, and, by the careful use of the gouge, the wood gradually assumes the varied forms seen in fig. 6, *e, f, h*. The utmost and closest attention is requisite during the process.

There are various modifications of this beautiful art, and to some of the varieties the name ornamental turning is applied. This includes spiral turning, eccentric turning, rosette turning, epicycloidal turning, and elliptic turning. Each of these requires certain peculiarities in the construction of the lathe. In eccentric turning, for instance, a solid circular plate is fixed to the mandril of the lathe. Two guides are fixed on the surface of the plate, forming a dove-tailed slide for another plate, which is moved by a screw connected with the under plate. The upper plate has on it a circular-toothed plate, which is capable of being revolved upon its centre, but is retained in any desired position by a catch which falls between the teeth, and is held by a spring. A screw, similar to that on the mandril, is fixed on the centre of this wheel, and to this is chucked the work which is to be turned. The result is obvious; the first plate moves concentrically with the spindle of the lathe; but the slide, with its circular plate, can be moved so that the work revolves with any degree of eccentricity required.

Rose-engine turning is beautifully adapted for ornamental purposes, and among workers in gold, silver, and gilt work it has been very generally in use. And yet, though so often applied, and used for so many purposes, there are few who thoroughly understand the machine by which it is effected. Who invented the rose-engine no one knows; the French lay claim to be its originators, and they were without doubt expert in the use of it before it was known in England. There was indeed a machine answering to the description of the rose-engine in England about the time of Sir Isaac Newton, yet it was but little known and scarcely appreciated. An unsteady lathe, which in revolving produces an irregular circle, is a rude approach to the rose-engine, and may very possibly have furnished the first hint for its invention.

A writer on this subject says, "In plain cylindrical turning, the motion of the slide is so adjusted in relation to the motion of the article operated upon, that the cutter carried by the slide shall not move over a space greater than the breadth of its point in the time that the article makes one revolution. In screw turning, the cutter is made again to travel over a space as much greater than the breadth of its point, during one revolution of the spindle, as the pitch of the screw requires. The requisite changes in the motion are effected by changing the wheels on the ends of the main spindle and the leading screw."

In geometric turning, the work revolves on the lathe, and the eccentric cutter, after the fashion of the drill-stock, is driven by a band in connexion with the mandril. An almost endless variety of curious and beautiful, and, in some instances, most complicated curves, may be produced by this means. The geometric chuck is described as an eccentric with the addition of an arrangement for giving motion to the work upon the chuck, and independent of the mandril; fixed to the head-stock, and concentric with the mandril, is a toothed wheel, which, as the chuck revolves, drives another and smaller wheel on its under surface; this latter is connected

with another toothed wheel, which causes the click-plate and work to revolve.

A description of the various adaptations of the lathe, the useful machines and tools lately invented, and the simple and efficient methods of conducting the work, would require larger space than can be devoted to it here. We have endeavoured only to present some interesting engravings as specimens of what the art can effect, and by what means it accomplishes the beautiful result.

Group of Objects, figs. 7, 8, 9, and 10.—*a*, a mallet; *n*, a top; *c*, a cornice; *d*, a whip-top; *p*, a cup and ball; *r*, a pin-case; *g*, a ball; *h, i, j, k, l, m*, chess-men; *n o*, a pop-gun; *p*, an egg-cup; *q*, silk-winders; *s*, a candlestick; *t u*, a pencil-case; *v*, a box; *x*, a bed-room candlestick.

CAPRIFICATION.

IN ancient writings upon agriculture we often find mention made of a process called caprification, the object of which is to hasten the ripening and increase the size of figs. The method appeared to those of modern times so strange and so little calculated to answer the desired end, that they did not hesitate to treat the whole as a ridiculous fable, till travellers worthy of credit had learnt that this operation is still carried on in our own day, and in the very places where it was customary two thousand years ago. Tournefort was the first who gave any information on the subject; but Godheu, a commander at Malta, entered more fully into detail.

The inhabitants of the islands of the Archipelago derive their chief subsistence from dried figs, which they eat with barley-bread. Hence it is an object of importance to them to promote the fructification of the fig-trees. They have two kinds, the cultivated and the wild fig-tree. The former bears fruit only once a year; but the figs grow in such abundance that they would injure each other, and never reach maturity, if art were not resorted to. The wild fig-tree bears three crops of fruit a year, the figs being unfit to eat, but useful for ripening the produce of the cultivated fig-tree, by the process of caprification. Wild fig-trees begin to bear their first or autumn crop in August. These figs continue till November without ripening. Little worms are engendered from eggs deposited by a species of very small ichneumon flies, of a glossy black colour, which fly round the tree for a long time. In the months of October and November these worms, having in their turn become flies, pierce the second or winter crop of figs which appear in September. The autumn figs fall a little after the flies come out; the winter figs remain on the tree till the month of May, containing the eggs deposited by the flies which have come out of the autumn figs. In the month of May the spring figs begin to appear. When they have attained to a certain size and the eye begins to open, they are pricked in that part by the flies reared in the winter figs.

In the months of June or July, when the worms which are engendered in the figs of the third or spring crop are about to change into flies, the peasants gather these wild figs, stick them upon a sort of skewers, and put them on the cultivated fig-trees which are then in blossom. The flies which come out of the wild fig-trees, after being thus transferred, enter the cultivated fig, carrying with them the pollen or fructifying dust which they collected in moving about among the stamens of the wild fig blossoms, and introduce it to the very centre of the fruit in which they are about to deposit their eggs. The entrance of these flies produces a double effect—first that of conveying to the cultivated fig the pollen of the wild fig; and next that of causing a sort of irritation which attracts the fluid to the part where they are, and where they lay their eggs, thus occasioning an abnormal enlargement. We see something analogous to this in pears, which, when they have been pierced by insects and contain worms inside, grow larger more quickly than the rest. It is a little surprising to see the Greeks taking so much trouble about figs, but we must bear in mind that they form a large part of their food, and that therefore quantity is of more consequence than quality.

POZZUOLI.

NEAR the entrance of the Bay of Naples is the town of Pozzuoli, situated within a creek of the same name. It was called by the ancients Dicaearchia, and was first used as a port (for which it was well calculated on account of its sheltered yet accessible position) by the Greeks of Cumæ, who found it very convenient for facilitating their commerce with the towns on the shores of the Bay of Naples. The natural harbour afforded a refuge to their mariners, who, unskilled in the art of navigation, and unprovided with any but the rudest appliances for the guidance and government of their frail barks, were compelled to make short voyages, and to trust to chance, and the nearest shelter nature afforded them, in case of a storm.

Naples (which is now as much distinguished as a trading town as Pozzuoli was at the time of which we are speaking) was considered by the ancient mariners to be too far distant from the entrance of the bay for commercial purposes; besides which, it afforded but poor protection for their vessels, the coast being much exposed. Therefore, Dicaearchia became the great dépôt of merchandise and the centre of commerce, leaving to Naples the encouragement of the fine arts, for which it has always been celebrated.

During the second Punic war, Dicaearchia passed into the hands of the Romans. It was noted for its hot springs, celebrated for the cure of various diseases; within its limits there were thirty-five natural baths of different sorts of tepid water, and from these baths or pits, called in Latin "putei," the town is said to have taken its name of Puteoli, since modernised to Pozzuoli. Under the yoke of the Romans, Pozzuoli increased in importance, and received into its ports vessels from different parts of the world, laden with tributes of the riches of the conquered nations. In the first century, in the reign of Augustus, it reached the zenith of its prosperity. Ships, richly laden, touched at its ports to land their cargoes; the stuffs of Asia, the corn of Egypt, the various commodities and metals of the East, were brought to this town. Large manufactories now sprang up close to the harbour, and materials received in the raw state were again exported, after having undergone various processes of manufacture.

But the inhabitants of Pozzuoli did not give themselves up entirely to the pursuit of commerce; for the ruins of their magnificent public buildings and beautiful villas still bear evidence of superior taste. On the shore of the gulf, west of the town, was Cicero's villa, called Academia, where he wrote his book entitled "Academical Questions."

The cathedral church of Pozzuoli was built from an ancient temple, constructed of large stones without the aid of mortar or cement. This temple was dedicated to Augustus, under the name of Jupiter, by Calpurnius, a Roman knight, to which fact the inscription on the front bears evidence. It is related that St. Paul once preached there. Puteoli is mentioned in the 28th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles.

The amphitheatre, of which some of the arches and cells still remain, is supposed to be more ancient than that of Vespasian at Rome. A cell is shown in which it is said St. Januarius and many other martyrs were confined, before their exposure in the arena. An inscription tells us that this saint, being exposed to famished bears, they went down on their knees before him: he was afterwards beheaded.

At the village of Bacoli, between the castle of Baia, which is represented in our engraving, and the Cape of Miseno, is the Piscina Mirabile, constructed by Suetonius as a reservoir of water for the use of the Roman fleet. Forty-eight massive pillars supported the vaulted roof of this singular edifice: near it were large granaries which furnished the vessels with corn.

Augustus, being aware of the importance of its position, and wishing to add still more to the strength of Pozzuoli, undertook vast works of improvement. The Greeks had already built out an immense mole, in the form of a bridge, supported on huge piles, from the point on which the town stood; for

the Cape of Miseno formed an insufficient barrier against the violence of the open sea. This was a bold work, but Augustus undertook one of far greater magnitude, in connecting the Lucrine lake with that of Avernus, and thus establishing a communication with the sea; so that there were three harbours, that of Pozzuoli, of Lucrine, and of Avernus, capable of receiving the Roman fleets. He gave to Agrippa the management of this great work. The lake of Avernus was surrounded by steep banks overgrown with wild masses of vegetation. The ancients described the fumes it emitted as being so malignant that even birds could not fly over it, but dropped down dead. This circumstance, joined with the depth and gloom of the lake, led the ancients to take it for the gate or entrance of hell; and, accordingly, Homer brings Ulysses to Avernus, as to the mouth of the infernal regions; and, in imitation of the great bard, Virgil makes Æneas descend this way to the same abodes;—

"And here th' innavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From thence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake."

Æneid, Book vi.

Agrippa had the forests levelled with the ground, and thus allowing the malignant effluvia to escape, dispelled the gloom of horror and superstition by which it had so long been beset.

Pozzuoli was the scene of one of the mad acts of the monster Caligula. In imitation of Xerxes, he ordered a bridge of boats to be constructed, at an immense expense, across the bay, between Baia and Pozzuoli, for no other purpose than that he might be able to boast that he had walked over the sea as over dry land, because some astrologer had once declared that there was as little chance of Caligula succeeding to the throne, as there was of his walking across the bay. The road was paved and covered with sand, and had parapets on each side. The first day after its completion, he crossed it on horseback, crowned with oak, followed by an immense crowd; the second day he traversed it in a triumphal chariot, carrying on his head a crown of laurel given by the Parthians to Darius.

The remains of the temple of Serapis form the most striking monument in Pozzuoli. The three remaining columns, of fine cippolino marble, are seen in the engraving. It was erected, during the second century A.D., in honour of the Egyptian Jupiter; and, after remaining buried under the sea for several centuries, was covered by an eruption of the Solfatara, which dispersed the waters. On the excavation of this temple, in the year 1751, it was found to be almost perfect; and, though its preservation would have been very easy, was completely stripped, the columns, statues, and vases, by which it was adorned, being carried away. This building, although sacred, contained a number of baths to which the public were doubtless admitted. In ancient times the practice of medicine was generally connected with, and protected by, religion; this building was evidently planned to serve these two purposes. In the quadrangle was a portico supported by Corinthian columns; in the centre of this atrium four steps led up to the place upon which the antiquaries of the last century assert that a circular temple, the cupola of which was supported by sixteen pillars of red marble, was found standing, and within this round enclosure they discovered an octangular bath, which was doubtless used in the great ablutions. This is the form of the Christian baptistries of the fourth century, such as we find at Rome in the baptistry of Constantine. Those constructed at Aix, at Arles in Provence, and at Ravenna in Italy, were of the same form. The Christians evidently borrowed the design of their fonts from these octangular baths enclosed in circular colonnades, which were

used by the ancients for both medical and religious purposes. In the temple of Serapis, behind the quadrangular peristyle, are square apartments, which must have been used as private baths, and not, as it has been supposed, for the use of the priests.

Behind Pozzuoli rises the volcanic mountain of Solfatara, called by the ancients the Court of Vulcan. On its summit is an oval plain, surrounded by hills, which appears to have sunk to its present level by the falling in of the top of the mountain during some eruption. Some conjecture that the hollow beneath is connected with Mount Vesuvius. Mr. Swinburne says that the ground quaked and resounded under his feet, and by laying his ear close to the earth, he could distinguish the bubbling and hissing of boiling water; yet, upon part of this crust or floor, chestnut trees flourish in

Virgil, but it is thought to be much more ancient than Rome.

On the hill above is the tomb of Virgil. It is related by Ælius Denatus, a celebrated grammarian of the fourth century, in his life of Virgil, that his ashes were carried to Naples, by order of Augustus, and deposited on the hill. Several authors describe the cinerary urn of Virgil, but nothing now remains but a square room with an arched roof, overgrown with briars and weeds, among which flourishes an ancient laurel, which tradition says planted itself upon the tomb of the poet. It is said that it is impossible to destroy the plant, for that if cut down it is sure to bud again; but, in spite of this, slips of the tree are planted around to preserve the species, and the plant itself does not appear more than sixty years old.



VIEW OF POZZUOLI, ON THE GULF OF NAPLES.

perfect vigour, and a variety of shrubs shoot up along its banks, where they find level ground into which to strike root, and are out of the blasting smoke. On the north side of the mountain the waters find vent, and pursue their way in a burning stream to the lake of Aquano, a circular lake nearly two miles in circumference, embosomed in hills, which has all the appearance of a volcanic crater. Its waters are filled with myriads of frogs. At Solfatara, manufactures of sulphur, alum, and vitriol are carried on.

The country around Pozzuoli is rich in interesting antiquities; between the town and Naples is the celebrated grotto of Rosilippo, a gallery cut through a mountain of the same name. It is half a mile in length, and sufficiently broad for two carriages to pass. Various accounts are given of its origin; the common people ascribe it to the enchantment of

The shores of Pozzuoli, once the scene of Roman magnificence, luxury, and profligacy, are now deserted. Here and there, amid the luxuriant though neglected vegetation, decaying monuments meet the eye, forcibly reminding one of the former greatness and opulence of this town. In the month of June, the scene is rendered still more desolate by the terrible malaria which extends its sway over the vast and beautiful part of Italy lying along the coasts of the Mediterranean, driving away the principal inhabitants. The effects of the malaria, though differing according to the constitution and habits of its victims, are always most distressing. Sometimes the sufferers are carried off in a few days, but more frequently they are attacked by an intermittent fever, in which case they gradually lose strength, and sometimes linger for several years.

MRS. CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

The lady whose portrait adorns this number of our publication was born at Northampton, in May, 1808. Mr. Jones, her father, belonged to that respectable class of yeomen of whom England has for centuries had reason to be proud. At an early age the subject of this sketch had to deplore her father's loss, and thenceforth she was indebted to the example and

When about twenty-five years of age, Caroline Jones was married to Captain Archibald Chisholm, a native of Scotland, in the East India Company's military service. It was for a long time imagined that Mrs. Chisholm's husband was connected with the navy, and even now that notion prevails very generally; but it is quite a mistake. This error has doubtless



PORTRAIT OF MRS. CHISHOLM.

energy of her maternal parent for many of those characteristics which have so singularly marked her career, and placed her in the first rank among the practical reformers of this enlightened age. Mrs. Jones is still living, enjoying more health and strength than falls to the lot of most people; and she doubtless feels an honest pride in witnessing the position which her daughter has so deservedly attained in the estimation of the British public.

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arisen from Mrs. Chisholm's name having so long been associated with ships.

Two years after their marriage, Mrs. Chisholm accompanied her husband to India, he being connected with the Madras Presidency. Here may be said to have commenced Mrs. Chisholm's first public efforts. She found the poor young girls and orphans of the soldiers in an alarming state of ignorance and vice. Seeing the evil, she lost little time in

uselessly deploring it, but immediately proposed a remedy. This was, to establish a school, and to teach the young girls domestic duties. After many disappointments and vexations, Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in firmly establishing the institution now known in Madras as the Orphanage.

In 1838 Captain Chisholm's health compelled him to remove his family to Van Diemen's Land, and he eventually settled at Sydney. In 1840 he rejoined his regiment, leaving Mrs. Chisholm and her family in Australia. Mrs. Chisholm soon found an ample field for her activity and philanthropy in endeavouring to improve the then infamous system of emigration, more especially with regard to the treatment of her own sex. Both want of space and disinclination to submit facts so unseemly to our readers, preclude us from detailing the sufferings and insults which hundreds of virtuous English girls had to endure, both during the Australian voyage and at its termination. Thanks to the subject of this sketch, those iniquities are at an end.

After a series of obstacles had been overcome—obstacles, too, that arose in quarters where they might have been least expected—Mrs. Chisholm succeeded in establishing at Sydney an Emigrants' Home. After she had procured them the shelter of the Home—brought them, as she termed it, "under her own roof," for she resided there herself, sending her children to the care of others elsewhere—her next object was to find them employment. Even now, when all the facts are so familiar to the public, it is almost difficult to conceive that we are not perusing some romance, so unusual and extraordinary was the course adopted to attain the much-desired end. Well knowing that Sydney was the last place where the girls could obtain respectable employment, although numerous "places" were vacant, Mrs. Chisholm resolved to take them into the bush. Journey after journey did Mrs. Chisholm take, at times accompanied by sixty or seventy girls, whom she left comfortably placed with the wives of respectable settlers. These "bush" excursions proved eminently successful for the female emigrants, and were productive of great good to the colony.

After Mrs. Chisholm had been employed in these arduous undertakings for more than eight years, she resolved upon returning to England, where she hoped still further to extend her sphere of usefulness. In February, 1845, the inhabitants of Sydney presented her with an address and testimonial, amounting to 150 guineas, all of which was collected on the eve of her departure. That money Mrs. Chisholm promised to devote to the service of the colony, by fulfilling two commissions with which she had been entrusted—one from the convicts, and another from the emigrant population of Sydney. And most nobly was that promise redeemed, under circumstances, too, that would have dismayed most persons, even of the sterner sex.

No sooner had Mrs. Chisholm landed in England than she commenced her work, which was nothing more nor less than laying siege to the Colonial Office! "Emigration and Transportation relatively Considered," a small pamphlet addressed to Earl Grey, was the first shot, which, of course, "fell short," and did not induce the besieged to exhibit any tokens of submission. But this was followed by such a continuous fire of petitions, statements, and appeals, from many hundreds of convicts (who, having long since paid the penalty of their faults in the colony, now called upon the home government to redeem the promises made to them, on condition of their good behaviour, and forward to them their wives and children), that "the enemy" capitulated, and government listened with an attentive ear to Mrs. Chisholm's plain and homely truths, and fulfilled the pledges they had broken at the suggestion of the "squattling interest," which had succeeded for a time in hindering a measure of both policy and justice. Thus was one of Mrs. Chisholm's colonial missions fulfilled.

The other commission was of a still more difficult kind to achieve, inasmuch as there was not the plea of injustice upon which to base her application at head-quarters. Among the emigrants at Sydney vast numbers had been compelled, by the then existing regulations of the government commissioners,

to leave their children in England. These children numbered several hundreds, and were, in many cases, a burden upon their respective parishes. To get these children sent out to their parents was now Mrs. Chisholm's object. At first all attempts were utterly fruitless; but perseverance always has its reward, and in this case there was no exception to the general rule. After numerous attendances, both at the Emigration Commissioners' and Colonial Offices—at both of which places Mrs. Chisholm presented herself almost daily, during the severest winter weather—success at last crowned her exertions, and government issued orders for the conveyance of the children to their parents in the colony, which orders were promptly carried out in the ensuing spring.

And now, Mrs. Chisholm having done with her colonial friends, thought there was something needed for the improvement of emigration and the protection of the emigrant at home. She imagined that the condition of emigrants, during a journey of sixteen thousand miles, was well worthy the attention of those who either felt, or professed to feel, an interest in the moral welfare of their fellow-creatures, but more especially of the tender sex, who, when once on board an emigrant ship—whether a "government" ship or not made little difference—were entirely at the mercy of men whose conduct was highly censurable. As Mrs. Chisholm truly observed, "these are trying situations for human nature, and a dangerous position for young women to find themselves in. The innocent and the helpless stand there exposed to the wiles of the snarer. Who has not been shocked by the frightful details we have read in the public papers; how orphan after orphan has been victimised on board emigrant ships by men calling themselves Christians; how modest maidens have been brutalised over and insulted by those whose peculiar duty it was to protect them during the long and tedious voyage?"

It was with a view to the suppression of these evils that Mrs. Chisholm resolved to establish the Family Colonisation Loan Society, through the medium of which she has of late years become so universally known in England. The aims and objects of that society have been made public through so many channels, that it is quite unnecessary here to recapitulate them. But too much importance should not be attached to this one result of Mrs. Chisholm's energy and perseverance. It is in the increased morality, the established propriety, the improved sanitary arrangements, and the better regulated dietary scales of every emigrant ship leaving a British port, that her beneficial exertions are universally acknowledged.

In 1851 Captain Chisholm sailed for Melbourne, where he has since been actively engaged in sending over remittances from parties in Australia who are desirous of seeing once more in this life those nearest and dearest to them. Right well has he seconded his wife's views; for since his arrival he has remitted upwards of ten thousand pounds, some of which has been expended in affording immediate relief to aged parents; but the great bulk of the amount has been disbursed as passage money for numerous relatives, who, but for these arrangements, would in all probability never again have met in this world. In less than two years, about eight hundred individuals have joined their relatives in Australia solely through the aid afforded them by the Family Colonisation Loan Society, in addition to the remittances sent through the medium of Captain Chisholm.

In connexion with Mrs. Chisholm's surprising career, we could state many facts alike creditable to that lady and new to the general reader; but our space compels us to refrain from their recital. It must not be thought for a moment, that when Mrs. Chisholm has seen her emigrants on board, she has done with them. Every matter connected with the emigrant's welfare and comfort has her hearty support. Thus the Colonial Postage Association has been favoured with her powerful assistance, and the Post-office authorities are at present engaged in making arrangements whereby the postage will be reduced to a uniform rate of fourpence to every British colony, instead of the present enormous charge. At the earnest request of Mrs. Chisholm, also, colonial money-orders

will shortly be adopted, for sums not exceeding five pounds. But for the example set by Captain Chisholm in forwarding remittances to this country, and the great success attending his efforts, this arrangement, would probably never have been entered into.

In this sketch of Mrs. Chisholm's labours, we have been obliged to limit ourselves to a mere glance at her numerous practical endeavours. To enter into details would fill a goodly volume. In the spring of next year, the subject of our sketch will embark for Australia, which may justly be termed the country of her adoption, and whose people will no doubt one day do homage to the genius and philanthropy of their foster-mother. But in proportion as Australia will be benefited by her presence, so will English emigrants of every grade (but working people's wives and daughters especially), find that they have lost the kindly aid of one whose place it will be difficult indeed to fill. The testimonial at present in course of subscription will doubtless prove that Englishmen can duly appreciate her worth, but English women can never sufficiently reward *their* champion in every position in which it has been Mrs. Chisholm's lot to find them placed. Thanks to that enterprising lady, English mothers can now safely trust their young and innocent daughters in ships for Australia, without any fear of their falling, as too many have before now, an easy prey to bad, designing men.

As many of our readers would doubtless deem this account incomplete without a sketch of Mrs. Chisholm "at home," we will very briefly describe our visit (accompanied by a female friend) in June of last year, just before the departure of the "Scindian," "Frances Walker," and "Nepaul," freighted with the society's emigrants. The exterior of Mrs. Chisholm's residence at Islington was as unprepossessing as bricks and mortar could possibly make it. Street architecture was evidently in its infancy when Charlton-crescent was thrown together—not built. An assemblage of humbly-clad but clean-looking persons saved us the trouble of seeking the particular house we wanted. It had no distinguishing feature from its neighbours, save that the street-door was adorned with a very small brass plate, inscribed "Captain Chisholm," which had evidently done years of good service in the East on some bullock-trunk or travelling-chest. Such an unpretending name-plate would be repudiated by most suburban residents of the present "fast" school, even for their carpet-bag during their annual week's vacation at Gravesend or Margate. The passage was crowded with intending emigrants, each more eager than the other for an interview with the object of our visit. After considerable jostling and squeezing, we, at length contrived to send up our name by a venerable female attendant, who expressed a fervent wish that we "might see her missus that night," but she was sure she didn't know *when*! Our fair companion's curiosity was, of course, awakened at this aspect of affairs, and she, at any rate, resolved not to be disappointed. "Patience is a virtue," and we had a tolerable lesson in its acquirement. At its termination we were ushered up the narrow uncarpeted stairs into the audience-chamber upon the first floor. We had been at many "receptions," but this was the strangest of them all. Mrs. Chisholm was seated behind a large sea-chest, raised upon a couple of benches. The chest was covered with writing materials and baggage-papers, which she was distributing to the various emigrants, whilst at the same time answering every possible inquiry, and endeavouring to satisfy almost every impossible complaint. After witnessing for five minutes what Mrs. Chisholm had to endure, we felt heartily ashamed at having lost our patience on the stairs. The room (but dimly lighted by two or three candles hung in tin candlesticks against the wall) was furnished with a model of the sleeping-berths allotted to emigrants on board the society's ships. Though doubtless very well adapted for the purpose intended, their appearance certainly did not imbue us with a desire immediately to seek

and repose in our own time-honoured four-poster. Attached to the sides of these sleeping-berths were sundry utensils required by those indulging in a voyage to the antipodes, such as tin plates, hook-pots, and water-cans. These were evidently constructed by some one having most severe notions of economy, combined with a vast regard for durability. One of the bed-places was occupied by a filter, snugly ensconced in a wicker-basket of snowy whiteness, looking altogether so provokingly cozy and comfortable by comparison with its neighbours, that it almost seemed to say, "Won't you find *me* useful, my friends?" A model emigrants' medicine-chest, made of plain deal wood, unencumbered with all decoration save a printed label, together with a life-buoy, "capable of sustaining seven persons," completed alike the ornaments and utilities of the room.

The "group-meeting" over, and the emigrants dismissed, we were (at ten o'clock at night) favoured with a private interview by the Emigrants' Friend—for such, indeed, is Mrs. Chisholm. Most of our readers have doubtless seen many portraits of this lady. Beyond our own illustration, we have seen but one good likeness—poor Fairland's lithograph from Hayter's painting. To describe a lady's personal appearance is an ungracious task at best, and we will therefore not attempt it save in a negative manner. Those of our readers who have seen Mrs. Chisholm depicted (by a certain enthusiastic artist, as yet, happily, unknown to fame) as being mounted on a coal-black steed, attired in an elegant riding-habit (with the prescribed length and insufficiency of waist), and with her whip beckoning her emigrants across a colonial river, in a decidedly "Come on!" style of attitude, worthy of Astley's best tableaux,* may rest perfectly assured that they do not, from such a picture, form a very accurate notion of the Emigrants' Friend, as she really appears when rendering them assistance. Let them imagine a sedate, matronly lady, with eyes well set under a very capacious forehead—orbis that seem to "look you through" whilst addressing you—and withal a fascinating manner which at once seizes upon you, and induces you to prolong your stay, and they will have a tolerable portrait of Mrs. Chisholm.

After a very brief interview, we took our leave, convinced that we had seen by no means the least remarkable personage of these practical and wonder-working times.

Although future English emigrants will shortly be deprived of Mrs. Chisholm's counsel before they quit their native shores, still the results of her labours will remain. These results have been obtained in despite of an opposition such as few would be willing to contend against—an opposition that could only have been defeated by one who was prepared to bring into the contest the same amount of stern determination, unflinching industry, and disinterested philanthropy, as Mrs. Chisholm. But it is the women of England who should ever bless her name, for many indeed are the almost broken hearts of the gentler sex that have been healed by her. Mothers have been united to children whom they hardly dared to hope ever again to see in this life; wives have joined their husbands, after years of painful separation; and scores of British maidens, shielded alike from injury and insult during the long sea voyage, have been safely deposited at their brothers' Australian firesides. These facts should not, and we feel assured will not, be speedily forgotten. Whilst they are remembered, then also will the woman be borne in mind by whose undaunted energy such glorious results were achieved. Every English parent, for ages yet to come, whose children, either from necessity or inclination, may be induced to seek the Australian shores, will have good reason to bless the day when emigration was reformed, its glaring and infamous abuses remedied, and its difficulties and dangers lessened, by the energetic genius and daring moral courage of CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

"A life on the ocean wave,"

but rather strengthened our determination

"To take our stand on solid land,"

* A picture recently published in a panoramic form, entitled, "Adventures of Mrs. Chisholm," contains the above portrait. This singular production has been sold by thousands both in the metropolis and the northern provincial towns.

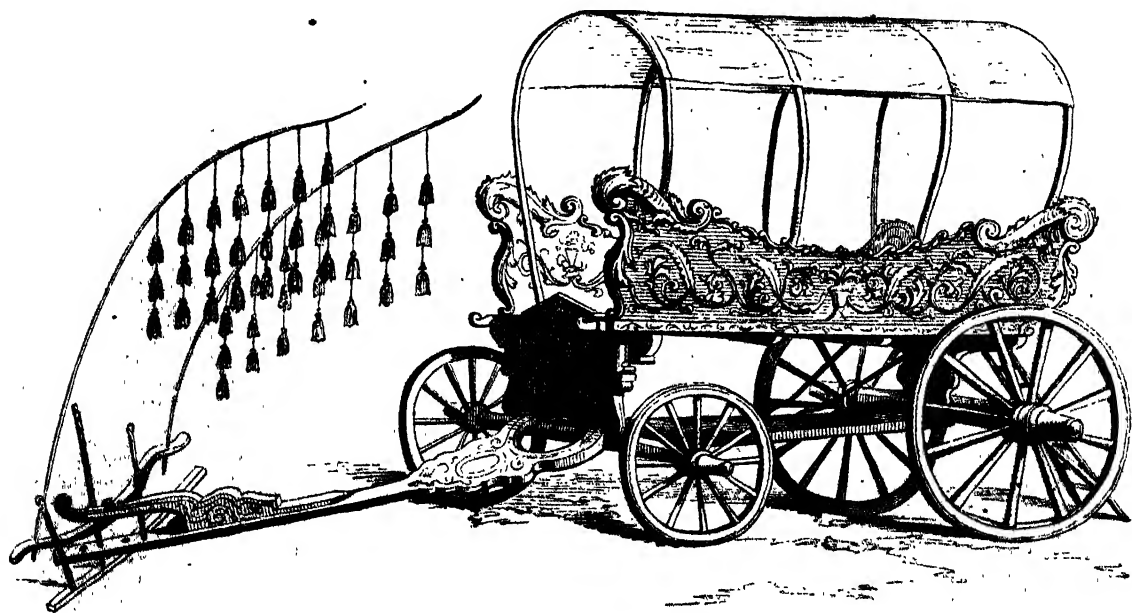
THE ARABA, OR OMNIBUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE first London omnibus which plied in metropolitan thoroughfares was started in 1829, by Mr. George Shillibeer, and on the 4th of June made its first journey from the residence of the old lady in Threadneedle-street, commonly called the Bank of England, to the Yorkshire Stingo, Paddington. The original omnibuses were vastly different from our modern vehicles bearing the same name; there was a heaviness about them not now to be tolerated; they were drawn by three horses abreast; fitted up, some of them at least, with a library of books for the entertainment of travellers, while the conductors wore velvet caps and uniform jackets. At present there are about three thousand 'buses, each travelling daily over sixty miles of ground, employing about eleven thousand men in the traffic, in which is invested a sum not less than £100,000. The omnibus conveyance is now popular all over England, and in many parts of the continent. The progress made in arts and manufactures has been equalled by that of locomotion, and while over the broad country, the metallic net-work of iron rails marks out the course of the steam-king, through city streets and out to

taste and delicacy. These decorations are reproduced within the carriage, and are, if possible, more graceful than those without, for the Turk loves the beautiful as well or better than the useful. There are no benches or seats, the passengers being accommodated after the oriental fashion with mats, while the flooring of the carriage is covered with a rich carpet. The omnibus is entered by a small strong ladder at the back.

The means which have been adopted for making the comfort of the passengers greater than it would otherwise be, are not at all complete, and in most instances, the deficiency of, or the clumsiness of the springs used, renders this mode of travelling very fatiguing. The streets of Constantinople are not the best in the world, and rumbling through them at a quick pace in a Turkish omnibus is not the most exhilarating or agreeable process. But the look of the carriages prepossesses one in their favour.

The pole of the team is attached to the first axle-tree and to the horizontal board which connects it with the second; it is richly ornamented with sculptured foliage, and tastefully



THE ARABA, OR OMNIBUS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

pleasant suburbs plies the omnibus, affording at once cheap and rapid travelling, though the latter must be received with a grain of caution.

Turkey has its omnibuses as well as England. Strangely different, however, in every particular; unlike as turban and toga to wide-awake and gaiters. Through the kindness of a correspondent we are enabled to present a sketch of a Turkish conveyance which they call Araba, and we call 'bus.

This description of vehicle is constructed to carry ten or twelve persons. It is intended for the conveyance of the inhabitants of Constantinople; and plies to the various quarters of the city and its environs. It is covered with an arched canopy, such as those that were formerly used by the priests of Rome, and are depicted on ancient medals of the time of Nero; to this canopy curtains can be attached so as completely to conceal those who are within the vehicle; and when thus arrayed the Araba is employed to convey the women of the harem to the mosques or into the country, shutting them in effectually from the vulgar gaze. The sides of the carriages are richly ornamented, covered with the most beautiful sculptures, light and elegant in their design, and coloured with

painted after the style of the vehicle. The carriage is drawn by a pair of oxen, and from the front of the pole which separates them arise two slender pieces of iron, each bearing twenty-one silken tassels, which add considerably to the picturesque effect of the whole. These omnibuses are among the most interesting objects of the Turkish capital. Wandering through the busy streets, among the turbaned heads, and dark visages, and full-robed figures, dreamily thinking of the glories of its past history, of Mahomet with his new faith, of the idolatry of the Kaaba, of the battles, triumphs, and defeats of these ancient people, of the mysterious harems and wondrous mosques, the traveller is surprised by the approach of one of these arabas, with its stately oxen, their horns all hung with ribbons like sacrificial bulls, the gilded and painted carriage, a very marvel to behold, and the varicoloured costumes of the men and women within, as bright and variegated as a rainbow. An omnibus it may be, but it is so thoroughly Eastern, so much in keeping with the place and the people, that it seems to defy all modern notions, and might have conveyed the one-eyed cadi or been hailed by Sindbad the Sailor in the "good old time."

THE SEWING MACHINE.

A MACHINE has at last been invented which promises to make the wrongs of distressed needlewomen a matter of historical record, instead of a living and painful reality. We have lately had the pleasure of seeing it at work at the office of the company which has purchased the patent, in Lawrence-lane, Cheapside, and were no less surprised at the simplicity of its mechanism, than at the speed and excellence with which it performs its work. In appearance it very much resembles the copying presses that one sees in a merchant's office, excepting that it is a little bulkier, and has a small wheel turned by the hand, for which, of course, the foot or steam can at any time be substituted. The turning of the wheel is effected by ordinary mechanism working across the shaft; a bar which passes from one side of the machine to the other, in the form of an arch, causes a needle fixed in a groove perpendicularly to ascend and descend through a hole in the platform underneath, with great rapidity. About the centre of this needle is its eye, through which the thread, wound off a reel fixed in the shaft, passes.

the groove in its back when the machine begins to move. As soon as this needle, then, sees the loop hanging down from the other needle, it dashes at it with great rapidity, whirls itself through it, thread and all. The other needle immediately ascends, carries the loop with it, but there is no escape; the latter is fixed against the cloth, and a stitch is made. The cloth is kept in motion by the hand of the attendant, and thus the process is repeated along the line with intense rapidity, one needle jumping up and down with one thread, and the other traversing its loop horizontally with another thread below.

Every minute a yard of cloth is sewn in a style far superior to that of hand-sewing, and the invention can be applied to nearly every sort of work, except the stitching of button-holes and a few other things requiring great nicety. For sail-making, and such like, it will prove invaluable; and as it does the work of twenty hands, it will undoubtedly cheapen clothing of every kind greatly.



THE SEWING MACHINE.

Upon the platform, under this needle, over the oblong hole or cutting of which we have spoken, is placed the cloth or other substance to be operated upon, in such a position, of course, that the needle shall strike it in the right place. All being ready, the attendant turns the wheel, down darts the needle through the cloth, carrying the thread *with* it, but not *after* it, as in hand sewing. The consequence of this is, that when both get to the other side, the thread, by the mere impetus, hangs down in a loop, and has no hold on the cloth at all. Very imperfect mode of sewing, this, you will say. But wait a minute. Underneath the platform, cloth and all, and almost hidden from the eye of the spectator, is another needle, forming nearly a circle, and having a groove running along its back, like an eel that has had its spine removed. This needle is made to revolve with great rapidity *horizontally*, by the same wheel, only that in this instance it is moved by machinery passing under the platform, and it receives its ammunition from a reel fixed in the same place. It has its eye in the proper place—its head; and the thread, when placed in it, falls into

The invention is American, in which country the machine has, we believe, been at work for a considerable length of time; but the patent having been disposed of to a gentleman in England, a company has been formed to carry it out, which is now conducting operations on an extensive scale. Immense numbers of the sewing-machines are disposed of every week to tailors, clothiers, hosiers, sail-makers, &c., and some to private families. The price, £30, will, of course, for the present, place it out of the reach of most of the latter; but that it will one day be an essential article of furniture in every well-regulated household we have no doubt.

Many people are already beginning to exclaim—"What will become of the poor needlewomen? This will ruin them!" Nothing of the kind. Much misery may, no doubt, result from the suddenness of the change, but the result will, in the long run, be the overthrow of a system which disgraced our civilisation, and the rescue of thousands of suffering mortals from misery and degradation. Every triumph of machinery over manual labour is a gain to humanity.

LITERATURE IN RUSSIA.

Russian society is divided pretty much in this way:—first come the noblesse, made up partly of those who claim descent from the old boyards, or landholders, and stand on the high ground of ancient lineage, and partly of the parvenus, like our law lords, who have been ennobled for years of faithful performance of their duty in the public service. Between these and the serfs, however, there comes a large class, which we altogether lose sight of in thinking and speaking about Russia, composed of government officials, toiling desperately in the hope of one day obtaining a patent of nobility, and cheating and taking bribes in order to accumulate a fortune sufficient to support the looked-for honour; of the merchants and traders who are daily advancing in wealth and importance, and who, under the present emperor, have been placed in possession of many new privileges; and, last of all, the shopkeepers, whose interests are almost identified with those of the merchants. Below all these, at the very base of the social system lie the serfs; and even here we find many shades of distinction, which, in a paper like this, it would be impossible to enumerate. But, despite the petty rivalries, prejudices, and antipathies by which the various classes are naturally animated, one idea has of late years pervaded the whole mass, and now exercises a powerful influence upon the foreign politics of the state—the idea of Muscovite nationality, as something original in itself, separate and distinct from all the other nationalities of Europe. It is this sentiment which has always lived in the heart of the great body of the people, notwithstanding the efforts of the sovereign to assimilate them to the rest of Europe, and which has produced Russian literature such as we now find it.

Before the time of Peter the Great, it is hardly necessary to say that no literature, any more than art, or science, or manufacture, or in fact anything beyond the very rudiments of civilisation, existed in Russia. He found the whole nation in a state of barbarism; but he found them in possession of a noble language, rich but simple, pompous but energetic, passionate but dignified, containing a splendid family of verbs, which have the singular power, unknown to any other modern language, of expressing by a single word, and without the help of any auxiliary, the nicest shades of distinction in either state or action,—of changing the substantives into verbs, and of heightening or lowering infinitesimally the force of all expressions by a whole army of augmentative or diminutive particles. Its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is the eldest daughter of the old Slavonic, and the one which has most faithfully adhered to the original type. In the tenth century, John, the exarch of Bulgaria, applied the Greek method of John Damascenus to its grammatical organisation. Some of the Russians, however, claim for their idiom a still more remote origin, and state that the two monks Cyrillus and Methodius invented the Slave alphabet in the seventh century of the Christian era. This agrees with the opinion of the great Slave scholar, Safarjik, who ascribes the origin of the principal Slavonic dialects to the period comprised between the end of the fifth and the commencement of the tenth century. The oldest written monument of the Russian language is the testament of Vladimir Monomachus; after him comes a monk named Nestor, the most ancient chronicler of Russia; the only traces of literature to be found between his time and that of the Czar Peter are the popular songs and ballads, and some fragments of an epic poem, entitled "The Exploits of the Army of Jegor II., the Son of Oleg." It was out of these that the Russian language, such as it exists at the present day, and such as we have described it, arose. It was spoken over a larger extent of territory than any other, whether of ancient or modern times. It was the tongue of the boyard as well as of his serfs,—was heard in the castle halls, as well as in the rude *izba* or cabin of the ploughman.

In Peter's time nothing that was of home growth received much encouragement. Foreign manners, foreign manufactures, foreign costume, foreign houses, were sedulously copied

under his direction. He was the architect of the first European city which had appeared in his dominions. His great aim was to bring Russia within the pale of civilisation, and entitle her to take rank amongst the great powers of the continent. We know with what success his efforts were crowned. But in one department they were near doing Russia a fatal and all but irretrievable injury. They struck a deadly blow at her literature. Foreign artificers may promote industry and teach the arts of civilisation, and foreign discipline might organise an effective army; but nothing save native efforts and native genius can create a literature. This must assuredly be an indigenous plant. Its growth must be from within, not outwards. Any attempts to engraft upon it the productions of other climes and races destroy its vigour, and produce sickly deformity. France, as the nation which then, as now, possessed the largest influence and most extended relations upon the continent, stepped into the sphere which was now opened up to her, and under Catherine the Great, particularly, all the productions of Russian intellect were cast in a Parisian mould. Every mark of nationality disappeared from them. Except Lomonossoff, the poor fisherman of Archangel, and the Prince Cantemir, celebrated for his satires, no Muscovite author of the eighteenth century published anything racy of his native soil, which was not spoiled by French airs and graces. The literary circle which Catherine the Great gathered round her at the Hermitage was made up of foreigners, or denationalised natives, who sought to hide their origin, and forget the barbarism out of which they had just emerged, by close imitation of French customs, the adoption of the French language, and the discussion of all the questions of literature or philosophy which then agitated the Parisian salons. Any books which appeared were feeble imitations of French authors, the court wits cracked French jokes, sang French songs, and read French novels and memoirs, and abandoned their native language to the lower orders and the country gentry. A poem, recounting the glories of Peter the Great, by Keraskoff, entitled the "Petreid," appeared during this period, but it bore an unmistakeable resemblance to Voltaire's "Henriade." No traces of Muscovite literature were to be found, save in the old songs and romances, which the peasants sang or recited during the long nights of winter around the firesides in their cabins.

This state of things subsisted without change until the campaign of 1812 led the Russian army into the heart of France. Thousands of the youth of all classes served in the ranks or bore commissions in it, for the war against Napoleon had become a holy war; and thousands more followed in the wake of the conquerors. Once in Paris, a new world was opened up to them. The prodigious intellectual activity, the freedom, the excitement, the enterprise, the bustle and unfaltering energy, and, above all, the bold and prominent outlines of character which marked the nations of the west, surprised and astonished them. Their sovereign, Alexander, was not the man to put a curb on their inquiries, or check their aspirations. On the contrary, he rather encouraged them. He was enthusiastic, high-souled, and magnanimous beyond the measure usually allotted to sovereigns, and it was well known that he dreamt of a state of things in Russia in which the rights of humanity should be duly respected, and the principle of equality before the law be fully recognised. As a natural consequence of all this, the peace was the commencement in Russia of an era of prodigious intellectual activity. The various social and political questions which then occupied the attention of statesmen in France and England, were discussed with almost equal freedom at St. Petersburg. Unhappily, this excitement bore bitter fruits. Alexander died in November, 1825, and in the following month a conspiracy, which had been long organised, and had for its object the establishment of a constitutional monarchy, or a republic, broke out and was promptly suppressed. The Emperor Nicholas inaugurated his reign by hanging five of the ringleaders, and sending the rest to Siberia or the mines. Beyond this, the affair seemed to have little effect upon the mass of the people; but the youth, who had imbibed the new doctrines, saw at once the error

their chiefs had committed in resorting to brute force, and that the true course for the progressionist party to follow was to create and foster a national literature, and make it racy of the soil, as the first step towards the civilisation and elevation of the masses, and the diffusion of sound notions of liberty and government. For this they, as a matter of course, threw aside German and French—then the language of the court and of polite society—and went straight to the old Russ. They found it divided into two branches; one pure, but spoken by the common people, preserving all its imagery, its metaphorical forms of expression and stately dignity; the other gallicised and germanised, clipped and pruned and debased by foreign intermixture, in order to adopt it to the requirements of town gossip and of trade. The former they at once selected as their weapon, and fortunately for them they were not debarred from the perusal of such works as appeared upon various questions of social and political interest in France, and Germany, and England. Russia has, in the matter of books, always been in advance of Italy and even of some parts of Germany. There was no "Index Expurgatorius" at St. Petersburg; most books that might be read in London might have been read there also. The national language and literature about this time, thanks to the efforts of a few gifted individuals, began to occupy the attention of the nobility, and became subjects of interest in the salons of the capital. The movement had eventually set in in the right direction. All that was wanted was a man of genius to represent it, to watch over and direct it, who should in short be the gauge to test its rapidity and strength. This man appeared in the person of Paul Pouchkina, a scion of one of the oldest families of the empire. While a pupil at the military school, he devoted every hour he could snatch from severe studies to the secret and enraptured perusal of Voltaire and Goethe. While yet a boy his poetical effusions had excited attention in St. Petersburg, and intercourse with some of the literary men of the day who frequented his father's house developed his talent into precocious activity. He entered upon life, proud, fiercely independent, impetuous to the verge of ferocity, gloomy in temperament, and almost barbaric in his passions. His productions, after the assumption of the virile robe, were chiefly lyrical odes upon the triumphs of the Russian arms, and upon the ancient glories of the nation. His fierceness and independence growing with his strength, he at last launched forth into an impassioned eulogy upon liberty, and a fervid appeal to the emperor to lead the people to its destiny along the paths of freedom. The great military Colossus was not the man to be moved by appeals of this sort. Pouchkina was ordered to the Caucasus. This, which his friends looked upon as a severe blow, was, in reality, the very thing needed for the full development of his genius. The splendid scenes of nature amongst which he now found himself, the grandeur of the mountains, the awful solitude of the valleys, the wild rocky glens, the gloomy forests, and the foaming waterfalls of the ancient Chersonese, and the perfection of physical beauty, the native freedom and picturesqueness of manners which he found prevailing amongst the tribes against whom his sword was drawn, were sources of rich and varied inspiration. Some of his poems written here have a charming air of local originality, if we may use the phrase. "The Fountain of Baktchisarai," suggested by seeing the palace of one of the old Tartar Khans in ruins; "The Prisoner of the Caucasus," founded upon one of those romantic episodes which the Russian war in that region is ever displaying; "The Gipsies," portraying life amongst some of these wild tribes upon the plains of Eastern Asia—all contain a rich vein of poetry, are full of pictures of passing beauty, and yet they only give us a glimpse of the materials which in that land of wonders wait but the poet's or the painter's hand to rise into gems of art.

He returned to St. Petersburg from exile in 1824, and was employed by the Emperor Nicholas to write a history of Peter the Great. This work he never executed; but the researches which he undertook in the national records when preparing for it led him to a mine of romantic incident, from which he

drew materials for some novels, portraying the national manners and modes of thought with a master hand. They were as striking and as original as his poems. Unhappily, Pouchkina's unbridled temper led him to resort frequently to duelling as a means of deciding his quarrels; and in one of these combats, carried on in a spirit of barbaric ferocity on his part, he was killed at the early age of thirty-eight years.

He was the creator of Russian literature. He marked out its course; he gave it an aim and a standing; he infused originality into it; he showed the youth of the country what a rich, boundless store of materials, of energy, genius, and ambition to work upon, lay in the manners of their countrymen, in the scenery of their native land, in the incidents of their every-day life, and in the national archives. He did not labour in vain. If his death revealed the full height of his greatness, it revealed also the extent to which he had provided for filling up the void left by his departure. At the period when he entered upon his career, literature was exclusively the domain of the higher classes; but before he died, it had worked its way lower down in the social scale, and by the side of this aristocratic literature there grew up another, the chiefs and prophets of which belonged to the middle classes, the government officials, and professional men. All it wanted to enable it to swamp, or rather absorb, the other was, a little encouragement and support. This, luckily, it was enabled to secure. The minister of public instruction in Russia at that time, Count Ouyaroff, an able and enlightened man, gave the plebeian students every facility for competing with their more fortunate rivals. Very soon the whole energies of the rising band of young writers who began to spring up were directed towards one object—the production of a Russian Encyclopædia—which was, in every sense of the word, a great national work, civilising in its tendencies and influence. The volumes, as they appeared, had a wider circulation than any literary work which before appeared in Russia. They reached the old Muscovite towns of the interior, and made them for the first time participators in the movement which was going on in the capital. Unhappily, owing to the misunderstandings between the conductors, it was never carried to a completion. Previously to the appearance of the "Encyclopædia," a "Literary Gazette" had been carried on, exclusively devoted to literature and art, but this being confined to a very small circle of readers, the "Reading Library" was started upon a more popular basis, and although at first ably conducted, rapidly degenerated into a mere collection of translations from French and English. The best of all these literary periodicals, and one which exists in full vigour at the present moment, is the "Contemporary," edited by Peter Plotneff, the rector of the University of St. Petersburg, and member of the Russian Academy. It is the leading organ of the *Panslavist* party, whose war cry is the union of all peoples of Slavonic origin under one head, meaning of course the czar for the time being. Many of its contributors belong to the highest class of nobles.

Political literature, such as we see in our newspapers and reviews, we need hardly say, does not exist in Russia, as no observations upon any act of the government are ever for a moment permitted. Anything, however, which asserts the claims of Russia to a wider dominion, and advocates the policy of aggression, is winked at by the authorities. Historical essays, written to show the right of Russia to the possession of Poland and other countries, have at various times appeared; and very recently a drama, entitled the "Revisor," ridiculing the follies and stupidity of the provincial administration, received the direct sanction of the emperor. The latest production of the Russian press is a poem by Apollo Maikoff entitled "The Two Destinies," which paints in glowing colours the glories of the future still in store for Russia, and points out the duties of her youth with great energy and freedom of language; and to the surprise of every one, the censure has met no objection. This would be a good sign if this zeal pointed to any nobler aim than armed aggression. Still, if the seeds of free thought are once sown, wisdom is sure, in the long run, to grow out of them.

THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

THE Valley of Meyringen, in the canton of Berne, is completely shut in by some of the grandest and most picturesque mountain scenery in Switzerland. The Alps rise in rugged magnificence on every side, their snow-capped summits contrasting strangely with the verdant, flowery valley, dotted here and there with rustic *chûlets*, and watered by the river Aar, which is crossed by wooden bridges, similar to the one represented in our sketch (p. 185). This river is fed by the neighbouring mountain torrents, which, when swollen by rain or snow, have several times threatened the village of Meyringen with

of which is 200 feet in height, and its column of water nearly thirty feet in diameter. If visited in the morning, when the rays of the sun are upon it, a triple bow or iris is to be seen on the spray, which has a very beautiful effect.

The wealth of the inhabitants of this valley consists chiefly in cattle, for which the mountains yield plentiful pasturage during the summer, and in the autumn the herdsman, anticipating the severity of the coming winter, descends with his flocks to seek shelter in the valley; for the weather is such during the winter months as to render it dangerous to expose



THE SWISS HERDSMAN.

destruction. In the year 1762, it was buried twenty feet in *debris* in one hour. The church was filled with sand and gravel to the height of eighteen feet. This catastrophe was caused by a swollen torrent, descending from the mountains behind the village; carrying with it quantities of sand and rubbish, together with uprooted fir-trees and masses of rock. From this disaster the village has scarcely yet recovered. In the year 1733, many houses were carried away by an inundation.

In this valley are to be seen some of the most celebrated falls of Switzerland—those of the Reichenbach—the principal

the cattle in the long cold nights. These herdsmen lead a migratory life, moving about from place to place with their flocks.

As spring approaches, the cattle, lying upon the grass, or perched upon the rocks and bridges, as the artist has represented them in the accompanying illustration (p. 185), throw longing glances towards their mountain home. Then, also, the herdsman, who loves his mountain life as the sailor loves the sea, joyously prepares to leave the valley. But when, like the man of whom we give a sketch above, he begins to re-ascend the mountain, he casts an affectionate glance on the *chûlet*

where he has just left his family. He can still see the smoke issuing from the roof, and thinks how they will miss him at the frugal meal. But he proceeds on his way, and now the projections of the rocks shutting out these cherished objects from his view, he finds himself alone with his flocks among the grand and towering Alps.

The athletic man, represented on the opposite page, carries upon his broad shoulders his household furniture, holding in one hand his milk-pail, in the other a thick staff, pointed with iron, upon which he leans, and which would be a formidable weapon in his powerful hand. A large basket on his back contains his milk-strainer, some straw, a one-legged milking-stool, a cheese mould, the stand on which the cheeses are placed

to drain, and the great kettle in which the milk is collected, heated, and made into curds.

The Swiss herdsman's is, in reality, not so idle a life as it is often described to be; he has to collect eighty or ninety cows twice a day to be milked, many of which have often strayed away in different directions. Besides this he has to make the cheese, and keep all his utensils scrupulously clean. Hardy, robust, and indefatigable, inured to exposure from earliest childhood, his weather-beaten frame is indifferent to the vicissitudes of climate. He is wild, uncultivated, and ignorant of the usages of other people, but simple and uncontaminated by the vices, unfortunately, too common among the labouring population of most other districts.



PASTURES OF THE VALLEY OF MEYRINGEN.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XII.

King Henry. What tumult's this?

Warwick. An uproar, I dare warrant.

Begun through malice.

Shakespeare.

AND how passed the days with Bianca and Giulio while we have been occupied with the war at Palestrina? You remember—so at least would we hope—how that at the end of Spring-tide we left them in Venice. After the sudden departure of the *Sieur de la Mole*, the intercourse between the maiden and her old playmate was renewed very much upon its former footing of by-gone days. The girl analysed her feelings, and pondered upon them, and so she knew and acknowledged to her own heart that she loved. The young man took not his heart to task; he cared not to define the nature of his feelings, happy in this, that he felt they were ministering to him delights, stronger, and tenderer, and fresher than the converse of woman had ever brought to him before. Daily his thoughts turned to the same object; daily his feet led him to the same presence. Enjoying the present, unheeding the future, the relations which had so long subsisted between him and his

father's ward justified his warmest words and acts, while they caused him not to consider, perhaps not even to suspect, how far he was tampering with the most precious affections of another. Alas! this is a passage in the heart-history of our species too common to excite surprise. How often are the warm aspirations of human love drawn out from the heart and upwards to the beloved one by a warmth bright indeed, but yet not enduring—the admiration which is mistaken for passion—and then the light and the heat pass away, and the evening comes, and those aspirations exhaled from the heart fall back again upon it, like cold dew upon the earth, and turn into tears. "Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona," wrote the great Florentine—and he puts the sentiment into the mouth of woman: "with her we believe the proverbial phrase of the Italian sentiment, 'Love begets love,' is a truth that with man.

Well, be this as it may, after a few weeks of such intercourse, a message from the Count Polani summoned the young man to join him at Palestrina. It aroused Giulio from his pleasant dream, somewhat as suddenly as a splash of cold water awakes a heavy sleeper. Perhaps, too, the shock was as good for him. He began to reflect that it was scarce becoming his manhood or his noble name to linger in the city, while so many of his peers were with the troops elsewhere. And so with a blush for his past neglect of duty, and a sigh over the pleasant hours that were now to be brought to a close, he communicated to Bianca that the next day he was to leave Venice and join his father. And that day passed as the other days had lately passed, marked, it might be, by a sense of sadness that cast its shadow over Bianca's brow, and left not Giulio's face undarkened. But it passed, and passed quickly, too; and the young man has bidden his last farewell, and touched the lips of his sister-friend, and they have parted. He to mingle again in the stirring scenes of life, and give his heart and his thoughts to things that energise and brace the spirit. She to the solitude and contemplation of that habitual seclusion which had been disturbed for a short space—even as a lake is troubled by the passing breeze, and then smooths its surface that it may reflect all the more faithfully the image of the heaven that has looked down upon it.

And thus did these young people part for the second time in their lives, each loving the other, yet neither having sought or made an avowal of that love to the beloved. We believe that this is more frequently the case in real life, especially amongst the young, than writers of romance are disposed to allow. In the earlier days of such intercourse, the heart is too much engrossed with feeling to need that the lips should avow what it feels. Love seeks to enjoy its own passion, rather than to declare that enjoyment in the formality of words. And yet when the hour of parting came, a strong desire impelled Giulio to declare all he felt, and to learn from Bianca how far his own feelings were reciprocated; but an indefinable feeling, half fear, half reserve, repressed the words that were trembling on his lips, and he went forth as the shadows of evening were falling around, with his secret still undivulged, and the strong hope that a few short months, perhaps weeks, would restore him to the same happy intercourse which was now interrupted. With the morning's light Giulio was on his way to Palestrina, very much to the dissatisfaction of his mercurial valet, Tomaso, who contrived to make himself especially happy in the discharge of those gallantries which he had learnt to consider as at once the duty and the privilege of a travelled servitor such as he was. It must, however, be admitted that good old Guidetta felt by no means a corresponding discontent at the departure of the man as of the master, inasmuch as she had found it no easy matter to maintain of late that sobriety of demeanour amongst the young serving maidens of the establishment which an old woman is somehow usually disposed to exact from the younger of her own sex.

Meantime no tidings whatever of his friend Jacques de la Mole reached Giulio. At first he awaited with anxiety for some letter, or other explanation of his sudden disappearance, but none came. By degrees the engrossment of other thoughts superseded the recollection of their brief meeting, and after a few months Giulio had almost forgotten that it had taken place.

Let us now return to the camp at Palestrina, and follow the progress of the war.

The disastrous issue of the desperate attempt to escape from Chioggia made by the Genoese but aggravated the sufferings of the besieged. The hope of an honourable escape, which hitherto had sustained them, was now utterly annihilated, and to their despair was added the horrors of famine. All their supplies of food were exhausted, then came a want more terrible still than even that of food, the water failed them. Within Chioggia itself there were no wells or springs of fresh water; the salt lagoons flowed all around, and access to the Brenta and the mainland, from which supplies were ordinarily procured, was entirely intercepted. And thus

it is related, by faithful historians, that after all their stock of grain and animal provision was consumed, and their scanty allowance of fresh water was exhausted, the soldiers were reduced to the necessity of boiling down, in brackish water, skins and even such pieces of old leather as they could procure, for the purpose of sustaining life.

Zeno foresaw all this with his usual penetration: he saw, too, that such a state of things could not possibly last, and that ere long the Genoese would be forced to surrender unconditionally, and thus justify to the world the wisdom and success of the general's plan of operation.

And so indeed it turned out. In a few days after the engagement which we detailed in the preceding chapter, a flag of truce was seen approaching the western redoubt, accompanied by deputies from the Genoese. These latter were conducted to the fortress of Palestrina, and were received by the Venetian general, who had hastily summoned the doge and the principal senators to receive them. When they were brought into the presence of the council of state, the deputies laid before the assembly the terms which they were commissioned to make on the part of the besieged. The condition of the Genoese was indeed sadly changed from that which they exhibited when as conquerors, scarce a year before, they approached the city of Venice, and haughtily refused all terms of accommodation from the republic, and threatened to bridle the horses of St. Mark.

"Noble Signori of Venice," said the spokesman of the deputation; "we come as honourable enemies, and sue for peace from an honourable foe. If Genoa has warred with Venice, she has ever done so without violating the laws of war or of humanity. If we have struggled with you for empire, we have never sought to exterminate your people. We have, with a bravery which a generous enemy should appreciate, maintained the defence of Chioggia during many months, and we claim now at your hands that instead of vengeance you should recognise our devotion to the interests of our own republic, and esteem us as the citizens of so renowned and warlike a state as Venice should esteem a brave enemy. Reduced by famine, we seek to terminate a contest which we can no longer sustain. Let us hope to find in Venice that moderation in success which the memory of her own sufferings and of the inconstancy of fortune should induce. It is no longer a question of riches or booty; we abandon our stores, our armament, all, to our conquerors: we ask but to leave Chioggia as soldiers, with our arms; as men, with our liberties and our lives."

It was an affecting scene, and the generous heart of Zeno was not untouched by the appeal of soldiers to a soldier. But whatever might be his own disposition, he felt it would be imprudent to give expression to it. The doge Contarini for a few moments held consultation with the principal senators in low and earnest tones, and Zeno sought not to control or influence their deliberations, satisfied that he had heretofore, in all the weightier concerns of the war, exercised his authority as generalissimo, when the interests of the state required that he should oppose those whose authority was never to be thwarted on light grounds. At length the doge replied to the Genoese ambassadors.

"The Republic of Venice have considered the request of the deputies from the Genoese besieged in Chioggia. They who have unjustly invaded the territory of Saint Mark, have little claim to her mercy when they have failed in their unjust aggression. Tell those who have sent you hither that we make no terms with the vanquished. Let them surrender at discretion and unconditionally, and the serene Republic will then deliberate upon the question of life or death with the wisdom and the generosity which ever govern her councils."

The doge then waved his hand, and the deputies were led from the council chamber.

No sooner had they passed from without the walls of the fort, than Zeno left the chamber, and passing speedily to his own apartment, found two persons already there, as if awaiting him.

"Ah! my faithful knight, thou hast had my summons, though the time was somewhat scant for apprising thee. Who have we here?"

"So please your excellency, he is an acquaintance. Roger Harrington, one of my archers—the same who attended you on a former occasion."

"Nay, I remember it well, and am right glad thou hast brought him, Sir William. I have good reason to suspect that the ambassadors of Genoa, who have failed in their mission to the republic, will attempt to enlist the mercenaries in their favour. If my secret information be not incorrect, they meant to offer them possession of Chioggia, with the entire of the stores, treasures, and even their arms, provided they are guaranteed their lives and a safe conduct to their fleet, which lies waiting out at sea. You will, therefore, speedily assemble your archers, and see the deputies beyond the entrenchments. And take good heed that they communicate with no one on their way. If force be necessary to insure this, you must even do so by force; but if possible I would avoid extremities. Should any unforeseen emergency arise, thou wilt apprise me of it without a moment's delay. This stout yeoman will find me here in readiness. Take this ring, good fellow, 'twill procure thee access to me at all times."

The burly archer took the ring which the general handed to him, and the knight and Hodge o' the Hill saluted Zeno, and hastened away upon the duty confided to them.

Hastily repairing to his quarters, Sir William Cheke put himself at the head of a company of his archers, and came up in a few moments with the deputies from Chioggia. At the end of the redoubt, of which we have so often spoken, Cheke perceived that considerable bodies of the different mercenaries were collected, but whether merely to gratify their curiosity upon the subject of the recent interview of the ambassadors with the senate, or for other purposes, the English knight knew not. Interposing, however, his own band between the deputies and the troops, he signified to the former briefly, but peremptorily, that it was the order of the republic that he should see them safely beyond the precincts. The communication, though couched in terms of courtesy and respect, was too plainly a mandate to be declined, and accordingly the English company formed a guard of honour around the Genoese, and left them not till they were far on their way in the vessel that had brought them from Chioggia.

As Sir William Cheke and his company of archers were on their return, they again found the mercenaries standing in groups along the redoubt. It was evident from the earnest gesticulations of the men, that some exciting topic was at present under discussion amongst them. He was now within hearing of a knot of some dozen of men gathered around two speakers who were apparently in dispute. "Der Teufel," said a huge man-at-arms, whom Sir William at once recognised as the German who had been plundered by the Italians, "Der Teufel? How dost thou know that? Where is thy proof?"

"Proof! proof," retorted the other, an Italian lancer. "Oh dio! che sei pazzarello! What proof dost thou want, fool that thou art? Would'st expect that the senate or the general would proclaim their intrigues by a herald. I tell thee there is enough to convince any man with an eye in his face or an ear on his head, that the Lion of San Marco is determined to have, as usual, the lion's share, and to leave us, brave companions, who have fought their battles and served their city, just the dog's share. Ha! ha! after the noble beast has lapped up the blood, and devoured the flesh, he will leave us curs the bare bones to satisfy our hunger. What think ye of that, comrades?"

"Un ingiustizia! un infamita!" cried several voices, in answer to the appeal of their companion in arms.

"Aye," continued the other, "it is a wrong and a disgrace, which is not to be submitted to, brothers. Vi fanno il diavolo a quattro. I tell thee they are going to play the very devil there yonder," and he pointed to the fort where the council had been sitting. "These deputies have made their terms with the dogs. The Genoese are to surrender up Chioggia by night to the Venetian admiral, who is secretly to convey

away in his galleys all the treasure and spoil; and then the gates are to be thrown open, and the empty houses are to be our share of the booty."

Again the voices of his auditors were raised in loud and angry comments, but the German seemed not yet convinced.

"Thou must vouch thy tale, comrade, by something more than thy own tongue before I'll believe it. I tell thee more, the noble Zeno is not the one to go back of his promise or defraud the soldiery of their lawful booty."

"Siete un benedetto uomo! Thou art a blessed fellow truly! What, dost think because he made a poor rogue restore thee thy zecchini, that he can stop rich rogues, like yon senators, from defrauding us of florins and crown pieces?"

"Giusto! giustamente hai ragione!" cried out his abettors in responsive chorus.

"Well," said the German, "here comes one who should know more of this matter than thou or I, comrade. Let us ask the English capitano who came from the council with the deputies."

"Aye, per bacco," said another of the lancers, "that's a shrewd thought of thine, Wilhelm. Aye, by all means let us ask the English capitano."

By this time Sir William Cheke stood amongst the group of soldiers, and looking towards the principal speaker, with a cheery voice he said—

"How now, my masters, what news to-day? Che nuove?"

"Che nuove, capitano," said the lancer, taking up the question. "I'faith that's just what we want to be certified of. Will you be pleased to enlighten us?"

"On what point, comrade?"

"Marry, upon this point, signore. Whether the council of state yonder have made terms with the Genoese, without the knowledge of the leaders of the free companies?"

"My good friend," replied the knight, "I was not of the council, and so I cannot know what they have decided upon."

"That is true, sir capitano. But though you were not of the council, yet you may have heard of their decision, doubtless."

"By St. George, friend," retorted Cheke, somewhat sharply, "I pry not into matters that concern me not. When the state whose pay we receive, and whom we are bound as honourable soldiers to serve, thinks fit to disclose their councils, they will, I suppose, do so. Meantime, as I am but an indifferent gossip, I have not even heard what common rumour may say; and if I had, I should not be disposed to give much heed to it."

"Well, then, signore, if there be any truth in the rumour, it behoves us all to take good heed to it. Cospetto, it will be too late when the Republic has out-witted us."

"How dost thou mean?" asked the Englishman.

"Why, marry, I mean this," replied the soldier, and he forthwith proceeded to repeat the report with sundry exciting comments to the soldiery around him, the number of whom was greatly increased when it was perceived that the band of Sir William Cheke had stopped amongst them, and that some communication was going on between them. And, in truth, the words of the soldier fell amongst hearers as excitable and explosive as could be well imagined—men, who were already prepared by the rumours that Recanatì, through his agents, of whom this soldier of his own band was one, had insidiously and industriously spread far and wide through the camp. The spark was now applied, and as the flame runs along dry stubble, so the word spread all through the free companies that Chioggia was about to be surrendered to the Venetians, and the Genoese treasure to be protected from the army. It was to no purpose that Sir William Cheke endeavoured to check the growing tumult. In vain he assured the troops that they had no just ground for believing the reports, and exhorted them to seek from the general or the senators the confirmation or refutation of the story before they committed any act of violence or insubordination. A cry, with whom originating no one could say, ran through the now dense masses of men—"To arms, to arms!" In a moment those who were not accounted rushed to their barracks and snatched up their

weapons, while such of them as had arms remained on the spot. In an incredibly short time the bands were re-assembled, and now several of the leaders might be seen amongst them.

"To Chioggia! to Chioggia!" was now heard amid the tumult of voices and the rush of feet; and forward the mass hurried, heedless how they were to effect a landing at that port.

Meantime the English knight had not forgotten his duty to the republic or his promise to Zeno. When the cry to arms was first raised, he spoke in a hurried whisper to our old friend Hodge o' the Hill, whereupon that trusty bowman slipped away and disappeared from the company.

All this time the band of English archers were true to their allegiance, and stood firmly and unmoving. And now the various bands of condottieri, Italians, Germans, French, and Gascons, swept past them, cleared the redoubt, and were hastening forward to the edge of the lagoon that flowed between them and Chioggia. Now, however, they paused to consider for the first time, by what means they were to proceed. Some counselled that they should wade through the lagoon, alleging that it was easily fordable now that the tide chanced to be low; others hesitated, and proposed that the troops should sieze upon some boats that lay near, and by degrees pass over in them. While they were thus deliberating and inactive, a cheer was heard from behind them, and Zeno, accompanied by the principal senators, were seen hurrying forward. In a moment the general threw himself amongst the insurgents with that reckless daring which formed so remarkable a trait of his character.

"Soldiers," cried he, "why do I see you thus in arms without my orders? Whither are you going? What are you doing?"

The promptness and energy of Zeno surprised and checked the soldiers in the very critical moment. The foremost and loudest shrank back instinctively reverencing the bravery of a man who seemed to bear a charmed life, whose spirit seemed to control the haughtiest and the proudest.

"Who are they who lead this movement?" he continued, taking advantage of the momentary calm. "I call upon them to come forward."

One or two of the captains now advanced.

"Noble general," said the foremost. "We are in arms to assert our own rights which your state has neglected. We go to share the spoil, which, by the right of warfare, is ours as well as the republic's."

"Who denies your right to share it?" asked Zeno.

"The council of your senators who have capitulated with the deputies that have just left the camp."

"Who dares assert that? Where is his proof? Let him come forward."

"Ah! Der Teufel!" muttered the German man-at-arms to his neighbour, "that's just what I wanted to know too. Aha! the proofs, mein camarad."

As might be expected, no one could do more than rely upon the general rumour.

"It is in every man's mouth—let the council contradict it if they can."

An angry reply was rising to the lips of Zeno, but one of the Council of Ten—the member whom we already made acquaintance with—stood beside him and plucked his sleeve. The admonition was not lost on Zeno.

"It is false," said he, "no matter whose the mouth that utters it. Eccellenza," he added, turning to the senator, "thou canst answer for the council."

"I can," assuredly," said the member of the *Neri*. "His highness the doge, with the advice of myself and the others of his council, have rejected all terms offered by the deputies from Chioggia."

The effect of this announcement was manifest amongst the soldiers. Zeno followed it up:—

"Soldiers, you have been betrayed and duped by some base agents and for base purposes. Think you, when the besieged are in the last extremity, we should be the fools to discuss

terms with them. Return to your duty, and await the hour, not far distant, when Chioggia shall fall into our hands without a blow. I promise on the part of the most serene republic, I promise on the faith of a soldier, which never yet have I broken, that the troops, without distinction, shall be allowed three days' pillage of the town, and shall receive one month's additional pay."

The senators present with one voice confirmed the promise of the general. The mercenaries once again seemed contented. Gradually the bands dispersed to their respective quarters. The senators betook themselves again to their schemes of policy, their intrigues, and their jealous vigilance of Zeno; and the general pondered bitterly as he threw himself on a seat for a short repose after the exciting scene.

"Alas!"—such were his musings—"how deplorable is the position of a general whose soldiers are mercenaries, such as those I command. Never for a moment safe from the plots or the defection of his own troops no more than he is from the enemy without. He is environed with as many perils in his own camp as he is in the midst of the battle-field. He knows not the hour that his treacherous friends will range themselves amongst his enemies. Well, well, it cannot last long. Patienza! a few weeks—nay, most likely a few days—will secure the prize for which I have been working and watching day and night for many a weary month. And then, aye, and then, I shall be strong enough to grapple with secret foe as with open enemy. Meantime, *patienza!*"

INGENIOUS FABRICATION.

A LITERARY forgery, supposed to have been grafted on those of Anniius, involved the Inghirami family. It was by digging in their grounds that a number of Etruscan antiquities were discovered, consisting of inscriptions, and also fragments of a chronicle, pretended to have been composed sixty years before the vulgar era. The characters on the marbles were the ancient Etruscan, and the historical work tended to confirm the pretended discoveries of Anniius. They were collected and enshrined in a magnificent folio by Curtius Inghirami, who, a few years after, published a quarto volume exceeding one thousand pages to support their authenticity. Notwithstanding the erudition of the forger, these monuments of antiquity betrayed their modern condiment. There were uncial letters which no one knew; but these were said to be undiscovered ancient Etruscan characters; it was more difficult to defend the small Italic letters, for they were not used in the age assigned to them; besides this, there were dots on the letter *i*, a custom not practised till the eleventh century. The style was copied from the Latin of the Psalms and the Braviary; but Inghirami discovered that there had been an intercourse between the Etruscans and the Hebrews, and that David had imitated the writings of Noah and his descendants.

The Romans, who have preserved so much of the Etruscans, had not, however, noticed a single fact recorded in these Etruscan antiquities. Inghirami replied that the manuscript was the work of the secretary of the college of Etrurian augurs. It was urged, in favour of the authenticity of these Etruscan monuments, that Inghirami was so young an antiquary at the time of the discovery, that he could not even explain them; and that when fresh researches were made on the spot, other similar monuments were also disinterred, where evidently they had long lain; the whole affair, however contrived, was confined to the Inghirami family. One of them, half a century before, had been the librarian of the Vatican, and to him is ascribed the honour of the forgeries, which he buried where he was sure they would be found. This, however, is a mere conjecture. Inghirami, who published and defended their authenticity, was not concerned in their fabrication; the design was probably merely to raise the antiquity of Volaterra, the family estate of the Inghirami; and for this purpose one of its learned branches had bequeathed to his descendants a collection of spurious historical monuments, which tended to overturn all received ideas on the first ages of history.

THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

SIR JOHN BARROW, who accompanied Sir George Staunton on his embassy to China, published a volume, in 1806, giving an account of his observations in Cochin China, which is full of interesting details regarding that as well as other countries of the southern hemisphere. Gifted, as he was, with nearly all the qualities which fit a man for travelling with profit to himself and the world at large, his descriptions of men and things could hardly fail to be interesting. The volume has been, however, so long out of print, that, in all probability, few of the young generation of readers are familiar with it. His statements respecting the Spice Islands of the Pacific, under Dutch sway, are particularly deserving attention. We have selected for engraving an incident which he describes as having occurred while lying off Java, and we shall let him describe it in his own words:—

appeared to be still more so, who happened at that moment to be astern of the ship, paddling his canoe, with a load of fruit and vegetables. His apprehension lest the wounded shark, in rolling and plunging, and lashing the water with its fins and tail, should overturn his little skiff, which was not much larger than the animal itself, his exertions to get out of its reach, and the marks of terror that were visible on his countenance, struck our fellow-traveller, Alexander, so forcibly, that, though of momentary duration, he caught with his pencil a spirited sketch, which, having the merit at least of being a true representation of a Javanese canoe, with its paddle and bamboo outrigger, was considered as not unworthy of being put into the engraver's hands. The shark, being killed with a harpoon, was then hoisted on deck and opened. The contents of its stomach formed a mass of



THE JAVANESE AND THE SHARK.

"In no other part of the world do I recollect to have observed such shoals of sharks as are constantly prowling near the shore at Anjerie, attracted, no doubt, by the offals that float down the river, or are thrown upon the beach. When on board the "Hindustan" at this anchorage, I hooked one of these voracious animals from the stern gallery, in doing which, however, I had a very narrow escape from being dragged by it into the sea. No sooner did the fish put the hook in its jaw, than, plunging towards the bottom, he drew his line to its full stretch, which, being entangled in the railing of the gallery, swept away at once a great part of the balustrade. In the rapidity with which the rope ran out, a coil of it got round my arm; but just as I was forced among the wreck, the shark, by darting back to the surface, slackened the rope sufficiently to enable me to disengage my arm and get clear. Greatly as I was alarmed at this accident, a poor Javanese

such magnitude and variety as can scarcely be conceived. It consisted, among other articles, of the complete head of a female buffalo, a whole calf, a quantity of entrails and of bones, and large fragments of the upper and under shells of a considerable-sized turtle. The length of the shark was ten feet eight inches."* Sir John gives a horrible account of the treatment of the Chinese settlers in Java by the Dutch colonists who ruled them. Finding it impossible to induce them to consume opium and other foreign products in quantities sufficiently large to fill the coffers of the importers, a pretended conspiracy was trumped up; in 1740, the Chinese chiefs were horribly tortured, and the whole of the Chinese population, including the women and children, to the number of twelve thousand, were massacred in cold blood.

* "A Voyage to Cochin-China, in the years 1792 and 1793," pp. 162-3.

THE LADY OF TOULOUSE.

There is, in the ancient city of Toulouse, a church, which, although not so old as the city itself, is still old enough to put many a mouldering cathedral to the blush, for it was founded by Runsaahilda, the queen of the Goths, called by the Romans *pedanqua*, or wetfooted, because she was so fond of the baths. In the centre of the aisle the visitor may perceive a large round stone, to the centre of which a large iron ring is attached. If he lay hold of this ring, raise the stone, and peer down into the aperture, it is probable he will see nothing, inasmuch as the vault is pitch dark. But if he enter into conversation with any of the old hangers-on in the neighbourhood, he will be put in possession of a very curious occurrence, of which this vault was the scene. It took place about the year of grace 1770, when France was still divided into provinces, and when parliaments sat in the provincial capitals, and wrangled, and played at *ecarté*, and *trictrac*, and fought duels, at which the whole population "assisted." In the parliament of Toulouse, there was at this time a very worthy gentleman, who rejoiced in the possession of a wife of extraordinary beauty of person, singular excellence of disposition, and extraordinary vigour of mind. With one failing only, or rather weakness, was she afflicted, and this was a passionate fondness for fish. She mused upon it by day; she dreamed of it by night; the consumption of it was her beau idéal of enjoyment, and her love of it made her as famous in the neighbourhood as the sparkle of her eye, the grace of her vigour, or the raven tresses on her alabaster brow. She was one of those natures that seek either to love or be loved. She sought love, and loved fish.

Did her husband, a councillor of the parliament by the by, love her the less for this singular taste? I trow not; on the contrary, this formed a new tie between them. To minister to her wants was the great object of his ambition, and to keep up a regular and constant supply of the dainty so dear to her, was the object to which his whole energies were directed. But this was no easy matter. Special couriers daily went to and returned from the shores of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic with choice parcels. One day, however, not long after Easter, the councillor, all radiant with smiles, entered the apartment of his spouse, bearing on a plate a monstrous, magnificent carp, which Monsieur le Président de la Cour des Aides de Montauban had himself caught at Beausolert, and which he had forwarded as a present to Madame, with his respects. The lady put the note in her pocket without as much as opening it, but ordered the fish to be cooked instantly.

Tradition states that the carp was delicious, and that the lady ate of it so voraciously that she choked herself and died. Great was the lamentation of her lord. He sent forthwith for the barber-surgeon, who lived at the corner of the street, and for the Regius Professor of medicine; but both these worthies felt her pulse, shook their perukes, and declared she was stone dead; but at the same time, in order to ease his mind, offered, if he liked, to open her body, and ascertain the cause of her sudden dissolution. Whereupon the enraged councillor kicked them both out, and buried his wife that same evening in the vault aforesaid.

It was a custom amongst the rich at that time to bury the dead in the gayest dress they had ever worn in life, with all their ornaments and jewellery. The lady was accordingly attired in her ball-dress. The gold chain was placed round her neck; her brow was decked with a wreath of diamonds, and on her arms hung bracelets of gold set with the costliest jewels. The servants were brought in to take a last look at their mistress, as she lay in this ghastly state. They all wept most piteously, but none so loudly as her own maid and the house steward. They not only cried, but bellowed.

Seven hours afterwards, just as the clock of St. Antony's was tolling the midnight hour, the said house steward and lady's maid entered the church, wrapped up in cloaks, and carrying a lantern and a crowbar. They were evidently shaking in every limb with fear. The time, the solemnity of

the place, the awful gloom of the cloisters, had a powerful effect upon their nerves. They stopped at the mouth of the vault. The woman laid down the lantern, and said in a very tremulous voice:

"Now you're sure you'll keep your promise."

"*Ma foi*, to be sure I will; when I'm rich I'll marry you."

"Swear then!"

"What—now?" said the man, looking very uncomfortable.

"Yes—now, over this spot."

He swore. They raised the stone and entered the vault. The air was thick, heavy, and noisome. A bat flew against the light and nearly extinguished it, and they could hear the buzz of its wings in the church above while they stood endeavouring to get a view of the place. The coffins were ranged around in the order of their interment; the coffins of the young and of the old, of maidens and wives, of young gallants, and aged councillors, and magistrates; of soldiers who had fallen in fight, and priests who had died in prayer; of all the scions of the great family of La Caloune, from the day when their ancestor crossed the sea to spread confusion amongst the Saracens,—there they were, of all sizes, and the newest, most gorgeous, and glittering of them all, with the damp of the tomb yet fresh upon it, was that of the fish-loving mistress of the impious despoiler, who had now followed her to her last abode. They worked their courage up to the sticking point; tore off the lid, and dragged the body out on the floor; pulled off all the ornaments, the rings from the fingers, and the ear-rings from the ears, the costly lace from her dress, and tied them in a bag.

"Let us be off now," said the steward.

"Wait a minute," said the maid: "I must pay the wretch off for all she made me suffer while she was alive."

Whereupon she seized the lady by the hair, and gave her a few very hearty slaps on the face.

"There, take that!" said she. This example roused the ardour of the steward. He remembered all the indignities he had suffered at the hands of his mistress—how she used to scold him, and harass him whenever he had not a supply of fish in the house. So he gave her a smart blow on the nape of the neck, and to his horror and astonishment a hollow groan issued from the body. The maid dropped the light, and up the ladder they scrambled, in an agony of terror, and rushed out of the church. The blow had loosened the bone which was stuck in the lady's gullet, and she slowly revived from her trance. When she looked around her upon the vault and coffins, and her own disordered dress, the whole dimly lighted by the lantern which the fugitives had left behind, she swooned away, and three hours had elapsed before she summoned up sufficient strength to sally forth and make her escape from the scene of horrors. She found the church doors open. It was a fine clear starlight night. The streets were empty, and not a sound was to be heard except the long-drawn cry of the watchman, "Gentle and simple, pray for the souls of the dead!" He met the lady, and fainted with terror. She reached her own house, and knocked loudly. The maid looked out of the window, saw the white garments and the well-known face, and immediately went into fits, shrieking, "Madame, madame!"

Another knock, louder than before. The steward went down and opened the door, shouted "Madame!" and swooned away. The councillor left his room, where all night long he had been praying and weeping, and weeping and praying, and would not be comforted—in order to learn the cause of the tumult. He came into the hall, and there stood his wife, pale, indeed, and haggard, but alive and well. We must leave the joy and rejoicing attendant upon this unexpected meeting to the reader's imagination. The steward and the maid confessed their crime, but in consideration of their having been instrumental in dislodging the bone from the lady's throat, they were pardoned. As to their mistress, she renounced fish from that day forward and for ever, and within six months after her burial she presented her fond husband with a charming boy, who was baptized in the church of St. Antony à la Daurade.

CRIPPLEGATE, AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

There is scarcely a street in the city of London but has its story, for those who care to seek it out. For the literary antiquary especially, the dim by-ways and no-thoroughfares present peculiar attractions, for in them once dwelt the poets and great historical personages of past times. Many a wide, scrambling building now devoted to the purposes of trade, was, years since, a noble mansion; and in the dark, dusty rooms, and up the wide stairs, where the gold-work on the ceilings and the walls has become black with age, and the carvings on high chimney-pieces have long since been built in and hidden by high piles of merchandise, children once sported, young people flirted, and those of more advanced years enjoyed all the sweets of domestic life.

The neighbourhood between Finsbury and Saint Paul's is rich in interesting associations. Out of Cheapside on the north side, nearly opposite to Bow Church, there is a thoroughfare called Wood-street. It is a busy place enough, full of warehouses and counting-houses. At the Cheapside end—in the yard of St. Peter-le-Cheap, destroyed by the great fire—there is an old elm, inhabited by a colony of rooks; and in the street itself is the church of St. Michael, in which the head of James the Fourth, who fell at Flodden Field, was finally deposited. This Wood-street—which was formerly famous for its wedding-cakes, and at the end of which stood the Cheapside Cross, commemorated in the Cross Keys Inn—leads directly into the district called Cripplegate, one of the twenty-six wards of the City of London.

The neighbourhood is historical. Long before the Conquest, we are told by Stow, it was known by this name, on account of cripples begging there. The gate itself, which formed one of the northern boundaries of the city, was taken down in 1762; and part of the ward is now known as Cripplegate Without—that is, outside the walls. "I read," says Stow, "that Alfune built the parish church of Giles, nigh a gate of the City, called Porta Contractorum, or Cripplegate, about the year 1099." This church was destroyed by fire, and the present church erected about the year 1545. The round, tower-like portion of the church has remained unchanged, but the square steeple, with its fanciful spires and cupola, is the work of a later period. It is a quiet, old-fashioned, little-frequented church, surrounded by houses, with a high wall separating the graveyard from the street. The living, however, is one of the richest in the city, being worth at least £2,600 a year. It was once held, we are told by Cunningham, by Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Manchester.

In the church-yard have been buried many well-known historical personages, and the parish register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell and Elizabeth Bowchier, on the 20th of August, 1620. The future Protector of the Commonwealth of England was at that time in his twenty-first year.

On the south wall of the church there is a plain monument to John Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," who died in this parish in the year 1587; and in the south aisle there is a tablet to the memory of "skilful Robert Glover," as Stow calls him, who held, during his lifetime, the office of Somerset Herald. He died in 1588.

Monuments also exist, either in the church or the church-yard, to the "bold mariner," Sir Martin Frobisher, who, after circumnavigating the globe with Drake, and assisting in the destruction of the "Invincible Armada" in 1588, died on his homeward passage from Brest, in 1595; John Speed, the topographer, who died in 1629; the father of John Milton, who died in 1646; and the great epic poet himself, who, in 1674, was "buried in the same grave with his parent," in the upper end of the chancel at the right hand. The bones of John Milton have been more than once disturbed. Abrey, in his "Lives," tells us (vol. iii., p. 450), that "his stone is now removed. About two years since (1681), the two steps to the communion-table were raised. I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together." In the year 1790 also, the grave of the poet was disturbed, and "many indecent liberties" taken with his

remains. Most of our readers will remember Cowper's lines "on the indecent liberties taken with the remains of Milton in 1790," commencing

"Me, too, perchance, in future days,
The sculptured stone shall show,
With Paphian marble or with bays
Parnassian on my brow;"

and ending

"Oh, ill-requited bard! neglect
Thy living worth repaid;
And blind idolatrous respect
As much affronts thee dead!"

The bust, erected in Cripplegate Church to the memory of the great poet Milton, was sculptured by Bacon, in 1793, at the expense of Samuel Whitbread.

Several other monuments to historical personages exist in this church; among them are, that to Margaret Lucy, second daughter of Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlote, and that to the memory of Constance Whitney, whose mother was the fourth daughter to the said Sir Thomas Lucy.

Close at hand is the debtors' prison of Whitecross-street, celebrated as still continuing poor Nell Gwynne's bounty; being the "request of Nelly, made in her will, to her natural son, the Duke of St. Albans, that his grace would be pleased to lay out twenty pounds yearly for the release of poor debtors out of prison every Christmas-day." In Whitecross-street, says Stow, "King Henry V. built one fair house, and founded there a brotherhood of St. Giles; but the said brotherhood was suppressed by Henry VIII., since which time Sir John Gresham, Mayor, purchased the lands, and gave part thereof to the maintenance of a free school which he had founded at Holt, a market-town in Norfolk." The present prison, appertaining to the sheriffs of London and Middlesex, was built in the years 1813—15.

In Fore-street, Moorfields ("a fen or moor without the walls of the city to the north, first drained in 1527, laid out into walks in 1606, and built upon in the reign of Charles the First"), is the noted Grub-street, "much inhabited," says Johnson in the first edition of his Dictionary, "by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub-street;" near to which John Milton had one of his numerous London residences. It is now called Milton-street, and leads directly from the city to Islington. Pope, in the Dunciad, says—

"Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he please, except my will!"

Close at hand is Jewin-street, so called from having contained a Jews' burial-place. In it Milton lived when he married his third wife; and here Dunton, the bookseller, at the sign of the Raven, corner of Bull-head-court, published his "Athenian Mercury." In the chapel in this street is preserved John Bunyan's pulpit.

In Redcross-street, within a stone's throw almost of Cripplegate church, is preserved the excellent theological and general library formed by the eminent protestant dissenting divine, Dr. Williams, in 1680—1705. The library, according to the catalogue published in 1841, consists of upwards of 20,000 volumes. Admission is accorded to any respectable person, to whom the books are lent, under some restrictions, on the first five days of the week throughout the year, except during Christmas and Whitsuntide and the month of August, from ten till four. The room will accommodate fifty or sixty readers. In the library is a fine copy of the first folio edition of Shakspeare, and an original portrait of Richard Baxter, the distinguished nonconformist.

The Fortune theatre—built by Peter Strut, the carpenter, for Phillip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, the founder of God's Gift College, at Dulwich—stood on the east side of Cripplegate lane, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate. The

building was a square construction of lath and plaster and timber, with a picture or sign of Fortune in the front. Here were performed the immortal plays of Shakspeare, and here it was that Alleyn derived the funds with which to found the college and his other numerous charities in London. Another theatre, called the Nursery, from the fact that in it children were instructed in the art of acting, was afterwards erected in this same narrow street, a passage in which is still called Play-house-yard.

We have by no means exhausted the interest of the neighbourhood, though it may happen that we tire the patience of the reader by these dry antiquarian remarks. Finsbury-square (properly *Fensbury*, from the fenny or marshy nature of the ground originally) at no great distance, was once a favourite walk for the citizens of London in the reigns of Elizabeth and

things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. A Greek quotation, and in a coach too, roused the slumbering professor from a kind of dog sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, 'I think, young gentleman,' said he, 'you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I do not happen to recollect it.' 'O, sir,' replied the tyro, 'the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and from Sophocles, too; but I suspect, sir, it is some time since you were at college.' The professor, applying his hand to his great-coat pocket, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, quietly asked him if he could be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages for some time, he replied, 'Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides.' 'Then perhaps, sir,' said the pro-



CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH.

James the First. Shakspeare alludes to it in the first part of "Henry IV.," in Hotspur's reference to Lady Percy. —

'And gro'st thou such sarcenet surely for thy oaths,
'As if thou'st ever walk'st further than Fensbury.'

The square was built in 1788. It is now principally inhabited by medical and professional men. In the "Circus" is the famous London Institution, containing upwards of 80,000 volumes, among which are some of the most curious pamphlets and broadsides in existence. The first librarian of the Institution was no less a person than the celebrated Richard Porsaon, Regius Professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge, who earned such great renown among continental scholars by his masterly editing of Greek plays, and who died in the year 1808. The following amusing anecdote is told of this eminent scholar. He was once travelling in a stage-coach, where a young Oxonian, fresh from college, was the ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other

putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, 'you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book.' The young Oxonian again returned to his task, but with no better success, muttering, however, to himself, a vow never again to quote Greek in a stage-coach. The tittering of the ladies informed him plainly that he had got into a hobble. At last, 'Why, sir,' said he, 'how dull I am! I recollect now; yes, now I perfectly remember that the passage is in *Æschylus*.' The inexorable professor returned to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an *Æschylus*, when our astonished freshman vociferated, 'Coachman! holla, coachman! let me out; I say instantly let me out! There's a fellow here has the whole Bodleian library in his pocket.'

The first stone of the present fine building—erected from the designs of William Brooke, the architect—was laid on May the 16th, 1815; and the Institution itself opened within less than four years after.

THE COLUMN OF JULY.



THE column of July occupies the site of the bastion of the Bastille. It was erected shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe to the French throne, and at its foot were buried the remains of those who fell in the struggle for freedom during

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the three days of July. The pillar is covered with the gilded names of those who perished, and is surmounted by a statue in commemoration of the triumph of their cause.

The chief interest attaching to the column arises from its

locality, and as we cross the broad open square where it is situated, in the way to P^{re} la Chaise, thoughts of the strong fortress, which once arose upon that spot, are naturally suggested, and the Column of July awakens the memory of the Bastille and all that was said about or done within that secret prison-house. Gay groups are round that pillar, and all is bustle and activity; the old aspect of the place has quite departed, but no change can blot out the recollection of the Bastille, or of those who entered there and left hope behind.

Five hundred years ago, when the French and English were playing the old game of war, the inhabitants of Paris, fearing the approach of those "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England," determined to repair the fortifications of their city, and appointed one Stephen Marceel, a provost and merchant, to undertake the task. He obtained great popularity by the erection of a strong fortress at the eastern extremity of the city, but unhappily, in an attempt to favour the pretensions of one whom the citizens despised, he was knocked on the head, and butchered at the foot of his own Bastille. To have anything to do with this building seems to have been peculiarly unfortunate, for Hugh Aubriot, who added to the construction, fell under the displeasure of his master, the king, and was the first offender confined within the Bastille. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the building assumed its final aspect. Charles VI. added four towers, and gave it a parallelogram form. Its walls were nine feet thick; it boasted eight towers, each a hundred feet high, four looking on the city, and four on the suburb of St. Antoine. It was surrounded by a ditch one hundred and twenty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. Each particular tower derived its name, either from some historical event, or from the most distinguished prisoners it had at any time contained. The unfortunate Count de St. Pol, who was imprisoned within the fortress previously to his execution, gave the name to the Tour de la Comté. Sully, in the days of the good Henry, deposited vast treasures in one tower of the stronghold, and it was henceforth called the Tower of the Treasure. The Tower of Liberty would seem to be a mockery and a jest; yet the Tower of the Corner was so called, on account of its position; and the Tower de la Bazzaire, from a prisoner of that name.

So, with its strong walls, and wide moat, and eight towers, the Bastille became a military defence and a state prison at an early period of French history—the scene of constant suffering and injustice never heard of beyond the prison walls. There the prelate D'Harcourt was confined in a massive cage, and pined away fifteen years; there the innocent Armagnac was shut up in a close dungeon till he lost the consciousness of his unhappiness in idiocy. There the Duke de Nemours lingered, and heard no news but that he was to die, and saw not the light till they led him forth to execution, and in their wanton cruelty placed his little ones below the scaffold, that their father's blood might fall upon them. There, hunted from their homes and made prisoners for their creed, the Huguenots were lodged, and suffered cruelly from the caprice of their gaolers. In the days of Henry IV., the Bastille was well nigh empty. Sully was the governor of the fortress, and his natural clemency, together with that of the king, prevented for the time the repetition of those enormities which had given the castle so terrible a renown.

The period which followed saw the Bastille once more crowded. A tyrannical method of capture made it one of the most thronged of prison-houses. A *lettre de cachet* was easily obtainable, and during the reign of Louis XV. no less than 150,000 or 200,000 were annually passed. Sometimes a letter would be sent, commanding the person to whom it was addressed to constitute himself a prisoner. When Louis the "well-beloved" was offended with the Prince of Monaco, he wrote:—"My Cousin, As I am by no means satisfied with your conduct, I send you this letter to inform you of my intention, which is, that as soon as you receive it you shall proceed to my castle of the Bastille, there to remain till you have my further orders. On which, my cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping." Generally, however, the officers of justice were sent to the dwelling of the intended prisoner,

commonly in the night, and while all Paris slept, hurried him away to his new lodgings. Thus the idle loiterer, who had been leisurely sauntering through the busy streets, looking at a procession on its way to a shrine, or attending a meeting of students, or joining the crowd gathered to witness an execution before the Palais de Justice, or listening to a charlatan on the Carrefour, with his love-salves and cosmetics,—the loiterer who suspected no harm, and mounted up his dark staircase when the day was over, and lay down to sleep thinking no evil, might suddenly find himself awakened by no gentle hand, aroused by no soft voice, and discover that "our most puissant lord the king" had signed his committal, and that he was henceforth to lodge in the Bastille. People were suddenly missed, nobody knew when; they marvellously disappeared, nobody knew how; were arrested, nobody knew why; and imprisoned in the Bastille, but nobody knew where.

In those old days when the Bastille was built, there was nearly as much below the earth as above it. There were cathedrals under cathedrals, palaces beneath palaces, and prisons below prisons. Beneath all the old edifices, there were galleries shooting under the earth, labyrinthian penetralia not easily discoverable. At the Bastille these subterranean passages were prisons. A French writer says:—"Dante could not have found anything more suitable for his description of hell. In these horrible places the poor wretches, condemned to death, were confined; and when once a miserable creature was there buried, farewell to life, air, light; he moved not thence but to the gibbet or the stake. Sometimes they were left to rot in these dungeons, and human justice called this 'forgetting.' Between man and him the condemned felt above his head a vast accumulation of stones and gaolers; the whole prison, the massive Bastille, was nothing more than an enormous complicated lock, shutting him out from the living world."

Within those gloomy walls was confined the mysterious man with the iron mask—the enigma and disgrace of the reign of Louis XIV.; there the Marshal Bassonapierre was imprisoned twelve long years; there Marie de Lacy translated the greater part of the Bible; there lingered the victims of Richelieu's pitiless policy; there for sixty-one years Dussault remained a captive, his letter disregarded, though that epistle seemed written with his heart's blood. "Ah, if you could but hear," wrote he, "the lamentations and groans which you extort from me, you would quickly set me at liberty. In the name of the eternal God, who will judge you as well as me, I implore you, my lord, to take pity on my sufferings and bewailings; and if you wish that he should show mercy to you, order my chains to be broken before your death-hour comes!" There, too, was imprisoned the alchemist Dubois, whose vain pretensions and inability to realise them brought down the vengeance of the cardinal; there he writhed under the torture, because he could not turn leaden bullets to gold, and from thence he was led to the scaffold. There the unfortunate Pouquet tasted the reverse of fortune; there the Chevalier de Rohan suffered for high treason, and a young student of the University was incarcerated for one and thirty years because he had ridiculed the professors in a Latin distich: "There the grocer Niceron was shut up for many a year on account of having protested against the government monopoly of whale oil; there Citizen Poignant suffered "durance vile," for grumbling at the taxes; there Massat and Catalan were long detained in captivity for refusing to lend their money to the State. There father St. Severin expiated the imaginary crime of sorcery by a long detention, and M. de Montespan was left to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," simply for differing from the king in the choice of a tutor for the Dauphin; and there M. Burai the counsellor passed a long captivity for defending a treasurer prosecuted by government. Sometimes, indeed, people who well deserved it wore "the stone doublet." There St. Croix was imprisoned, became acquainted with Exili, and learned from him the art of poisoning; and there, too, when the report of the poisoners had filled all Paris, was lodged the beautiful Madame de Brén-

villiers, and thence she was carried forth to execution. Years afterwards La Voison and forty accomplices were thrown into the Bastille on a charge of poisoning, and their leader was burnt to death on the Grève. Terrible were the doings during the time of Louis XV., and although less abuses existed in the beginning of the reign of his successor, yet when the revolution broke out the first efforts of the people were directed against the Bastille. The 14th of July, 1789, saw its destruction. Eighty invalids, or pensioners, and about thirty Swiss soldiers garrisoned the place; it was gallantly defended; but the people were at last victorious, and the fortress was taken, those within it massacred, and with it passed away the power and influence of the old régime.

The Bastille was finally demolished by order of the local authorities, a grand ball given on the place which it had occupied, and the anniversary of its destruction appointed as a festival throughout all France. So the Bastille, after nearly five centuries, was swept away—not a stone left—and a canal flows deeper than the deepest *oubliette*. None can regret its fall. When the revolutionists marched in, they found only a few prisoners, and those chiefly for debt; still it was the

dungeon of despotic power, and they who destroyed it did good service to the land.

The struggle of 1830 gave new interest to the Place de la Bastille, and the column represented in our engraving was erected to perpetuate the memory of the second revolution. M. Duc, whose name is so honourably connected with the structure, was the first who originated the idea, and who designed and superintended the erection of the pillar. It is of bronze, carefully and delicately finished; the total cost was about £50,000. The symbolical portions of the building are peculiarly appropriate. The lion is at once the zodiacal sign for the month of July, and a fit emblem of the majesty of the people. The three divisions which are seen upon the shaft of the column indicate the three days of the revolution. On these compartments the names of the victims which fell in the struggle are inscribed: there are 504. Upon two faces of the pedestal are crowns and palms; on the four corners the Gallic cock. A well-executed figure of Mercury surmounts the pillar; and the simplicity and excellency of the ornamental portion, as well as the grand outline of the whole, combine to produce a solemn and striking effect.

NEW ZEALAND BIRDS.

THAT the frightful and disgusting habit of cannibalism should have been prevalent amongst so fine a race as the New Zealanders, has often formed the subject of wonder to the ethnologist. We think the circumstance may be attributable to the almost total absence in New Zealand of indigenous quadrupeds, and the scarcity of native vegetable productions. The only native quadruped whose existence is well attested, is a sort of rat; though Mr. Walter Mantell, Government Commissioner for the settlement of native claims, is inclined to believe in the existence of another, a sort of badger. At any rate, this animal, if not extinct, must be very rare, seeing that a large reward, offered by Mr. Mantell, failed to bring a specimen of this animal (termed by the natives Kaureke) to light.

But, if nature was sparing in her allotment of quadrupeds to New Zealand, she lavished on that far-distant isle a variety of extraordinary birds. Occasionally their bones turn up, startling the naturalist by their extraordinary size, or curious conformation. Most of these birds were, in one respect, like the ostrich; that is to say, their wings were only rudimentary—very useful as sails to catch the breezes, and assist the animal in running, but totally unavailable for the purpose of flying. Although the only evidence we possess of the former existence of all these birds, save one, is the discovery of their bones, yet circumstances favour the idea that they were not exterminated until comparatively recent periods. Popular native tradition still hands down their characteristics; the various native languages give them a name; which would scarcely have been the case if these animals had ceased for many centuries to exist.

The largest of these wingless birds is termed in native language the *Moa*; it must have been considerably larger than the ostrich; of this there can be no doubt, although the entire skeleton of the *Moa* has not yet been found.

Our drawing and present remarks do not relate to the *Moa*, but to an individual of a species, contemporary as is supposed with that gigantic bird, and for the discovery of which we are indebted to the son of that eminent naturalist, unhappily now no more, the late Dr. Mantell. Mr. Walter Mantell imbibed much of his father's love of natural history, and very soon after his appointment to an official capacity in New Zealand, applied himself to the collection of fossil bones of birds in which New Zealand is so rich. At length a fortunate chance enabled him to send to England the skin of a bird supposed to be extinct; and had it not been for the gluttony of a crew of sailors, the bird itself, alive and well, might probably have figured in our Zoological Society's gardens.

Before stating how this capture was made, it is necessary

to premise that, according to native tradition, there lived, contemporary with the gigantic *Moa*, a bird also wingless, but far smaller, termed by the inhabitants of the northern island *Moho*, and by those of the southern island *Takahi*. All the natives who mentioned this bird concurred in stating, that formerly it existed in such numbers that their ancestors derived from the species their chief sustenance; the natives, moreover, were all unanimous in stating the bird to have been already for some time extinct. The species was not extinct four years ago, as we shall presently discover; but whether the species be now extinct—whether we are now about to describe the last of these birds—is more than can be averred.

To show how extremely rare the *Moho* must have been, it is sufficient to mention, that none of the natives with whom Mr. Mantell conversed on the subject had ever seen it; moreover, the Rev. Richard Taylor, who has so long resided in the islands, had never heard of a bird of this kind being seen. In his "leaf" from the Natural History of New Zealand, under the head of *Moho*, is the following note:—"Rat, colour black, said to be a wingless bird as large as a fowl, having a long bill, and red beak and legs; it is nearly exterminated by the cat; its cry was 'leo, leo.'"

Let us now inform the reader how a living specimen of the *Moho* came to light, was caught, killed, and eaten in the year 1849. A party of seal hunters, who were pursuing their avocations in Dusky Bay, having observed the trail of a large bird in the snow with which the ground was then covered, determined to give chase. Proceeding in the direction of the footsteps, they at last caught sight of the *Moa* or *Noturnis*, as naturalists have since denominated it. Their dogs at once gave chase, and finally after a long hunt the bird was captured alive, in the gully of a sound behind Resolution Island. It ran with great speed, uttered loud cries, and violently attacked the dogs. But, notwithstanding the long struggle, it was caught uninjured and taken on board ship, where, after having been kept alive for three days, it was at length killed and eaten, the sailors who partook of the meal describing the bird as most delicious food. Fortunately, these nautical epicures, who certainly were no great naturalists, did not pluck their bird, but skinned it, and Mr. Walter Mantell having secured the skin, confirmation of the correctness of native accounts was at length obtained.

It is a great pity that the seal catchers, having once determined to preserve a memento of their capture, did not save aside the bones as well as the skin. The external lines of a stuffed bird are sufficiently attractive to the general observer, but the skeleton is of infinitely greater value to the naturalist.

Our accompanying illustration represents the *Moho*, or *Noturnis Mantelli*. Its form is not very prepossessing, and its plump, well-rounded contour is so strongly suggestive of a delicate *bonne bouche*, that we do not wonder that the race is so nearly extinct; if, indeed, its extinction be not already consummated. The colours of the plumage are exceedingly fine. The beak and legs are of a deep crimson, the head, throat, and abdomen, purple, and the tail white.

We regret our inability to do by the larger as we have done by the smaller bird—present the reader with a perfect representation of it. However, in default of this, we append a

When digging deep into the bowels of the earth, separating strata, and bringing to light the fossilised traces of animals now extinct, the naturalist refers them to this or that genus; when confidently asserting that such or such a bone belonged to an enormous lizard to which the modern crocodile is but a pigmy; when proclaiming that in such a region there formerly existed dragon-like beings with wings, or scaly monsters with webbed feet, and necks like those of swans—or, in short, some of the marvellous creatures which we are told roamed this world of ours long long before the advent of man,—we are sometimes inclined, notwithstanding our confidence in the power of



NOTURNIS MANTELLI.

representation of so much of its skeleton as may serve to convey an impression of its general configuration and enormous size. Our sketch has been copied from an anatomical preparation now to be seen in the College of Surgeons' Museum—that unequalled collection, for the first germ of which we are indebted to our illustrious countryman, John Hunter. Connected with this skeleton, there is a very interesting tale, of which we will give an outline, as it serves very forcibly to demonstrate the wonderful degree of perfection to which the science of comparative anatomy has now arrived.

induction, to think philosophers a little too wild; but the tale we shall now relate concerning our bird-skeleton goes far to abolish our doubts on this head, and to vindicate the assertions of geologists. The tale is this:—Some years ago, a traveller, returning from New Zealand, brought with him a few inches of bone. Not a very inviting freight one would think, nor likely to arrest a traveller's attention: but Australian gold had not been discovered at the period to which our remarks apply, and travellers were content to fill their sea-trunks with curiosities less fascinating than nuggets. The traveller in this case was an intelligent man. He had heard

of gigantic New Zealand birds now extinct: he had heard of Professor Owen, to whom, accordingly, he presented his few inches of bone—that precious bone which now lies at the feet of the skeleton-bird, and which our artist has depicted. The Professor examined the bone attentively. It was big enough to have been the bone of an ox;—an observer less acute than the Professor would probably have regarded it as such, and have thrown it into his dust-bin. Not so Mr. Owen: he

in all that philosophers had written about iguanodons, ichthyosaurs, and megatheriums, could not believe in the former existence of this New Zealand bird. Professor Owen waited his time. Causing inquiries to be made in New Zealand, his emissaries at length succeeded in collecting some disjointed bones. Forthwith they were packed off in a trunk directed to the man of bones in Lincoln's-inn-fields. Arrived at their destination, the bones were put together on wires, and formed



SKELETON OF A NEW ZEALAND BIRD, IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—DRAWN BY PERMISSION OF THE COUNCIL.

noticed a peculiar cancellated structure in the bone; an appearance only noticeable in the bone of a bird; but how could there have been a bird so large? It must have been almost twice the size of the largest existing ostrich. This startling consideration did not deter the philosopher. A bird's bone this remnant must be, he proclaimed, and, at once setting to work, he figured the bird as it must have been. The announcement, however, was too startling. Even people who had put faith

the very skeleton which our artist has depicted. Some of the vertebrae of the neck are yet wanting, as the reader will observe, but there stands the wire representative of the length to which they should extend. Let us hope, as gold-hunting has now commenced in New Zealand, that some nugget-hunter will turn up amongst his more ignoble treasure these missing bones, and thus enable the worthy anatomist to complete his bird.*

PEERS AND M.P.'S;
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

III.
THE COMMONS.

WHATEVER may have been the original purport of the lower house, in our day it has come to be the great battle-ground of party. "The first instance of actual representation which occurs in our history," says Hallam, "is only four years after the Conquest, when William—if we may rely on Hoveden—caused twelve persons skilled in the customs of England to be chosen from each county, who were sworn to inform him rightly of their laws, and these, so ascertained, were ratified by the consent of the great council." No stress can, however, be laid upon this insulated and anomalous assembly, and we find nothing that can arrest our attention in searching out the origin of county representation, till we come to a writ in the fifteenth year of John, directed to all sheriffs, and, amongst other things, charging them to send four knights of the shire; and it remains problematical whether these knights were to be elected by the county or returned after the manner of a jury, at the discretion of the sheriff. In the reign of Henry III. one fact is clear, that subsidies granted in parliament were assessed, not as in former times, by the justices upon their circuits, but by knights freely chosen in the county court. At a subsequent period in the same reign every county elected four knights to inquire into grievances and deliver their inquisition into parliament. Still later, in the thirty-eighth year of Henry's reign, and again in 1261, writs like summonses were issued; and at length, four years later, while Henry was a captive in the hands of Simon de Montfort, writs were issued in his name to all the sheriffs, directing them to return two knights for every city and borough contained within the county. "This, therefore," says Hallam, "is the epoch at which the representation of the commons becomes indisputably manifest."

So far as the towns are concerned, it is very clear that Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, was the first who extended the franchise to them. Till his time even London, a town rich, powerful, with thirty or forty thousand high-spirited inhabitants within its walls, was unrepresented in the national councils. By Mr. Hallam the argument for giving this date to popular representation is very briefly stated. He says, "We find from innumerable records that the king imposed tollages upon his demesne towns at discretion. No public instrument previous to the forty-ninth of Henry III. names the citizens and burgesses as constituent parts of parliament, though prelates, barons, knights, and sometimes freeholders are enumerated, while since the undoubted admission of the commons they are almost invariably mentioned. No historian speaks of representatives appearing for the people, or uses the word citizen or burgess in describing those present in parliament."

Such convincing though negative evidences are not to be invalidated by some general and ambiguous phrases, whether in writs and records or in historians. Those monkish annalists are poor authorities upon any point where their language is to be delicately measured. But it is hardly possible that, writing circumstantially as Roger de Hoveden and Matthew Paris sometimes did concerning proceedings in parliament, they could have failed to mention the commons in unequivocal expressions if any representatives from that order had actually formed part of the assembly. In the reign of Edward I. the borough representatives were finally engrafted upon parliament; then commerce enriched the kingdom, and government saw it would not do to neglect the towns.

There is no reason to believe that the lords and commons ever voted together. They might have met in the same chamber till the time of Edward III., but that they ever intermingled in voting is, in the language of Mr. Hallam, inconsistent with likelihood and authority. But, in fact, there is abundant proof of their separate existence long before Edward III.'s reign. "It may be inferred," says the same authority,

"that the houses were divided as they are at present in the eighth, ninth, and nineteenth years of Edward II."

Early it became decided that the proper business of the House of Commons was to petition for redress of grievances, as much as to provide for the necessities of the crown. This privilege the commons never abandoned, and hence it is they have grown and become strong. It was ordained in the fifth of Edward II., that the king should hold a parliament once, or, if necessary, twice every year, "that the pleas which have been thus delayed, and those where the justices have differed, may be brought to a close." In Edward III.'s time, three essential principles of our government were won: the illegality of raising money without the consent of parliament; the necessity that the two houses should concur for any alteration in the laws; and lastly, the right of the commons to inquire into public abuses and to impeach public councillors. Under the feeble Richard II., the power of the commons was increased in an extraordinary degree. They impeached ministers; they appointed a commissioner of reform; they acquired the right of directing the applications of subsidies, and calling accountants before them. These were additional engines of immense efficiency. "All these," says the historian whose labours have rendered him on this subject a pre-eminent authority, and of which we have plentifully availed ourselves in this chapter, "all these vigorous shoots of liberty threw more and more under the three kings of the House of Lancaster, and drew such strength and nourishment from the generous heart of England, that in after times and in a less prosperous season, though checked and obstructed in their growth, neither the blasts of arbitrary power could break them off, nor the mildew of servile opinion cause them to wither." In Henry VI.'s time, an important change was introduced. This was the introduction of complete statutes under the name of bills, instead of the old petitions. This was done to guard against the crown, by whom the statute-roll was tampered with; and, indeed, where there was no design to falsify the roll, it was impossible to draw up statutes which in truth should be the acts of the whole legislature, so long as the king continued to grant petitions in part, and to engraft new matter upon them.

If we now turn to another matter, and inquire into the character of the voters, we shall find that in the counties the qualification was extremely democratic. Not only all freeholders, but all persons whatever present at the county court, were declared, or rendered capable, of voting for the knight of the shire. Such at least seems to be the inference from an act of Henry IV.'s reign, declaring, "that all who are there present, as well suitors duly summoned for that cause, as well as others." Who elected the borough members is a question of greater difficulty. It appears to have been the common practice for a very few of the principal members of the corporation to make the election in the county court, and their names as actual electors are generally returned before the writ by the sheriff. At the same time it is frequently stated, that they choose such and such persons by the consent of the community—a phrase which seems to imply, that the free-men were consulted in the matter. But the subject is one of great difficulty. No one can clearly state what the franchise in boroughs originally was. The inquirer into the past finds himself continually surrounded with clouds and darkness. We can say nothing certain respecting parliament. In the language of Sir James Macintosh, "most of its parts were irregularly and unequally unfolded; some attained their vigour before others, and the growth of some appeared for a time to be too rudely checked for recovery;" yet to its early rise and progress an undying interest attaches; for it grew with England's growth, and strengthened with her strength. Born of the people, more or less, it has been true to them.

We hasten gladly from these dull inquiries. We shall find more entertaining matter as we proceed. The darkness becomes less—the path more plain. Still, even down to our own time, the history of the house is locked up in voluminous journals, state trials, parliamentary debates, and ancient pre-

cedents; yet even a lover of light reading will find much to interest, and a real student of human progress will find much to richly reward his patient research. "How much interest," remarks Mr. Townshend, "may be found in a review of its former privileges, some obsolete or retrenched, and some forgotten; of those hard-won rights to personal and deliberative freedom which the progress of constitutional principles has sanctioned and matured; of its large powers both to reward and punish; of its power of impeachments, that ponderous instrument of the vengeance of the commons, blunted by frequent and injudicious use; of its former vindictive expulsion of members, and tyrannical sentences on offenders kneeling at the bar."

A grand lesson is taught by the House of Commons. It has been snubbed by counties—frowned on by kings. It has gone through every extreme. At one time base as baseness itself. At another time proud in its integrity as the champion of the right. It has been bought and sold over and over again. Yet it lives. What a proof of the inherent virtue of the representative system. What a proof that, so long as you have that, you have politically every thing. That working even imperfectly is a guarantee that the machine of the state will go right.

THE SPEAKER.

The student of etymology in general, and Horne Tooke in particular, will not be surprised to learn that the Speaker of the House of Commons is, in reality, almost the only member who never speaks. Everywhere around you oratory drops like dew, and very heavy dew, from all parts of the House, with the exception of that one particular spot—the oasis in the desert—where stands the richly carved and ornamented Speaker's chair, and where the Speaker sits. You hear him name the different actors on the busy scene. If honourable members cluster too thickly at the bar—if old fogies or young bucks, instead of the quiet tones in which you should discuss the last new tie, or the points of a woman or a horse, speak in tones so loud as actually to drown the voice of Mr. Humdrum, who is in possession of the chair, then "Order! Order!" is cried by the Speaker, deeply, loudly, grandly, and for a time the tumult subsides. Or if a bill is to be put, you again hear the Speaker's voice, thus, "The Middlesex Grand Junction Railway bill, that it be read again this day six months; as many as are of that opinion say Aye, on the contrary. No—the Nocs have it." When you have heard thus much, you have, generally, heard all that the Speaker has got to say. Silent, watchful, he sits all night in his chair of state. If the sight of a good man struggling with adversity—a sight which philosophers have pretty often an opportunity of witnessing—be a sight dear to them, what must those excellent personages think of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a stormy debate or a row—the latter, of course, principally an entertainment got up and conducted for the amusement of the house by the Irish members? And really an ordinary mortal at such a time may feel pleasure in witnessing the conduct of the Speaker, in attempting to keep order under difficulties. Scarcely is the house awed by his majestic appearance, or his vehement tones; often the confusion lasts some time. In ordinary seasons, while the debate drags on smoothly, the Speaker hardly seems to belong to the house at all, as calm, dignified, silent, he sits apart—a witness of the scene, but rarely an actor in it.

"The first Speakers of the House of Commons were chosen," says Mr. Townshend in his *History of the House of Commons*, "from belted knights and commoners of distinction, but in accordance with the previous nomination of the king. Sir Thomas Hungerford, 51 Henry III., in the year 1376, is the first named as Speaker in the parliament roll, and termed *parleur*, or mouth of the house. But as the ancient parliament rolls recorded only the acts that passed between both houses, and the laws that were made, omitting all matters of form and ceremony, it may be conjectured that the antiquity of the office is coeval with the sitting of the commons apart from the lords. In the forty-fourth year of Henry III.'s reign, their refusal to suffer the recall of Adamar

the Bishop of Winchester elect, from banishment, is signed. "Petrus de Mounteforti Vice Communitatis." In the olden time, when the commons were of little importance, the post of Speaker was not always one of honour alone. Sir Peter de la Mere was committed close prisoner to Nottingham castle for having spoken too freely of the royal favourite Alice Pierce. The poor Speaker was browbeaten, contradicted, and buffeted at the royal will. One was committed to the Fleet, and ultimately beheaded, though the whole house petitioned to have him restored, urging his privilege "by common custom time out of memory of man, and even afore these times used in every of the parliaments of the king's noble progenitors."

We cannot be much surprised then if we find that, in the time of Richard II., a custom grew up on the part of the speaker elect of praying to be excused from office. Sometimes the addresses of these gentlemen were of the most fulsome character. Richard II. compared Henry VIII. upon one occasion, "for justice and prudence to Solomon, for strength and fortitude to Samson, for beauty and comeliness to Absalom." Sir Edward Coke, the second great Speaker—that far nobler man Sir Thomas More having been the first—in his address to Queen Elizabeth, said, "Although as in the heavens a star is but *opacum corpus* until it receive light from the sun, so stand I *corpus opacum* until your highness's bright shining wisdom hath looked upon me and allured me. In this house are many grave, many learned, many deep, wise men, and those of ripe judgments; but I am untimely fruit not yet ripe, but a bud scarcely blossomed, so as I fear me your Majesty will say amongst so many fair fruit ye have plucked a shaken leaf." In the same reign we have another illustration of the mode in which the house conducted its affairs. The house having met for the choice of a speaker, the Comptroller of the Household, Sir William Kneles, said, "I will deliver my opinion unto you, who is most fit for this place, being a member of this house, and those good abilities which I know to be in him (here he made a little pause and the house harked and spat, and after silence made he proceeded) —unto this place of dignity and calling, in my opinion (here he stayed a little), Mr. Sergeant Yelverton (looking upon him) is the fittest man to be preferred (after which words Mr. Yelverton blushed and put off his hat, and after sat bare-headed); for I know him to be a man wise and learned, secret and circumspect, religious and faithful, no way disable, but every way able, to supply this place." He then sat down, hoping for a general consent. The whole house cried, "Aye, aye, let him be;" and the master-comptroller made a low reverence, and sat down. Up then rose modest, blushing Sergeant Yelverton. He could not account for the choice—he lacked merit, ability, and wealth. He was a poor man with a large family. Nor was he of a sufficiently portly presence. "He that supplieth this place," said the sergeant, "ought to be a man big and comely, stately and well spoken, his voice great, his carriage majestic, his nature haughty, and his purse plentiful and heavy; but, contrarily, the stature of my body is small, myself not so well spoken, my voice low, my carriage lawyer-like and of the common fashion, my nature soft and bashful, my purse thin, light, and never yet plentiful." This modesty, real or affected, of course enraptured the house, and Sergeant Yelverton was elected *nom. con.* The Speaker is nominated by the government; and if party feeling runs high, it is generally in the choice of a Speaker that the first trial of strength takes place. The most recent instance of this sort took place in the year 1825, when, on the death of Earl Spencer, and the consequent elevation of Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons, to the peerage, King William IV. rather unceremoniously dismissed his whig ministers. Sir Robert Peel, who was appointed Premier while on a tour in Italy, had so strong an opposition to contend with, that he dissolved the parliament, and the first of the defeats, which shortly afterwards led to his retirement, was upon the election of Mr. Abercrombie as Speaker, in opposition to Mr. Goulburn, the ministerial candidate.

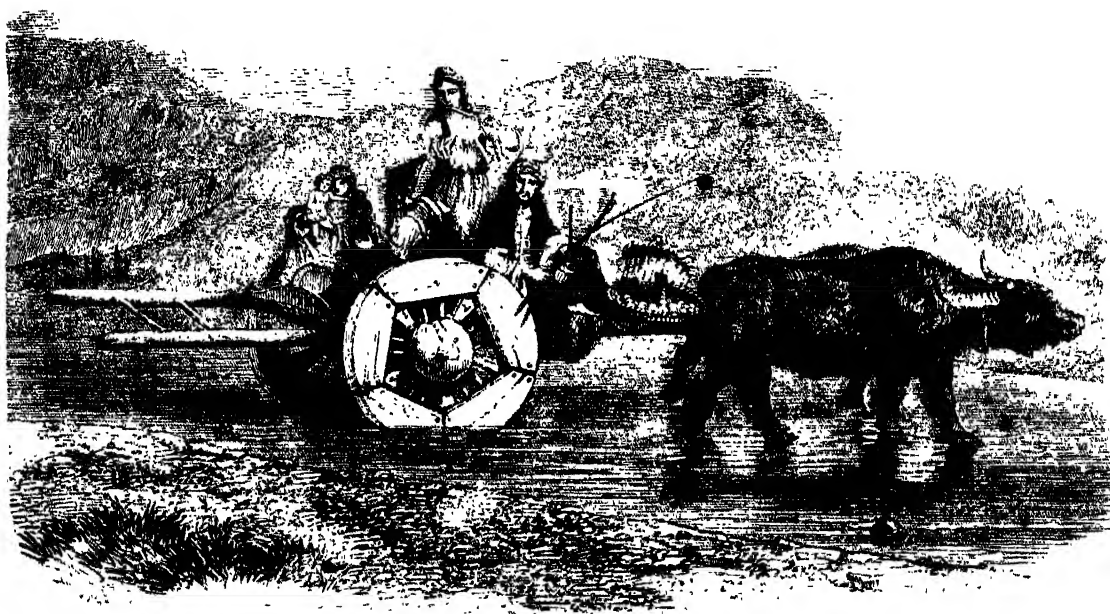
KHOSROVAH.

KHOSROVAH is a town situated in the middle of a beautiful plain near the lake of Ommyah, within three days' journey of Tabriz, the capital of Azbaidjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. The inhabitants number nearly twelve hundred, and are of Chaldean origin. They were formerly Nestorians, but have lately adopted the Roman Catholic faith. At KhosrovaH the houses are large, convenient, and well built, many of them have very beautiful gardens attached, but the cultivation of the earth does not say much for their owners' knowledge of agriculture; and in this they are not distinguished from their neighbours, who are but indifferent husbandmen. A recent traveller says that when he for the first time saw KhosrovaH, the peasants who used carts, employed a team of buffaloes; from a sketch which he then made our engraving is taken. At a short distance from the town an ancient bas-relief is found upon a rock, representing two horsemen attended by

is exposed, or sometimes the point is surmounted by a nest.

The peasants for the most part erect their own dwellings, and manufacture their own materials for the building. Collecting a great quantity of earth in a trough, they moisten gradually by adding water till the whole is reduced to a thick paste, they then press this moistened earth into the wooden brick-mould, with rapidity and exactness. One man may thus produce a prodigious quantity of bricks in one day, generally between two and three thousand. The bricks having taken the desired form are hardened in the sun, and are then considered fit for use. Nearly all the houses are built of these materials.

In Persia, as well as in Europe, agriculture sustains the chief part of the public expenses, and is a source of considerable revenue. The state claims a certain duty upon all products; but money being extremely rare in the villages and



CART OF A HUSBANDMAN, KHOSROVAH, IN PERSIA.

champions on foot; it is very large, and after a remote style of art, probably sculptured during the monarchical period of the Sassanides.

Persian villages generally resemble each other in nearly every particular; there is the same earthen wall, and row of trees, and breaches in the wall, occasioned by some trivial accident, for the Persian builds but slightly, and his fortification is a merely imaginary defence, that a fox might break down—the same mud hovels, and here and there picturesque old houses, with gilded cupolas of different heights; together with the same extensive caravansaries—simple as of old. If the village is rich and populous, the houses of the principal inhabitants are garnished with various carvings and coloured glass; some of the dwellings are built of brick. From any other habitations, by its peculiarity of material or architectural decoration, may be recognised the dwelling of the Ket Khoda, chief of the village. The Mosque is generally indicated by a brick dome, upon the point of which a plume of stork's feathers

country districts, most of the peasants pay the greater part of the government imposts in grain or cattle. This is a great alleviation to the husbandmen, who are generally poor. Agriculture in Persia, is the same now as it has been for many centuries. They have a stereotyped system of husbandry—a good old way—from which it would be difficult to induce them to depart. In the labours of the fields, as we have before remarked, bullocks or buffaloes are employed. Everything in Persia reminds the traveller of the old time—there things seem to have remained as they were from the beginning; the Persian makes his bricks and builds his house as of yore, the ox-drawn cart rumbles over the marshy soil; but while every social arrangement maintains its old character, one looks in vain for the glory and power of the country, the bygone magnificence buried in unaccountable oblivion even by their own historians. Scattered fragments here and there give indication of the condition of ancient Persia, and the caves in the rocks still remain where the Persian kings are buried.



CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, VEZELAY, FRANCE

THE CHURCH OF THE MADELINE AT VEZELAY

is on a lofty mountain. The access to it is difficult on every side but the west. Neighbouring and distant heights, which are crowned with tufted woods, and intersected with winding streams and fertile valleys, afford a pleasant prospect from it. The mountain on which it stands was chosen in the middle of the ninth century as an abode for a colony of children connected with the order of St. Benedict. Count Gerard de Roussillon, the fierce antagonist of Charles the Bald, and his pious wife, Bertha, were the founders of the monastery at Vezelay. They occupied a strong castle on this mountain, and there provided an asylum for monks, when the convent which they had built in honour of St. Peter was destroyed by the Normans. Vezelay, placed by its founder under the immediate protection of the Holy See, soon ranked among the great religious establishments of France, and all attempts to make it subordinate to bishops or abbés proved unavailing. In the tenth century, relics of Mary Magdalene were supposed to have been conveyed to it, which naturally gave rise to many pilgrimages thither. The population increased, and the place soon became renowned. Its inhabitants grew rich by commerce, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries we find them mixed up with all sorts of transactions, either as witnesses or judges. They could not be unaffected by the general movement which was at that time going on in the north and centre of France. No less turbulent than the *bourgeois* of other towns, they killed their feudal lord, the Abbé Artaud, who wished to impose a new tax upon them, burnt the monastery, and involved many in the general destruction. This was only the prelude to other disturbances in the city, which led to an appeal to the Pope. The second crusade, which was proclaimed at Vezelay in 1146, summoned the *élite* of the French barons to arms, and St. Bernard blessed Louis the Young, with a vast crowd of his vassals, on the hill to the north of Vezelay, where a church was afterwards built, under the name of the Holy Cross. In the year 1166, the disputes between the inhabitants of Vezelay and their ecclesiastical superiors were brought to an end, by the payment of a large fine to the abbé, and the demolition of the towers and fortifications of the town. But during the latter half of the twelfth century the repose of the monastery was again disturbed, till at length the monks were constrained to retire. In these commotions the inhabitants once more took part, hoping to recover their independence, but were again condemned to pay a heavy fine. The monastery was for a long time afterwards frequented by pious pilgrims, some of whom were royal personages, as St. Louis, who came in 1267, to celebrate the translation of the relics of the Madeline. In the sixteenth century Vezelay gave birth to the celebrated Theodore Bess, one of the great lights of the Reformation. One of the abbés, Cardinal Odet de Coligny, embraced protestantism, and saw the Huguenots seize upon the monastery in 1588, after a brave resistance on the part of the inhabitants. The destruction of the abbey followed, and the church, which had been already neglected, was seriously damaged. The monks, who were secularised by Pope Paul III. in the middle of the sixteenth century, no longer the means of keeping the ancient edifice in repair. Their abbé, the lord superior, spent all the revenues at Paris, without troubling themselves at all about the state of the building.

The church of Vezelay is no less celebrated in the estimation of archaeologists than the town in that of the historians of the middle ages. The building, which is as large as a cathedral, being nearly four hundred feet long, occupies a great part of the summit of the mountain on which it is erected. From whatever side the town is approached, it commands

years' existence, and attributed it to the Saracens, going so far back, and without believing that Countess Bertha rose by night to go with her attendants to the sand and stones set apart for the construction of the fabric, we may feel assured that the nave, which is in the pure Romanic style, belongs to the end of the eleventh century; that the church of the catechumens, that is to say, the porch, which is in the transition Romanic style, and not less than sixty-eight feet in breadth, dates from the twelfth century; and that the choir, which is in a pointed, bold, and slender style, must be referred to the beginning of the thirteenth century, or somewhat later. The large front, represented in the accompanying engraving, itself exhibits a mixture of several styles. In the lower part may easily be recognised that of the twelfth century, characterised by the Romanic arcades; the two towers belong to the same age, except the upper story of that on the right, which is pointed, and of the thirteenth century; the too slender balustrade which surmounts it is modern. At a later period the sculptures which adorned the tympanum of the principal door were destroyed.

If we could open the doors and show the admirable sculptures which adorned the tympanum of the inner entrance, and that of the capitals of the columns in the porch; then the beautiful and simple arrangement of the long triforiums of the three naves, perfectly restored to their original condition, which are most sumptuously decorated from the base of the four-columned pillars to the arches of the vaulting and triforiums, and even to the cordons which separate the three stories of the building; we should be surprised at what the monks of the middle ages could accomplish in the way of adorning their churches. Together with the rose-work, so rich, and so vigorously executed, must be reckoned, though inferior in point of art, the thousand subjects of statuary which cover the capitals of all the Romanic part of the church and the vast tympan of the porch. This last is occupied by Christ sitting in his glory, surrounded by the apostles, and blessing the world. The statue of John the Baptist stands on the central pier of the entrance. The zodiac, a usual accompaniment of Romanic portales, surrounds this tympanum. On the side-doors are represented the principal scenes in the life of our Saviour. By the sculptures of the Romanic capitals in the naves, in which Satan, under various very ugly forms, plays an important part, the struggle of man against evil, and his triumph through the assistance of angels, are symbolically represented. There are also many biblical subjects found there.

The choir of the church, which is decorated in the pointed style, has no sculptures of persons. The columns of the chancel, consisting of one stone, are ornamented with festoons and even incrustations in mosaic. The tympanum of the exterior portal is an addition made by some abbé of the fourteenth century, who wished to throw more light into the nave of the porch than was afforded by the Romanic bays that were originally there, by making open arcades in the face of the fore-front. This part has lately been carefully repaired. The subjects are arranged in the following manner:—The Eternal Father is seated on the summit of the tympanum; two angels support his crown on each side, but a little below is seated the one of the Virgin, who is crowned, and the other Mary Magdalene. In the lower story may still be discerned the statues of St. Peter and St. John; three others represent a bishop and two martyrs. The style of these works is a little hard, and bears marks of the age of their execution. It is surprising that we do not here see the founder of the monastery.

For twelve years the French government has made great sacrifices to save the church of Vezelay from ruin. Thanks to the attention of M. Viollet-Leduc, who superintended total restoration, it has resumed an air of youth and life

at all interfere with its character. When this architectural monument is in the most beautiful state in France.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.—BY ANNA MARY HOWITT.

BUT we must hasten over to the conclusion of our story, tempting as it is to linger among such pleasant scenes and such hearty people—tempting as it is to elaborate with loving pen pictures of that rare beauty in the world—a deep, pure, earnest, and devoted love between two equally noble beings.

We can but glance at the golden bridal morning, when Mary, awakening from a refreshing and deep sleep, found Lucretia already dressed watching her, as she so calmly slumbered on, with surprise and deep love; for now that the eventful morning had arrived, Lucretia was by far the most agitated of the sisters. As for John, he had never slept a wink all that night, so agitated and intoxicated was he with joy and awe. He had been strolling through the woods and fields, living over his past life; and, in the transient darkness of the balmy June night, offering up fervent prayers to the Creator of this beautiful universe for strength to perform the duties of the new life stretching out before him, and this, too, in such a manner that his own life, and the lives bound up in his, might be in harmony with the beauty and glory pervading all nature; that he and Mary, as an Adam and Eve standing amidst the garden of Eden of nature, though having eaten of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, should cleave to the good, and listen unfearingly to the voice of the Almighty, wandering through the garden, serving Him, though unseen, hourly with obedient and adoring hearts, until that blessed day when they should eat of the Tree of Life, and enter into the glory of their Lord.

When the sun rose redly up, and sent his slant beams quivering through the tangled underwood of a coppice where John had flung himself down upon the mossy ground, and when the happy birds burst into their morning anthem, and the dew-drops showered down from the thickly-blossoming may-trees, and the corn-crake was heard uttering his shrill note with his quiet voice through the deep mowing-grass, John came forth from his meditations, and gathering trails of lovely wild creepers and flowers, slowly sauntered towards the village. Two milk-maids, going out to their cows, passed him as he walked along, his agitated face half concealed by his sheaf of greenery, and, looking back after him, observed to each other, "Why that's Mr. Wetherly, isn't it?—old Sally's grandson; and to-day's to be his wedding-day—bless the young man! But, depend upon it, he's so full of joy he's not been able to sleep all this blessed night!"

And when Mary was about to array herself in a lovely white silk dress—a present from Honoria which had arrived the previous day—Lucretia opened the door of their chamber, and led Mary, much surprised, to a table in a little ante-room, where, most tastefully festooned with wild creepers and flowers, stood a quaint little old looking-glass. "See what John has been doing whilst you have been fast asleep! He has been wandering about all night, I fancy, from the look of his face, too happy to sleep, and came ever so early, begging me to let him adorn the old looking-glass with flowers; for he says the image of you, darling, in your bridal dress must be encircled by a worthy and appropriate frame. See how lovely it is! And he would not take any of the exquisite flowers sent last night from the Helling's hothouses, but brought these simple wild flowers. Oh, Mary, he loves you dearly, tenderly; but can he love you as I do, as I have done for these long years, ever since you were the little motherless child?" And the sisters clung together in a tight embrace, and it was now Mary's turn to cheer her sister, and to call again bright smiles forth from amidst her loving tears.

We must not dwell upon the marriage blessing pronounced by Mr. Brewster over the lovers in the quaint little church, where Mary knelt before the altar in her pure white dress, with a ray of sunshine falling upon her, till, like Keats's lady, she looked "a splendid angel newly dressed, save wings, for heaven." Nor yet may we dilate upon the grandeur of dear old Sally Wetherly, who stood during the ceremony, her reticule in hand, between Lucretia and Mrs. Brewster, nor

how the three tender-hearted women shed tears, and inwardly besought blessings upon the united lovers,—this we leave, also, to the imagination of the reader. One little ray of sunshine we must, however, notice, as being present at the marriage ceremony, beside the ray which glanced over and kissed sweet Mary's bridal garment; and this was a tall figure robed in a white muslin morning-dress, gleaming forth, like a fresh morning cloud, from a distant pew in the church. It was Honoria; but before the little bridal party had recovered from the emotion of the solemn ceremony, the beautiful white figure had floated, cloud-like, out of the church, and was nowhere to be seen, either in the churchyard or upon the road. Upon the wedding breakfast-table lay, however, a little note, with the most fragrant of orange-blossom bouquets, which, opened by Mary's trembling fingers, and read by her and John's eyes half blinded by happy tears, ran thus:—

"Beloved friends,—All happiness, all peace to you! I was at your wedding, you see, though you believed me still with Agnes at *Kaiserswerth*—but I could not lose a true moment of happiness in witnessing the solemnisation of such a marriage as I believe yours will be. I am not going to disturb you now, dear John, dear Mary, do not fear; such moments in life ought to be sacred even from the dearest of friends. But I shall await you with the warmest welcome and congratulations upon your return from the Peak. Drive immediately, when you return to Nottingham, to Pierrpoint House. I shall be there, and will command even our poplars to shiver you a warm welcome!"

"Your affectionate friend,

"HONORIA PIERRPOINT.

"P.S.—Mary must not trouble herself in bidding her sister adieu with the thought of how lonely she will be. I and the Helling's shall look after that."

And in Pierrpoint House, standing within that stately dining-room, which long years before had sent such a chill into John's heart, did Honoria welcome her friends; and beneath that portrait of the stately Lady de Callis, who no longer chilled him with her enigmatical eyes and proud smile, did Honoria pronounce their marriage homily with the same eyes and lips as were pictured in the portrait of her grandmother.

"Welcome, dear friends," cried she, stepping forth with her gracious, yet majestic air, and taking a hand of each wedded lover. "Welcome! It is seldom a marriage gives me any satisfaction, any hope; but yours does. You must not fail in the fulfilment of your dreams of an ideally beautiful marriage; such marriages becoming realities, are the great educators of the world, the sole regenerators of society—such married pairs as you may, perhaps, become, are the only reformers of our great social evils in whom I place much faith. John, through your beautiful Art, ennoble your own soul and your wife's soul; and, Mary, through your life, ennoble your husband's Art. And your children—oh! I have much joy in the thoughts of your children, for they will be worthy denizens of this beautiful world—strong mind and body—healthy to the core. And we—for I shall love them as my children, John—we must rear them up so that they may become worthy denizens of a yet more beautiful, more perfect world. We must always treat them as little angels; and as they sit upon their little benches far down in the lowest forms of the Great School of Life, let us seek—we the elder scholars—to teach and train their innocent hearts, that in later years the Great Schoolmaster may not have to whip and buffet them, as He has had to do with us, His disobedient scholars! Dear friends, dear brother and dear sister, do you associate with you in this holy labour!" Their answer was spoken rather by warm pressure of the hands, and by the united looks of love in the faces of the married pair, than by words.

And now, in conclusion, we must just remark that the Wetherleys' marriage has in no wise disappointed Honoria. The other night, driving away with Agnes from John Wetherley's beautiful house at Brompton, Honoria suddenly broke the silence in which the two friends were sunk by saying:—

"Agnes, if I felt proud of John's first picture in the Exhibition, how much more proud do I feel of John's beautiful life! What so exquisitely beautiful, so sublime, as moral excellence! Does not such an evening as this refresh our souls? Will not the memory of those two pure and loving beings standing in perfected union before John's noble picture, within that lofty and quiet studio, and Mary's full voice mingling with and leading the shriller voices of her children, as they sang that lovely anthem, revisit us again and again as glimpses of living poetry? You, dear Agnes, the type of a class of woman each day becoming less rare—the woman of intellect, who, self-absorbed, offers up as a willing sacrifice her heart's blood as well as her brain to the life of the intellect; and I, the woman of wealth, who offer up all the vast power of this wealth to the furtherance of what appears to me justice and truth,—we two women, who have chosen our portion in the world, and consider it a good and wise portion; and who, struggling to benefit our sex, and indignant at the injustice it has suffered through long ages from ignorant man, at times inveigh against marriage as a yoke of all bitterness,—let us recall this marriage with joy, and acknowledge that among the women-workers for the enlightenment of the world, such a wife and mother as Mary is one of the most efficient; but she is efficient alone, Agnes, because she has followed in all simplicity the bent of her nature, and all her duties thus flow forth easily from her—they are her radiations. To her, to guide and to cherish those beautiful children is as natural and easy as it is for you to pour out your soul in eloquent words, which arouse to deeds of noble action thousands of men, women, and children,—as it is for me to plan schemes for education and for the alleviation of misery. Agnes, each of us, sister-workers, have we not, in listening to the secret voice of our hearts, disentangled the skein of our destinies? and may we not thank our beneficent Father for the clear and noble path of duty stretching forth before us boldly into the future? To learn how to discern our duty, is not that the first great lesson of life? and that lesson now surely, dear friend, we have conned thoroughly."

WODIN AND HIS RELIGION.

THE authors who have hitherto written upon Wodin and his religion are far from inspiring confidence in the reader. We cannot pretend to give more than a brief sketch of some of their statements, which, though not free from error, deserve attention on account of having been long current. It is supposed that this mysterious personage was originally king of a tribe on the borders of the Caspian sea. A contemporary of Mithridates, he was on the point of entering into an alliance with him against Rome; but the death of the King of Pontus disarranged his plans, and henceforward he thought only of giving scope to the warlike tendencies of his people by attempting the conquest of Germany. Aided by the counsels of the philosopher-Mimer and his wife Frigga, or Freya, he managed during this expedition to give his people the religion on which he had long been meditating, and of which he was destined to be the principal hero. Its fundamental principle was the consecration of suicide. Whoever died a natural death bore the reproach of a coward, and incurred the penalty of future punishment.

The believers in this creed regarded life as a burden from which they were bound to seek release, they boldly faced the storms and ice of the ocean around Iceland where they established their colonies. One division of this nation, known by the generic name of Northmen, went and settled, in the ninth and tenth centuries, in Normandy, to which they gave their

name; and by their invasion they completely changed the political aspect of the whole of France. But Wodin pursued his conquests in the north, and apportioned immense empires to his sons Bagded and Segded, after subduing Sweden and Denmark at the head of his hordes. Having reposed for some time from the toils of war, he invaded Norway, and gave it as a heritage to his son Samungua. It is supposed that about this time the followers of Wodin took the name of Scandinavians.

Thus the life of this hero was spent in victories; and, it may be added, that he died as he had lived. For seeing his end was near, and not wishing to belie what he had advanced, he assembled his people, and after delivering a speech in which he summed up the principles of his religion, he stabbed himself and his wife with his poniard; upon which the aged who were present melted to tears, and fell upon their swords; and the young, inflamed with ardour, rushed to new exploits.

Among a people so enthusiastic as the Scandinavians the recollection of Wodin could not but produce a lasting impression. His death, accompanied by such striking circumstances, naturally tended to increase their veneration for him, and before long they came to regard him as a god, though he had only proclaimed himself a prophet of the divinity. According to the poets, Wodin combined an invincible courage with such a remarkable eloquence, that he improvised verse in the course of his speeches. Some idea of the religion of Wodin may be gathered from the description of it contained in the "Edda," a poem said to have been composed in the eleventh and twelfth centuries by various authors. The first part of the "Edda" explains the doctrines relating to worship, the creation and the battles of the giants, the second treats only of the quarrels of the gods. There are twelve gods; Wodin is their chief; and he has one hundred and twenty-six attributes of his own. Frigga, his wife, is the goddess of pleasures. Thor, his son, is the god of thunder, corresponding to Zeus among the Greeks and Jupiter among the Romans. Loke is the god of evil; he is the Beelzebub of the Scandinavians; he never ceases—says a writer, with great simplicity—from playing tricks with the gods. Nifheim is their lower world; Hela, the goddess of death, and daughter of Loke, presides there; her body is half stone and half flesh, to indicate the principle of life and destruction. Adulterers, perjured persons, and cowards, lie weltering in a green lake, formed by the poison of serpents, in which they are incessantly swallowed up and thrown back again by frightful monsters. Walhalla is their paradise; a bridge composed of a rainbow is the only entrance to it; Heimdall is the keeper. This giant has teeth of pure gold; he sees as well in the night as in the day, and hears the wool grow on the back of sheep! There in the midst of clouds warriors partake of banquets, served up by nymphs, called Walkiries. Their most agreeable pastime is that of renewing in heaven the combats in which they engaged upon earth, and challenging even Wodin himself to fight them. Surrounded by scalds—i. e. poets occupying much the same position among the Scandinavians as the bards among the Scots—who celebrate their exploits in song, they never grow old. To give our readers some idea of the character of these tribes, we here quote from the death-song of Reyner Lodbrog, King of Denmark, which ends thus:—

"We fought sword in hand. But I am full of joy at the thought that a banquet is preparing for me in the palace of the gods. Soon, seated in the splendid abode of Wodin, we shall drink out of the skulls of our enemies. A brave man fears not death; I will not pronounce words of terror on entering Wodin's hall.

"We fought sword in hand, Ah! if my sons knew the torments I endure; if they knew that venomous serpents gnaw my bosom, how ardently would they desire to engage in fierce conflicts; for their mother has given them a valiant heart.

"We fought sword in hand. But it is time to finish. Wodin sends me golemes to conduct me to his palace. I am going to the regions above to drink beer with the gods. My life is at its end, I shall die with joy."

KING RENÉ'S GARDEN.

RENÉ, called the Good, Duke of Anjou, King of Naples and Sicily, and Count of Provence, was born at Angers, on the sixth of January, 1408. He was the son of Louis II., King of Naples, and Yolande, daughter of John I. of Arragon. He received at his baptism the title of Count of Guise. But few particulars are known of his early life, except that he was educated under the eye of his mother, and in his youth acquired that taste for the study of the beautiful which distinguished him in after days. While still young he obtained the hand of Isabella of Lorraine, and at the age of thirty succeeded to the title and estates of that dukedom. His right to this high dignity was disputed, and the question referred to a council of peers, who, however, decided in favour of René. From the council the new claimant appealed to the sword. Civil war devastated the land, but without the desired result. Soon after René proceeded to Naples, as lieutenant-general, to take possession of the throne on behalf of his wife, vacant by the

one of their rambles they remarked an elevated spot, a rock about sixty feet high, formerly called the Camp of Cæsar; at the summit they discovered a grotto, once the abode of a saintly recluse. The situation delighted Isabella; there was an air of quietness and of romance about the place that afforded a charming contrast to the noise, bustle, and excitement of the court. René occupied himself in attempts to render this spot, so wild and so uncultivated, a pleasant and agreeable retirement, by making its barren steeps bloom and flourish with all the glories of floriculture. Great obstacles had to be overcome, but patience works wonders, and patience overcame them all. The ground was clothed with the richest verdure, cool and shady arbours were picturesquely arranged, flowers shed their fragrance, and the locality soon presented an entirely new aspect. Nothing was talked of but the glories of King René's garden, and all praised his assiduity and love.

When René had completed his work, a chapel was erected



VIEW OF THE GARDEN OF KING RENÉ, NEAR AIX.

death of Joan II. There fresh troubles assailed him; a competitor was ready to dispute with him for the crown, backed by the Duke of Milan and the Pope himself. He struggled hard, but the fortune of war was against him: for six years he remained a close prisoner, and then had to pay a heavy ransom before he was permitted to return to his own domains.

Forced by the troops of Alphonso of Arragon to abandon the kingdom of Naples, René returned to his own duchy of Lorraine. There, surrounded by a brilliant court, he passed his time in the midst of the utmost magnificence, fêtes and tournaments being matters of daily occurrence. Knights and troubadours gathered around the monarch, his court became the centre of all grace and beauty, and the fame thereof spread over the face of all fair France. But this ceaseless round of pleasure was but ill adapted for the failing health of Isabella: the bloom had passed from her cheek, and the brightness from her eyes; time and trouble had marked her brow. With her René took many a solitary ramble, and together they traversed the quiet hills and valleys about the old town of Angers. In

on the rock, richly ornamented with frescoes and pictures and poetical devices. Adjoining the chapel was a small hermitage, where he often tarried with his beloved queen. From this spot a stupendous and noble panorama was to be seen. To this hermitage the monarch gave the name of *La Beaumette*.

Surrounded by all that could charm the fancy or elevate the taste, the poor queen lingered out her few remaining days, and when René was left alone, the garden, the chapel, and the hermitage, became doubly dear to him, suggestive as was every spot of her who was in very truth his second self. Afterwards, indeed, by the advice of his vassals, he again married, but never loved with the same deep earnest tenderness as he had loved before.

He devoted himself almost entirely to agricultural pursuits. When driven from his beloved Anjou by political intrigue, and forced to take refuge in Provence, he there made most extensive and admirable alterations. His memory was long cherished, and the melancholy which everhung his life added fresh interest to his history.

MONACO ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It has been remarked of certain names, as of certain countenances, that it is difficult to believe them to be in earnest. So it is with Monaco. While the name recalls the idea of monastic life, the bright country itself rather brings before us the jovial faces of our ancestors; and, perhaps, the best introduction to a description of it would be the famous burden of the song, "La Monaco."

Historically considered, Monaco is one of the most interesting places upon the Mediterranean. Upon this rock, now so little known, Greek civilisation was first planted in Europe. Ancient tradition relates, that Hercules, before his return to Spain, landed here, and vanquishing the mountain robbers, opened a passage through the Alps, and consecrated to himself the rock and the natural port which distinguish it. "Monæci similiter arcem et portum ad perennem sui memoriam consecravit," says Ammianus Marcellinus ("He con-

secrated both the citadel and the port to a lasting remembrance of himself"). Hence, down to the first ages of Christianity the port of Monaco retained the glorious name of Portus Herculis. This is a settlement much more ancient than those made by the Greeks and Romans on this shore, for it belongs to the mythological period. Even five hundred years before the Christian era, Hecateus of Miletus made mention of Monaco as a celebrated colony.

Its great antiquity is especially proved by the etymology of its name. As this colony, or rather this monument of the first navigators, dedicated by its founders to Hercules, formed an isolated point on the wild shore, the god received from it the surname of Monoikos (isolated habitation), of which the Latins made Monæcus. Hence the city was called Portus Herculis Monæci, or Portus Monæci. Thus the guardian divinity of the place was Hercules the Solitary, or Hercules

the Monk. An heraldic device, still extant, represents a monk of noble form, as the god of strength, with short, thick beard, of fierce countenance, and sword in hand.

The most ancient mention of this singular transformation is to be found in the "Annals of Genoa," by Oggerius Panis; where, speaking of the rebuilding of the citadel, in the tenth century, after its destruction by the Saracens in the ninth, he simply calls it Podium Monachi, the manor of the monks. They appear to have forgotten Hercules, or only retained his surname, and the god was metamorphosed into a monk. Be that as it may, from the middle ages we date the name of Monaco, or the substitution of the idea of a cell for the more poetic one of the solitary Hercules.

Monaco and Nice are separated by a barrier of mountains, which must be scaled, for as they descend perpendicularly to the sea, there is no passage at their base. For the pedestrian



VIEW OF THE MEDITERRANEAN BETWEEN NICE AND MONACO.

the journey from one town to the other hardly occupies four hours, while by carriage it is nearly two hours longer, from the circuitous route necessary to avoid the ruggedness of the declivity. Between the two modes one could not long remain undecided; for, by Hercules! who would choose to travel otherwise than did the god himself to whom we go to pay tribute? Apollo has his horses; Diana her hinds; Amphitrite has her dolphins; Venus her doves; the swift Mercury his winged sandals; but Hercules, who traversed the world, receives nothing from the poets but the strength of his limbs.

On leaving the city, you at once ascend the massive barrier between Nice and Monaco, which forms a most valuable natural shelter to this part of the world, so renowned for the delightful mildness of its winters. The ascent commences through a grove of olive trees, and between their light foliage

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the eye roams over one of the most smiling, happy prospects in the world. The plain covered with gardens of orange-trees, diversified here and there by black pyramids of cypress, and the stately palm-tree. The hills rise one above another, covered with olive-trees and terraces to their summits. Around the picturesque rock, upon which formerly stood the castle, but now stand only the ruins, the city lies in the form of a horse-shoe, its two extremities abutting upon the sea; and its circumference so thickly studded with houses extending into the country, that it loses itself, so to speak, in this wondrous valley, which is terminated on the north by the jagged and snowy tops of the maritime Alps, and on the south by the azure gulf, which is bordered throughout its whole extent by a fringe of white spray.

After half an hour's walk, this magnificent spectacle suddenly vanishes by a turn in the heights, and you must say "adieu!" until you see it again from a greater altitude. You then reach the summit of the rock which separates Nice from Villa-Franca, looking down almost perpendicularly upon the latter town and its glorious bay. Imagine a basin about two miles in length, and a third of a mile in breadth, situate between two hills, which advance in promontories southwards, and an abrupt recess reuniting with the highest pinnacles of the rock, and you have the bay of Villa-Franca. One could easily fancy it to be the impression left upon the shore by a blow from the club of the demigod; and, if learning were guided by poetic instincts, this might be thought the reason why some have endeavoured to prove that this fine bay, rather than Monaco, was the ancient port of Hercules. Their chief argument is founded on a passage of Strabo, which seems to imply a distinction between the port of Hercules and the port of Monæus, inasmuch as it speaks of the trophy of Augustus as placed between the two; but the passage reads differently in different manuscripts, and that from Ammianus Marcellinus, which has been cited literally on account of its importance, leaves little room to doubt that it is in accordance with other evidence into the details of which we need not enter at length. Perhaps the most conclusive evidence may be found in the places themselves. In proportion as the rock of Monaco, rising from the sea, would appear eligible for the seat of a colony in so isolated a condition, to the same extent would the situation of Villa-Franca, upon a declivity which might be swept away, so to speak, by rolling stones down the mountain, appear unfavourable; and although the roadstead of Villa-Franca would afford admirable anchorage for a squadron, and even for a fleet, we must not forget that the ancient ideas of navigation, so different from our own, would find every convenience in the more confined port of Monaco.

Hence, after a careful consideration of the subject, and an attentive observation of the locality, we have no hesitation in siding with those who deny this bay so great an antiquity. It is sufficient for the roadstead of Villa-Franca to form one of the most important features of the Mediterranean, and to take rank, if not as a rival, at least as an accessory to that of Toulon. We do not mean to assert that the Greek colony of Marseilles may not have had a settlement there; but the Phœceans, who founded that colony, had no occasion for the assistance of Hercules to enable them to discover and appreciate so remarkable a position. After being destroyed by the barbarians, and afterwards by the Saracens, it was not until the end of the eleventh century that the city could again raise its head. The castle, which still overlooks the city and the bay, historically dates from the end of the tenth century; but the primitive structure has yielded to the more modern, and it now consists of a bastioned fort, retaining, however, its rude and picturesque appearance. The town, which enjoyed great commercial prosperity under the House of Anjou, who changed its primitive name, "Port of the Olive," for that of *Ciutat Franca*—in French, *Villefranche*—is now little more than a large village, commerce having found a better home at Nice.

The promontory which forms the eastern boundary of the bay of Villa-Franca is connected with a second promontory

still more rugged, which, diverging at right angles from the former, has an extraordinary appearance. It is called the peninsula of Saint Hospice, covered, except at its head, with a magnificent grove of olive trees; it is chiefly remarkable for its lighthouse, which, with that of Antibes, warns the mariner of this dangerous coast. Ruins appear in this desert landscape, and heighten the contrast between it and the fertile plain of Nice. Here in the primitive ages of Christianity stood a monastery of Benedictines, connected with that of Lérins, which is still to be seen in the distance. It was destroyed by the Lombards in the sixth century, and there remained only a tower, in which the Abbé Hospitius, who alone escaped being massacred like his brethren, secluded himself during the remainder of his life. The renown of his austerities, and his lamentations, struck the lively imagination of the people, and the gulf from hence took the name of *Sant-Souspir*. Nothing now remains of this remote period but the ruins of a chapel, which are still held in veneration by the fishermen.

Many ruins of a later date are heaped around. Upon their site the Saracens founded a maritime settlement, which they long maintained, to the injury of the commercial interests of these shores. This settlement is called by historians *Fraxinetum*, the etymology of which is purely Arabic, and signifies fortress. Having been destroyed by the Genoese, these ruins were restored under the House of Anjou to form a new citadel similar to that of Villa-Franca. But this structure shared the lot of those which preceded it; raised in 1692 by Catinat, it mingles with the ruins which cover this spot.

The scenes around are in harmony with these vestiges of the barbarous Saracen. On leaving Villa-Franca, the mountain is stripped of its olive-trees. The rough, barren rock appears, with here and there a few bushes of myrtle, some cactuses, and aloes. The ascent becomes much more rugged; for this is the ancient road of the giants. As no pains are taken to keep it in repair, seeing that there is a post-road which, by a winding of about three miles, rejoins this road at an altitude of about a quarter of a mile, nature is fast reclaiming her own. After an hour's walk over these stony declivities, we come upon a true city of Africa, *Esa*. Built on the summit of a rocky pyramid, inaccessible on all sides except by a narrow path cut in the rock, this was formerly the principal Saracen station on this coast. With such means of attack as the middle ages afforded, such a position must have been impregnable except by famine. A stone hurled from the platform would roll violently down to the waves which, sixteen hundred feet below, wash the foot of the cliff. It is enough to make one giddy to look down into the abyss. There is also a complete desert all round the mountain. This ancient city, reduced now to the insignificance of a most miserable village, is the only habitable spot between Villa-Franca and the other extremity of the rocky height. From this extreme seclusion and unfavourableness of natural position, there results a certain savageness of disposition in the inhabitants, which is now, indeed, daily yielding to civilising influences, but before the opening of the new road rendered the brigands of *Esa* almost as notorious and as formidable as the pirates formerly were.

This part of the route from Genoa, of which we give a view (p. 205), is, perhaps, the finest. The rugged canton of *Esa* occupies only a small space in the view. On turning, to review the road traversed from Nice, the principal points are again discerned, while the horizon spreads out beyond. A portion of France is seen before you, and no less than half a dozen gulfs are visible. First, the peninsula of Saint-Hospice, and the bay of Villa-Franca; then the town of Nice in a semicircle round its monumental rock; the mouths of the Var, and the long peninsula of Garoupe, at the base of which Antibes and its fortress stand out clearly; behind, the gulf of Juan, celebrated for the disembarkation of Napoleon; the island *Sainte Marguerite*; the gulf of Napoul, washing the charming town of Cannes; above, the porphyry chain of *Esterel*; below, the gulf of Grimaud, bordering on the town of Saint-Tropez, which is bounded by the granite chain of *Mavres*, still bearing the name of the barbarians who were

so long in possession of it; the most prominent point, Cap Camard, covering the island of Hyères.

On the Italian side, the view is as limited as it is extended towards France. The mountain which rises above Monaco eclipses the less elevated regions beyond it. In the pass between the top of this mountain and the jagged crests beyond, are found the remains of the gigantic monument erected by Augustus to commemorate his victory over the people of these countries; and from thence you descend upon Italy. And now where are you? Are you still in France, or are you already in Italy? It is easy to reply, with a geographical treatise in hand, which indicates as a frontier line the bed of the rivulet, lost in the sands, called the river Var. But comparing a chart of the Republic with one of the Empire, we see that the Var is one of those undetermined frontiers which change with every treaty, and not one of those immutable boundaries such as the Rhine or the Alps. To turn to history, where did Gaul commence under the Romans? The Itinerary of Antoninus leaves no doubt on the subject. Between Cemenelo (now Cimicé) and Lumone (now Menton) the geographer mentions, by the name of *Alpes summa*, an intermediate station, which, reckoning according to the distances, coincides with the village of Turbie; and on the mention of this station he adds: "*Usque huc Italia, hinc Gallia*" ("Up to this point is Italy, beyond it is Gaul").

The acts of St. Pons, the first apostle of Nice, leave no doubt that in the first ages of Christianity this decision was always respected. "Passing beyond the frontiers of Italy he reached a town, situated far from the crest of the Alps, named Cimella." This is the same village, Turbie, which formed the separation between Provence and Liguria in the middle ages; as it appears, in a treaty of 1125, between the Count of Toulouse and the Count of Barcelona: "*Ipsa mons per fines Italie descendit ad ipsam Turbiam in mare*" ("The mountain forming the frontiers of Italy descends at Turbie to the sea"). It may be added, that the monument erected by Augustus on this spot forms a strong proof that Turbie was a boundary point between Italy and Gaul. Pompey had raised one of the kind upon the crest of the Pyrenees on the limits of Spain and Gaul. Augustus, who, after having imitated this great general in his war against an independent people, wished to imitate him in his glory, would be likely to erect his trophy on the limits of Gaul and Italy.

To conclude with a proof more appropriate to the traveller: in a kind of inn, near Esà, whither a French writer had been driven by the heat of the road, he heard nothing spoken around him but French and Provençal; and the hostess, whom he questioned, knew no more of Italian than is known at Quimper Corentin. "It is below, beyond the mountains," said she, "that they speak that language."

SCARRON'S "COMIC ROMANCE."

As one of the French writers who contributed, in some measure, to the formation of that elgar and lively style of composition which Pascal, Voltaire, and Lesage carried to such a high degree of perfection, Paul Scarron deserves honourable mention. He was born at Paris in the year 1610, and was intended for the church—indeed a canonry at Mans was actually obtained for him; but having been stricken with the palsy, and thus deprived of the use of his limbs, at the age of twenty-six, he was compelled to forego all prospects of clerical distinction. In spite, however, of this drawback, he managed, by his brilliant talents, to win for his father the favour of Cardinal Richelieu—who was the means of procuring him a handsome pension from the crown, though he had previously been offended with him—and to obtain for himself the hand of the witty and beautiful Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, whose splendid accomplishments, combined with his own, attracted around them all the *élite* of that period, and whom he left a widow in the year 1660. She afterwards became more remarkable under the name of Madame de Maintenon.

Of all Scarron's works, the "Comic Romance" is certainly the most distinguished. Even Boileau, who said to Racine the younger, "Your father sometimes was weak enough to read Scarron's verses, but he took care to conceal it from me"—even Boileau himself saw some merit in this work. And, indeed, there are in it, notwithstanding its frequent traits of burlesque, many proofs of observation, well-drawn portraits, and a certain lively and natural eloquence rarely found in the prose writers who preceded Scarron. Besides its other merits, it is noticeable as the first serious attempt at a portraiture of manners in fiction. Previous writers of romance had confined themselves to great adventures, fabulous passions, and feats of gallantry. Every one is familiar with those strange recitals in ten or twenty volumes, in which the greatest men of antiquity were transformed into courtiers and gentlemen of the time of the magnificent Louis Quatorze. The "Comic Romance" of Scarron tended to counteract this ridiculous species of literature, much in the same way as Cervantes' "Don Quixote" had the books of chivalry. Thus, in spite of the vast difference between the Spanish and the French writers, Scarron has the honour of having contributed in his measure to render the cause of good sense and truth predominant.

It must not, however, be supposed that the work of Scarron is completely free from all tinge of romance. A Spanish influence is perceptible in the sentimental details with which

the author has interspersed his narrative, as Lesage himself did afterwards in his "Gil Blas." These false ornaments, stuck rather awkwardly in the comic story, are evidently a concession to the vitiated taste of the time. Obligated to intermingle recitals of lofty gallantry with his public-house adventures, the author has some trouble to preserve a serious tone, and sometimes heedlessly abandons himself to satirical sallies.

Stripping the "Comic Romance" of useless episodes, we find that it consists mainly of the adventures of a set of country players, roaming about from place to place to obtain a precarious subsistence. Our engraving (p. 208) represents the arrival of a part of the company in the town of Mans. To give the reader a better insight into its meaning, we will here quote from Scarron the passage which our artist has rather freely rendered.

"The sun had accomplished more than half his journey, and his chariot, having reached the descent in the heavens, was rolling along more quickly than he liked. Had his horses chosen to take advantage of the downward tendency of the road, they would have completed what remained of the day in less than half a quarter of an hour; but instead of pulling with all their force, they amused themselves by curvetting and snuffing up the briny air, which made them neigh, and warned them of their approach to the ocean, in which their master is said to rest every night. Humanly and more intelligibly speaking, it was between five and six in the afternoon, when a cart entered the market-place of Mans. This vehicle was drawn by two very lean oxen, headed by a mare, whose foal kept running round the cart like a silly creature as it was. The cart was full of boxes, trunks, large packages, and painted coverings, which formed a complete pyramid, on the top of which sat a young woman, dressed half in city and half in country fashion. A young man, as poor in clothes as he was plump in the face, was walking by the side of the cart. He had a great plaster on his face, which covered one eye and half the cheek; and carried on his shoulder a large gun, with which he had killed several magpies, jays, and ravens, that formed a sort of belt, from beneath which peeped out the feet of a fowl and a gosling, which looked very much as if they had fallen a prey to this kind of warfare. Instead of a hat, he had nothing but a nightcap, twisted round with garters of various colours, forming a sort of turban in the rough. He had on a gray doublet, with a strap, to which was fastened his long

sword. He wore a sort of knee-breeches, such as actors put on when they have to represent any great hero of antiquity, and instead of shoes he had buskins, after the ancient fashion, which were well worn and dirty. An old man, dressed rather more tidily, though far from well, was walking by his side. He carried a bass-viol on his shoulder, and as he stooped a little in walking, he appeared at a distance like a large tortoise going along on his hind legs. The company passed the principal public-house, at the door of which many of the chief inhabitants of the town were assembled. The novelty of the paraphernalia, and the noise of the rabble who crowded round the cart, had attracted the notice of the worthy burgomasters to these strangers. Among others, a provost, named La Rapinière (the Pilferer), went up to them, and with an air of magisterial authority demanded to know who they were. The young man, of whom I have just spoken, replied that they were Frenchmen by birth, and actors by profession; that his

drawn from life. The character of the old player, called Malice, deserves to be cited as an example of the happy manner of the romancist. "Malice was one of those misanthropists who hate every body, and do not love themselves—I have known many such, who were never seen to laugh. He had some little talent, and wrote satirical verses indifferently well. He was also destitute of every feeling of honour, malicious as an old ape, and envious as a cur. He had something to find fault with in every member of his profession. One was too affected, another too uncouth, another too cold, and so of the rest: and he would fain have one believe he was the only actor without fault; and yet the fact was, he would not have been allowed to continue in the company, but for his having grown old in the service. Latterly he had been reduced to perform the part of nurses and old women, in a mask. In his better days he represented a head-porter, confidant, messenger, or bailiff's follower, when a king was to be



ARRIVAL OF COMEDIANS AT MANA (SCARRON'S "COMIC ROMANCE").

theatrical name was Destiny, and that of his aged companion Malice, and that of the young woman perched on the top of the baggage, Cavern. The conversation was suddenly brought to a close by sundry blows of the fist and dreadful oaths which were heard in front of the cart. It was the waiter of the inn, who had belaboured the driver with blows without warning, because his oxen had made too free with a heap of hay in front of the door."

This troop, according to Scarron, formed only a part of the whole. Our author draws a lively picture of the characters of the remainder. He also describes, with much spirit, certain subordinate personages, such as La Rapinière, an officer of the police, as ready to commit crimes on his own account as to prosecute them in others.

The adventures of these various persons are not well connected together. We find nothing but mystification, quarrels at public-houses, and misfortunes in travelling; but the narrative is generally rapid and gay, and the portraits are

escorted, or any one was to be assassinated, or a battle was to be fought. He sang villanously in a trio, and afterwards powdered himself for a farce. On the strength of these brilliant accomplishments, he supported an intolerable amount of vanity, which was combined with incessant raillery, an inexhaustible fund of slander, and a quarrelsome humour, backed, it must be confessed, by some valour. All this made his companions regard him with a sort of terror. Towards Destiny alone he was mild as a lamb, and appeared as reasonable as his nature would allow. It was said he had once been thrashed by him, but this rumour did not last long; any more than that of his liking for other people's property, which he was strongly suspected of having made too free with. Yet with all this, he was the best fellow in the world."

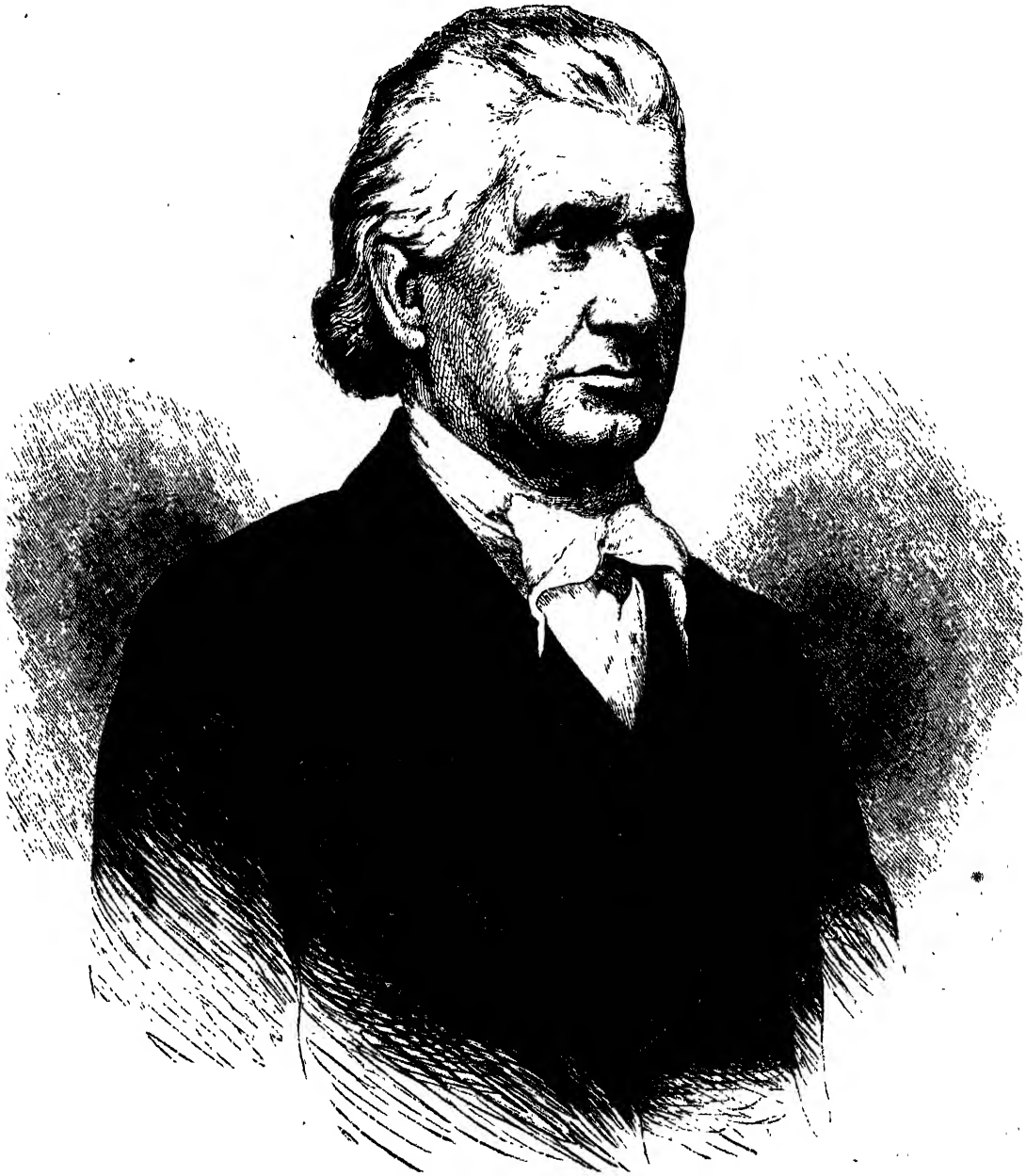
The "Comic Romance" also contains details indicative of the manners of the lower classes of society at that period. There are to be found in the conversations, certain thoughts on art, more striking than have been thrown out for many years.

REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

This eminent man is the head of a large family, most of the members of which have distinguished themselves by the energy of their character, and by the prominent part they have taken in philanthropic and religious movements. Lyman Beecher was born in New Haven, Connecticut, October 12th, 1775, in a dwelling still standing on the corner of George and College-streets. His immediate ancestors were men of exem-

Benton. He was fond of reading and study, and his uncle having proposed his going to college, Lyman, after spending about twelve months in preparation, entered Yale college, under the able presidency of Dr. Dwight, in September, 1793. Here he pursued his collegiate studies for several years.

Being called to assume the pastorate of a church at Litchfield, he soon established his fame as a preacher of more than



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

plary character, enjoying a serene and cheerful old age. His mother having died four days after his birth, Lyman was confided to the care of her sister, Mrs. Lot Benton, of North Guilford, who kept him in her family until it was judged advisable to send him to college, which was when he was in his seventeenth year. He had previously been engaged, partly in following his father's occupation, that of a blacksmith, and partly in agricultural pursuits with his uncle

ordinary talent. Here, according to his own account, he passed the most laborious portion of his life, carefully maintaining the vigour of his constitution by frequently engaging in house labour and field exercises, as well as in visits to the people of his charge, with whose condition, character, and conduct he felt bound to make himself well acquainted.

While at Litchfield the mind of Dr. Beecher was deeply distressed in consequence of the havoc made by the use of

intoxicating liquors among the inhabitants of that place, including some of his own congregation and friends. In 1811 an association was formed, and a committee appointed, to ascertain and report what could be done to stay the progress of intemperance. That report was made; but though the wide spread of the evil was lamented, it was discouragingly said that there seemed no possible remedy. This did not, by any means, suit the vigorous and practical mind of Dr. Beecher. He, therefore, immediately moved that the committee be discharged, and that another be appointed, to report, *instantly*, an appropriate remedy for intemperance. He was made chairman, and reported resolutions at once, recommending to all Christians and good men, the immediate and entire abandonment of intoxicating drinks. The resolution was carried; and this, it is believed, was the first step taken in the great history of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

It was during Dr. Beecher's residence at Litchfield that his famous six sermons on the "Nature, Occasions, Signs, Evils, and Remedy of Intemperance" were written and preached. These sermons are the evident gushings forth of a heart filled with grief and love. They greatly extended his reputation in the United States, and made him favourably known in England and its dependencies, and, through the medium of translations, in other parts of Europe. He concludes the sermons with this sentence:—"I pant not for fame or posthumous immortality; but my heart's desire and prayer to God for my countrymen is, that they may be saved from intemperance, and that our beloved nation may continue free, and become great and good."

The great popularity which Dr. Beecher acquired while at Litchfield, induced the members of the large and influential Presbyterian church at Boston to invite him to take the pastoral charge. He accepted the invitation, and remained there till 1832. In that year the Lane Theological and Literary Seminary was founded. Its object being to prepare young men for the ministry of the Christian religion, such facilities for manual labour were offered by it, as to make it possible for any industrious young man to defray, by his own exertions, a large part of the expenses of his education. The philanthropic spirit which Dr. Beecher had throughout his public career displayed, together with his known habits, pointed him out to the projectors of this new institution as the man most competent to undertake its direction. It was confidently anticipated that he would be able to demonstrate the practicability of educating mind and body at the same time, as well as to infuse new energy into the work of domestic and foreign missions, and revolutionise the Presbyterian church. A number of professors were elected to aid him. He removed to his new home in the immediate neighbourhood of Cincinnati, and remained there until the year 1830, devoting his whole energies to the promotion of the prosperity of the institution.

Dr. Beecher's principal coadjutor was the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, who occupied the situation of Professor of Biblical Literature, and was one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical *seminars* in America. He married Harriet Beecher, the doctor's second daughter, the distinguished authoress of that most popular book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and other interesting books. For some time these two gentlemen laboured to build up the seminary with every prospect of success. It started under excellent auspices. The number and reputation of the professors had drawn together several hundred students from all parts of the United States; the majority hardy and intelligent men, fired with the noble ambition of doing good on a large scale, and diligently working their way, through privation and toil, to educational and ministerial orders. For a short time all went on well, and Lane Seminary was the pride and hope of the church and the world.

About this time, however, the French revolution of 1830, the agitation in England for reform and against colonial slavery, and some other circumstances, had begun to direct the attention of a few American philanthropists to the evils of slavery. Agitation commenced. The subject was set up for dis-

cussion among the students, and the feeble flame soon became a conflagration. Societies were organised for aiding fugitive slaves on their way to Canada, and a number of other schemes were devised for promoting the cause of abolition. At first the discussions were encouraged by the president and professors; but when they saw it swallowing up everything like regular study, they thought it high time to stop. But the current was too strong to be arrested. Commercial interests took the alarm. Public sentiment exacted the suppression of the discussion and excitement. Slaveholders came over from Kentucky and urged the mob on to violence. For several weeks there was imminent danger that Lane Seminary and the houses of Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe would be burnt or pulled down by a drunken rabble. The Board of Trustees interfered, and allayed the excitement of the mob by forbidding all further discussion of slavery in the Seminary. To this the students responded by withdrawing *en masse*. Where hundreds had been, there was left a mere handful. Dr. Beecher and Professor Stowe remained there for several years, endeavouring to revive the prosperity of the Seminary, but in vain; and this great project of their lives being defeated, in 1830 they returned to the Eastern States. Dr. Beecher has not at present, as we understand, the charge of any particular congregation, but he preaches occasionally, and assists in the deliberations of his brethren at their stated and public gatherings.

In 1846, Dr. Beecher paid a visit to England, when he took part in the deliberation of the Temperance Reformers in the "World's Temperance Convention," and preached in some of the largest places of religious worship in the metropolis. During his short stay, he endeared himself to many by the patriarchal simplicity of his manners, by the vigour which he displayed on public occasions, and by the gentlemanly and Christian tenor of his whole deportment. On his return to America in the "Great Western," in September, 1846, in company with Mrs. Beecher and several of his brethren and friends, the vessel was assailed by a fearful hurricane. Many hours passed in most dreadful suspense, amidst the roaring of the tempest, the crashing of timbers, and the drenchings of the waves. But during the terrible conflict of the elements which raged around, our venerable friend engaged with his companions in religious exercises; and when, after thirty-six hours exposure to accumulated dangers, they were mercifully delivered, he called upon them to unite in solemn thanksgivings to Almighty God.

As a preacher, the style of Dr. Beecher is rather peculiar; it is racy and pungent, bearing, perhaps, some resemblance to that of the "witty South" of the English church. His sermons abound with original and striking thoughts, amplified by numerous ideas and appropriate illustrations. He is at present engaged in superintending a uniform edition of his whole works, which will occupy six good-sized volumes. One of his larger works, "Lectures on Political Atheism," has been republished in England, and has attracted considerable attention, both on account of its powerful eloquence, and the great importance of the subject on which it treats. After all, it is said by those who are most intimately acquainted with him, that the "finest effects of his mind are not in his writings, but are unexpectedly thrown out in the inspiration of speech or in conversation. Many apothegms and condensed sentiments, if recorded, would become popular proverbs."

The engraving presented to the reader may be considered a good likeness. His figure is small, but well knit, close, and compact. The head is large in proportion, and abundantly covered with hair of an iron-gray colour. The features are striking. The eyes of light blue, with a grayish tint. The nose large, long, and rather prominent; the mouth wide, and well marked with the lines of decision; the forehead high and broad; the complexion florid; and the whole expression that of a man of vast energy, determination, and perseverance. Though nearly eighty years of age, he is still hale and hearty; and, to use the language of one who knows him well, "he does not fail to justify his claim to the title of 'the old man eloquent.'"

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES AT THE LOUVRE.

On a former occasion,* we presented our readers with an account of some of the objects of curious interest in the Museum of American Antiquities at the Louvre, accompanied by numerous illustrations. As the subject was not then by any means exhausted, we now recur to it for the purpose of further elucidation.

Art, among the Peruvians, was not confined, as was the case in Mexico, with one or two exceptions, to the reproduction of sacred effigies; it enriched the country with real statues destined to perpetuate the recollection of historical personages, and free from the excess of awkward ornament which is observable in the productions of the Mexicans. We find that even the foundation of museums, which seems to be reserved for the most civilised nations of Europe, was not altogether foreign to the Peruvians. As early as the fifteenth century, Yasca, the general of the armies of Guayna Capac, had ordered each of the tribes composing the empire to bring the great *guaca* of their country, that is to say, the most venerated idol; and when these statues had been collected, he formed a sort of pantheon out of them.

However numerous these idols were, the remains of Peruvian statuary are less numerous than those which have been preserved of ancient Mexico, for this simple reason, in our opinion, that though the statuariers of Anahuac were well acquainted with the various processes of founding, they preferred working their gods in granite or basalt, to casting them in gold or silver. The reverse of this took place among the Peruvians, and it was the intrinsic value of the statues or vases delivered by the Inca to the conquerors that caused their destruction. It is not surprising, therefore, that our museums are so poor in statuettes of the precious metals, or even silver vases. The only articles of this sort exhibited in the museum at the Louvre are the cylindrical bell-mouthed vase, represented in fig. 5, and the two silver statuettes represented in figs. 4 and 11. The vase exhibits two heads, back to back, in the form of a Janus, above which is a flowing headband. Although the size of this species of goblet, which was reserved, it is said, exclusively for the Incas, is larger than usual, it dwindles to insignificance in comparison with the accounts of the same sort of wealth possessed by Atahualpa.

However indisposed we may be to put undoubting faith in what is told of those famous gardens of the Inca, in which flocks of alpacas (animals of the Llama tribe) in gold were guarded by herdsmen of the same metal, who stood near strange animals, all combining intrinsic value of material with exquisite finish of workmanship; it is not the same with the works in gold which Pizarro sent off to Seville immediately after the conquest, and which were intended for Charles the Fifth, as an addition to the impost levied by the crown. Francisco Xeres, the private secretary of the conqueror, had abundant leisure to examine and admire them, for it was on board one of his vessels that they were conveyed to Europe; and he thus describes them: "On board the *Sancta Maria del Campo*, which arrived on the 9th of January, 1534, were thirty-eight golden, and forty-eight silver vases, among which was a silver eagle, containing upwards of two gallons of water. Two immense pans, one golden and the other silver, capable of containing a whole ox cut in pieces, recalled to the recollection of the devout conquerors the sea of brass in the temple of Jerusalem." We will spare the reader any account of the bars of gold, weighing altogether 53,000 ounces, and the 5,480 silver marks thrown carelessly in the middle of this splendid gold work of the Inca; we will only speak of a golden idol of the size of a child four years old, and the dimensions of which are given by Xeres without any other remark of importance. But it is quite certain that, if the vases and the idol had been subjected to the simple process of moulding on their arrival at Seville, the American museums in Europe would have presented much more curious specimens of

Mexican art than are now found in them. France, no less than Spain, has failed to profit by the opportunities afforded her of enriching her collections at a moderate cost. Her conduct, in reference to the remarkable productions of Aztec art, is an illustration of our remark. These productions, consisting of vases, statues, and even gems (including an emerald of almost fabulous dimensions), were seized by Captain Florin near the Azores, when he spoiled Antonio de Quinones of the presents which the conqueror of Mexico was sending to Charles the Fifth. They were sent to Fontainebleau; but the crown jeweller or the Italian goldsmiths were the only persons who saw them in their primitive form; and it is suspected, not without reason, that perhaps the beautiful works of the Renaissance in the Museum at the Louvre, which are so much admired, have a closer relationship than is commonly supposed with the grotesque idols of the ancient Americans.

The art of working in gold as applied to ornamental vases or dress, and the various productions of pottery, are the principal sources from which a knowledge of Peruvian art can be obtained in the present day. The costliness of the materials employed by the artists of Cuzco has been fatal to statuary productions. On the contrary, in the *guacas* of Peru, as in the hypogæa of Etruria, vases are still to be met with, made of extremely fine clay, not, however, without a certain degree of solidity, in consequence of which they have greatly multiplied in cabinets of curiosities for some years past. The ornamentation of these vases, which is almost always borrowed from the animal kingdom, affords evidence, not only of a remarkable richness of invention in the semi-barbarous artist who produced them, but also of a delicate taste, reminding one in some measure of that elegance of form so prominent in Grecian antiquity. Thanks to the generosity of some travellers, the Museum at the Louvre possesses several valuable specimens of this class. Such, for example, is the vase in red clay (fig. 21); the arybals, conical at the bottom (figs. 17, 18, and 20), discovered at Yucay, near Cuzco; and the object represented by fig. 19, which was found in a child's tomb at Arica, and is equal, in the paintings with which it is adorned, to any other in the collection.

The *guacas* from the neighbourhood of Truxillo have enriched the Museum at the Louvre with several specimens of pottery, which were presented by M. Augrand, and which, if they exhibit no great elegance of appearance, give, by the very grotesqueness of their assemblage, a good idea of those fanciful forms which astonished the first conquerors, and made them discern the dreaded influence of demons even in the most simple articles of domestic use among the people with whom they were found. From man down to reptiles and fishes—in fact, all the strange objects in the animal kingdom—have been turned to account by Peruvian artists. If fig. 9, which represents an ape seated, whose tail forms a handle, was not at all out of place in the collection of grotesque demons furnished by Delancré, figs. 14 and 15 enable us to understand what the statuary of these countries could accomplish when it attempted to reproduce the regular features of man, and recognised its true mission, so to speak. The first of these objects, which is in red clay, was found at Cuzco; the hair and beard are painted black. The two others, which are heads joined together, and placed upon a conical pedestal, are in black clay; but there is no doubt as to their Peruvian origin. This vase, however, we are told, presents such an analogy with those found in Etruria, that M. Durand, though a very skilful connoisseur, has been deceived by it.

The vase in black clay, exhibited in fig. 7, simply has the form of a duck, with a little ape in relief on the neck; fig. 13 represents a wild boar. The human form appears in fig. 10 on the vase found at Borja; it is still perceptible in the grotesque vessel at the side (fig. 11). Fig. 8 represents an object sent from Quilca, on the top of which is seen a man's head; while on the body, made of black clay, are figured two arms in relief. Fig. 12 carries us back again to the neighbourhood of Truxillo; it is a truncated cone reversed, the neck of which,

divided into two parts, serves as a handle; the small human figure on one side has a vase at its mouth. The object represented by fig. 16 comes from the same country; it is made of red clay, and presents one of those numerous specimens of double vases so often met with in American pottery, and especially in that of Peru.

risks a straight tube, at the foot of which is placed a small figure of a bird in relief." The vase is made of black clay, and presents a complete analogy with a specimen of the same kind found at Lima, and deposited at Sévras. Figure 29, which is also in black clay, was taken from the ruins near Truxillo, bearing the name of Great Tchimu: it is a fish, the

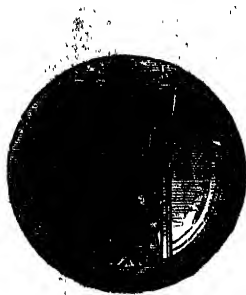


Among the beautiful specimens in the collection must be placed fig. 28, which has borrowed its principal ornament from Peruvian ornithology: two birds, which may be supposed to be two doves, serve as the basis for two portions of a tubular quadrilateral handle, "upon each face of which are carved ten small birds in relief; in the middle of this handle

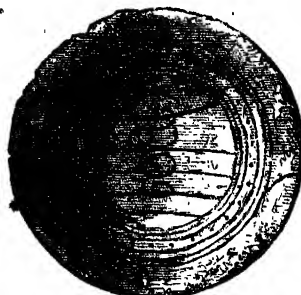
species of which would be difficult to name precisely, and the neck, which answers the purpose of a handle, is surmounted by a small ape in relief. If fig. 27 was found at Borja, it proves that this site was in no way inferior to other Peruvian towns in pottery. The figure of a man seated, which constitutes the handle, and has a vase in the right hand, is adorned

with a head-dress; large gold earrings remind one of the strange custom of those celebrated *orejones*, whom the Spaniards (from the Spanish word *oreja*, an ear), designated by a name significative of the custom of wearing earrings. The spherical vase (fig. 26) has the head of an ape for its ornament; and comes, as is supposed, from Quilca.

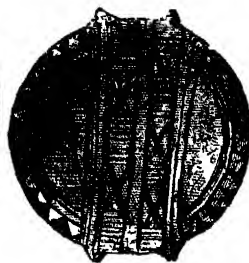
metals; among the Aztec princes, clay, painted with elegance, was often employed, and the articles which had been once brought to table could never be used again. Figs. 22, 23, and 24 represent dishes made in the empire of Peru, in the middle of which an Aztec dish is drawn. From their nature, being made of clay, and rather coarsely painted, these dishes



22.



23.



24.



25.



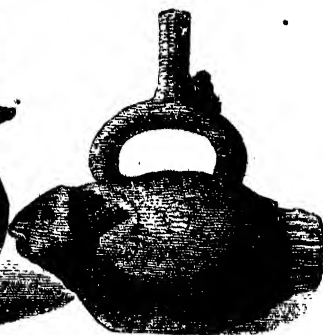
26.



27.



28.



29.

All the historians of the conquest of Peru have mentioned with satisfaction the numerous utensils for changing the courses at table, employed in the two great empires of the New World. Among the Incas, these objects were made of the precious

metals; among the Aztec princes, clay, painted with elegance, was often employed, and the articles which had been once brought to table could never be used again. Fig. 25 carries us back to some curious trifles, the products of Mexican art: it represents an infant asleep in a cradle.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord. "He can come no other way but by this hedge corner—
Couch low—here he comes. * * *

Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-winked as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee, haply thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes." Nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at

Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me."

All's Well that Ends Well.

The long twilight of the summer day was growing deeper and fainter, and the shadows of bastion and tower were disappearing in the thickening darkness of night, when two soldiers stood somewhat apart from their comrades who formed the night-watch at the western redoubt.

"This should be the spot designated, if my instructions be

accurate," said one of the two in a low voice, "and I think too, it must be pretty near the hour."

"Aye captain," replied the other, "I know the spot well. Of a dark night one might steal all along yonder marshy ground up to the very walls of the fort, unless they who were on guard had the eyes of owls or the ears of foxes."

"Thou sayest truly, good Hodge," replied Cheke, for he it was, "and, therefore, we have need to be both watchful and wary. Down Hodge, down man," he whispered suddenly—"Remember your old woodcraft—Hist! I hear footsteps."

The two crouched down stealthily under cover of the raised ground—as stealthily as if they were watching in their own island forests beside the run of the deer at midnight. The sounds were at first so faint that none but a practised ear could detect them, and a long interval elapsed between each light foot-fall, indicating that he who thus approached was exercising the utmost caution. Nearer and nearer came the steps, while the two Englishmen held in their breath. At last the steps were heard upon the ditch, and then the person who mounted slid gently down into the dyke, almost into the arms of those who were watching for him. A heavy hand gripped the right arm of the intruder, while at the same time the blade of a poignard glimmered even in the darkness across his eyes, and a voice whispered strongly in his ear—

"Silence or you die."

The capture was so speedy and so sudden that the captive submitted without a struggle. His arms were unresistingly drawn backwards, and a thong of leather passed tightly round each wrist, which was then drawn together behind.

"Now then, Hodge," said his superior, "move on carefully to the place I told thee of, and take good heed that none see thee. And hark!" and this he added so that the prisoner could hear him, "if this fellow utter one word, just slit his weasand with your dagger, as you would a buck's."

"Aye," replied the archer in a hissing whisper close to the ear of his prisoner; "if the cur should bark or even whine above his breath, he shall have a dog's death." And so saying, he gripped the man by the arm and led him on his way unresistingly, while the English captain returned to visit the night-watch and see that his men were vigilant.

Meantime the archer sped on as quickly and as stealthily as the nature of the ground and the darkness of the night permitted, urging onward his prisoner, who did not venture to break silence. Once, indeed, he stopped short, as if either about to parley or with the dogged determination of going on no further, but a touch of the cold steel in the region of the neck brought him quickly to submission. Thus they passed on skirting the whole side of the fortifications till at length they stood beside a small but massive postern door in the wall, which was concealed by one of the bastions of the rampart. Pausing a moment to take breath, Hodge once more addressed his companion.

"Now, good fellow, take heed to what I say. When you pass this door, look neither to the right nor to the left, and let not your tongue as much as move in your mouth. A step out of your course or a word from your lips, and by the blessed Saint Hubert thou shalt get the dog's death I promised thee. I'll dash out thy brains with my maule." Having delivered himself of this very emphatic injunction, Hodge Harrington smote with the handle of his mallet two smart strokes upon the door, and, after an interval, two more. After a little time a voice at the inner side of the door demanded in a low tone—

"Chi sta là?"

"Un amico," was the reply.

"Che segno si dà?"

"Pazienza."

"Bene: si può passar."

The noise of shooting back bolts was now heard from within, and in a moment the door was opened, just sufficiently wide to admit the two individuals, and closed and bolted immediately after entrance.

Roger Harrington and his captive crossed the large enclosure into which they were thus admitted till they reached the opposite side, and then passing along a range of buildings, at length stopped before the open door of a small guard-room, within which was seen, by the glimmer of a few smouldering billets of wood, a soldier keeping a half-drowsy watch, as he sat on a bench and leaned his head against the wall. Hodge looked into the room, and ascertaining that the guard was alone, he pushed his prisoner before him and entered,

"How now, comrade!" said the man, rising to his legs: "what's your business?"

"I must see his excellency the general."

"That can't be."

"Nay, but I must see him!"

"Impossible. He has given strict orders that none shall be admitted except the bearer of a certain token; and you are not he, I trow."

"Who knows?" replied Hodge, recollecting himself, and he showed the soldier the ring which Zeno had given him.

"Giusto, Giusto!" said the other; "Cospetto, man! why didst not show me the token at first? Wait a moment here."

The guard knocked at a door at the further end of the room, which was speedily opened by the Greek youth, Alexis.

"Here is one that would see his excellency, and hath warrant for so doing," and he pointed to Hodge.

"Admit him instantly," said the boy, recognising Hodge and the signet which he held up to his view.

Hodge again tightened his grasp of his prisoner, and pushing him before him, they both entered the inner apartment, and the door was closed behind them.

The room into which we must now introduce our readers was one with which they are already familiar. At the further end from that at which the men entered sat a figure, leaning over a table, apparently busied with papers. The light of a large lamp was so managed, that while it illumined all the room in front, it left the man in deep shade. The rays now fell strongly upon those who stood before him. Our burly friend Hodge o' the Hill, drawn up to his full height, with his bluff, ruddy, honest face in respectful repose, as of one who knew he had done his duty, awaited till he was interrogated. The other, who now stood beside him, presented a striking contrast. He was scarcely of the middle height, and looked even less as he hung down his head, and shrank as it were from observation. A figure slight and wiry, looked more so from the maceration that was visible both in his limbs and features. He had no armour upon his body, but was clothed in a tight-fitting buff leathern jerkin, with hose of the same material, and his head was covered with a bonnet of cloth.

Zeno gazed upon the two men for some time in silence. Perchance he might have been occupied in making the contrast between them which we have just noticed; perchance he was deliberating on the course which he should pursue. At length he said,—

"Well, goodman Harrington, thou hast snared the game, like a true forester as thou art."

Hodge's blue eye twinkled gleefully at the allusion to his youthful woodcraft, as he replied—

"By Saint Hubert, even so please your excellency; but by my halidome I am bound to say that he who found out his run and set the snare is as true a woodsman as Hodge o' the Hill; the fellow sprang right into the springes, and we had little to do save to draw them tight about him. So here he is, signore."

"Come hither, fellow," said the general; "lead him forward a little, good archer."

Hodge did as he was required, and Zeno proceeded.

"Thy name, sirrah?"

The man still kept his head down, and made no answer.

"What was thy purport in seeking the camp?"

But the interrogatory like the former was unanswered.

"So! is this thy mood? Well, we shall find the means of making thee speak by and by. Meantime, good yeoman, see if he have not that about him which will give us some information."

The archer forthwith commenced to search the person of the prisoner, a task which seemed comparatively easy from the scantiness of his garb. In vain, however, did he thrust his hand into pouch and opening of the dress, and even removed the bonnet from his head: nothing was found upon him.

"Come," said Zeno, "we must have a cast of thy old trade. Slit me up the fellow's doublet as thou wouldst a stag's hide."

Hodge drew forth his dagger in a trice, and commencing at the man's breast he inserted the point of the blade with one hand and with the other holding out the buff coat, he made a smart rip upwards, as a huntsman would do when flaying a deer. The man gave a shriek and started backwards, struggling with his bound arms as much as he was able. In truth, the archer had gone to work a little too dashing, and cut not only the coat but the skin beneath it. At this moment Alexis sprang forward. His keen eye had discovered a small slit in the arm-pit of the coat, which the twisting of the arm had exposed. In a moment he plunged his hand into the spot, drew forth a small folded paper from a concealed pocket and handed it to his master.

Zeno took the paper, opened it, read it slowly and thoughtfully, and then quietly folded it up again.

"Knave," said he, "eyeing the prisoner fixedly as he rose and stepped into the light, and his voice was cold and stern while he spoke, "Knave, I have now learned thine errand in despite of thee. Thou art a spy, and comest to plot with traitors. Mark me, then, thy sentence is, that by to-morrow's light thou shalt hang like a dog from the next parapet. Nothing can avert thy doom, unless that thou shalt truly inform me upon such subjects as I shall interrogate thee."

This speech, and the glare of the speaker's eye, were not without their effect on him for whom they were intended. The fellow looked up and said doggedly,

"Well then, signore, unbind my wrists, for they are nearly cut through with the thongs, and I shall answer your questions so far as I can."

"Loosen the bands somewhat, but do not release his hands altogether," said Zeno. "There, that will do. Now, fellow, tell me what provisions have ye in Chioggia."

"Scarce a day's food—not as much as a rat left."

"Have you had any communication with the Genoese fleet of late?"

"Not since the last sally."

"Then you are without hope in that quarter?"

"Utterly."

"Well, and if the notable scheme that thou wotest of"—and here he pointed to the paper—"if it should fail, what then is proposed to be done?"

"To throw the gates open and surrender unconditionally."

"Good. What may be the number of souls in Chioggia?"

"About four thousand, including those on board the vessels."

"And how many galleys remain?"

"Nineteen."

Zeno proceeded to put a great many further questions, to which the man replied; he then said,

"Thou hast answered me truly on some points, I know, and it may be that thou hast spoken truth on all. This we shall know hereafter. Meantime, thou shalt be kept in safety, and receive good treatment, to abide the issue. Take him nence, Alexis, and let him be secured in a safe place and strongly guarded."

The Greek motioned silently to the Genoese, who followed him out of the apartment, leaving Roger Harrington alone with the generalissimo of the Venetian army.

"Good fellow," said Zeno, "thou hast served me with skill and fidelity, and thy services shall not go unrequited. But as yet thou hast done but a part of the work that I design for thee. Say, art thou ready to proceed in it?"

"Noble general!" said Hodge. "My own captain, Sir William Cheke, hath told me that I may in all things do thy will. I have served long under him and know him well, and, by our blessed St. George, I shall ever do his behest; for he would not that I should do aught that an honest soldier should shrink from."

"It is well said, good fellow," said Zeno admiringly. "Now listen to me, for I have much to disclose to thee, and much wherein to instruct thee. Sit down, man, sit down; and give good heed to what I say."

Hodge, thus invited, sat down on a low bench in a manner at once respectful but manly. Then Zeno proceeded to

detail to him matters of great and pressing import. What the nature of these communications was we shall not at present disclose. Suffice it to say, that the night was somewhat advanced before the English yeoman passed out from the apartment of the Venetian general.

When Roger Harrington departed from the presence of Zeno, he hastened through the fort till he reached the quarters of the English archers. Here he found Sir William Cheke awaiting his return, and he forthwith craved a private audience with his captain. The result of their deliberations was, that the archer divested himself of his arms and even of some of his ordinary habiliments, and arrayed himself, as nearly as possible, in a style that did not betoken either his particular nation or military calling. Retaining only his dagger, he threw over his person a large cloak, and placed upon his head a bonnet of Genoa velvet, which he drew down over his brows. Thus equipped, he again sallied forth as stealthily as he had entered, and made his way in the darkness of the night till he reached the place where the mercenaries under the command of Roberto di Recanati were located. One of the Italian lances who kept the guard arrested his steps, whereupon Hodge required to be conducted to the condottiere on urgent business, whispering at the same time in the ear of the soldier some secret word. Apparently his coming was not altogether unexpected, and he was without further delay conducted into the presence of Recanati, who had not yet retired to rest. The condottiere looked keenly at his visitor, and then demanded,

"Your business?"

"This will inform you, signore," was the reply, as Hodge handed him the cartel which had been previously taken from the captured emissary.

Recanati perused the missive with deep attention, and pondered long upon its import. At length he broke silence again,

"He who writes certifies for thee, that thou art trustworthy and may be freely spoken with."

The soldier replied merely by an inclination of his head.

"Well, then, it is an onerous undertaking and full of peril."

"Doubtless, signore," was the reply, "it will need caution as well as courage; nevertheless, if the matter be kept secret, success seems almost certain."

"And suppose it be so, who is to certify to me that I shall receive the money?"

"Here is your security, noble capitano. The name signed to this document guarantees it to you, which I am authorised to give to you, upon your signing the stipulations in the paper which I have given to you, and which I am to bear back to these who sent me."

The document which Recanati now examined was apparently satisfactory, he accordingly signed the paper and returned it to his visitor, observing—

"Well then, be it so; but take heed, good friend, how thou guardest this packet, and see that you make your way hence speedily."

"Aye, Signore, fear not for me. I shall find my way as safely back as I found it hither. Let me, too, warn you to put yonder writing in the safest place about your person—let it not for a moment out of your own keeping. Buona notte, signor capitano; it is time that I were on my return."

Having said this, Roger Harrington once more bent his steps towards the quarters of the general.

"By my faith, good Roger Harrington," 'twas thus the honest yeoman soliloquised—"thou art rising in the world since thou leftest the green fields by the pleasant Trent. Thou wert not content with shooting a fat buck in the forest, but thou shouldst take to the wild life of soldiering, and let fly thy shafts at thine own kind. And now, God wot, thou art turning to higher game, and taking counsel with thy betters, and joining in their schemes that are well nigh too subtle for thy simple head. By Saint Hubert, I don't altogether like such matters, though, nor understand them over well. It seems like trapping foxes or such like vermin, and not like true woodcraft. Well, well, I have got safely through it so far; but, by my halidome, I would rather fight two hours by daylight than plot or scheme one hour by night."

MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA.

Every newspaper reader must by this time be tolerably familiar with the names Moldavia and Wallachia, however slight may be his knowledge of the geographical position, population, productions, political constitution, and social condition of these provinces. Their connexion with the Russo-Turkish dispute, which has occupied so large a share of public attention, both in this country and on the continent, during the present year, will cause them to be remembered for years to come. It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that they form a debateable

pletely subject to him as the territory on the south side of the Danube. Even the hospodars, or governors, cannot be appointed without the sanction of the Emperor of Russia. However, the provinces unquestionably belong much more to Turkey than to Russia. Hence, their occupation by the latter power is regarded on all hands as neither more nor less than an invasion of Turkish territory.

It is beyond our province to discuss at any length the merits of the dispute which has led to this invasion. Suffice it to say,



COSTUMES OF THE MOLDAVIANS AND WALLACHIANS.

ground between Russia and Turkey, being situated on the north of the Danube, and having Russia on the east. The boundary stream between Russia and Moldavia, the more easterly of the two provinces, is the river Pruth, which, it will be remembered, was crossed by the Russian troops on the third of These two provinces occupy rather an anomalous position, being neither completely independent, nor wholly in Russia or Turkey. Nominally they are part of the dominions, but though more than once devastated by forces, and now tributary to the sultan, they are not so com-

pletely subject to him as the territory on the south side of the Danube. Even the hospodars, or governors, cannot be appointed without the sanction of the Emperor of Russia. However, the provinces unquestionably belong much more to Turkey than to Russia. Hence, their occupation by the latter power is regarded on all hands as neither more nor less than an invasion of Turkish territory.

It is beyond our province to discuss at any length the merits of the dispute which has led to this invasion. Suffice it to say, our readers may be able to form some idea of the these provinces, and their state of civilisation, present them with a sketch of the costumes of different classes as they appear at the present day.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.



THE SINTOO CREED, OR PRIMITIVE RELIGION OF JAPAN.

In order fully to understand the system of government in Japan, and the right by which the spiritual ruler, or *Mikado*, claims to hold his high, but, as will be afterwards seen, rather onerous, office, it is necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with the Japanese tradition respecting the creation of the world, and also with the principles of the religion of the country. We shall, therefore, proceed to give in this article a succinct account of the Japanese deities, premising that in the length of their names they almost rival some of the princes of the royal families of the continent.

Before the world was created, the Japanese believe that there was a confused mass of water, air, and earth, swaying to and fro on all sides, like the yolk of an egg mixed up with the white.

In this infinite space, which is entitled *Tako-mano-halo* (the plain of high heaven), arose *Ameno-minaka-nusino-kami*, self-created. His name signifies the superior god-like being who sits enthroned in the middle of heaven. After him came *Taka-mi-musu-bino-kami*, the highly elevated creating-god, and *Kayuu-mi-musu-bino-kami*, the spiritually elevated creating-god. Each of these three primitive gods was independent of the other two.

At the time of the creation, the elements of chaos divided from each other. An under-stratum of the heavy and thick portions of the world was formed, while the clearer and lighter ones were carried upwards through their own want of weight. At first, though not sensible to the touch, they were visible, like smoke or a thick cloud. Gradually they formed themselves into the heavens, and, at last, attained such a degree of clearness as to become invisible.

The earth was still a young mass, as soft as mud, swimming about in the air, like the reflection of the moon in the waves, when there arose from it a kind of substance similar to the bud of the reed *Asi* (*Erianthus Japonicus*), and *Umasi-asi-kabi-hiko-dsino-kami*, the noble earth, god of the beautiful reed-bud, sprang into life; while *Ameno-soko-tatsino-kami*, the architect of the vault of heaven, began and finished his creation.

Each of these two latter gods, also, like the first three, lived retired within himself, having nothing in common with the others. Combined with the former, they are peculiarly distinguished as *Amatsu-kami*, the five gods of heaven.

From the development and metamorphosis of *Asi*-bud, there arose between heaven and earth, the creator of firm land, by name *Kuni-soko-tatsino-mikoto*. He reigned over the yet unfinished globe for more than a hundred thousand millions of years, a space of time which passes human comprehension. He is still worshipped in a temple of the district of *Oomi*.

His successor was *Kuni-sa-toutsino-mikoto*, who also reigned for a like extraordinary period, until *Toyo-kimnu-suno-mikoto*, the god of the richly overflowing marshes, assumed the reins of power, which he retained for a hundred thousand million of years. He, too, has a temple erected to him in the district of *Oomi*.

These gods had lived alone, floating in the immensity of the universe, without any female companions. From this period, however, we find female divinities living with them in a state of sisterly innocence. First on the list stands *Wu-hidsi-nino-mikoto*, the god who cooks the muddy earth, with his companion *Su-hidsi-nino-makoto*, the goddess who cooks the sandy earth. Both are worshipped in a temple in the district of *Issye*.

After a lapse of two hundred thousand millions of years, they were followed by *Oo-to-tsino-mikoto*, and his companion, the goddess *Oo-to-beno-mikoto*.

These two divinities disappeared after having reigned as long as their predecessors, and were succeeded by *Omo-taruno-mikoto* and his companion *Kasiko-meno-mikoto*, who, after thousands and thousands of years had rolled away, made room, in their turn, for *Iza-na-gino-mikoto*, with his heavenly bride, *Iza-na-mino-mikoto*.

With this couple ends the period of the seven dynasties of

the gods of heaven, which reaches up to *Kuni-soko-tatsino-mikoto*; and it is to *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* that the creation of Japan is attributed.

Standing on the bridge that was floating in the heavens, *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* one day addressed his wife, *Iza-na-mino-mikoto*, in the following terms:—

"Verily, there should be somewhere or other a habitable country of the world; let us endeavour to find it in the waters which are heaving beneath us." Speaking thus, he dipped his spear, adorned with jewels, in the wide ocean, and stirred the waves round with it. The thick drops of water which trickled off the spear when he had withdrawn it from the waves, instantly thickened and formed an island, *Ono-koro-sinu*, or the island that flowed together of itself. The god and his wife descended upon it, and together, by their divine power, created the other portions of the globe.

The next thing that *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* did, was to call into existence eight million of gods, who spread themselves simultaneously all over the country, commenced the development of its resources, and produced vegetation. *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* created also the ten thousand things from which the countless objects of every kind which we possess at the present day have all sprung. Meanwhile, the goddess *Iza-na-mino-mikoto* was not idle, but created the teregod, the godlike couple or the mountains containing metals, and the goddess of water. While, too, the climbing plants were raising their tendrils heavenwards from the earth, she planted under the waves the germs of the mosses, and ordered the goddess *Hani-yama-himeno-kami* to cover the hills with fruitful earth.

All the gods who had preceded *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* and his wife had started into existence of themselves, without being descended from any one. But *Iza-na-gino-mikoto* and *Iza-na-mino-mikoto* had a numerous family, the most virtuous member of which was their eldest daughter, *Ama-terasu-pr-kami*, or, as she is otherwise generally denominated, *Ten-sio-dai-zin*, the great spirit that lights the heavens. She was chosen by her parents as their successor in their earthly kingdom, over which she reigned in conjunction with her brother, *Tsuku-yo-mino-mikoto*, the god-like moon that looks through the night.

After a lapse of 550,000 years, she resigned the empire to her nephew *Amano-osi-ho-mimino-mikoto*, whom she had adopted, and who, after a reign of 300,000 years, was succeeded by his son *Nini-gino-mikoto*, who, in his turn, was followed, after a reign of 318,533 years, by his son *Ihiko-hobode-mino-mikoto*. The next divine sovereign, 637,892 years later, was *Wu-kaya-fuki-creasesuno-mikoto*, the last of the five earthly gods, his successor being *Gin-mu-ten-woo*, whom he had by a mortal wife, and from whom, as we mentioned in our last chapter, the *Mikados*, or spiritual rulers of Japan, trace their descent—a fact which must, of course, entitle them to the respect and admiration of all those persons who esteem a man not for the noble actions he may do, but for the length of his genealogical tree. We have not the least doubt that the *Mikados*, if they were acquainted with the aristocracy of Europe, would look down on them as mere upstarts, in the same manner as the latter do on those by whose toil and energy they are supported in comparative but noble idleness.

The most ancient religion of Japan is intimately connected with the tradition we have just laid before our readers of the creation of the world. Taking its origin from the divine ancestors of the people, namely, the celestial and terrestrial gods, its religion has existed during countless generations of a good-hearted, simple population of fishermen and hunters, and has, up to the present time, maintained its position in the palace of the sovereign as well as the hut of the peasant. Although it is now no longer the sole religion of the Japanese empire, it is still protected by the state, revered by the rulers, and loved by the people.

This primitive religion is known in the Japanese language under the name *Kami-no-michi*, that is, the way or doctrine of the *Kamis*, or gods. It was not until a later period that the

designation *Sintoo* (*Schin-taō*), which is merely a Chinese translation of the old Japanese expression, was bestowed upon it. The word *Shinto* was used to designate the primitive religion, in contradistinction to the Indian ritual of *Bultoo* (*Tu-taō*), which was introduced into the country at a subsequent period.

The principle of the Kami ritual consists in the worship of the celestial beings who created the universe and the island empire of Japan, and of the terrestrial gods who animated the young country with their presence, and whose descendants afterwards became its inhabitants and rulers.

The greatest amount of veneration, however, is paid to *Amaterasu-kami*, the goddess of the sun, the great spirit who illumines the heavens, and who, in company with her brother, the moon, floats over her island empire, while 8,000,000 spirits follow her and do her bidding. No mere mortal dare address her directly in prayer, but must do so through the medium of certain inferior Kamis, who, on this account, are called *Sjo-go-zin*, protecting, helping, or watching deities.

The spiritual sovereign, or *Mikado*, is always looked upon as being descended from the goddess of the sun, through *Zin-muten-koō*, and it is believed by the Sintoos that her spirit animates each successive *Mikado*. They pay him divine honours, and believe that once in the course of every year all their gods assemble round his throne. His soul is held to be immortal, and on this doctrine is founded the popular belief of a continuance of existence after death. The Sintoist aims merely, it is true, at the attainment of earthly happiness, but he has still some notion, though faint and indistinct, of the immortality of the soul, and of an after-state of everlasting bliss or misery. He has also an idea of a reward for the good and a punishment of the bad, and a conception of some place or other whither the soul goes after this life. Heavenly judges require the soul to account for its actions. The good man's portion is paradise, *Taka-ma-yaka-hara*, on entering which he is admitted to the realms of the Kamis. The wicked are punished and thrust down into hell, *Neno-kuni*.

The Kami religion lays down for the guidance of all believers who desire to attain earthly happiness and consolation hereafter a series of rules, which are in substance as follows:—To serve the Kamis a man must preserve pure fire. He must cherish belief and truth in his heart, make fresh and clean sacrifices, and pray to the Kamis to give him their blessing and prosperity, and to forgive him his faults. He must also beg that the sinner's soul may be purified, in order that he may be free from every ill.

It is, therefore, the endeavour of the conscientious Sintoist—

1. To preserve pure fire.
2. To typify by the cleanliness of his body the purity of his soul.
3. To keep festivals and holy days.
4. To undertake pilgrimages; and
5. To worship the Kamis both at home and in the public temples, and to offer up to them pure sacrifices.

Purity of body and soul is the principal article of the Sinto faith. The purity of the soul consists in doing or leaving undone what the laws of nature respectively require or forbid, and also what the laws of the state and society demand.

The state of impurity is called *Fu-zjoo*. A man may be impure from the following causes:—

1. By the death of near relations; by contact with a corpse.
2. By the shedding of blood, or merely by his being spattered with blood, and by tasting the flesh of domestic animals.

The state of impurity does not extend to persons alone, but likewise to dwellings and other places in which any defiling event has occurred.

The Sintoists signify the first state of impurity by outward signs. The men let their beards and hair grow, and cover their heads with a simple straw hat; the women cover theirs with a white cloth. This is done to keep the defiled head from the rays of the sun. The doors and windows of their

houses are carefully closed, and an inscription is hung up outside, stating that the place is impure. This state of things continues for a longer or shorter time, as the case may be, and counts as mourning, the duration of which is strictly prescribed according to the degree of relationship to the deceased, and may extend from three days to thirteen months. The mourner wears a peculiar but very simple white garment. In the house of the deceased, the *Gohai** is placed upon a kind of altar, and fish, and other objects which are reckoned to be clean, offered up in sacrifice. When a person is in a state of impurity of the first degree, he is not allowed to enter any temple or engage in certain rites of religion. The state of impurity of a less degree lasts for a shorter time, and it appears to be rather a mere point of etiquette than a command of the Sinto faith, that the impure person should not enter a temple.

When a Sintoist is either really *Fu-zjoo*, or, for some particular reason, feels himself called upon to free himself from unknown spots, and attain a higher degree of purity, he retires into a solitary, recently cleansed, and, if his circumstances permit it, new dwelling. He then assumes a dress similar to that used on occasions of mourning, and remains secluded for a longer or shorter period, according as he is more or less impure, or the object he has in view requires him to do so. He carefully abstains from all nutritious dishes, especially flesh of any kind, and confines himself to a kind of rice-porridge, passing his time in prayer and the perusal of edifying books. When he is purified by such a course, he returns to his relations and friends. Priests and laymen, rich and poor, undertake these penitential ordeals. The workman, peasant, and, in a word, all who belong to the lower classes, will do so before beginning a pilgrimage or having an audience of any great person. After the prescribed time has elapsed, the house and every object that was *Fu-zjoo* are washed with water and salt, while a purifying fire is kindled in the court-yard, and the temporary recluse returns with his hair and beard shorn, and dressed in a holiday suit, to his relatives and friends.

Another important point of the Sinto faith is the due observance of the various festivals and holy days. From the moment of his birth to the instant of his death, the native of Japan is engaged, either directly or indirectly, in their celebration. They lead him through the rolling year, reminding him, at certain months, days, and hours, of his duties towards his Kamis, his relations, his friends, his superiors, and himself. The acquirement of a proper knowledge of the various ceremonies to be used at these festivals constitutes one of the branches of a liberal education in Japan.

These festivals and holy days may be classed under the following heads:—Monthly festivals; yearly festivals of the whole population; anniversaries of the various Kamis; family festivals; lucky and unlucky days; days of prayer and penitence.

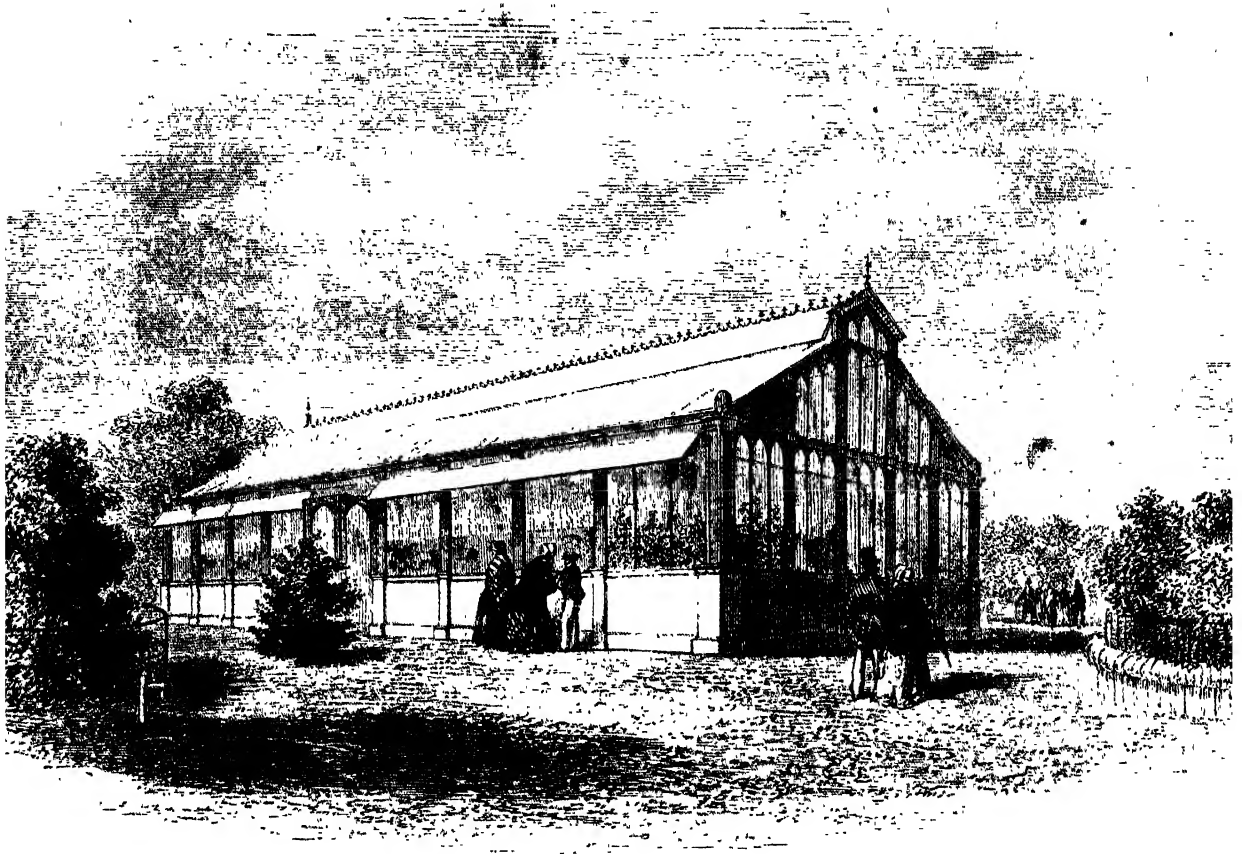
The yearly festivals are celebrated through the length and breadth of the empire, and are not confined to any one particular portion of it. They are days of rest and pleasure; and, as a heart in which joy and content reign is in a better state than when it is filled with care and sorrow, the Japanese select these occasions in preference to any other for entering the temples of their Kamis and offering up sacrifices. These great popular festivals, of which there are five, distinguished by the appellation of *Go-seki*, are, consequently, always accompanied by religious ceremonies. They are of the most ancient date. At first they were celebrated in the *Dairi* (or court of the *Mikado*) only, but afterwards in the larger imperial cities and the capitals of the provinces. At present, as we have mentioned above, they are duly observed throughout the whole empire, the ceremonies being almost everywhere the same. These annual festivals held in honour of the principal Kamis afford the youthful generation an opportunity of proving their veneration and respect for the old customs of their country.

* The *Gohai* is a sacred vessel formed of stripes of coloured paper, typical of some particular divinity.

THE VIVARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Few institutions have so well deserved the success they have met with as the Zoological Society. It has, both by its meetings, its transactions, and its gardens, made us familiar with

plants and trees of distant lands: the whole presented to him in a beautiful and well laid out garden, which, during the last few years, has made such progress that it may fairly rank with



VIVARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.



CRAB (CANCER PAGURUS).



THE MOLUCCA CRAB (MINOCOULUS POLYPHEMUS).

many of the wonders of creation; it has enabled the very cockney, without losing sight of his beloved London, to gaze on the riches of animated nature, to delight his eye with the

the richest and most famed gardens of Europe; at the same time that by a liberal arrangement it is open on certain occasions, and under certain restrictions, to the humblest classes.

Recently an addition of great interest has been made to the institution. The wonders of the deep, the secrets of the life under water, of that semi-animal, semi-vegetable life, which is the least understood part of zoology, have been unsealed to us. Near the flower-bed of the Zoological Gardens has been

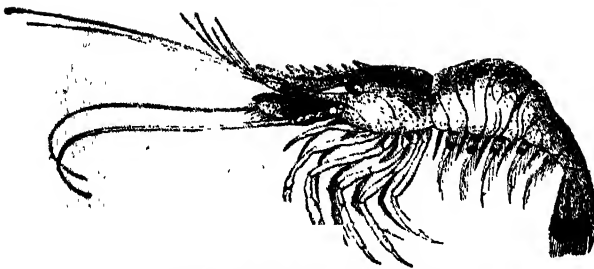
rock-sand, gravel, sea-weed, and water, they are then stocked with specimens of the various beings which belong to this department of natural history. The zoophytes have hitherto been a portion of animal creation very little understood. Lesson and Dujardin, in their extensive and admirable works



SECTION OF A TANK IN THE VIVARIUM.



SECTION OF A TANK IN THE VIVARIUM.



PRAWN (PALÆMON SERRATUS OF LEACH).



COMMON SPONGE.

erected a building, like the Sydenham wonder of the world, or iron and glass, with eight tanks full of specimens of zoophyte and crustaceous nature. It is perhaps the most curious and interesting feature in the establishment. The tanks are so arranged that we see their contents at a glance. Filled with

on the subject, confess that it is almost a new department of science. Until the commencement of the present century scarcely anything was really known about the matter, and the division of the zoophytes into classes is yet an art affair which it will require more complete inquiry to settle

finally. Some confusion will at first exist in the mind of the student of natural history, through the different views of its professors. But the time is not far distant when even this department of science will be bound by the same rigid rules which have been applied to others.

* The reason why any knowledge of this department was necessarily vague and indistinct will readily be found in the difficulty of the study. The zoophytes could only be examined in their natural element, on the occasion of long voyages at sea, or by spending whole days on the banks of rivers and by the sea-side. These animal-plants could not be preserved, could not be kept; at least, the means of so doing had not been discovered. This part of the difficulty has been obviated by the indefatigable industry and perseverance of the secretary of the Zoological Society. We find the tanks plentifully supplied with specimens of zoophytes, with crustacea, starfish, fish of the genera, *Labrus*, *Cottas*, &c. They live before our eyes, move, eat, and are eaten. The actinia and the pecten call attention, the former by the brilliancy of colours and his abundant tentacles, and the latter by his peculiarly shaped open valve. To describe the contents of the tank would be impossible, they are so numerous and varied. They are of English origin. They have long excited attention in Scotland; and Sir John Graham Dalyell, in his "Rare and Remarkable Animals" of that country, speaks of them. The department as yet most complete is that of the actinias. The tank in which they are contained present a very remarkable appearance, from the variety and richness of the colours. The crustacea are a very interesting feature in the adjoining tank. The whole has somewhat of the effect of the kaleidoscope, the contents of every tank being in perpetual motion. Both the scientific and the unscientific may be interested and instructed by a careful examination of the Vivarium.

The zoophytes are the most imperfect of animals, a kind of connecting link between a sloth and a lump of sea-weed. Their nervous system is either elementary or non-existent, and they have no organs of the various senses. They differ from other animals in the circumstance that the body diverges star-like from a centre; hence their name of *Radiata*. Those who have seen them on the rocky sea-shore, spreading out their membranes, or clinging to each other in masses, must at once be struck by their resemblance to a flower, or even to a bush with many ramifications. They have in times past been confounded with an immense class of sea-weed (*Algae*), which much resembles the zoophyte creation.

The common sponge (p. 221) has been included among the zoophytes, it being a doubtful substance found on submarine rocks. This substance, of a glutinous character, is in part composed of transparent and spherical globules, which produce *ovoïdes*, which at times are expelled from the mass. These bodies, which move and have an almost imperceptible life, reproduce the sponge, which thus becomes entitled to the name of a zoophyte.

The principal class of zoophytes is that of the polypi. These animals owe their name to the tentacles which surround their mouths, which give them a resemblance to the polypus of the ancients. Their body is cylindrical or oval, and there is no orifice, save at one extremity; their structure is simple, and their faculties are narrow in proportion to their simplicity. Nearly all are attached to extraneous bodies by their lower extremity, and have no motion beyond the extension and contraction of their tentacles, and of the anterior portion of their bodies. They multiply sometimes by means of eggs, which are detached and expelled, to fix and attach themselves elsewhere; sometimes by excrescences, which grow on the body and fall off. These become polypi in their turn. From this results an aggregation of individuals which seem to live of a common life, as if it were a composite being with one mouth and a thousand bodies and stomachs. Though these stomachs do not open one into the other, there is a vascular communication by which the alimentary matters digested by the one serve for the nutrition of the others.

The bodies of the polypi are often composed of semi-transparent tissue, but with most the lower portion of the tegument

becomes hard and petrified. The solid wrapper varies in its form, and represents so many tubes, or so many cells. These polypi, by congregating together, form vast masses, which rise into rocks and shoals in the tropical seas. They rise one upon the other from the bottom of the sea. The stony bark, with which each individual incrusts the lower part of its body, survives the animal, and serves as the basis for other polypi. Generations thus succeed, until they reach the level of the water. All those that find their way above, perish, and the soil formed by their remains ceases to rise; but this soil, which forms on a level with the water, becomes a sunken rock most dangerous to navigators. This draws around remains of vegetables mixed with sand, which form a soil favourable to the development of plants; then, wafted on the waves, come ligneous and herbaceous seeds, which germinate, mingle their roots, and then increase and multiply in this virgin soil, which in a few years is covered by luxuriant vegetation. These islands at last become habitable, and man soon takes possession of them.

The class of infusory zoophytes is composed of animalcules, which are developed in abundance in water where vegetable or animal matter has been infused. Their bodies, round or long, contain in the interior a great number of little cavities which appear to fulfil the functions of a stomach. This has given to them the name of the Polygastric infusorics. Their mode of multiplication is doubtful. It would occupy volumes to describe the multitude of these creatures.

Crustaceous animals begin with crabs, lobsters, &c., and go down with some naturalists to the leech of the surgeon. They are articulate animals, which have heart and gills to breathe with in the water. The lowest order are ranged among the intestinal worms. The crustacea have bodies divided into rings, sometimes moveable, sometimes solid. Their tegumentary skeleton presents a strong consistence, due to a very considerable proportion of carbonate of lime. This crust, which has given them the name of Crustacea, is a skin in reality. At certain periods it is detached and falls, as the skin of serpents and the tegument of insects do. We shall allude more fully to this characteristic hereafter.

The head is sometimes free, sometimes fastened to the thorax. This latter supports the head, the pair of feelers, and the mouth, which is adorned with numerous appendages, some of which are regular claws, that serve as a defence against the elements, and aid the progress of the animal. The crab given in our engraving (*Cancer pagurus*) is the one usually consumed by lovers of crustaceous food. It weighs sometimes as much as five pounds. This is the species which reproduces its members, when they are pulled off or broken. The renewed parts are not added to a broken member. If a claw be broken in two, the whole must be extirpated. The animal does this itself, generally using its claws. The crab would bleed to death but for this process. When the operation is completed, the process of reproduction commences.

The river crab (*Astacus fluvialis*), which lives in fresh water, hiding under stones and in holes, which it leaves only to feed on molluscs, fish, and eggs of insects, is an interesting study. These crabs eat also decayed animal matter, and are thus caught in the nets of the fisher. They are also caught by using the flare of torches at night. They live twenty years, increasing in growth every year. The female collects her eggs round the false claws, and the young crabs hide beneath their mothers while their shell is hardening.

The period of changing the shell is one of importance to the creature. It is a labricious, painful, and often a fatal operation. By putting a crab in a glass, at the proper season, it can be studied by any one. Some days before it throws its tough skin, it ceases to eat, and the shell begins to detach itself from the body, which becomes loose or thin. The crab begins to rub its claws together, turns on its back, moves its tail, swells its body up, and splits the shell. Then, swelling certain parts of its body, it draws its head back, loosens its eyes and large and small claws, and by a sudden jerk gets out of the shell. The operation is often fatal, but, if successful the new shell is formed in twenty-four hours.

J. J. BOISSIEU.

WHEN JEAN JACQUES DU BOISSIEU was born at Lyons, in 1736, affectation and conventional laws predominated in the fine arts as they did in the higher classes of society. It was the epoch of paint and powder, of hoop-petticoats and beauty-spots. Watteau had been dead for fifteen years; Pater, his disciple, died in 1736; but Lancret, his other pupil, still continued to produce lackadaisical coquettes; and Boucher soon after rendered fashionable a *genre* which was as fatal to art as it was to morality; while Dorat, Bernis, Colardeau, Bernard, and the Chevalier de Parry, soon became followers, in poetry, of the same school. All elevation of mind seemed to have disappeared. The age of Louis XIV. had seen the study of nature neglected for the imitation of the ancients; and the eighteenth century substituted the caprices of the imagination, and the fancies of civilised corruption, for the study of the ancients. Whenever man once wanders from the truth, he always plunges, by necessary and unavoidable progression, deeper and deeper into error. But yet, whatever ascendancy the evil may gain, it never succeeds in corrupting all the citizens of a state. A secluded life protects some from its pernicious influence; mental vigour, originality in ideas, and force of character guard others; while a few owe their safety to the artless sincerity with which they follow their inclinations, and allow themselves to be guided by their own inspirations. It is among the last that Boissieu must be ranked. He belonged to an old and noble family which came from Auvergne. His paternal grandfather, Jean de Boissieu, had been secretary to Marguerite de Valois, and was appointed her executor when she bequeathed her property to Louis XIII. Boissieu evinced great aptitude for his calling at a very early age. We are told by one of his biographers, that "Monsieur Vialis, his maternal uncle, possessed some very fine pictures, which Boissieu used to attempt to copy, even before he had received any lessons in drawing; and these first trials of the young artist announced his innate talent."

Boissieu's decided predilection for the fine arts was a source of great annoyance to his parents, who wanted to make a magistrate of him. They placed him, however, with a painter of the name of Lombard, who soon taught him all he knew, that is, very little. Boissieu required a more talented master; but Frontier, with whom he was now placed, was, like Lombard, soon surpassed by his pupil. Boissieu was, therefore, obliged to apply to the princes of the pencil for the instruction of which he stood in need. The works of Ruysdael, of Berghem, of John Miel, and of the brothers Both, henceforth became his preceptors. His imitations met with great success; and a drawing executed by the young artist after a picture by Wouvermans, having been sold at a sale for a thousand crowns, his parents began to waver in their obstinacy. Besides which, as Boissieu led a most exemplary life, and evinced none but the noblest of sentiments, they thought, at last, that he could be trusted to his own guidance. He consequently set out for Paris, where he had long wished to go, in order to improve himself. He was now in his twenty-fourth year.

Though it would not have been astonishing for Boissieu, now that he was in the capital, to be led astray by the paltry style and false taste of the reigning school, yet such was not the case. Rich enough not to be obliged to sell his works, and too modest to court public approbation, he neither troubled himself about fashion nor success; but pursued his profession for the love he bore it, for the sake of exercising his imagination, of satisfying a moral want, and of procuring himself intellectual amusement. He did not even require to be put on his guard against the false theories or the licentious and affected style of the epoch. Without attempting to emulate them, he studied those masters who pleased him, took advice of nature, and followed the dictates of his own sentiments. But it was wholly because his style differed from the one which was in fashion, that his paintings were so quickly noticed. Connoisseurs appreciated their merit, opened their

galleries to him, and permitted him to copy whatever he chose. Monsieur Tolosan, who came from the same place as himself, was among his admirers; and the most celebrated artists of the day were not less eager to do homage to his talent. Vernet, Soufflet, Watelet, and Greuze sought his friendship, and prized the possession of his drawings. No one, however, showed him more affection than the Duke de la Rochefoucault, and it was not long before they formed a most intimate acquaintance with one another. One day, this amiable nobleman made Boissieu the proposal to undertake a journey to Italy. Boissieu willingly accepted the offer, but as the duke could not fix any time for their departure, the artist went on as usual with his studies.

To-day he copied the compositions of the great masters, and to-morrow he wandered into the environs of Paris, to sketch the finest views he met with in them. The forests of Marly, of St. Germain, and of Fontainebleau, became his studios, in which nature provided him with an unlimited number of beautiful models. The surpassing majesty of the old trees, the juvenile grace—if we may be allowed the expression—of the underwood, the capricious forms of the thickets and the briars, the old stones on which arabesques were traced by the moss that grew there, the deep glen-like roads full of wild mint, the perspectives which the fog slightly tinged with blue, the tall avenues, and the hilly land, delighted his mind and employed his pencil alternately. On his return to his native place, he took with him a great number of studies, which afterwards enabled him to enrich his etchings with a thousand valuable details.

It was at this time that he made his first trials in engraving. A picture-dealer brought him one day some copper-plates already prepared, and asked him as a favour to make some drawings on them. Boissieu set to work, and thus accidentally commenced the profession in which he was destined to meet with such unlimited success. These first etchings were, of course, imperfect, but they yet bespoke the great and original talent of the artist.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault having at last found time to set out on his tour through Italy, went to Lyons, in 1766, to fetch Boissieu, and they immediately hastened to cross the Alps. Both of them experienced great pleasure on beholding that celebrated country in which so many *chefs-d'œuvre* are embellished by so soft a light, and where the productions of nature are not less attractive than the works of man. Whenever they met with a view that pleased them, Monsieur de la Rochefoucault stopped the carriage, so that Boissieu might make a sketch of it. Florence, Rome, and Naples were the three cities in which they made the longest stay. The young artist sketched the arch of Titus, the Colosseum, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the cascades of Tivoli, and the ruined house of Mæneas. He formed an acquaintance with Winkelmann, who then lived in the palace, and under the protection, of Cardinal Albani. The impassioned admirer of the Greeks and Romans thought he had found a disciple in Boissieu, for the painter listened to his arguments with the greatest attention; and, perhaps, Boissieu himself fancied that he was become a convert to the somewhat exclusive ideas of the archæologist; but, on his return to Lyons, he did not the less continue to imitate the Flemish painters, both in respect to subjects and to colouring.

As Boissieu was determined that want of care should not hinder him from equalling his models, he ground his colours and prepared his varnish himself. But the fatigue attendant on continual application soon proved too much for his weak constitution, and he fell dangerously ill. He was, therefore, obliged to give up painting in oil. From this time, he only worked on wash, lead-pencil, and red chalk drawings, and on etchings, but he executed all these with the greatest care. "His red chalk portraits," says Monsieur Dugas, "are finished in a manner which belongs only to him, and which has as yet found no imitators; his lead-pencil land

scapes also soon attained the greatest celebrity." The Count d'Artois and the first noblemen of the court eagerly sought after all his new productions, and foreigners were not less desirous to obtain them. England, Russia, and northern Germany, neglected nothing in order to procure them. But

sketches he had taken during his journey in Italy, and especially applied himself to engraving. After having obtained his principal effects by means of aqua-fortis, he used to soften his work down, throw harmony into it, and complete it with the dry point and the roulette.



ETCHINGS BY BOISSIEU.

this was somewhat difficult to achieve, for Boissieu did not sell his productions. Monsieur Artaria, of Mannheim, who carried on a large trade in objects of art, could only obtain them by purchasing them second-hand, or by presenting the artist with valuable pictures in exchange for his own.

He thus lived without ambition, trouble, or regret, till the time when the French Revolution broke out. The passions of the epoch exercised, however, no influence on his heart. While France was giving birth to a new state of society, and suffering the pangs of maternity, Boissieu fled from the noise of con-



ETCHINGS BY BOISSIEU.

In 1772, when he was twenty-six years of age, he married Mademoiselle Anne Roch de Valoux, a native, like himself, of Lyons. So mild and steady a man as Boissieu was, necessarily made a good husband; his marriage was, therefore, a very happy one, and in no way changed his mode of life. Incessantly occupied with his art, he now made use of the

tention to seek the calm pleasures of solitude. But misfortune overtook him in the country, where he had lived in retirement for twenty years. An artist, who was a member of the Convention, was sent to the banks of the Rhone for the express purpose of protecting his life; but Boissieu lost his fortune; and his eldest son, who was compelled to flee the country after

the siege of Lyons, died in Switzerland from the fatigues of his journey, and doubtless, too, from the grief caused by his exile.

Boissieu earned sufficient by his pencil to supply his wants; and when the nation had recovered itself enough to enjoy the pleasures of the imagination, the Institute of France, the Academies of Bologna, of Florence, of Grenoble, and of Lyons, appointed him one of their corresponding members. But, in spite of the entreaties of M. Denon, he could not be prevailed upon to quit his province for the more brilliant abode of Paris.

scenes with which they are surrounded. His own portrait, too, confirms these indications; *finesse* is there joined to vulgarity; the cheek-bones are prominent, the nose big, the lips thick, the lower part of the forehead fleshy, and the chin large; but the eye is full of observation and shrewdness, though devoid of noble expression. The face, however, wants that dignity which is the characteristic of a superior mind. The personages met with in his works have, perhaps, still less nobleness, and fewer signs of intelligence about them. The monks in the choir; the children blessed by Pius VII, with



PORTRAIT OF BOISSIEU, DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY HIMSELF.

Old age did not diminish his talent; for his last engraving is one of the finest he ever executed. He died in the possession of all his force of mind, on the 1st of March, 1810, at the age of seventy-four. For some time past, he had with difficulty borne the severity of the winters; and the cold of 1810 penetrated to his very heart.

The works of Boissieu seem completely to reveal his Auvergnian origin; in them you discover patience, and rather a heavy character, but, at the same time, that true love of nature which is imparted to all mountaineers by the beautiful

the woman who has brought them, and the acolytes placed in the back-ground; the fathers of the desert; the little boys playing with a dog; the professor of botany and his pupils; the family before the fire; and several other personages, carefully drawn, surprise you in a disagreeable manner by the common and inert expression of their features. Such lethargic and insignificant-looking faces constitute a defect which will not be found, perhaps, in the works of any other celebrated painter or engraver. This defect spoils the pleasure which the talented and fine execution of the artist pro-

duces. A few heads, on the contrary, possess features of a most lively expression: the two children, for instance, who are looking at a flute-player; those who are amusing themselves by blowing bubbles; the portrait of Boissieu's brother; a three-quarter male figure; and two others in the print where a man is being shaved, surprise you by the boldness of their relief and their animated appearance. Such, too, is the old rogue with a cap nearly reaching down to his shaggy eye-brows, beneath which his suspicious-looking, penetrating, and perfidious eyes assume a formidable expression. Yet these same heads, which are so striking in appearance, and so admirably executed, are void of nobleness and grandeur, and no reflection of a single elevated sentiment is perceptible in them. Observation, *finesse* and cunning, are all that the engraver has been able to represent; and these form, in his eyes, all the phases of moral life. His "St. Jerome in the Desert," for instance, is writing very attentively, but no inspiration is there to light up his look, or to impart any appearance of idealism to his features. The landscape, which is rigidly beautiful, possesses more expression than the face of the saint; and the man is thus rendered inferior to the inanimate objects by which he is surrounded. Boissieu, it is evident, lived too much in solitude and sought too much after calm: it is necessary for the artist, as well as for the poet, that he should himself attentively study the workings of the higher passions, which are to be met with only in the bustle of active life. Goethe himself, in consequence of keeping continually out of society, lost, at last, the vigour of his brilliant days; and finished by writing works almost void of sense, and full of chimerical visions.

Boissieu was more successful with nature than he was with the human face. His landscapes are very fine: in them vigour is joined to delicacy, and elegance to truth. The drawing is always full of energy in the *tout ensemble* and of *finesse* in the details. Here we see the beautiful effects of light and shade bringing out every object in bold relief, while in another place are seen fugitive lights, carefully managed gradations, and backgrounds of the most exquisite lightness. No trace of negligence or of hurry is anywhere to be discovered in them; but everything is, on the contrary, of the most perfect finish. The foliage of the trees, the movement or the motionless splendour of the water, the canals, the forms of the land, the winding or broken lines of the rocks, and the magic of the perspective are all represented in the most successful and varied manner. A few artists have reproached Boissieu with having exaggerated the brilliancy of the light parts of his foliage to such an extent as to produce the effects of snow: this defect, however, can hardly be said to exist except in the bad copies, in which the details of the light parts have disappeared. It must be owned, however, that Boissieu was not always successful in

the execution of his clouds, which might often be taken for mere daubs instead of moving vapours.

But though the works of Boissieu are open to certain criticisms, he himself is none the less on that account the greatest etcher that France ever produced. His drawings are executed in such perfection, that many of them are as valuable as oil paintings, and some of them have even been sold for £120 sterling each. Though they are all characterised by such wonderful delicacy in their execution, Boissieu yet worked very quickly. A skilful draughtsman of his time, having seen him work, was thoroughly astonished at the rapidity with which he completed everything he began; the artist in question did not think it possible for so perfect a finish to be obtained with such promptitude, and was seized with a fit of discouragement, which lasted him a fortnight.

Boissieu also painted some pictures of subjects similar to those painted by Ostade; but he owes all his fame to his etchings, which he executed in so masterly and picturesque a manner. The number of his plates is, according to M. Dugas Montbel, a hundred and seven, which are generally marked D. B., with the date. Monsieur Guichardot, who has studied the works of the celebrated engraver more than any one else, possesses, or is acquainted with, a hundred and forty-two of his prints; and as this gentleman has devoted forty years of his life to the works of Boissieu, his opinion ought to be taken as an authority.

The following are among the engraver's best prints:—

"An Old Man, with a Boy Reading," in the manner of Rembrandt.

"A Cooper working in a Cellar;" after the same.

"An Italian Landscape, with Women washing."

"A Landscape with Shepherds by the water-side;" after Berghem.

"A Forest with a Cottage, and a Man on Horseback, with Peasants."

Another "Forest Scene," the companion to the above.

"A Landscape with Figures and Animals, having in the middle a Hill, on which is a Cross and an Old Man kneeling."

"A View near Zurich, with a Man and a Woman mounted on a Mule, and driving Cattle through a rivulet."

"The Quack Doctor;" after C. du Gardyn.

"A Landscape with Figures in a Boat, and a Mill;" after Ruysdael.

"The Great Mill," a charming landscape; after the same.

"A Mountainous Landscape, with a Waterfall;" after Asselyn.

"A Grand Landscape, with a Hermit at the entrance of a Cavern," 1797.

"A pleasing Landscape with large Figures, and two Cows standing in the water."

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

In the advance of mankind, all things, even apparent obstacles, promote incessant progress. Expressions of doubt in every form, the host of sceptical and envious men, favour that improvement which they gainsay; plagiarists extend its influence while they render its effects popular; everything conduces to progress.

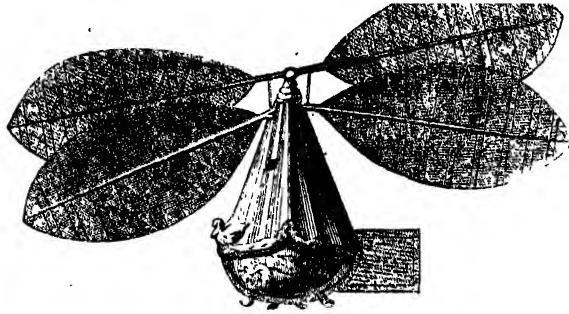
The germ of those successive discoveries, which men of genius from age to age disclose, and which each generation develops, existed from the beginning of time. When the veil which covered them is drawn aside by the skilful or fortunate hand of one of real genius, numbers of envious spirits, anxious to darken the rising glory, ransack the dreams of the past, which turn out sometimes to be the foreshadowing of the future. They there seek to prove that the idea which has just arisen is not new, that the progress is illusory. The man whom they lately admired, far, in their opinion, from meriting universal gratitude, has only meanly attributed to himself the merit of another, by bringing to light the

invention buried by an unknown scholar in some old worm-eaten book. These efforts, these struggles to deprive the inventor of his legitimate reward, his glory, may darken and disturb his life, but cannot silence the echo of the divine word, of which the man of genius is but the voice, and, in spite of the envious, the future will recognise the name of such discoverer.

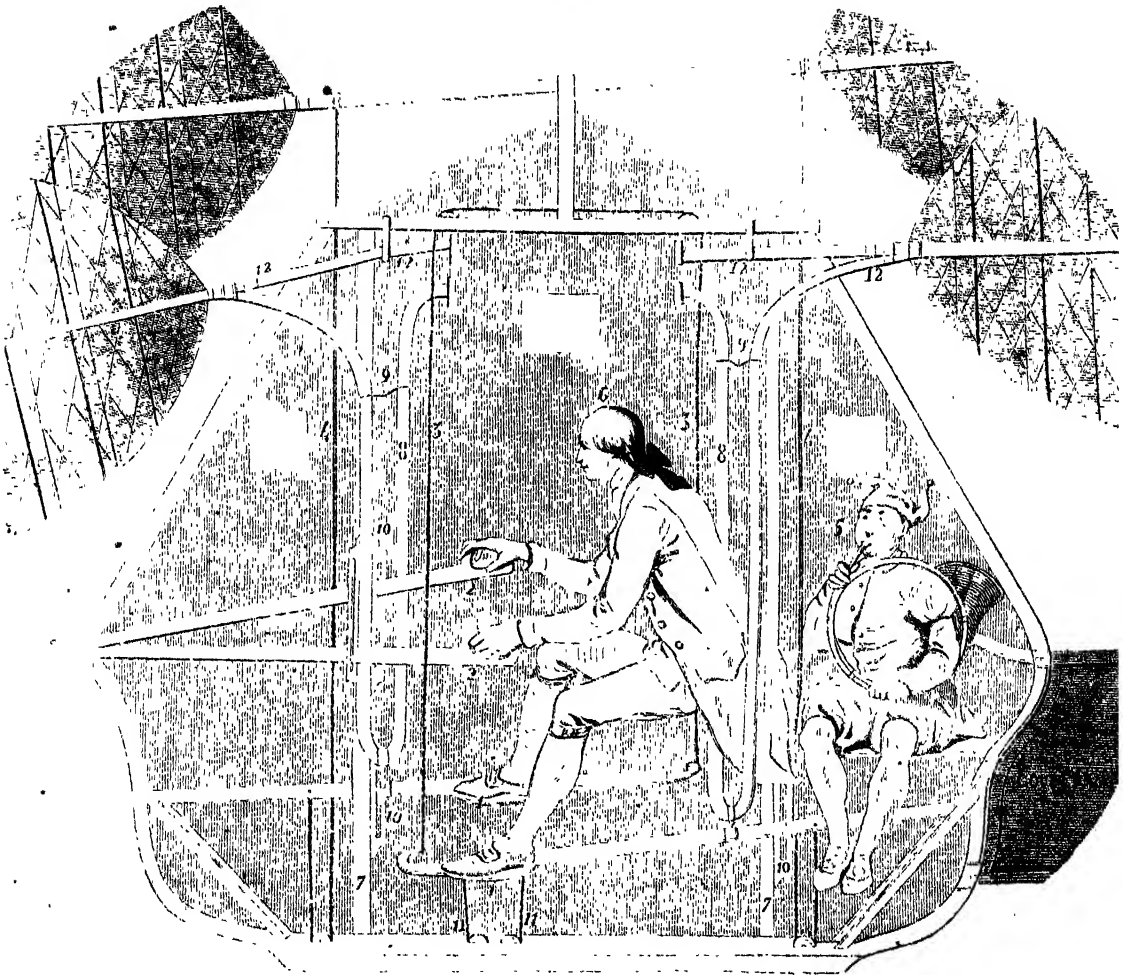
The first balloon darting above the clouds had scarcely imposed silence upon those who, denying the possibility of ascending into and traversing the air, taxed with folly the attempts made for this purpose, than these same people hastened to assert that the discovery was not new. The secret of flying through space was known to the ancients, said they; Icarus, the magician of Thrace; the prophets transported to heaven; Simon, the sorcerer; fable and history, down to Cyrano, of Bergerac, and his ingenious projects for travelling across the moon and the sun, were brought forward and set in opposition to the young aeronauts. These forerunners,

however, were strange rivals; envy could not content herself with them, and brought to light the rare and unknown work of Père Lana. This Jesuit spoke of aerial navigation as a scientific amusement; the flying ship which he described was surmounted by four spheres of thinner copper (he specified the thickness) than had ever been seen before. To produce

off by turning the taps and promptly turning them back. The process, as may be seen, was simple. This pleasantry, which appeared in print at Brescia, in 1670, a few years after the death of Pascal, and which was founded upon those ideas which had given rise to the experiments of this great man upon the weight of the air, was seriously brought



EXTERIOR OF BLANCHARD'S FLYING SHIP.



BLANCHARD'S FLYING SHIP. *

the vacuum which was to lighten the boat, the good rather advised filling these spheres with water, which was to be let

forward as the origin of the invention of balloons. Then they spoke of Galien, a Dominican monk, the author of

* 1, Pedals in the form of levers of the second kind; 2, Plyers in the form of levers of the second kind; 3, Connecting lines which raise the pedals alternately; 4, Cords which serve to move the leading wings; 5, Travelling companion; 6, Pilot; 7, Posts which support the top; 9, Supporting ropes which move the wings by

means of the pedals; 9, Connecting strings to prevent the separation of the ropes; 10, Slides which prevent the displacement of the pedals and plyers; 11, Connecting cords which are attached under the pedals, and pass under the pulleys at the bottom of the keel; 12, Principal appliances for trimming the sails.

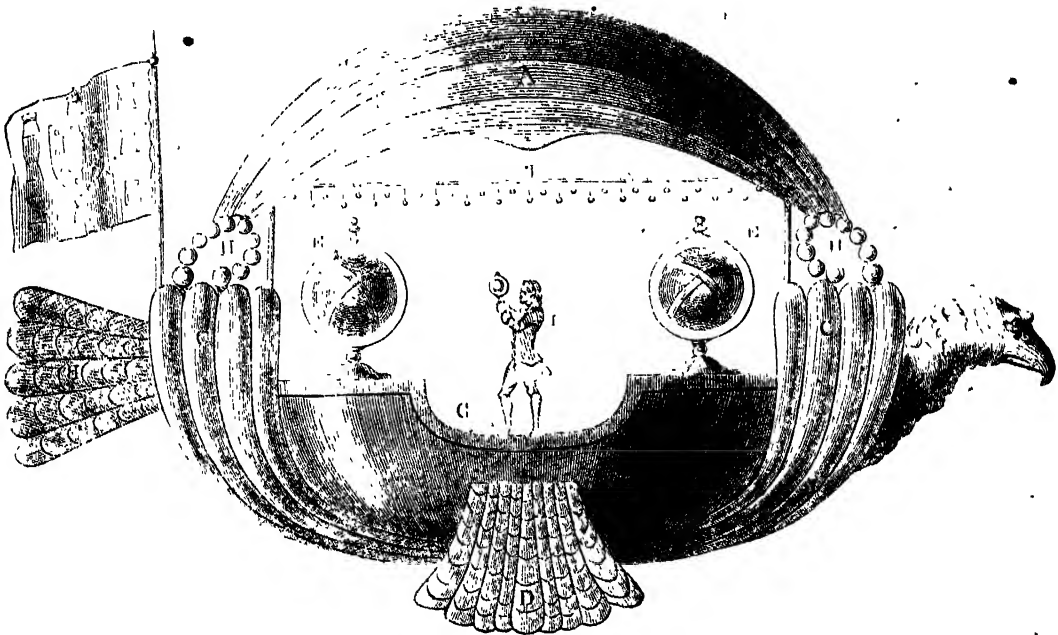
a pamphlet as little known as the work of Lana—a book in which, among other physical and geometrical amusements, was described an immense cubical vessel, measuring above 1,350,000,000 fathoms, longer and broader than the town of Avignon, weighing 12,000,000 cwt.—a weight, the monk affirmed, ten times greater than that of Noah's ark. To raise this gigantic machine above the clouds, Galien, giving to the side of the ship a height of more than 113 fathoms, in order that the lower strata of atmospheric air might not penetrate it, filled it afterwards with rarified air. How to procure this, how to stow the ethereal fluid, was a subject upon which the speculative monk had never felt any uneasiness. There was nothing practical, nothing possible, even in his own eyes, in this play of his imagination. These were the mere hypotheses of an intelligent, learned, solitary man, who, though taking pleasure in his dreams, had not an idea that even the least part of them would ever be realised.

These precursors had no power to detract anything from the glory of the brothers Mongolfier, or cause the genuineness of their discovery to be doubted. Other rivals were sought for, and then came the story of the *Oroador*, or flying man—a

of Paris nor in those of Turin, in both which places it was pretended to have been seen. The engraving below, taken from the library of the Rue Richelieu, in Paris, the only trace which we have met with of the pretended invention of Guzman, we reproduce in all its strangeness, with the annexed explanations.

This dream seems even more fantastic than those of Lana and Galien. The truth is, that the imagination was more and more occupied with the idea about to be realised, and many looks were fixed beforehand upon those new routes which the brothers Mongolfier were preparing to lay open to all.

Further experiments were made, and wings were brought into use. The Marquis of Bacqueville set sail from a window of his hotel upon the quay, and alighted upon the boat of a laundress in the river. The Prebendary Desforges, of Etampes, invented a carriage which was intended to fly; but, in proportion as he rapidly moved the wings which were to raise it, the heavy machine seemed to sink into the earth. The history of these failures appeared in verse; vaudevilles and mockery followed the unfortunate experimenters, as if to discourage imagination—that harbinger of genius. Blanchard, whose



A DRAWING OF THE BOAT FOR ASCENDING INTO THE AIR, INVENTED 1709, BY LAURENT DE GUZMAO, CHAPLAIN TO THE KING OF PORTUGAL.*

confused legend, of which there are different versions. According to some, a certain Laurent de Guzman, a monk of Rio Janeiro, having seen an egg-shell, or the peel of an orange, float before the window of his cell, in 1720, sent off a balloon to the amazement of his companions, and received from them the title of *Oroador*. Others assert, that the monk himself ascended, at Lisbon, in 1736, in a wicker basket, before King John V., as high as the cornice of the palace, whence he fell. He received his name by popular acclamation, and his death, which took place in Spain, was, it is said, caused by the persecutions of the inquisitors. The dates do not agree; for other accounts affirm that Guzman's ascent took place in 1709. To confirm the truth of this anecdote, a Spanish manuscript was quoted, which is neither to be found in the archives

intrepidity as an aeronaut was afterwards admired, though ridiculed for unsuccessful attempts, had been received by the Abbé Viennoy in his hotel in the Rue Taranne. He there exhibited to the public what he called his flying-ship—a lined case, which, by the aid of mechanical contrivances, with four sails, ten feet long by six broad, moved by levers, he expected to raise into and guide through the air, doubtless in imitation of the Musulman magician, in "The Thousand and One Nights." Blanchard remained steadfast to his purpose, and was ridiculed in a bad vaudeville, entitled, *Cassandre Mécanicien*; while Cailhava caused the *Cabriolet Volant* to be performed in honour of the Prebendary of Etampes. The engraving which we reproduce (p. 227), in spite of the serious explanations which accompany it, must be a caricature, to judge from the singular personage, dressed in a fool's cap and bells, who strikes up a flourish in the ears of the inventor.

These experiments of Blanchard took place at the end of 1782. In the same year, Etienne, one of the MM. Mongolfier, in his private correspondence, had communicated to M. Desmarest, of the Academy of Sciences, the invention of the balloon, which the two brothers, Etienne and Joseph, then called a *diostatic* machine, because it sustained itself in the

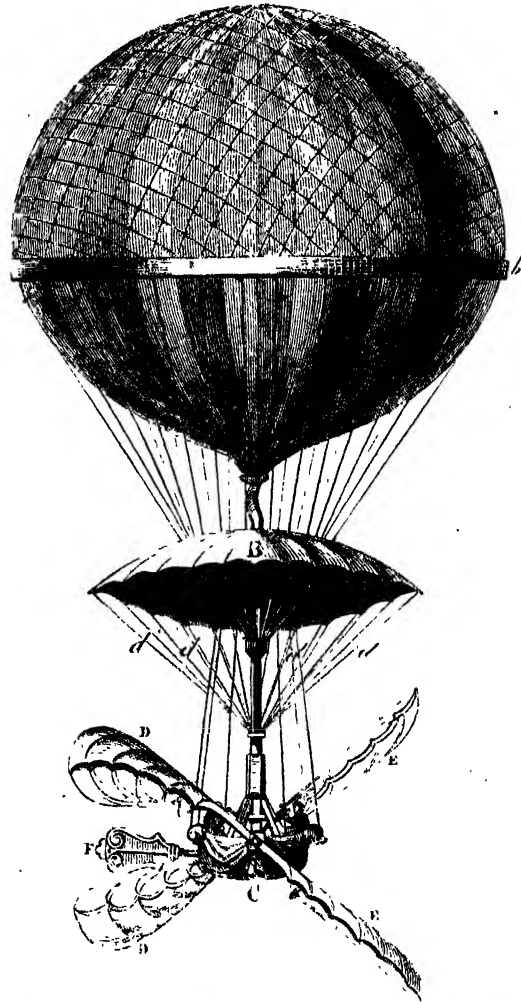
* A, Sails to sustain the boat; B, Rudder; C, C. Bellows to supply any failure of wind; D, Wings to support the machine; E, F, Magnet, enclosed in two globes of metal, attracting the body of the boat lined with plates of iron; F, Iron wire, upon which are hung a number of pieces of amber to attract the matting of rye-straw which carpets the interior of the boat; G, Mariner's Compass; H, P, Pulleys to let fly the sails; I, Space for ten travellers and the pilot who directs the manoeuvres.

air. In spite of the perspicuous and clear explanations of the inventor, and perhaps on account of their perfect simplicity, the academicians understood nothing about them, and replied, "As I do not understand your ascending machine, I have not been able to make any use of all you have told me about it at different times." Probably he classed this invention in the category of delusions so common to that epoch.

Shortly afterwards the discovery became generally known by the experiments of the 5th of June, 1783, made in the presence of the deputies of the state of Vivarais. The idea, so simple in its grandeur, was too easy of application, not to find many imitators, and Blanchard was one of the first. But the mechanist sought in his various ascents to make use of his

it is represented in the engraving. A pupil of the Military School, named Dupont de Chambon, was obstinately bent upon setting out with the travellers; repulsed by them he forced his way, sword in hand, into the gondola, wounded Blanchard, tore the rigging, broke the oars or wings, and the aeronaut was reduced to the necessity of ascending alone some hours later, by the usual means, after having mended his balloon as well as he was able.

Blanchard might have learnt from the inventor the usefulness of the oars which he endeavoured to employ in several subsequent ascents. The brothers Mongolfier had considered, among many other means of guidance, the use of oars, and had rejected them. Joseph wrote to Etienne towards the end



THE FLYING SHIP. THE FIRST EXPERIMENT WHICH BLANCHARD WAS TO HAVE MADE, MARCH 2, 1784, FROM THE CHAMPS DE MARS, ACCOMPANIED BY DOM PECH, A BENEDICTINE MONK.*

former mechanical contrivances; thus, on the 2nd of March, 1784, he prepared to depart from the Champs de Mars, in the balloon which he called his flying ship, to which he had attached six wings.

Blanchard and his companion Dom Pech, a Benedictine monk, were prevented from ascending in the balloon, such as

* A, Aerostatic globe filled with inflammable air, and attached to the hoop, a, b; B, Parachute, the ribs of which are secured to the axis, or stick, by the strings d, d, d; it is not intended to sustain the machine in the air, excepting in case of an accident happening to the globe, when it serves to break the violence of the fall; c, Boat, carrying the travellers, suspended and fixed to the axis, or stick of the parachute; D, E, Oars moved alternately by the travellers; F, Rudder.

of the year 1783:—"Pray, my good friend, reflect, calculate well; if you employ oars, you must either make them large or small: if they be large, they will be heavy; if they be small, you must make them move with the greater rapidity. Let us make the estimate on a globe of a hundred feet in diameter." After having made this calculation, he arrived at the conclusion that the power of thirty men, exerting themselves so that they could not keep on fifty minutes without resting, would not suffice to make the balloon go six miles an hour. "I do not see any efficient means of guidance," continues Joseph, "except in the knowledge of the different currents of air which it is necessary to study; they generally vary according to the elevation." This idea, common to both the brothers, often recurred to their minds.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

CHAPTER XV.

How sweet and refreshingly, after the noontide heat of a summer day, does the sea-breeze blow in upon some long, low strand, where no tree spreads its shadow-flinging branches against the sunbeams!—with what a grateful coolness do the odour and moisture of the briny air fall upon the senses! Have you ever, readers mine, lay upon, or walked along the sea-beach just at that time of day when the sun is westering half-way between the zenith and the horizon—that time when scenery, whether of the earth or the ocean, looks so distinct and tint-marked? How beautiful are the purple and the brown of the hills! how sparkling and white the naked and scarred cliffs! how the long shadows of the dim headlands shoot out far into the water, and the tempered light of the sun comes aslant upon the sails of ships, and makes them shine white as the wings of the swan!

Just at this hour of the day which succeeded that on which the spy was captured, three persons loitered along the shore at Palestrina, a short space beyond the fortifications. Now pausing a moment to look upon the galleys of the Venetian republic, which lay upon the peaceful bosom of the Adriatic, just before the mouth of the Porto di Chioggia; now pacing slowly along the sand, northward, and gazing from time to time towards the region of the horizon where the distant city of Saint Mark lay reposing amid her watery highways. But other thoughts than the freshness of the air or the beauty of the sun-tints occupied them. Their heads and their hearts were busy with the schemes of life. The anxious cares, the hopes, the fears, the turmoils, the jealousies, which ever trouble the peace of rulers, as the shadow troubles the sunshine.

"So please your highness," said one of the three, "my counsel is that there should be no more delay. Every day that this siege is protracted increases our perils and adds to the burdens of the state."

He who spoke was a dark and gloomy-looking man, with a black gown—the member of the Council of Ten whom the jealousy of the state had assigned to the doge as his nominal adviser but real controller.

"What you say, signore," replied the venerable old doge, "is but too true. Nevertheless, we must be cautious how we act in opposition to the views of both our general and admiral. The state reposes much confidence in those her well-tried sons."

"The state, so please your highness," retorted the other significantly, "does so indeed; but, like a wise parent, she reserves to herself to decide upon what is best for her honour and weal, while she expects her sons to respect her counsels and to obey her mandates."

Conturini looked at the dark visage of the speaker, and bowed in dignified silence.

"It seems to me, if I may be permitted to speak my mind freely, that your highness and the council should forthwith decide upon more active measures. The overtures of the Genoese have been rejected. Despair will now impel them to a final effort, for they may as well sell their lives dearly in battle as surrender them bootlessly. If we now turn this siege into an assault, we shall take the enemy by surprise, and terminate this tedious and dispiriting warfare,—if warfare, indeed, it can of late be called."

"And how say you, signore?" asked the doge, turning to the person on the other side.

"As your highness seeks my opinion," said the senator, after he had exchanged a glance with the member of the Neri, "I fear that the risk of a speedy assault is less than the peril of continuing this blockade. Scarce a day comes that some tumult or discontent does not arise amongst the foreign soldiery; how long our own may remain uninfected, who can tell? It is rumoured, too," he added, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that even our general has not been unassailed by temptation." The pilot old doge started, and his eye kindled with somewhat of a fire.

"It is false, signore!—by my life and honour, it is false!"

"Nay, your highness will not understand me as saying it is true; yet the tale goes that large sums have been offered to him from Genoa."

"He would scorn the bribe and spurn the briber. The noble Zeno's life is the best refutation of the slander."

"And yet," said the dark-robed councillor, "may not some men think that his former life might warrant some suspicion—that the spendthrift and the gambler might not be above the allurements of money—or that the priest who had forgotten his vows to the church might possibly forget his allegiance to the state?"

"There may be those who know so little of our Zeno's real nature as to think thus unworthily of him," said the doge with spirit; "but I will not believe that your excellency is one of them."

The eye of the councillor fell, and the shadow of his brow became darker, as he said coldly,

"I neither accuse nor defend; the province of those who take council for the state is to watch events, and be impartial."

"Your excellency has spoken wisely," replied the doge; "and I am much your debtor for the aid of your counsel. On the one hand, I entirely concur with you both, that the siege should be speedily terminated; but on the other, our general demands his own time to work out his own views. To force him to abandon his own plans, and to act upon ours, is a proceeding that is delicate and difficult—besides involving much responsibility. How do you advise? which of the two courses are we to take?"

"May we not steer our way between them?" said he of "the Ten."

"As how, signore?"

"Why thus. Zeno demands time; but he has pledged himself that a very short time will accomplish his object. Well, the state has granted this to him, perhaps already to the full. I would, if it meet your highness's approval, suggest that the further time to be accorded to him be limited to three days. If within that time the besieged unconditionally surrender, well; if not, your highness should direct the troops to assault Chioggia on the following day."

"It is wisely counselled, signore," replied the doge. "We shall forthwith intimate to the general our resolve to this intent."

The three lingered yet awhile along the strand, and then passed onward to the fort, and disappeared.

The decision of the doge was communicated to Zeno without loss of time.

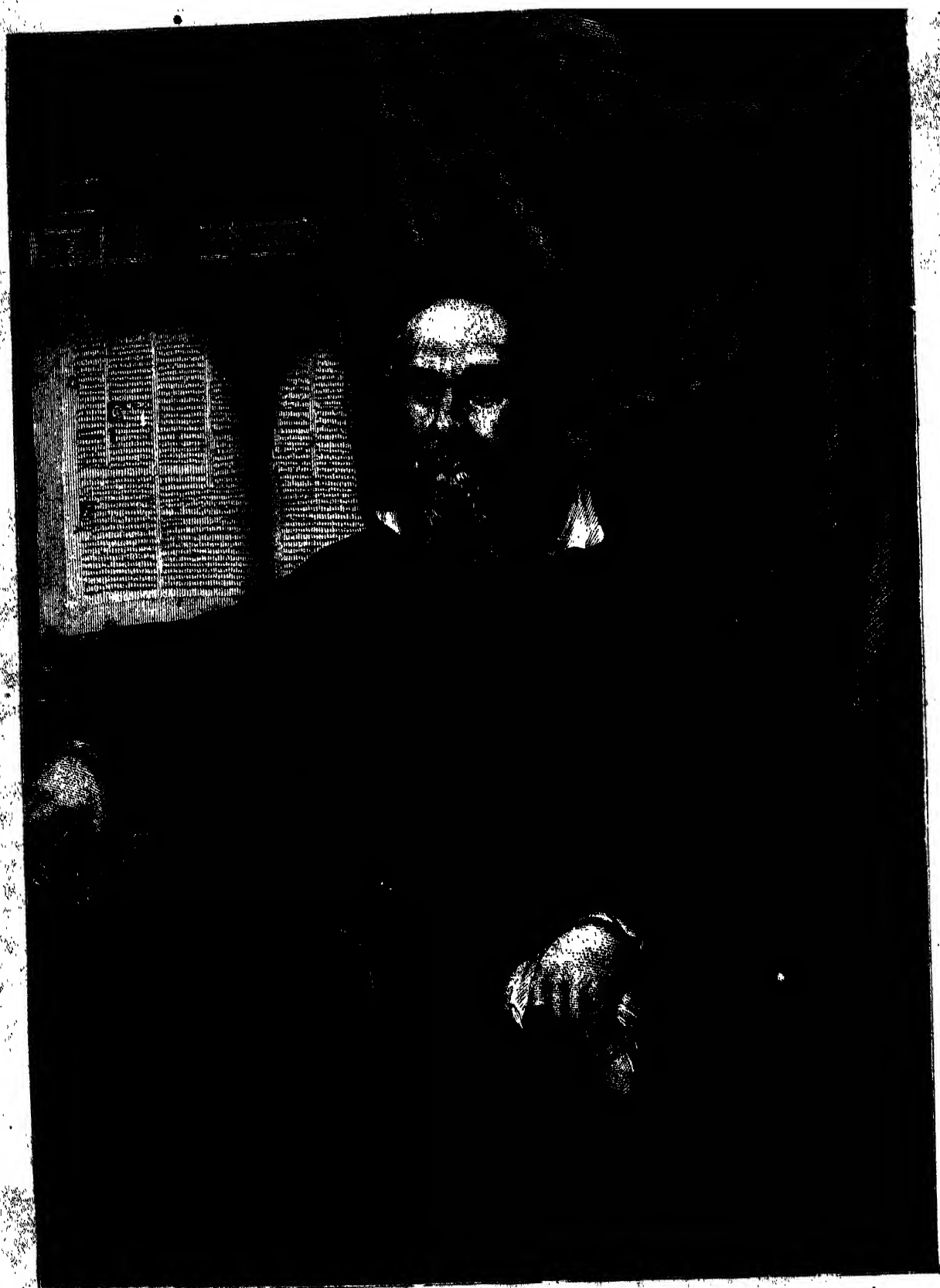
"It is but a scant time," thought he, when the messenger had retired, "three days; and, yet, if my expectations deceive me not, and my plans do not fail, three days will see the standard of Saint Mark once more floating over the walls of Chioggia. At all events, we shall see what those three days will bring forth. Should my object be then unachieved, it will be time enough to decide whether the veteran soldier is to be controlled by the crafty civilian. Meantime, the hours are precious, and much is to be done. It should be near the hour when—" At this moment Alexis entered the room where Zeno was musing.

"Is all ready?" asked the general.

"Yes, signore."

"My cloak, good youth—now let us forth." And so saying, Zeno stepped out into the open air as the last glimmer of twilight had faded into the night.

The general and his attendant proceeded through the camp fortifications, visiting the troops in their respective quarters. This did not excite any surprise, inasmuch as it was the habit of Zeno to take the rounds of the army at various hours of the day and the night, in order to come upon the soldiers unawares. Nevertheless, Alexis did not fail to take special notice of everything as they proceeded. At length, as they reached the quarters of the English archers, the voice of one chanting



DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY W. J. LINTON.

ARCHBISHOP OF SPALATRO.

pleasantly fall upon the ear, and the massive frame of Hodge o' the Hill was soon discovered stretched on his back at full length by the fire, singing with closed eyes, while some of his comrades were cooking their evening meal.

"How now, goodfellow," said Zeno, touching his foot lightly; "thou art a very nightingale, and takest to singing before it is well dark."

Hodge was on his feet in an instant.

"If it please your excellency, I was but rehearsing for my comrades one of our Island ballads. We Englishers love to think of our old homes, and carry the memory of the forests with us wherever we stray."

"Aye, and pleasant memories they are, I'll be sworn," said Zeno. "I'll warrant me, too, that the form of some sylvan maiden flits across thy mind to make the memory all the sweeter."

Hodge smiled, and then he sighed, but he made no reply to the insinuation of the general.

"Well, well, where is thy gallant captain? I would fain see him."

"He is not far off, signore—shall I summon him to your presence?"

"No, I would seek him, if you will show the way."

The archer stepped forward, and the general and his attendant followed him. They soon found Sir William Cheke, and, at a signal from the latter, Hodge retired and left them together.

Long and earnestly did Zeno and the English knight hold converse as they paced to and fro in the dark night, while the eyes of Alexis kept keen watch that no one should approach upon their conference unperceived. At length Zeno prepared to depart, and as he did so he took the hand of the knight in his own, and said, "Sir William Cheke, I have now disclosed to you without reserve how I am situated, and what are my plans. On your full and faithful assistance I rely unhesitatingly."

"I will not fail your excellency, on my honour," said the Englishman.

"I know well you will not, if there be faith in knightly honour or truth in English pledge. So, then, to your care I commit the preparations I have mentioned. You have those on whom you can rely to watch the movement. Meantime I shall arrange for the night. You will be with me at the place appointed half an hour before midnight. Till then farewell."

Zeno then left the quarters of the English archers, and with Alexis proceeded on his way, but ere he reached his own apartments he visited yet one other of his tried friends, the Count Polani.

At the appointed hour four men were assembled in the apartment of the general, to which we have so often, in the course of this story, introduced our readers. From their anxious and thoughtful demeanour it was manifest that some critical event was not far distant: they were all in complete armour; two lamps stood lighted upon the long table that ran down the centre of the room, and seats were placed at either side, as if in expectation of other visitors being added to their number.

"Count Polani," said Zeno, "have you instructed this youth? You answer for his faith?"

"Aye, noble Zeno, Giulio is my son; let that be the pledge of his truth."

"A better I wish not to have, my tried, old friend," said the general. "And now, signori, to business, for the time of action is near at hand. Is the camp still all quiet?"

"There were none stirring save the sentinels on watch, as I came hither," said Sir William Cheke.

"Aye," said Zeno, with a bitter smile, "the stillness of the mine ere the train is fired; woe to him that shall put the match to the fuse. Well, it shall be my care to crush with my mailed heel the train and quench it. Better so, than to extinguish it in blood; even that, too, may be requisite."

As he spoke, the fine and manly features of Zeno flushed with the spirit of wild energy that reminded those who looked at him of the strange stories which were told of his reckless

youth. In a moment, however, the excitement seemed to pass away; he rose from his seat, and going to a cabinet unlocked it and took out a roll.

"Here," said he, spreading it before his colleagues,—"here is the list of the names of all the captains who command the mercenaries now in the service of the republic. Opposite to each name I have placed my own comments. I know well, from long experience, how far condottieri are to be trusted. Your pardon, Sir William, I speak of the class, and not of those whose honour is above all suspicion—'*Chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche*'—such as thyself. I know how often the soldier of fortune differs, but little from the licensed brigand; how readily he will transfer his allegiance; how lightly he holds the obligations of society, esteeming plunder his lawful right. Still, I know well, that though mercenary, they are not mean; though easy in their fidelity, they are not treacherous; and that the most of them are too honourable to join with assassins and cut-throats. I would now avail myself of your experience. Look down this list, and tell me whom we may or may not trust, when a fair appeal is made to their honour."

Polani and the English knight examined the paper carefully, and made such comments as their own knowledge or general reputation enabled them. Giulio was too inexperienced and too short a time in the camp to be competent to form a judgment, and so he modestly abstained from taking any part in the scrutiny. When it was finished, Zeno observed,

"Our estimate agrees to a marvel, signori. Well, then, I shall summon these to attend me in council forthwith. I have purposely abstained from giving a longer notice, lest my plans should be suspected. What ho! Alexis!"

"The Greek appeared, and Zeno quickly wrote down the names of those captains whom they had selected, and giving it to the youth, said,

"You will with all speed notify to these that I require their presence here at midnight upon matters of urgency. And take good note of how thou findest each of them employed."

The young Greek went out upon his mission, and the general and his friends occupied themselves during the short time that was still to elapse before midnight in discourse upon the subject which was to be brought before the council.

Now it happened that our old acquaintance, Hodge o' the Hill, just a little before the time that Alexis left Zeno's apartment, slipped quietly forth from amongst his now sleeping comrades, till he came to where some half dozen archers lay, still in their ordinary attire, stretched before the guard-room fire. Silently motioning to these, they arose, took their pikes and swords, and, following Hodge, passed out noiselessly into the open air. In a few moments they had reached the quarters of the Italian lancers under Recanati, and concealed themselves beneath the projecting angle of one of the bastions. It was manifest that Recanati's band had not retired to rest; here and there dim lights twinkled forth into the gloom of night and again disappeared, as if quickly shaded from observation; the ring of mail and the clank of weapons were occasionally heard in the silence; and words were whispered and answers given as if the whole force was mustering. In a short time all these sounds ceased, and then the door was opened, through which, by the faint light from within, the watchers perceived two men pass stealthily out. They paused for a moment as if endeavouring to look through the gloom, and to catch any sound that might indicate the vicinity of other persons. Apparently they were satisfied, for one muttered to the other,

"Tutto va bene."

And then they proceeded rapidly to traverse the camp.

"Now," said Hodge, when he had suffered them to proceed till they were almost lost in the gloom; "now, comrades, we must follow the trail; be silent as the grave, and sure as death."

Preserving their distance, they dogged them almost breathlessly, till the lancers reached the quarters of the German mercenaries. Then Hodge and his party made a swift detour so as to meet the others face to face, as if apparently coming from the place to which the others were going.

"Buona notte, compari," said one of the two lancers; "whence are ye?"

"From Von Richter's band. Siamo Tedeschi."

"Good; lead us to him instantly; we have good news and stirring, brothers."

Hodge and his companions led them somewhat from the direction, and surrounding them without being suspected, they suddenly seized the two men, and muffling their heads, prevented a sound from escaping their lips. They next handcuffed each, and enjoining them to offer no resistance, led them quickly to the quarters of Sir William Cheke.

"So far all is well," said Hodge, as he led the two men into a small room. Then, removing the covering from their heads, "Good fellows, if you will promise to make no disturbance, I am even content to leave you to breathe freely; but if you are noisy, I shall be forced to gag you both. My orders are peremptory on this point. How say you?"

The lancers, finding they were in the power of the archers, gave a sullen assent to the terms proposed.

"Good," said Hodge; "I must now leave you, my masters. When you are wanted, I shall call for you."

So saying, he withdrew, bolting the strong door after him.

"Morris," he continued, addressing one of his companions, "thou wilt keep ward upon these fellows. I have good warrant for what I do, and shall justify it to our captain. Let the others follow me."

Hodge now proceeded amongst the rest of the band, whom he unceremoniously aroused from their slumbers.

"Up! my lads, up! It is the desire of our good captain that you arm in all haste, and hold yourselves in readiness in case he sends for you."

"How now, Hodge," cried one of his comrades grumblingly, as he rose up, and stretched out his arms with a yawn, "God 'a mercy, man, what's in the wind?"

"Marry, Robin," said the other laughing, "thou shalt find when thou art out of thy kennel and puttest thy nose to the ground; 'tis just the night for the scent to lie. But be nimble, sweet hearts, be nimble, and lie close till the time comes to start the game."

By this time the English archers were all up and busily accoutering themselves, which when Hodge saw, he turned to one of those who had been with him upon his recent errand, and said:

"Come, Hubert, thou shalt away with me; and so, comrades, farewell. Let one keep watch without, with his ears wide open. When he hears the forster's whistle, then let him who is next in command lead down our merry men all towards the general's quarters."

Ere the last words were well past his lips, Hodge, O' the Hill and Hubert Leslie were rapidly treading their way towards the council chamber.

The hour of midnight was now come. In the chamber of the Venetian general were assembled those captains of the several companies of mercenaries whom he had caused to be summoned. One might readily discover, from the general surprise and anxiety that appeared on the countenances and in the demeanour of these, that they awaited the disclosure of some important intelligence, the nature of which they in vain endeavoured to speculate upon. Some had come in haste, and totally or partially without their armour, as if aroused from sleep; others appeared completely clothed in mail. After a moment's thoughtful silence, Zeno arose. Never did he appear more noble, more composed, more self-reliant, than at this moment; and as his eye passed in slow review over the countenances of those now around him, as if its gaze could penetrate into their secret souls and read their hidden thoughts, all felt that his was indeed the master-spirit of the whole camp. Then he spoke amidst profound silence.

If there be any faith to be placed in what the chronicler of his life has reported to us of this occasion—and we are inclined to think it most faithworthy, first, because that chronicler was Jacopo Zeno, the nephew of the great captain, and ought to have known the whole truth; and, secondly, because he was

a right reverend bishop, and ought therefore to have spoken nought save the truth—if, as we say, there be any faith to be placed in the account that has come down to us of this memorable night, the speech of Zeno was one of singular address and power. By turns he touched on every topic that could arouse the fidelity, pique the honour, and excite the sympathies of knights and soldiers, and stimulated the minds of his auditory with the picture he drew of those perfidious conspirators who were plotting the ruin of them and the republic, ere he detailed to them what were the plots, or disclosed who were the plotters.

"Brothers," said he "I see that you are all in a state of anxious suspense, and would fain know why I have called you together thus suddenly in the dead of night. But I have done so because I well know your fidelity and love to me as your generalissimo, as you know mine for you as true and brave chieftains. Of these mutual sentiments we have each given proofs in abundance during this protracted war." Then he proceeded to adduce various instances in proof of what he stated; and as he recounted many a deed of daring, many a victorious encounter, many a peril and many a privation in which they had been engaged together, one might see the effect upon those who listened as the memory of these things came back upon their hearts, and made them warm with pride and affection towards their illustrious comrade—the great captain of his age, the great leader under whom they had fought and triumphed.

"But no more of this," he continued; "if you have suffered straits at times, so have I, and well you know, my friends, that I spared not my own patrimony to share it with you, brother soldiers."

A general murmur of assent attested the cordial acknowledgments of his auditory.

"Aye, brothers, I may well rejoice to be surrounded by hearts so brave and worthy; but I am grieved to think that there are amongst us, those," and his brow grew dark as he spoke, "who are as rash and dishonourable as they are ungrateful; not against me alone, who have ever sought to win them from their schemes and engage their love, nor yet alone against the republic to which they owe allegiance and respect, have they plotted, but even against you their companions in arms. Ah! you look in wonder; but it is so. This very moment, even while I am speaking, we are all in deadly peril—our safety, our lives are in jeopardy. Know you that this night would have been our last, had not heaven itself befriended us. And, as it is, I see that all which your valour and your toil has achieved will in an instant be rendered abortive, unless indeed your wonted fidelity and truth and honour ward off the calamity that is now impending. Aye, there are those in our army who have entered into a foul conspiracy against us all. We are betrayed by some of our own who have sold us like merchandise to the enemy, and a price has been put upon our heads, and they who should be the first to protect us are the first to hand us over to the Genoese to be butchered in the darkness of the night."

Zeno paused, for his emotion well-nigh mastered him. Astonishment, horror, and curiosity were visible on every brow. None, however, spoke, but awaited the further disclosures.

"You will ask, brothers," he resumed, "why I have waited thus till the last moment. Well, it is because until this very day I have not been able to procure evidence sufficiently complete and convincing to lay before you; but now I shall submit the proofs to your own eyes, you shall touch them with your hands," and he laid his own on a portfolio of papers that lay before him on the table. "But first I demand a pledge from you; I claim from you as well the aid of your arms as the advice of your judgments. Promise me that, when I shall expose the treason and exhibit the traitors, you will be true to me, to the republic, to yourselves. Promise me that the traitors shall be left to suffer the punishment which they deserve—let them pay the penalty of their crimes. So, while they shall afford an example to posterity of perfidy and baseness, you shall now consecrate your names to future ages as valiant soldiers and faithful allies."

MEDITERRANEAN STEAMBOATS.

The events which are occurring in the east of Europe are calculated to bring into increased notice the efforts made to provide the Mediterranean with efficient steam navigation. Hitherto, these efforts have not been crowned with as much success as we could wish. To say nothing of the very defective character of the boats and crews in the pay of the Turkish government, even the French and English steamers have been found wanting in many of those requisites which encourage travelling. Sufficient care has not always been taken to make them fit for competing with the splendid vessels which carry on the American trade. Much has been done, and is still doing, in the way of improvement.

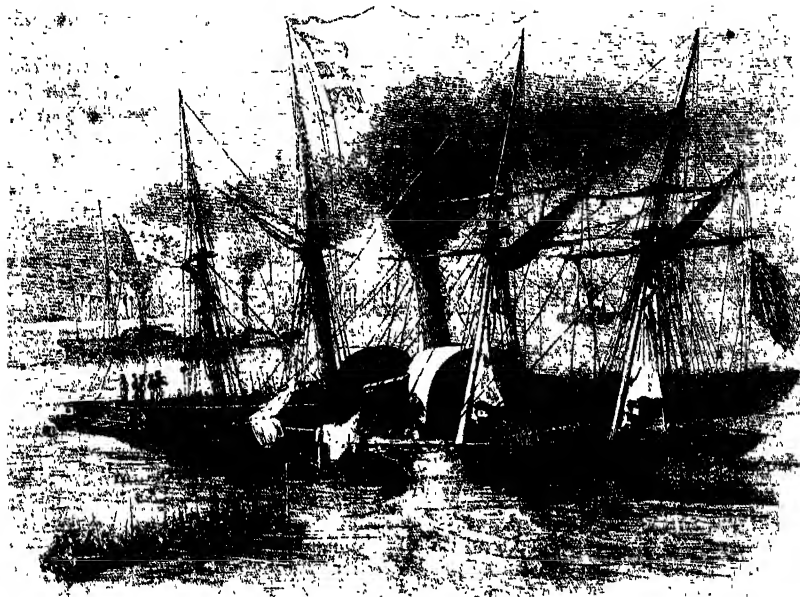
One of the best steamers that ever entered the Mediterranean was the "Vassitei Tidjaret," built for the Sultan, or rather for his mother, the Sultan Validé, by Messrs. White of Cowes

was, however, of little use, for she was soon in about the same state as an Irish swine-boat, or a Newcastle collier, says an English traveller, who was on board of her for some time.

An Armenian proposed, directly he saw her, to make her a transport ship for horse-beans, as a yacht was useless to the Sultan, who could not leave "his womens."

The vessel was unlucky the first time she went out, knocked her flag-staff against the bowsprit of a frigate, or something of that sort, and her fate was sealed. No Turk would go aboard of her again. There was a *kismet* against her.

Several of the steamers employed by England, France, and the Austrian Lloyds are splendid boats, and there is some talk of putting some such vessels on the line as the "Argo," belonging to the General Screw Steam Navigation Company, a vessel which went round the world, 27,000 miles, in 112



MEDITERRANEAN STEAMBOATS.

ted up at Blackwall under the active superintendence of Edward Zohrab, the Turkish consul.

It was a graceful, beautiful vessel, with admirable engines by Messrs. Maudslay. Many persons regretted that she was not kept in this country by the government for a royal yacht. She was a very different affair from the old "Hilton Jolliffe," the first steamer ever seen by the Turks, who, along the coast as she steamed up, were as alarmed as the Hindoos on the Ganges. She was purchased by the Sultan, and for many years was the only steamer in the Ottoman Empire.

On the first voyage of the "Vassitei Tidjaret," she took in recruits at Smyrna for Constantinople. It was the first taint the beautiful vessel had. It took all hands and a dozen Malays, with brooms, buckets, and holy stone, and tons of water, to get rid of the dirt and vermin they left. The cleaning

days, and rede out a fearful storm without some of the passengers being disturbed from their peaceful slumbers.

The time is soon coming when vessels will run, without stopping, a distance of 8,000 miles at a speed of 20 miles per hour. Already, the West India Company's steamer "Le Plata" has run 4,000 miles at 12 miles an hour, in a most tempestuous ocean.

We shall soon consider a journey to Constantinople, via Marseilles, as a mere trifling trip. Our commerce with that part of the world is already very important, and with settled peace will be still more so. It is with gratification, therefore, that we observe any addition to already existing steam facilities.

The vessel designed above is a recent addition to the service.

* Macmillan's "Turkey and its Destiny," 1864.

A FEW WORDS FROM AUSTRALIA.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

McIvor Diggings, Victoria, July 1, 1853.

On my arrival in Australia, I found the ignorance of the British public extreme as to the actual state of affairs there. Consequently the whole body of passengers in the Kent, in which I came out, were in great consternation at the discovery which they made. The astounding price of everything; the astounding charges for conveying luggage from the ship to the town wharf, and again from the wharf to any quarter of the city, amounting to more than the freight all the way from London thither, 16,000 miles. The next to impossibility of procuring the meanest lodgings, at rates for which you might almost take a house in Belgrave-square; the charge of five shillings a week for permission to pitch a tent on the waste lands near the town; and the discount, at that time, of 20 per cent. taken on Bank of England notes. I immediately wrote to a leading morning paper stating this fact, and the letter had, as I learn, great effect. I have seen many gentlemen here who thanked me for so opportunely putting them on their guard, inducing them to bring out more money with them, and that in gold; by which they had avoided much difficulty and loss.

But there still needs a warning voice, and that a loud one, addressed to the thousands and tens of thousands who are still thronging towards this colony, in the certain belief of making a speedy fortune at the diggings. It appears from the newspapers, that the gold mania is still on the increase—has not yet even reached its height, and that it is only the limited number of ships procurable for the voyage which prevents a still greater number of enthusiastic adventurers from rushing to the shores of this Austral El Dorado. I do not suppose that any warning, any sober statement of real fact, will check this mania till it has run its course. Like the railway mania, it will drive on its victims till there has been such an amount of misery and disappointment, as shall drown and overpower even the clamorous voices of interested parties, and the thirst for the sudden acquisition of wealth. As I have come out here, however, partly to make myself personally acquainted with the whole gold and gold-digging question, and, having done that, to make the public acquainted with it, I should not feel that I was fulfilling my mission towards my fellow-countrymen if, even at this stage of my progress, I did not endeavour at least to set them right as to the prospects which this colony really holds out to emigrants.

I will begin, therefore, at once by stating that those florid and extravagant accounts which have been sent out from Victoria to all quarters of the world, of fortunes to be made, and that in a very brief time, by gold-digging, are empty, base, and fallacious. In Lord Denman's phrase, they are "a delusion, a mockery, and a snare." They are more—they are a gross delusion, a cruel mockery, a most fatal and inevitable snare!

I do not mean to say that there is not gold, and a great deal of gold, in Victoria. The quantities announced from time to time as having arrived in London, the ten tons at once landed from the Australian, and the large nuggets from Balaarat, are sufficient evidence of that. But what I mean to say is, that this gold is not found in such quantities, or with such ease, as was represented by the enraptured Victorians, and in the despatches of the governor before I left England—statements which, taken literally, would induce any one to believe that he had nothing to do but to come over to Mount Alexander or Bendigo, shovel up a heap of gold in a week or two, and return home. Such accounts, I presume, must still be circulated in England, or the mania of emigration could not run so astonishingly high as it appears to do. When I was down in Melbourne a few weeks ago, no less than six thousand persons arrived in one week in that port alone from England. The environs of the town were covered with tents, as with the camp of a hostile army; those being the only places in which the newly-arrived could find shelter. The town was crowded, nay, rather glutted with people. Single rooms were letting for £6 per week, and the price of everything was as fabulously high as ever. Bread, 3s. a quarter loaf; butter,

4s. a pound; flour, £3 10s. a bag; hay, £60 a ton; oats, 41 a bushel; boots, £1 a pair; firewood, £3 a cart-load; bricks for building, which, in 1843, were 8s. a thousand, £12 10s. a thousand; and so on. The inhabitants are at their wits' end to know where all the people thus arriving, at the rate of a thousand a day, were to be lodged, and the newspapers gave the most harrowing accounts of the miseries which these new arrivals were suffering, from being turned out on the wharves at evening amidst the darkness and the drenching rains of winter, and not knowing where to find a shelter for their heads. I refer you to those accounts in the papers themselves.

Now all these people come out flushed with the hope of certain and speedy fortune at the diggings, and are, of course, wofully disappointed. I have seen scores returning almost immediately to England, denouncing in no measured terms the imposition which had been practised upon them. I have seen and conversed with hundreds, and I rarely found the man who was not complaining of having been grievously deceived by the accounts sent to England of the country, of the climate, and of the enormously remunerative nature of the gold fields. In fact, there has been a great deal of what is vulgarly called *gambon* played off by interested parties, to draw a population to this colony. The climate has been represented as perfection, as something quite ethereal; the land of "unrivalled fertility"—that is the favourite phrase—and the means of personal aggrandisement as boundless.

All this has been a false and foolish policy, because the country, the climate, and the capacity of the colony for enriching its inhabitants, properly and fairly stated, are sufficiently good to draw a large body of emigrants, and to make them prosperous. The evil is not in the country, but in the false colours in which unprincipled speculators and land-jobbers have arrayed it. The mischief has been, and is, not in people coming to this country, but in coming to it under the influence of exaggerated and false representations, and thence imbibing a disgust for what, under other circumstances, would have pleased and remunerated them. The climate certainly is not perfection, but taken in the whole circle of the year, is a very fine climate. The land is not all of unrivalled fertility—there are millions and millions of acres of perhaps as sorry land as the world can show—but still there is plenty of fine land, and that lying near the coast, while the rest is well adapted for huge herds of cattle and flocks of sheep to roam over at large, and to supply the colony with meat and England with wool. What is wanted to prevent disappointment, and to insure satisfaction, comfort, and prosperity in the great body of emigrants, is simply that they should know really the truth of things—the truth divested of all false colouring, whether that of interested speculation, of *colour-de-rose* enthusiasm, or of disgust generated by imposition. There are thousands who have come hither and failed, and who have gone back cursing the country and those whose florid descriptions had brought them to it, who, had they come with correct views of what they really might expect, would have had no cause to regret their visit to Victoria. I shall, therefore, in a few remarks on gold-digging, on the climate, and on the real prospects of advantage which the colony holds out to emigrants, endeavour to prevent, as far as in me lies, future false expectations and consecutive disappointment.

I repeat it, then, that gold-digging is not the road to fortune in this country. I have seen plenty of people who have enriched themselves, and some in a comparatively short time, in trade; in occupying squatting stations, that is, being sheep and cattle farmers; and in speculations in land, chiefly in town allotments; but I have never yet met with that man who has made a fortune by gold-digging. It is true, I have heard marvellous stories of such men, and still more marvellous ones of wonders doing on the diggings, but in every instance when I have searched these miracles to the bottom—and I have made it my business on all occasions to do so—they have resolved themselves into moonshine. Such stories are often very wonderful on the diggings themselves; no wonder then that they are very marvellous by the time they reach Mel-

bourne, and most irresistibly splendid by the time they reach England. I have now been more than nine months in the colony, have travelled at least 700 miles to different diggings, furnished with letters from the governor himself, and others of the most influential men in the country, to the gold commissioners in the gold fields; living in intimacy with those gentlemen, and also going familiarly amongst the working diggers, so that I have had every means of testing the truth or falsehood of these marvellous stories; and the result has been that everything marvellous has vanished, and a stern reality has remained behind.

Let us take as a sample of the fortunes of gold-diggers, or rather of gentlemen coming hither to assume that character, the cabin passengers of the ship in which I sailed. These amounted to about twenty-four, and of these something more than half tried their fortunes at digging, or on the diggings. The rest, intimidated by the accounts which they heard in Melbourne of the hardships and the little profit attending digging, settled down in Melbourne, in situations or in business for themselves. All of these, or nearly all, have done well. One of the most confident men whom I have heard of as coming out, avowedly to try his fortune as a digger, was in this same ship. During the voyage he was amongst the most sanguine regarding the fortunes to be made of the whole company, and full of schemes for going a-head up the country, far beyond the ordinary diggings, and there finding hitherto unexplored treasures, and coming down again loaded with them. The information which he received in Melbourne at once cooled his enthusiasm, and he never ventured to the diggings except on an experimental trip or two in the private escort. Since then he has been hanging about in Melbourne importuning the government for a post, and just now, that is, after nine months' waste of time, has been sent up to the diggings as an assistant gold commissioner—a sort of respectable banishment, but by no means a profitable one. The rest of those who at once cut all idea of the diggings have done well in trade.

And what have the digging moiety done? With the exception of ourselves, only two of them have done anything at all. One of these two made a short campaign at Balarat pretty successfully, but was soon convinced that he could do much better with far less labour, and having good banking connexions in the colony, settled down as a gold-broker, and is making a large income. The other individual was the doctor of the ship, who succeeded at the diggings, not by digging, but by practising. The rest speedily abandoned the diggings in disgust, and some of them made the best of their way home. One gentleman, who was all enthusiasm on the voyage, and declared that he would go up to the diggings and would not come down again for two years, we met on his way back before we reached the gold-fields, most indignant at what he called the hoax that had been played off upon him, at the diggings, and by the climate. He had found the only men almost who could procure any gold, working under a blazing sun up to the middle in cold water—intensely cold water running from the mountains: they were, at once, streaming with perspiration and chilled in their lower extremities as with the chill of death. They were obliged to work day and night by turns, in parties of from fourteen to twenty, to keep the water down, while the black ooze at the bottom of their holes stunk as vilely as any sewer. He himself had suffered severely in his health, and was nearly blind with the ophthalmia, occasioned by the intolerable swarms of flies, which are the curse of the country during the summer months. This gentleman lost no time in shipping himself back to England, where he would arrive at last £500 the worse for his expedition.

Others of our fellow-passengers were not far behind him on their way back, quite satisfied with the taste they had had of the gold-fields. Two others were not so fortunate; they died on the field, one of them a medical gentleman of very extensive knowledge, who had built so much on the golden fables which had drawn him out, that on seeing with his own eyes the miserable reality, his spirits gave way, and he died in a very short time from sheer dejection of spirits. One of my first

visits at the Ovens diggings was to his grave in the bush. Such have been the fortunes of the cabin passengers of one ship. Of the intermediates I know little; but I have heard of none that have had much success; but of one, a healthy young man, who died from the bite of a centipede at the gold-fields, and of a widow lady, whose three children were all swept away by the country fever in a very few weeks.

Such, I say, have been the fortunes of the passengers of that one ship—such, I doubt not, would be pretty much that of most ships which arrive here. In fact, numbers on coming into port, and learning the real state of things, have never quitted their ships at all, but taken their passage back in the same vessels. But what is the fact? If these gentlemen of whom I have been speaking had come out truly informed as to the country and its capabilities, they might every one of them have done well. Instead of being the victims of the gold-digging delusion, they would have engaged in the trade of the place, and might have made fortunes. But they were possessed by a delusion, most culpably fostered by interested parties; and in their disgust they turned away from the colony, altogether incapable of seeing the truly golden opportunities at their feet in the shape of trade, or in trafficking in town allotments.

The sooner, therefore, that the gold-digging delusion is got rid of the better, and that certainly would not continue long if the people in England really knew what going to the diggings meant. It seems a very easy thing in England, with railroads and good macadamised highways, to go some eighty or a hundred miles, and just dig a few holes of four or five feet deep, as is generally represented, and pick up heaps of gold and great dazzling nuggets. But I will tell you a little of what it is to get up to the diggings in a country which has neither roads nor bridges, but plenty of bogs and rugged mountains to cross, and deep gullies and streams to get through. We ourselves have now been nine months in the colony, and it has taken up five months of that time in travelling, or rather *straggling*, to the diggings. We have had a cart with a couple of good horses to carry our tent and effects; we have had letters to the principal settlers on the different roads, and every possible advantage; yet, spite of all this, and of the determination to flinch from nothing, till we had accomplished our object, such has been the rate of our progress. Last summer we went to the Ovens diggings, which were represented to be 150 miles off. We found them 220. We found the roads, or rather tracks—for roads, as I have said, there are none—so frightful from deep bogs, steep and rocky hills, deep ravines, and unbridged streams and rivers, that after the most arduous exertions—loading and unloading, digging our cart out of bogs and dragging it by slow degrees over hills, seeing bullock drays smashed over and anon in the road, and horses and bullocks lying dead, killed in the vain endeavour to get along—our own vehicle broke down midway, and we were, as it were, pinned to the ground, with no means of getting away, in a burning desert where the sun was, from day to day, at 120° in our tent, and compelled to drink stagnant water, till we were all, more or less, attacked with dysentery. For myself I was very near giving up the ghost there; and I doubt whether any of us would have got away alive, had we not found the house of a hospitable settler not far off, who at once came and removed us thither. We reached the diggings in two months, and found that there was nothing to be done there, so we made our way right a-head up the untracked bush towards the Snowy Mountains, where we dug for two months with as much success as most find. But we were soon tracked and followed—followed by thousands, for such is the vast number of people now in the diggings—I suppose not less than 200,000—the competition is as hot and severe as it is in any city in Europe. At every rumour of anything being found on any particular spot, there is a *rush*, as it is called, of hundreds and thousands; the ground for many acres' extent is literally torn to pieces under the feet and spades of the throng, and it is utterly impossible that any one man can appropriate to himself any great quantity of gold.

GROUPS IN MARBLE.

THE two groups which we here present to our readers, cannot certainly merit consideration on account of the novelty of their subject. There are scores of stories, old and new, about the fidelity of the dog, and what brave deeds dogs have done to save a master's child from harm. With mallet and chisel M. Lechesne has told such a story. Here the sportive child, with his huge, shaggy companion, half guardian, half playfellow, is attacked by a serpent. The scaly monster is ready for the fearful dart, and the boy's peril is imminent—the dog, with a look of mingled rage and terror, regards the reptile as if uncertain what to do. But the next group tells the end of it. There the serpent lies dead; the dog has not only "scotched" but killed him outright; and the child hangs upon the neck of his good friend, whose kind, gentle, loving look affords a fine

grew pale as Gelert, the hound, his boy's companion, bounded forth, while his lips and fangs ran blood; how Llewelyn sought his child, a fear at his heart that he dared not express, but sought in vain, and at last, in frantic rage, supposing the dog had devoured his little one, drew his sword and slew the creature as it fawned upon him; how the dying yell of the dog was echoed by an infant's cry, and concealed beneath a mangled heap he found his rosy boy unhurt, while underneath the couch a great wolf lay all torn and dead.

"Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!

For now the truth was clear.

The gallant hound the wolf had slain,

To save Llewelyn's heir."

Something like this story, without its tragical ending, is



ATTACK AND ALARM.

contrast to his former expression. The story is simply and clearly told, and both designs are worthy of high praise.

As to the novelty of subject, painters and sculptors rarely invent. The creation of people and scenes is not their principal object. Commonly they are content to draw the subjects of their compositions from history, sacred or profane, legendary lore, or the imagination of the poet. They do not seek in this way to be original, but rather to present such scenes and such figures as may occasion the spectator at the first glance to say, "I know that subject;" it is their effort to seize upon what has already engaged the public mind, and to present it with new and unimagined beauties.

Everybody has heard of the fidelity of the dog. Deeply affecting is the story of Gelert. We remember how the Welsh prince followed the chase, and as the sun went down came home to his castle; how his heart was glad as he thought of his child, a bud of promise; but now he trembled and

that which these groups present. The devoted attachment of the dog to its owner is as true as it is interesting. His constant love is never chilled even by neglect; he cannot be estranged by ingratitude or harshness; he devotes his whole attention to his master, obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness, tracks his steps, and watches his looks. Few companions are more pleasant than a canine favourite, and few indeed are the friends that are to be found more true and loyal. Who need be ashamed of speaking in the praise of the dog? Did not Alexander the Great erect a city in memory of one of these favourites? and Solon did not think it beneath him to record the fidelity of that dog who leapt upon the funeral pile of his master, and perished in the flames.

M. Lechesne has sculptured a high eulogium on the dog. The three actors in his drama he has designed with the utmost care, and finished with exquisite delicacy. In beautiful harmony are the positions of the child, the dog, and the serpent.

Our readers doubtless remember the plaster casts of these two subjects which were exhibited during 1851 in the Crystal Palace, and for which a prize medal was awarded to the artist. At that time they attracted a great deal of attention, and people began to inquire about their sculptor, a young French artist just rising into fame.

Both groups are admirably adapted for the entrance of a park, a garden, or noble mansion. They are the fitting emblems of faithful guardianship. But in the present state of public taste it does not follow that a work of art should occupy the position which is most appropriate for it. Sculptors and painters both feel this alike. We do not yet thoroughly understand the utility of beauty. Sculpture and painting are regarded rather as ornamental than essential. Yet the culti-

vation of taste, the encouragement of all that can possibly contribute to that desirable end, is one of the most important works of the age. We have great, deep, serious lessons yet to learn in this particular, especially here in England; we are in danger of forgetting that philosophy which teaches us that the beautiful is the priest of the benevolent. When our Great Exhibition was open, it was said that in sculpture—that formative art in which England has, on the whole, least of all distinguished herself, in which she is even less independent and less technically proficient than the rest of modern Europe—the stand we took was low indeed. In this there was much truth: French and German works threw us into the shade. Why was this?—how did it occur?—how long is the same thing to last?



VICTORY AND GRATITUDE.

PEERS AND M.P.'S; OR, LORDS AND COMMONS.

THE COMMONS—THE SPEAKER.

THE office of Speaker has gradually come to be what it is. At first his powers and privileges were but vaguely defined. With the Revolution his importance commenced. Since that time, he has occupied his proper station at the head of English gentlemen. He now takes his place next to peers of Great Britain, both in and out of parliament. As a privy councillor, he has precedence at the council table. Though on common occasions he gives place to Irish peers, and those who by courtesy take rank before some peers of the realm, as sons of dukes and marquises; yet in all commissions by act of parliament he is

named before them, and so ought to be on all solemn and national occasions. To secure his perfect independence, he ceased, in George the III.'s reign, to hold any office of profit under the crown. His salary is £6,000 a year, exclusive of a furnished residence. At the end of his official labours, he is generally rewarded by a peerage, and a pension of £4,000 for two lives. Dodd describes his duties as follows:—To read to the sovereign petitions or addresses from the commons, and to deliver in the royal presence, whether at the Palace or in the House of Lords, such speeches as are usually made on behalf of the commons; to manage, in the name of the house, where counsel, prisoners, or witnesses are at the bar; to represent persons who have incurred the displeasure of the house; to issue warrants of commitment or release for breaches of privilege; to communicate in writing with any parties

instructed by the house; to exercise vigilance in reference to private bills, especially with a view to protect property in general, or the rights of individuals, from undue encroachment or injury; to express the thanks or approbation of the commons to distinguished personages; to control and regulate the subordinate officers of the house; to entertain the members at dinner, in due succession and at stated periods; to adjourn the house at four o'clock if forty members be not present; to appoint tellers on divisions. The Speaker must refrain from debating, unless in committee of the whole house. As chairman of the house, his duties are the same as those of any other president of a deliberative assembly. When Parliament is about to be prorogued, it is customary for the Speaker to address to the Sovereign, in the House of Lords, a speech recapitulating the proceedings of the session. It is hardly necessary to add, that during the time the Speaker is in the chair, he wears a gown and wig, and that the mace lies upon the table, but is immediately removed if the Speaker leaves the chair and the house goes into committee. When the Noes and Ayes are equal, we must also remember that the Speaker has the casting vote. We imagine few men are more glad to find the session over than the Speaker. It is true, at the latter end of a session the house is generally in committee, but still the Speaker is required to be on the spot, to resume ordinary business when the committee is over. Still, however, the amount of work does not generally do him much harm, as it is only this last session that it seems to have ever entered the imaginations of members of Parliament that the Speaker could be ill, and on that account unable to discharge his official duties. Generally the Speakers have been remarkable for good health. However, Sir H. Inglis evidently believes that a Speaker may be laid up as an ordinary man is, and thinks it but right and proper that for such a contingency the house should be prepared. It is rather singular that it should be left till now to settle such a point. There are instances in which extraordinary care has been taken of the Speaker's health. Sir Fletcher Norton having given great offence to ministers by his conduct in the session of 1780; Lord Germaine, pathetically lamenting the precarious state of Sir Fletcher's health, moved that Mr. Cornwall be chosen Speaker instead. Sir Fletcher assured the house that his health was quite recovered; his friends did the same. All was in vain, and the nominee of the ministers was appointed in his stead. But such cases are very rare, and now the house has wisely resolved, that in case of the Speaker's absence through illness, the chair should be taken by the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. As it may interest our readers to learn the form observed when the Speaker elect is introduced to Majesty upon the occasion of his election, we add it here. When the Speaker has been chosen, he appears before Majesty with the following address:—

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

The knights, citizens, and burgesses of your House of Commons, in obedience to your royal commands, have proceeded to the choice of a speaker. They have among them many worthy persons eminently qualified for so great a trust, yet, with too favourable an eye, have cast upon me, who am really conscious to myself of many infirmities rendering me much unfit for so great an employment. And although my endeavours of excusing myself before them have not been successful, yet they have been so indulgent as to permit me to continue my endeavours therein before your Majesty's most piercing and discerning judgment.

The veneration due to Majesty, which lodgeth in every loyal breast, makes it not an easy matter to speak before your Majesty at any time or in any capacity. But to speak before your Majesty in your exaltation, thus gloriously supported and attended, and that as Speaker of your House of Commons, requires greater abilities than I can pretend to own.

I am not also without fear that the public affairs, wherein your Majesty and your kingdom, at this juncture of time, are so highly concerned, may receive detriment through my weakness.

I, therefore, with a plain humble heart, prostrate at your royal feet, beseech that you will command them to recall what they have done, and to proceed to another election.

The Lord Chancellor, by direction of his or her Majesty,

having assured the Speaker elect that "he is in every way qualified and fitted for the appointment," the latter personage then prays on behalf of the Commons:

1. That, for our better attendance on the public service, we and our servants may be free in our persons and estates from arrests and other disturbances.

2. That in our debates liberty and freedom of speech be allowed to us.

3. That, as occasions shall require, your Majesty, upon our humble suit, and at such times as your Majesty shall judge seasonable, will vouchsafe us access to your royal person.

4. That all our proceedings may receive a favourable construction.

To this second address, of course Majesty replies in an equally agreeable manner, and so the matter ends. This form has been in use since the time of Charles II.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

Some sturdy Radical, as he reads the title of this chapter, may perhaps utter an exclamation of an unpleasant nature. My good sir, you are decidedly wrong in doing this. A member of parliament in the discharge of his duties must be protected, and that implies, he must possess privileges of some kind more or less. Again, it may be urged that, independently of that, he deserves them; for no man has to work harder than a conscientious M.P.

The privileges of the house are extensive, but at the same time they are indefinite and uncertain. Some have become obsolete; for instance, payment of members. From inquiries made by Sir Francis Palgrave, it appears that the sums demanded by knights of the shire were not always uniform. Sometimes one knight received 3s., and his colleague but 20d. The writ de expensis for Thomas de Luda and Johannes de Sonninghall, in February, 1324, includes a charge of fourteen marks for twenty-four days' attendance at the parliament, and two days coming and two days returning, at the rate of 3s. 4d. each per diem. There is a record of the sheriff of Somersetshire being attached to answer for having assessed the wages of one of the knights of the shire at 16d. a day only. The borough members do not appear to have been so well paid. The corporations were economical, and drove hard bargains. A curious agreement, made between John Strange, member for Dunwich, and his constituents, in 1463, is preserved, by which it appears that the honourable member consented to take for his wages no more "than a cade full of herrings and a half barrel of herrings, to be delivered on Christmas next coming." Surely with such a slender allowance the most economical borough reformer could not find any fault. In later times, the members were better paid. The remnant of the Long Parliament raised the sum paid to members to £4 a week. The last man who took the benefit of this provision was Andrew Marvel, who surely earned his wages, if ever popular representative did. At the present time, members of parliament enjoy, as one of their privileges, freedom from legal arrest and seizures, under process from the courts of law and equity. This, however, does not extend to indictable offences, to actual contempts of the courts of justice, or to proceedings in bankruptcy. As formerly exerted, this privilege was a flagrant abuse. The protection enjoyed by the members was extended to their servants. It was also made a matter of barter, and exercised by needy friends and retainers. The Lords and Commons gave these protections *ad libitum*. When pressed for a loan in 1641, the Londoners replied, "That by reason of the privileges of the members of both houses, and the protections granted, especially by the Lords, a vast sum of money is detained from them; so that trade cannot be driven, nor are they so able to lend money for the service of the commonwealth as they desired." When, in 1677, the Speaker issued his mandate to supersede and call in all paper protections, the messengers found no less than 800 in London and Middlesex alone! In one case, a member protected a gentleman as a menial servant, who was found to have an estate of £2,000 a year, a sum equivalent to three times that amount at the present time. To destroy this licence took some time; it was not till the time of George III. that the abuse was fully rooted out.

Freedom of speech is another privilege—a privilege without which Parliament were a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. It was in Henry VIII.'s time that it was first named in the Speaker's petition to the throne. In the time of glorious Queen Bess this privilege was fought for with some difficulty, but often the house was too quiescent when this essential right was attacked. It is to the Eliots, and Wentworths, and Pym, and Hampdens, we owe it that this privilege was not crushed almost at its birth. It was they who won free speech from despotic courts; and for this their names should be held in lasting honour. A time, however, soon came when freedom of speech was in danger from its friends. During the Long Parliament this privilege was attacked by men of all parties, and of opinions however extreme. An overbearing majority scandalously refused to tolerate any difference of opinion from their own. Fortunately, the Restoration placed upon the throne a spendthrift and a libertine, whose necessities compelled him to beg of the house, and to whom, therefore, the house felt its superiority, and again plain speaking was heard where it had been long banished. When the Revolution took place—when the big James threw away his kingdom for a mass—when the divine right of kings to govern wrong was torn to tatters and trampled under foot—freedom of speech grew and became strong. The haughty country gentlemen of England, however they might venerate an hereditary, had no reverence for a parliamentary king, and buffeted and abused at their own sweet will the hero to whom England owed her preservation from Rome and France. In the fierce party warfare which then began, and raged during the reign of Anne and her successor, whilst Speaker after Speaker was censured or sent to the Tower, the deed was done by the house itself, and it is clear that the act was aimed in general more at the speaker than the speech itself. A Tory majority sent Walpole to the Tower; Shippen was sent thither by the Whigs. In our times this paltry revenge is abandoned, and freedom of speech is the universal rule. The house is too wise now to make a man an offender for a word; though occasionally a member who feels himself aggrieved may move that the obnoxious words be taken down. Occasionally members offending ingeniously got out of a scrape. No man, perhaps, did this better than Sir W. Whitelocke, the member for the University of Oxford. Opposing some clause in the Bill of Settlement, he remarked, "Should the elector of Hanover succeed to the throne, which I hope he never will—" The conclusion of his sentence was drowned in shouts of, "To the bar! to the bar!" But he recovered his presence of mind in the clamour, and refused to apologise. "The queen," he added, "is younger in years than the elector, and I merely expressed a loyal hope that she might survive him." Of course, after such a loyal explanation, censure was disarmed.

The remaining privileges of the house may be briefly described. They have become shorn and diminished in these reforming days. Members no longer frank letters, as they did at one time, to an alarming extent; but they are exempt from serving the office of sheriff, from obeying subpoenas, and serving on juries. Every member can introduce one person to the strangers' gallery. Amongst the privileges of both houses are the power of committing individuals to prison; the power of publishing matters which, if not issuing from such high authority, might become the subject of proceedings in a court of law; the power of directing the Attorney-General to prosecute persons accused of offences against the law, or affecting the privilege of Parliament; and finally, a power resides in each house respectively of doing anything—not directly contravening an Act of Parliament—which may be necessary for the vindication or protection of itself in the exercise of its own constitutional functions. Such are the privileges enjoyed by our illustrious senate; privileges no more than right and proper, since that senate represents the people, the only source of political power.

PARLIAMENTARY FORMS.

Of these decidedly the most important is that which attends the opening of Parliament. This generally takes place in February, and if you have the good fortune to have the *entrée*

to the House of Lords on that day, you had better take your seat by twelve. A superb scene is that which you will then behold. The peers are robed all gorgeous and grand, and besides them are present peeresses, glittering with jewels, more grand and gorgeous still. In the ambassadors' box are the representatives of the different courts of Europe, and not unfrequently princes from "further Ind." The sound of the trumpet and the booming of cannon announce the arrival of her Majesty, who, attended by her consort and the chief officers of her court, takes her seat amidst her congregated peers. All rise on her approach, but she invites them to be seated, and the Chancellor, in her name, orders the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the Commons (who generally rush in in a most confused and disorderly manner, like so many schoolboys) to hear the forthcoming oration. Headed by the Speaker, the Commons at length arrive, order is restored, and on his bended knee the Chancellor presents his royal mistress with a copy of the speech, which has come to be, in our time, proverbial for its feeble elegance and unmeaning perspicuity. Having concluded, the Queen gracefully bows to the house, and retires with the same ceremonious with which she entered. The return to Buckingham Palace is by three at the latest. The address to her Majesty, in both houses, is moved at five the same evening, and in times when party feeling runs high, is generally looked forward to with great interest, as on such occasions the opposition puts forward an amendment. In the Lords and Commons generally, however, the address is but an echo of the royal speech, in an equally common-place form. The old custom of examining the cellars of the House of Lords about ten hours before her Majesty's arrival, is still kept up. The custom had its origin in the famous Gunpowder Plot. The examination is made by the Lord Great Chamberlain and the Usher of the Black Rod, with a detachment of the yeomen of the guard—a precaution we should have thought almost unnecessary in our time.

As more business is done in the lower house, we now turn to that. When the Speaker has got through his prayers, if more than forty members are present the house proceeds to work. This is the time for presenting petitions, the subjects which hurriedly stated by the member who presents them, and then given to one of the clerks at the table, who very quickly shoves them into a bag provided for that purpose. If people imagine, when signing their names to a petition, that the house will read the signatures, they are very much mistaken. The petitions over, and the Little Peddington water-cart bills and other private business being disposed of, the time for boring ministers commences. A metropolitan member rises to ask the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests whether he is aware of the disgraceful state of the Clerkenwell pump, or some other equally important matter. This important matter being disposed of, the attention of the noble lord the Secretary of State at the head of the Home Department is called to the distressing case of John Smithers, who was locked up by the police, in a violent and unconstitutional manner, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, he, John Smithers, at that time and all other times, being quite the reverse. The Home Secretary having promised that inquiry shall be made into the matter, an independent member rises to put a question to the noble lord at the head of her Majesty's government as to the state of our relations with Timbuctoo; to which the noble lord replies by stating that despatches on the subject have been received at the Foreign Office, but that at present he has not had time to read them; but that he believes negotiations of a most satisfactory kind are going on at this moment, and of this he is certain, that whatever may be the result of those negotiations, in no case will the honour and interest of Great Britain be lost sight of. Then follows a member of the opposition, who wishes to know the intentions of the government with regard to parliamentary reform, vote by ballot, the Maynooth grant, or some other subject on which it is scarcely possible for ministers to give an answer without either committing themselves too far, or exciting discontent among their adherents. These affairs being disposed of, legislation begins in earnest.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.
 LOBAL ANTI-MACASSAR.—IN SQUARE NETTING AND DARNED.



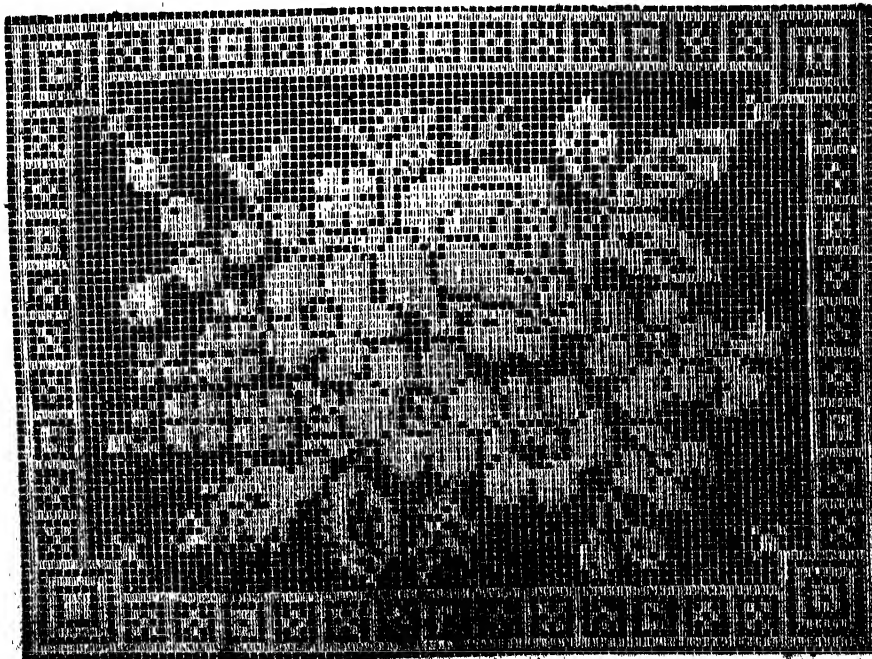
MATERIALS.—Brook's Goat's Head Netting and Knitting Cotton, No. 36. Brooks' Embroidering Goat's Head Cotton, No. 40. Rather a fine Embroidering Needle. Steel Mesh, No. 12. Steel Netting Needle.

Work the same number of squares, as in the engraving, by commencing on one stitch, and increasing one at the end of every row till you get sufficient length of one side; and then

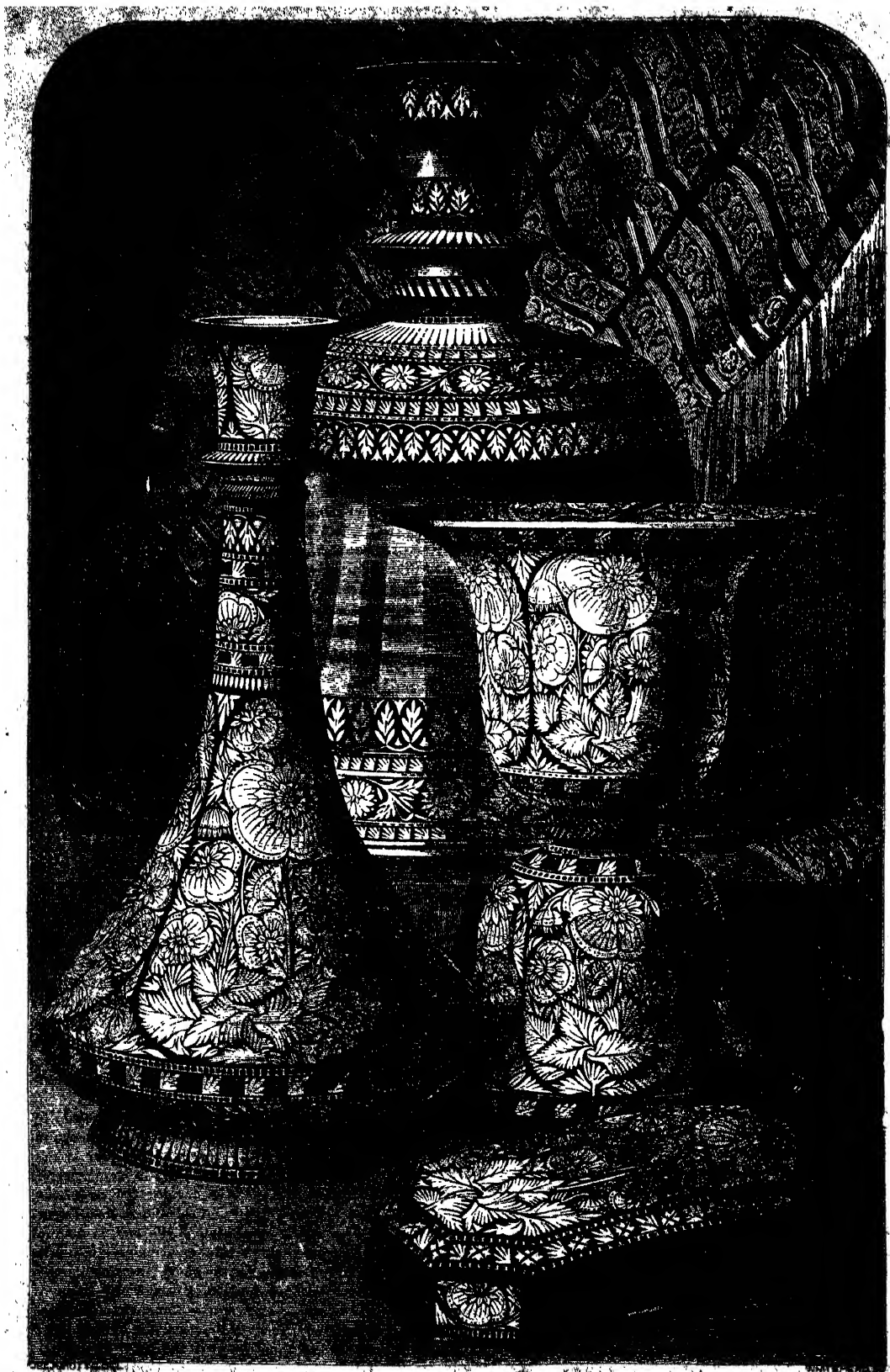
decrease one at the end of every row by taking two loops into one. Then darn according to the engraving.

Make sufficient number of tassels to go round. Wind the cotton over a card three inches wide, cut one end, and draw through the loop of netting; and make four more tassels larger; over a card six inches wide for the corners. Six squares measure one inch.

ARABESQUE TOILET-COVER IN SQUARE CROCHET.



to be worked in Brooks' crochet cotton and blue beads in crochet to the pattern,



GROUP OF VASES—DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART, MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON.

SEVRES PORCELAIN VASES.

SEVRES porcelain has, for nearly a century, maintained a world-wide celebrity. To possess specimens of this, or of Dresden China, has been frequently the highest ambition of wealthy, but tasteless, curiosity-hunters. It was the costliness and rarity of these works, rather than their beauty, which so frequently excited the hopes and fears of the fashionable attendants upon the auctioneer's hammer; and if we follow these specimens of the potter's skill to their destination, it is generally to find them grouped with the rude and uncouth deformities of the Celestial empire.

Royal manufactories of porcelain exist at Berlin, Dresden, and Sevres; the latter was established in the reign of Louis XV., and, probably, owes its origin to the whim of some court favourite. Be that as it may, under the fostering and intelligent care of the French government, it became, either from necessity or policy, a scientific school for the improvement and perfecting of the ceramic art—in fact a model school for manufacturers in plastic materials.

The first attempt at establishing this manufacture was made in 1738 at the Chateau de Vincennes, and in 1755 it was removed to Sevres. The establishment comprises a museum, and an *experimental* and a *model* school, the combined aim of which is to attain the highest excellence both of form and materials. The first object, that of excellence of form, is promoted by the museum, which contains not only an extensive collection of the best classic models, but also specimens of every known variety of pottery and porcelain of the past and present ages. Samples of the earthen, clays, pigments, and other materials which enter into their composition and decoration, with specimens of vessels in every stage of manufacture, and others exhibiting the various accidents to which they are liable in *firing*, glazing, &c., are arranged with the best effect to facilitate study.

The object of the experimental department is to attain the greatest perfection of material, by suitable combinations of different clays and other substances, materials for glazing, &c. This is accomplished by the employment of the highest scientific skill. It is due to the credit of M. Brogniart, the eminent geologist, to state that the greatest perfection of this manufacture has been attained since the establishment came under his able superintendence.*

The result of all the experiments made in this great laboratory are available by other manufacturers, to whom every information is liberally imparted. But notwithstanding the same materials are used and similar processes followed, Sevres porcelain is of finer quality than that of any other manufactory in France. Yet, although its products are sold at very high prices, and are constantly and extensively in demand, they do not repay the cost of supporting the establishment, which is partly maintained from the civil list.

The original manufacture of Sevres porcelain was of a very delicate and friable nature, in fact a kind of glass, termed *porcelaine tendre*, differing vastly in composition and appearance from that now made, which is termed *porcelaine dure* or hard porcelain. These early productions were impressed with the false taste of the court of Louis XV., in which every feeling for art was distorted and perverted by affectation and a love of the singular rather than of the beautiful. Gaudy decoration, unmeaning and excessive ornament, disfigure these works, so that it becomes a matter of congratulation that they were composed in so tender and friable a manner as to be little likely to withstand the shocks of many years' exposure to accident. The *porcelaine dure* is, however, of a very different quality; here we find the greatest known perfection of material combined with the choicest and purest artistic forms. The most refined scientific ability, united with pure taste and skilful workmanship, contribute to the production of these elegant works, which may truly serve as models, not only to the manufacturers of France, but to those of our own and other coun-

tries. And there can be little doubt that much of the improvement observable of late years in our British manufactures, is due to the productions of the ateliers of Sevres as less than to the genius of Wedgwood and Flaxman.

The productions in Sevres were, as our engraving shows, ornamental rather than useful, hence they may properly be regarded as works of art. Vases, tazzes, chalices, &c., display pure classic forms, rarely disturbed by reliefs (the overloading with which is the common fault of works of this class, executed in an inartistic spirit); but when they do occur they always possess merit, and not unfrequently exhibit a rare degree of excellence. The painting is the work of artists of high qualifications, nearly 100 of whom are constantly employed at the manufactory. The subjects are infinitely varied—landscapes, figures, flowers, together with ornamental forms, and are of the greatest excellence, which our engraving exhibits as far as is attainable. In all these respects the manufactures at Sevres maintain a great superiority over those produced at another royal manufactory—that of Dresden, which appears to have never emancipated itself from the trammels that encompassed it at the time of its zenith of prosperity, the tinsel age of Louis XV. The characteristic features of the productions of Dresden are contorted forms and affected prettiness; while the ornamentation is overloaded and excessively elaborated in its imitations, or rather *copyings*, of natural forms and subjects. The colouring is generally gaudy, chiefly for want of proper harmony of contrast, as the objects imitated are, individually, carefully studied from nature.

But whatever be the faults chargeable upon some of the Dresden productions, it must be admitted that those of our own country are in many instances open to objection on the score of taste. With all our manufacturing ingenuity, our inventive skill, and our commercial enterprise, we are unquestionably behind our neighbours in elegance of design and tastefulness of decoration. Our manufacturers are content to borrow or steal designs from whatever quarter they can get them—a proceeding which is both discreditable and injurious to us as a nation. It is a most short-sighted policy to place ourselves so much at the mercy of foreigners. For though it is not likely that the unrestricted intercourse now established and daily extending among the nations of Europe will ever be interrupted for any great length of time, yet we should bear in mind, that this very facility of international communication may operate unfavourably upon the high position which England has occupied as the great workshop and mart of the world. If nothing but capital is needed to enable our rivals to turn their superior taste and skill to the best account, this will certainly not be long wanting, for capital will always flow into remunerative channels; and unless a decided improvement takes place in the artistic culture of our countrymen, we may soon find ourselves superseded.

Happily, both government and people are, we trust, at length becoming alive to the necessity of taking some steps to improve the taste of the people—especially that part of the population engaged in manufacture. In 1837, a committee of the House of Commons having recommended the establishment of an institution in which "not theoretical instruction only, but the direct practical application of the arts to manufacture sought to be deemed an essential element,"—Schools of Design were started under the patronage of government, and there is now scarcely a manufacturing town of any importance without one. Another step in the same direction was the formation of the Department of Practical Art in February, 1852, which may be reckoned one of the most beneficial results of the Great Exhibition in the previous year. The beautiful vases represented in our engraving are among the objects there exhibited for the inspection of the public and the study of art pupils. They are, as the reader may perceive, well worthy to be regarded as models for the imitation of our young artists. Their elegance of form, tastefulness of decoration, and finish of execution, render them admirably adapted to elevate and purify the taste.

* The present chemist to the royal manufactory at Sevres is M. Salvétat.

JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY.

HAVING already entered into a lengthened description of the Sintoo creed, or primitive religion of Japan, we now proceed to furnish the reader with some explanation of what the illustration which accompanied our remarks was intended to represent, that he may be able more easily to comprehend the artist's design. The first figure which attracts the reader's attention is that of the many-armed warrior, at the top of the picture. His name is *Maris*, and tradition calls him powerful, persevering, brightly flaming. We recognise in him Aries, Mavors, or Mars, that mighty deity of the ancient Scythians and Thracians, that tutelary divinity who passed over with the Pelagian hordes to Greece, and whose sons founded Rome, the city of the seven hills.

Thus do we find, at the extreme opposite ends of Asia, the same idol, whose birth-place was central India. That this idol did really first come from India, is proved by the first syllable of his name, which is seen upon his shield in the old work, *Devanagari*, and his appearance, costume, and arms, lead us to the same conclusion. The religious books of the Japanese have adopted him as the type of force and power. His qualities are still more plainly indicated by his companion and supporter, the wild boar, which is especially sacred to him, and is a type of strength and warlike courage.

To the left of *Maris* we behold the holy *Hoo*, who appears in the Japanese and Chinese sagas as a being who always forebodes good fortune and happiness. This bird-like being is very generally used in the decoration of all works of art, such as paintings, statues, or metal-work, and is especially adopted as an ornament for the household shrines that are to be found in the residences of the Japanese. The feathered creature to the right of *Maris* is *Tengu*, the guardian of the heavens, herald of the gods, and protector of the kamis and their shrines, or *Mias*. This idol belongs to the Sintoo worship, where it is sometimes represented in human, and sometimes half-human shape, while at others it is pictured under the form of a perfect bird. It is placed at the principal entrance of the Sintoo temples, as a safeguard against evil spirits. It is also borne at the head of all the processions that set out from the temple before which it is placed.

In our engraving we have a representation of one of the many popular legends of Japan, namely, the fight of a hero with an eight-headed dragon. A painting of this subject, in very gaudy colours, is often to be seen in the Sintoo temples; and the priests of the temple which is erected to the hero of Yamato, near Atsuta, still relate it to the faithful. According to their account, an eight-headed devastating monster used yearly to appear in Yamato, and was to be appeased only by the sacrifice of a virgin descended from a race of kings. At last, however, a mountain hero, *Yamato-take*, came across the fire-belching monster, and engaging in single combat, killed it. This hero was, as history informs us, *Amato-mura hime*, a son of the Mikado *Kai-koo-ten-woo*, and a youth of rare strength and uncommon courage. His heroic deeds are recounted in the Japanese annals, which still preserve the memory of his conflict with the savages, who threw fire at him, but whom he destroyed by fire. They also mention in high terms his flame-like sword, which is now preserved as one of the three jewels of the empire. The Japanese used really to believe in the existence of monsters similar to the eight-headed serpent destroyed by the hero, and think that they were servants of the goddess of the sun, who sends them upon the earth to punish men for their misdeeds.

The above fable cannot fail to bring to every one's mind the combat of Hercules with the Terean hydra; and when the Japanese account goes on to state that *Koo-kano-samuroo*, a friend of the hero, descended with the latter to the infernal regions, where the monster dwelt, and that he held a torch while the combat was going on, we are still more struck with its resemblance to the Greek tradition, in which Iolas seared the neck of the hydra as Hercules cut off the heads. The man which the hero is represented in the drawing as his foot, may easily have given rise to the fiction of

the rock under which Hercules buried the hydra. The swampy dwelling of the latter is easily recognisable in the sketch.

Like the fables of all the ancient gods and heroes, these allegorical personages float in a kind of indistinct manner over Japan. All around them, however, are a number of typical forms relating to art, science, husbandry, and commerce, and which, as being sprung from facts and not fiction, appear in a much clearer and stronger light.

The reader will doubtless be struck by the bird-like vessel to the left. It is a representation of the *Tori-kame*, which has stood for ages, as large as life, before the Temple residence of the Mikado, and is a proof of the proficiency that creative art had attained at a most remote period.

Opposite this vessel, and borne by a Sintoo priest, is one of the five heavenly musical instruments, namely, the big drum. According to the popular belief, the great goddess that lights the heavens suddenly disappeared, and night lay upon the face of the celestial land. Having been affronted by man, she concealed herself in a cave, whence music alone could draw her forth and cause her to be reconciled to man. So high an origin do the Japanese assign to Music.

The fan, made of the plastic wood of the *arborvitæ*, and decorated with evergreen creepers, was in olden times considered an ornament for the prince's hand. At the present day we still see, at the court of the Mikado, the fan as simple and as plain as ever, in remembrance of the old manners and customs of the country; while, as the nation became more civilised and advanced, its taste for magnificence in all other objects save this one became more and more pronounced; witness the costly stuffs of gold and silk of which the Japanese are at present so fond.

The Japanese husbandman was acquainted with *Maize* long before European nations were, and he has also cultivated pumpkins and melons, that have become acclimated in all countries of the globe for countless centuries. These natural products may be taken to indicate the flourishing state of horticulture and agriculture in Japan, but they may likewise be taken as evidence of the intercourse which must, in the earliest times, have united nations that were separated from each other by wide and surging seas.

The reader may, perhaps, at first be inclined to believe that in the *Bow* he simply beholds an ancient specimen of this national weapon. But the philologist will see in it more than the form of a mere weapon, and recognise the Chinese character signifying a bow, and taken from among those characters which belong to the infancy of the art of writing, which, as it appears in its present more mature condition, is represented in the little books opposite the bow.

Turning to another part of the picture, we behold Japan, commanded by the remarkable volcanic mountain, *Fusi*, and lighted by the rising sun: Cheerful industry ploughs its valleys and cultivates even its mountain sides. Secure and free from apprehension, commerce and activity go hand-in-hand and animate the shores and harbours with countless sails.

In the foreground we behold, in a sitting posture, the Mikado *Ten-tes-ten-woo*, who reigned during the second half of the seventh century according to our reckoning. To this prince does Japan owe the rise of the arts and sciences. He was the first to found public schools and erect temples in honour of the Chinese philosopher Confucius. The Chinese characters which, at an earlier period, had been introduced into Japan from Futara, a province of the neighbouring country of Corsi, were by his exertions spread through the entire empire. This prince, too, who was himself a poet, endeavoured to elevate his native language; and the services he rendered in this particular still place him, even at the present day, at the head of the hundred poets who wrote in the old Japanese language.

By the Mikado's side, and standing out from the group of armed warriors, is the figure of his general, the *Ziagon*. We have selected, in preference to any others, the portrait of the celebrated hero *Yasumitsu*, who lived in the twelfth century, in

the sake of showing the peculiar style of accoutrements worn in those days.

The portion of the drawing opposite the Ziogoon has reference to the people, their habits, and customs. It represents a scene from the ceremonies observed on the occasion of the new year, and shows a reigning prince, in the character of a father of a family, inviting good fortune into his house, and hoping that ill-luck will not enter it. He goes, at midnight, in state apparel, through his house, throwing about him, on all sides, roasted beans, and crying, "Evil spirit, avaunt; treasures, come in!" The impersonification of the evil-spirit is worthy of remark, because it represents the devil as the people are taught, to conceive him in the doctrines of Buddhism. It is with the greatest unwillingness that he obeys the exorcism compelling him to depart and allow riches and treasures to occupy his place.

The small chapel which rises in the background on a pyramidal pile of masonry, represents an ancient Sintoo sepulchre. The masonry consists of roughly-hewn blocks of basalt, and is exactly similar to the well-known Cyclopien walls. The walls of Japanese temples and fortresses are always built in this manner. The pillared gateway leads to the sepulchre, as is peculiar to the Sintoo faith. The pillars of such gateways are made of wood, stone, or bronze. They often rise to an immense height, and constitute a distinctly separate order in architecture.

In the foreground of the picture are some very remarkable objects which we have not yet explained. The three-footed vessel will afford the antiquary copious matter for comparison. The ornament in the form of a crocodile on the cover, the tortoise heads at the bend of the legs, and, in a word, the whole form of the vessel will not be viewed by him with indifference, when he finds similar ones upon the continents of Asia and America. In Japan this vessel is used as a censer on the altar of the tutelary household god.

The *magatama*, or crooked jewel, as well as ornaments and money of the ancient Japanese, are lying near the Chinese coin *hanrio*, which was cast in China in the reign of the Chinese emperor Zin Schi Hoang-ti (220 B.C.) and brought to Japan, at a very early period, by Chinese immigrants.

As an instrument for giving the key-note, we see the old Pandean pipes, and as the war-trumpet, the shell of the Tritons. Among the warlike weapons, we perceive the axe of the Roman forces. We have, also, a representation of the magnet, which, as early as the seventh century, is mentioned in the Japanese annals as being a wheel that indicates the north. This proves it to have been known to other nations before it was discovered by the Europeans.

Considering the veneration paid to the goddess of the Sun, *Maris*, who was introduced into Japan at a much later period by the disciples of Buddha, and who is merely a god of an inferior order, occupies too elevated a position, if considered as the type or impersonification of the religion of the country. The picture, however, may be satisfactorily explained in the following manner.

Maris, the god of war, hovers over the empire of Japan, which owes its foundation to *Zin-mu-ten-woo*, the heavenly warrior, who united the various wild tribes into a nation, and was the ancestor of a dynasty that has lasted for more than two thousand years. *Maris*, therefore, is with propriety represented as continually floating above Japan, warding off evil with his many arms. *Foo*, the blessing of heaven, looks mildly down upon the peaceful mountains beneath him, while *Tengu*, the heavenly watcher, waves over this land of gods (*Zin-koh*) his sword against its foes. Bold and strong, *Yamato-take*, the conqueror of the many-headed monster, typifies the race of heroes who have at various times arisen from among a people which never bent beneath a foreign yoke, and which was never conquered since it was a nation.

THE VIVARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The organs of sight and hearing in the crustacea are small; their eyes have but very little power of sight, while their organ of hearing is at the external base of the antennae, and is composed of a membrane like that of the tympanum, above which is a kind of cell full of liquid, where ends a nerve. Not much is known as to their sense of smelling and taste. Most live on animal matter, and very few imbibe any liquid matter. Their blood is white, or rather of a lilac tinge. The heart is situated in the middle of the back, and has but one cavity. Its contractions drive the blood to the arteries, which distribute it over the body. The veins are very incomplete. The crustacea being aquatic, their breathing is similar to that of other aquatic animals, though some breathe through their skin.

All the crustacea are oviparous. The female, after laying her eggs, keeps them for some time hanging under her stomach, or even among the numerous flaps of her tail. The young undergo scarcely any change after their adult age, except the increase of the number of their claws.

It would occupy too much time to describe all the genera of the class of crustacea. The Decapod Crustacea are the most numerous class. The head and thorax of these crustacea are confounded in a single mass, covered by a carapace. This dorsal buckler projects beyond the forehead, descends on each side to the edge of the paws, and goes back to the abdomen. The sea and land-crab are of this race.

A very common crab is the *Cancer puber*, which is covered by a yellow head of down, and has black claws. The *Cancer* *cruent* of Linnaeus, or running crab, which is found on the shores of the Mediterranean, runs with such velocity, that a horse at a gallop can scarcely catch it. During the day this animal lives in holes dug by himself in the sand, and comes out only at night. In the Indian Ocean there is discovered,

in great numbers, a crab called by naturalists *Podophthalmus spinosus*, which has very long projecting eyes. The *Cancer* *purpuraceus*, which the French have christened the *Tourtourou*, or raw recruit, is blood-red, with yellow spots, which form the letter H very distinctly. This species is very common in the West Indies. The *Tourtourou*, instead of living in the water, dwells in damp woods. It breathes, however, in the same way as the water-crab, by the gills, which, however, require more oxygen than water can dissolve, and act in the air like lungs. Nature, to prevent their drying up, has placed at the bottom of the breathing cavity sometimes a sort of cell, which receives the water necessary to maintain humidity round the gills; sometimes a spongy membrane in the vault of this cavity.

These animals live chiefly on vegetables, and are nocturnal and crepuscular. They dwell in the hills, sometimes a long way from the sea; during the rainy season, they quit their land habitation, to go down to the water. They congregate in large troops, and start on their journey. The traveller who is delayed at night in South America on his road, will often fall in with this singular army crossing woods, fields, and rivers at a rapid rate; checked by no obstacles, and sweeping all before them in their ravages. These periodical journeys are taken in time to renew the water in their gill-supplying cells. Doctor Lamaout says: "Admiral Drake having landed, in 1605, some of his crew on a desert coast of South America, these famished crabs fell upon them, bit their legs, upset them, and devoured them." We fancy this must be a traveller's tale.

The sea spider is a kind of crab with very long claws. The *Mata squada*, or *Cancer mata*, is of this kind. It is four inches long and three broad. Its back is all covered by hairy pimples. This species is very common in the ocean and in

the Mediterranean. The ancients considered it sacred to Diana of Ephesus. They attributed to it great wisdom and a love of music. On many Greek medals are fac-similes of this crustaceous animal.

Craw-fish and lobsters have their tails at least as long as their bodies. They are naturally swimmers, scarcely ever

common lobster (*Astacus galeatus*), of which we give an illustration (fig. 1). This is often a foot and a half long, and, with its eggs, will weigh twelve or fourteen pounds. Its armour is thorny, and covered with a kind of down. The back is of a greenish brown, and the tail is dotted by yellow spots. This race inhabits the coasts of the milder climates of Europe.



FIG. 1.—THE COMMON LOBSTER AND THE HERMIT CRAB.

come on shore, and seldom walk at the bottom of the water. They keep moving about, and the vigorous movements of their tails impel them forward with great rapidity. Lobsters are crustacea with cylindrical antennae, very long and covered with prickly points; their paws are without claws, while on their forehead are two long bending horns. Such is the

During the winter they remain in the depths of the sea. In the spring they come out to the shore, and lay their numerous and ruddy eggs in the holes of rocks.

The sea craw-fish (*Astacus marinus*) often reaches an immense size, even more than a foot and a half long. This crustacean is found in the European sea, and on the coast of America.

The Palemons include the prawns and shrimps. The *Palaemon serratus*, or common prawn, represented in our drawing (p. 221), is from three to four inches long. It is of a

large abdomen, which projects backwards in a very peculiar way. The hind quarters of the animal are thus exposed to continual assault. But what nature has refused, the strange



FIG. 2.—THE MEDICINAL LEECH (*Hirudo medicinalis*).

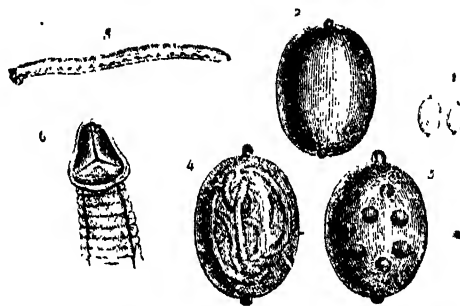


FIG. 3.—LEECHES IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT.

pale-red colour, and is a favourite article of food with large portions of the inhabitants of Europe. A little parasitical

instinct of the animal provides. The hermit finds a univalve shell, in which it inserts itself by means of its hind claws;

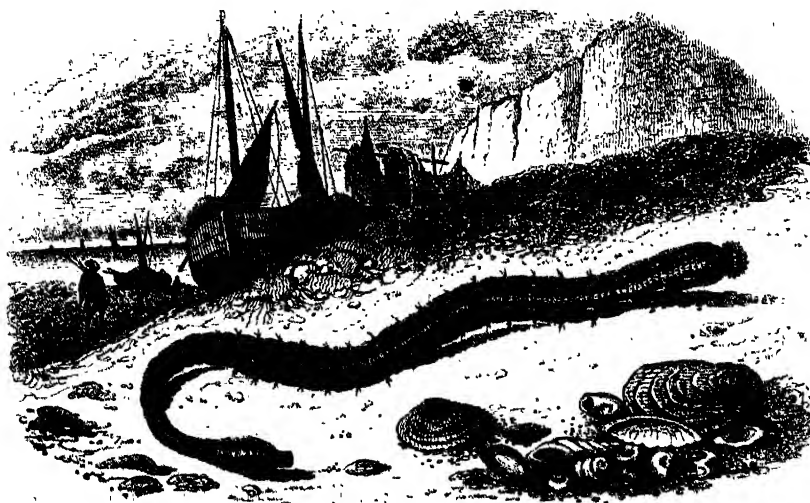


FIG. 4.—THE FISHERMAN'S SAND-WORM (*Lumbricus marinus*).

crustacean is often found upon them, the *Hippurus crangorum*, which by certain fishermen is taken to be the young sole.

The hermit crab (*Cancer bernhardus* or *Pagurus*, fig. 1) has a

this parasitical protection it drags after it everywhere, and even sometimes gets into it altogether, its fore paws being alone visible. Every year, in the early months, when the

animal changes its skin, it goes about looking for a fresh shell—a shell more proportioned to its new growth. The crab may be seen lodging-hunting with all the care and precision of a particular old maid. It pokes its nose and then its tail into every spiral shell it meets, until it finds precisely the fit it wants. As soon as the brute finds one which thoroughly suits it, the old house is cast away, and the new one popped into with the utmost agility. The shell sticks so fast, that you can only get the crab out by using fire. Many different names have been given to this animal—the soldier, Diogenes,

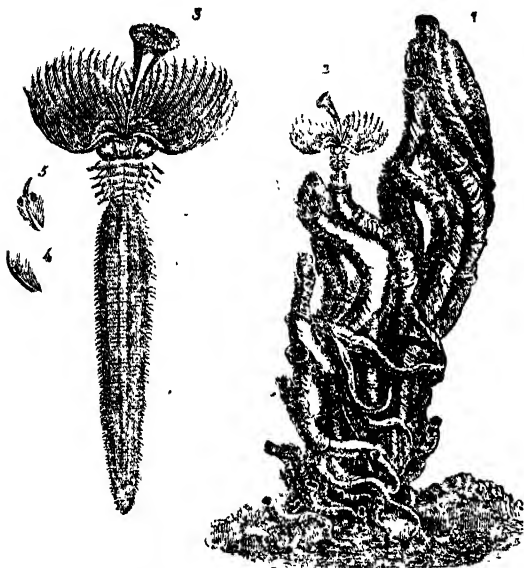


FIG. 5.—THE VERMICULAR SERPULA (*Serpula vermicularis*).*

the hermit—all of which are significant enough. A very correct representation of it is given in our engraving.

The *Birgi* are great crustacea of the Indies, somewhat like the *Pagurus*. The most remarkable of the species is the *Cancer latro*, or robber crab. This animal leaves the sea at night and climbs up the cocoa-nut tree to steal the fruit, of which it is very fond. Some of our young readers may recollect a humorous scene in illustration of this, in the "Swiss Family Robinson." This animal, by its peculiar habits, brings to the knowledge of the naturalist a singular anomaly in amphibious

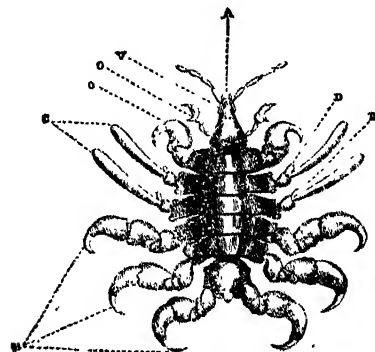


FIG. 6.—THE WHALE-LOUSE (*Oniscus ceti*).†

life. The robber crab is followed in its land trips by another animal, breathing through the gills. A rare animal of the *Bereha* species, the *Perca scandens*, also quits its natural element as if in search of the crab, which it follows to the

* 2, The animal in its tube; 3, The animal out of its tube; 4 and 5, Extremity of a gill.

† A, The mouth; v, The eyes; o o, The first pairs of feet, the anterior of which is fixed below and behind the head; B, the third, fourth, and fifth pairs of claws; c, Appendages of the second and third segments, having at their base the orifice of the respiratory organs, D D.

trees where it is feeding. The *Perca* is peculiarly constituted to retain a certain quantity of water to moisten the gills, which, by the closing of their extremities, are preserved from the air.

There are many other minor crustacea. One of these is the *Oniscus ceti* (fig. 6), found on the body of the whale, and on the mackerel. The *Oniscus asellus*, or common woodlouse (fig. 9),



FIG. 7.—THE FURROWED SEA-ACORN (*Lepas balanus*).

and its varieties, are well known in our houses and gardens. It is a small animal, with eight rings of shell. Its gills are under the front scales over the tail. They roll up into a round ball when touched, which makes them an object of wonder to children. These animals frequent retired and dark places, and are found often under stones. They feed upon corrupt animal and vegetable matter, and rarely come forth, except in



FIG. 8.—THE FURROWED SEA-ACORN (*Lepas balanus*), FULL GROWN AND OUT OF ITS SHELL.

damp weather. The female collects her eggs in a membranous pocket under the thorax; the little ones come to life there, and are carried about by her everywhere she goes. If you take one of them and turn it on its back, the little ones may be seen running in and out of the membranous pocket. The common woodlouse is smooth, of the colour of ashes, with black spots, and a little yellow; but some are found in the

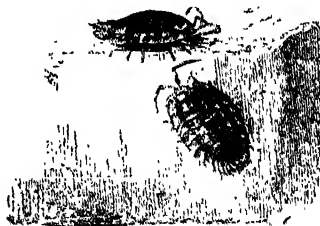


FIG. 9.—THE COMMON WOODLOUSE (*Oniscus asellus*).

country which have, like it, ten rings, without counting the head and tail. The front is very smooth, of a brown hue, speckled with gray, but without any yellow spots. The armadillo woodlouse is broad, smooth, and shining. It is black, with a little white about the edges of the rings. Of the first ten rings which compose its body, without counting the head and tail, the first seven are wide, and the three others are narrow.

Passing from these to the cirrhipedes, we find them to be a link between the crustacea and the molluscs. They all belong to the sea, swim freely when young, and then fix themselves for ever on some submarine body. They adhere by the back. Their form is elongated, their bodies are bent, and contained in a shell of several parts. They have no eyes, their mouth is like that of the crustacea; the lower part of their body is composed of two ranges of grisly lobes, with two horned appendages with numerous projections. These, about four and twenty in number, the animal keeps constantly in motion, and thus draws within her little vortex the animalcules on which it feeds. They have their heart in the dorsal part of their backs, and breathe through gills.

The *Lepas anatifera* is enclosed in a kind of gauzy cover, suspended on a fleshy tube. This tube serves for them to fasten on to rocks and bottoms of ships, where they are known as barnacles. There was a time when birds were said to grow out of them. The sea-acorns are a small species of the cirrhipede group. They are enclosed in a short shell (figs. 7 and 8).

The class of worms are divided into annelida, rotators, and intestinal worms. The worms of the order of annelida have red or highly-coloured blood. This analogy with the superior order of animals made some naturalists place them at the head of articulated animals; but in every other point of their organisation they are compared to insects and crustacea. Their body is long, soft, and divided into a great many rings. Some have little spots, which have been suspected to be eyes. The mouth is at the extreme end, while they breathe, some in the ordinary way, some by gills.

The wandering annelida have the organs of respiration fixed upon the lower part of the body, or throughout the whole length. They have little silky knobs, which serve as feet. They swim and walk, and live generally under stones, among shells or fixed in the sand. A kind of mucous secretion spread over the body collects a tubular sheath round them, in which they dwell; but they can leave it at will. They are of the sea, and very numerous. Some only can be quoted. The *Lumbricus marinus*, or fisherman's sand-worm (fig. 4), is about ten or twelve inches long, and has no gills, save in the middle of the body; its head is not defined, and presents neither antennæ, nor eyes, nor jaws: fishermen use it as bait. When taken up in the fingers, they exude a liquid which stains the skin. They are found two or three feet deep in the sand, and their retreat is marked by the pile of sand ejected from the hole they make.

The tube-dwelling annelida have no distinct head, no jaws, no eyes, no antennæ; but towards the tail are numerous appendages doing the office of all these members. They inhabit a tube. Such are the serpulæ, which live in calcareous tubes, upside down, with a tufted extremity, as will be seen from the cut (fig. 5). They have been called sea-brushes. The particular specimen given is the *Serpula vermicularis* of Linneus, found in the European seas. There is one little known member of this division, the *Dentalium elephantinum*, which lives in a regular tube, slightly arched, and open at both ends.

The common earth-worms (*Lumbricus terrestris*) are, as every one knows, red. They feed on animal and vegetable matter. They are the only ones which do not live in water. They breathe through their pores, and multiply by the division of their bodies into one or more parts.

The division of sucking annelida have no silky down on the skin. They have at each end a dilatable and catching cavity, which acts like a cupping-glass. The animal fastens on to anything firmly by this means. The mouth is at the bottom of the anterior suction organ, and is armed with jaws, while there are spots around, which may be eyes. All feed on other animals, which they suck or swallow. Some fasten on to fish and frogs; some devour molluscs and the larvae of insects; some fasten on to animals, and even to men when in the water. Some are known to enter the mouths of horses when drinking, and creep under their tongues, or into their throats. Such are the leeches, which have an oval organ of suction, ten eyes, and jaws armed with teeth. When a leech wishes to get through the skin of the animal to which it is fixed, its fangs

are fastened upon the skin, the tubercles which support the jaws stiffen, contract, and the dental appendages cut the skin. Three little wounds are made, like the letter Y, whence the blood issues drop by drop, and passes into the animal's vast stomach. Every one is aware of the use made of these, and to many our design will be more familiar than agreeable. Of late years the use of leeches has become so general, that these animals form an important branch of commerce. The ponds of Spain and France have been entirely cleared, and they are now brought from Hungary and Turkey.

The medicinal leech (*Hirudo medicinalis*, fig. 2) is from four to five inches long, with ninety-eight equal rings. The opening of the mouth is found longitudinally under the upper lip, while the belly is olive-coloured and spotted with black. The mode of reproduction in leeches was very little known until recently: They are oviparous. The eggs, to the number of eight or fifteen, are surrounded by a membranous capsule, which is covered by a regular cocoon; this cocoon is formed of a semi-transparent tissue. The young leeches creep out of a small orifice at the proper time (fig. 3).*

The rotatory worms have only been known since the discovery of the microscope. As long as this instrument only magnified them a hundred-fold, no distinct organ could be seen in their interior, and they were quoted as examples of a kind of animated jelly, feeding by absorption. But modern naturalists have, by means of powerful instruments, discovered that their organisation is only apparently simple. One of this division, the *Furcularia rediviva*, has been made celebrated by the experiments of Spallanzani. It lives in fresh and salt water, and is found in gutter-pipes of houses. Its life is suspended by loss of humidity; but when it has been apparently dead for weeks, it suffices to damp it with one drop of water to give it life and motion.

The last division consists of those worms which are capable of existence only in the interior of other animals, which lodge in the liver, the eyes, and the digestive canal. They are oviparous and viviparous. The tape, or solitary worm, is well known. There are many individuals of this species. All animals are subject to them. They cause sickness, thinness, devouring appetite, suffering, and even death. The *Tenia vulgaris* has reached three hundred feet in length. Boërhaave freed a Russian nobleman of one as large as that. They are, like the *Tenia solium*, very difficult of extirpation. Some are found in the brains of sheep, others in the liver of animals and man.

The mollusca and the zoophytes form the last divisions of zoology. The mollusca include oysters, snails, &c. They are without spinal marrow and any interior skeleton. Their nervous system is composed of several medullar masses, disposed at different points, and of which the principal, which may be called the brain, is situated across the œsophagus. They are extremely varied in form, soft, and with the muscles adhering to the skin. In most instances they have shells. In nearly every case, the beautiful and varied shells which are so much admired are only coloured on the outside.

Of the zoophytes little more can be said. Below them are other aquatic creations, which were thought to be produced spontaneously in water where animal and vegetable matter had been infused. Their mode of multiplication is even yet disputed. It is, however, now pretty generally allowed that they propagate by the division of their bodies into parts. They are in some instances so small as scarcely to be conceived. Imagine an animal one-2,000th part of a line in diameter, digesting his food in a stomach the coats of which are one-6,000,000th of a line in thickness! Still we have not arrived at the most infinitesimal product of creation. Leuwenhoek and Malesieu have studied animalcules, of which 10,000,000 united would not reach the size of a grain of sand; and others 27,000,000 of times as small as a mite, which is invisible to the naked eye.

* Note to fig. 3.—1, Capsules recently laid; 2, A capsule developed; 3, A developed capsule, showing the eggs; 4, A capsule containing the young leeches about to be hatched; 5, A leech lately hatched; 6, Mouth of the full-grown leech, showing the three triangular jaws.

WOOD SCENERY.

Woods and forests are distributed over the earth with more or less abundance. The great variety and the diversified foliage of trees present a beautiful picture to the eye, while the wood which they furnish contributes greatly to the necessities and

pense, the most extensive forests grow; and though man reaps the benefit, he has but little share in their cultivation. Trees grow and multiply spontaneously. The woodcutter comes at the fall of the year and thins the plantations, filling vehicle after



WOOD SCENERY.

comforts of mankind. It is to forest trees especially that we are indebted for great part of our houses and ships, for fuel, and for various implements, furniture and utensils.

In those countries where bituminous substances suitable for fuel are scarce, and can only be obtained at a considerable ex-

penditure, the most extensive forests grow; but new shoots are thrown out the next spring, the spaces are again filled up, the loss is more than repaired, and a sufficient quantity is always found to supply the wants of man. This distribution of woods and forests is a remarkable proof of Divine wisdom and goodness.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.
A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XVI.



ACCUSATION AND ARREST OF ROBERTO DI REGANATI.

And this, and much more which we have omitted, did Zeno address to the captains around him. While they burned with anxiety for the disclosure of the plot and the persons engaged

in it, the novelty and solemn nature of the appeal made each hesitate to speak before his neighbour. But this suspense did not continue long. Sir William Cheke stood up, and glancing

round the company, read in their eyes that they would willingly have him as their spokesman.

"Noblo general," said he, addressing Zeno, "I know well those around me; companions in arms have we been in many a battle-field and bivouac, and I dare venture to express their feelings as well as my own. Am I not right, my brothers?"

There was an unanimous expression of concurrence amongst the captains, and Sir William proceeded—

"Signore, we heard your first words to-night with great pleasure; for it made us both proud and glad to find you bearing such generous testimony to our conduct as soldiers, and to learn what trust you and the most serene republic repose in us. In all our names, I thank you. Be well assured we shall never forget what we owe to you, whom we have found to be not only a general, but a father. But you quickly dispelled our pleasure; for truly we are grieved and horrified to think that there are in the camp those who dare to meditate such crimes. Shame! eternal shame and infamy be upon them! they are a disgrace to our order, and a stain to the brightness and honour of the military profession!"

A simultaneous cry of "*Vergogna! Vergogna! Infamita ai traditori!*" showed how thoroughly all present shared in the indignation of the honest English knight.

"But whatever be the danger that impends us all," continued Cheke, "we know well that you can cope with it. We know how you watch over the common safety; we know your vigilance, your astuteness, your genius. Nor shall we, noble Zeno, disappoint your estimate of us. Here we are, assembling promptly at your command—cheerfully we place ourselves in your hands—use us at your pleasure; not as mere paid troops, but as friends bound to you by many a kindness. We beseech you then, messer, trust us fully: tell us, at once, the names of those traitors, that we may slay them with our daggers. Brothers," said he, turning once again to his companions, "swear that you will stand by our general; that you will pursue the traitors to the death, let them be the highest in rank or the noblest in blood."

"We will! we will!" was the response of every voice.

A smile of stern exultation passed over the face of Zeno. He was now thoroughly assured, as he looked from one to another of those whom he had assembled, that there was not a false heart amongst them, and with the support of that number, he felt that he might brave and bid defiance to all who were disaffected.

"My friends, you ask to know who is the traitor; you shall see him ere long. I marvel he is not here by this time, for I have ordered him to be summoned."

Such indeed was the case; for no sooner had Zeno concluded his address, and found that he might depend upon the fidelity of so large a portion of the mercenaries, than he had privately despatched Alexis to request the instant attendance of Recanati.

The young Greek found the condottiere, who had manifestly not yet retired to rest, and was still partially armed. He received the message with an inward dissatisfaction, which, however, he took care not to exhibit, and contented himself with replying that he would attend. But, in truth, the summons of the general caused the wily captain no small anxiety, and he revolved the matter again and again in his mind without being able to see his way. Could it be that Zeno had by some means become apprised of the plans which he was so soon to carry into execution? The thought was startling, and the heart of the traitor sank within him as the terrible suspicion crossed his mind. If so, it would be madness to obey the summons, and throw himself, as it were, into the very jaws of a roaring lion. And yet what would a refusal avail him? Could he brave the rest of the troops, should they side with Zeno, with his own lancers? That was indeed a hopeless chance. But after a little his heart took courage. "No," thought he; "it is impossible that my schemes have transpired; they have been too well laid and secretly for that. The Genoese spy reached me safely; had he failed in effecting his return, I should have discovered it ere this; and so, after all, this summons is but a casual one,

very inopportune, I admit, but I will despatch it as speedily as I may, and then——" And with such thoughts Recanati set forward to the general's quarters; but as he passed out he called his lieutenant aside, and hastily said, "Should I not return in half an hour, you will lead a company of lancers, fully armed, to the general's quarters: I shall have need of them there. It is as well," he thought to himself, "to provide against the worst; and now to meet this man, who will thrust himself ever in my way, till I am forced to remove him."

Meantime, Zeno and the captains still waited the arrival of him who was announced as the traitor. The silence which had lasted for some minutes was now becoming insupportable, and the leaders began to look anxiously around them and to whisper amongst themselves. Just at the moment when one of them was about to address the general, the noise of feet was heard outside, the door opened, and Recanati, attended by Alexis, entered the apartment. Despite of his habitual wariness and self-control, Recanati could not suppress an expression of astonishment as his eye hurriedly took in the scene before him; but in a moment he was calm and self-collected. He felt that the crisis of his destiny was now come, and he braced every energy of mind and body to meet, and, if possible, to control it. The captains exchanged hasty glances one with another, and awaited the issue in silence. Zeno was the first to speak.

"It is not the wont of Sir Roberto di Recanati," said he in a cold and pointed manner, "to be the last to attend when summoned by his general. Your presence is most necessary, and we have waited for you. Be seated."

Zeno motioned to a seat which had been reserved at the side of the table on the right hand, and close to where he sat himself. Recanati took the place, as he replied,

"If I am somewhat late, the shortness of the notice must plead my excuse. I did but put myself in order to attend."

"And yet, methinks, briefer time might have sufficed, Sir Roberto, seeing that my messenger found you still up and in armour. But to the business in hand. I have been advertising these brave and loyal men of a secret conspiracy which is carried on even within the camp, and they have demanded that I should expose to them both the treason and the treachery. I have promised to do so, and but awaited your presence for that purpose."

Whatever might have been the feelings of the condottiere at this ominous opening, he had the skill to conceal them.

"As I am here," said he, "I presume your excellency will proceed. You are, of course, prepared to submit convincing proofs to myself and my brothers in arms. Men set not, in such cases, upon mere suspicions."

The wily soldier laid a strong emphasis on the word *proofs*. Despite of his fears, he could not conceive that Zeno had any evidence to adduce against him, however strong suspicion might exist.

"Proofs!" retorted Zeno, with a stern voice and kindling eye. "Proofs shall this meeting undoubtedly have, and that soon. Bring hither the Genoese spy."

In a moment the man who had been captured by Sir William Cheke and his trusty Hodge was led into the room, bound and guarded.

"Fellow," said Zeno, "answer me and these honourable Signori truly, as you shall hope to save your life."

"So please your excellency, I will," answered the Genoese.

"Whence came you here?"

"From Chioggia, eccellenza."

"When, and for what purpose?"

"I left the town last night, bearing a secret despatch from these in authority there."

"Dost thou know its contents?"

"I do not: it was tied and sealed."

"What were thy instructions with regard to it?"

"To deliver it with all despatch and privacy to Sir Roberto di Recanati!"

"The eyes of all were turned with wondering inquiry on the accused. Recanati raised his head, and returned their glances with haughty composure. He had weighed and scrutinised

each answer of the Genoese; he felt sure he had never seen him; that he had received the packet safely from, as he believed, the real messenger, and his rapid mind came to the conviction that whoever this witness might be, actual proof against himself could not be adduced.

"It is false!" cried he, in a tone of indignation. "Brothers in arms, I denounce this as a base plot against the reputation of a condottiere, which touches the honour of every soldier of fortune. On the honour of a knight and the faith of a Christian, I swear that I never, till this night, beheld the man who now testifies. Where is this despatch? Let him produce it. Wilt thou dare to affirm, wretch, that thou hast ever seen me till this minute?"

"It is true that I never saw you before, signore. I cannot produce the document."

A smile stole over the face of the soldier, he began to breathe more freely.

"We shall clear up all this presently," said Zeno. "Let the English bowman stand forth."

Hodge at once stepped forward, and stood bolt upright beside the Genoese.

"Good fellow, dost know the man next thee?"

"Ay, so please you, signore: we made acquaintance over night. We found him like a wolf in our preserves, and so we snared him, as your excellency knows."

"Look at this packet. Hast seen it before?"

And Zeno took from the papers before him one which he held towards the archer.

"Assuredly, signore. It is the same which we found upon yonder fellow, when we were going to skin him," said the woodsman, his blue eye laughing at the recollection of the scene; "and which I disposed of as your excellency directed. The Signor Capitano," he continued, turning to Recanati, "will doubtless testify for me that I delivered it to him carefully."

"Brother soldiers," said Zeno, rising and opening the packet, "here in your presence do I stand up and accuse Roberto di Recanati, as a dishonoured knight and a base traitor. I charge him, upon the evidence of these men and the proofs in my hand, of having entered into a treasonable compact with the Genoese at Chioggia."

Recanati sprang to his feet, in a transport of uncontrollable rage. All his composure had deserted him. Hurriedly he placed his hand upon his sword-hilt, and as he half drew it from the scabbard, he exclaimed, in a loud voice of defiance and scorn,

"I fling back thy foul words in thy face, Carlo Zeno. Traitor and dishonoured thyself! Thou false priest, who hast broken thy vows; thou disguised gambler, and desperate adventurer. Thou liest in thy throat, and I will prove thee a liar with my body. Brother soldiers, I demand at your hands the rights of a knight and a gentleman. There is my gage—I claim the ordeal of battle."

He flung his iron gauntlet heavily upon the table, and was about to spring from the place where he stood, when either arm was seized by two mailed hands, that seemed to grip him as in a vice, and he found himself in the power of two English archers, whose ponderous frames towered over him, and seemed ready at a moment to crush the slender form of the Italian. Silently yet irresistibly they pressed him downwards till he was again seated, pale with fury, but unable to stir. Zeno looked at him with a smile of quiet contempt.

"Signori," he continued, "we shall proceed with our proofs. When they are all laid before you, if you do not pronounce that I have made good my words, I pledge myself that Carlo Zeno, though generalissimo of the forces of the republic, will not refuse the gage that has been flung down to him."

Zeno then proceeded calmly to read the document.

It stipulated that the leaders of the Genoese were willing to secure to Roberto di Recanati a certain stipulated sum of money, to be paid to him upon the termination of the blockade, provided he would undertake to assist them in the following plot, the terms and feasibility of which, it appeared, had been

previously fully discussed between them. Upon the night therein named—being the present one—as soon as it was ascertained that the Venetian troops had all retired to rest, and the camp was quiet, emissaries were to be sent by Recanati to the quarters of the other mercenaries who were found to be favourably inclined to aid in the movement, to prepare them for a rising. That signals by means of lights were then to be exchanged between the Genoese and Recanati, upon which a tumult was to be suddenly excited throughout the camp. That upon Zeno's issuing forth from his quarters, two assassins, who were to lie in wait for the purpose, were to rush upon and slay him. Then, amid the confusion and darkness, the Genoese were to sally forth from Chioggia, and making their way to the Venetian camp, were to fall upon the troops, dismayed and in disorder at the death of the general, and, joined by the conspirators at Palestrina, to effect a general slaughter. If this scheme succeeded, the Genoese felt confident that they would be able to effect a communication with the Genoese admiral in the morning, and thus escape the horrors to which they had been so long subjected. Chioggia was, in return, to be left to the conspirators to enter, and to possess themselves of such treasure as the Genoese should be unable to carry away with them.

This instrument was signed by certain parties on behalf of the Genoese, and also by Roberto di Recanati.

"And now, signori," said the general, when he had finished the reading of the document, "how say ye all? Have I proved the existence of the treason as I pledged myself to do? Have I shown you the traitor?"

A general burst of indignation was the instant reply to Zeno's question.

"You have, you have. Down with the traitor. We will stand by our general and the republic."

"The danger is imminent," cried one of the captains; "while we sit here, the enemy may be preparing to assail us; it behoves us at once to take measures for our own safety and that of the state."

"Content you, gentlemen, on that score," answered Zeno. "I have already taken such precautions as I deemed needful. In the first place, I have secured the emissaries who had gone forth an hour since to rouse the conspirators. No signal has been given in the camp, and the Genoese will scarcely venture to leave Chioggia till they see the light. Meantime, how are we to deal with this true knight and loyal ally?"

"He is a traitor and deserves a traitor's death," cried Sir William Cheke.

"He does—he does—away with him to prison," responded every voice.

"Be it so," said Zeno. "I will answer to the republic in this matter. Guards, lead the prisoner to the military dungeon."

But ere the two stout bowmen could execute the order, Recanati had started to his feet, and springing with the nimbleness of a tiger at Zeno, aimed a deadly blow at his head with his sword, shouting loudly, "Recanati, to the rescue!" Well was it for the general that his helmet was wrought by one of the skilfullest armourers of Milan. The blade cleft down upon it, striking fire as steel struck upon steel: the sword was shivered, and the helmet cleft open well-nigh down to the head of the wearer. Zeno staggered beneath the violence of the stroke, and many a hand was raised to fell the traitor to the earth. But the general quickly recovered, and interposed with all the weight of his authority.

"Nay, my good friends, nay; ye shall not stain your true blades with the foul blood of such a one as this. We shall reserve him for a more fitting punishment than death from the swords of true soldiers."

The guards had now succeeded in restraining Recanati, and were hurrying him away, when the noise of feet and the shout of many voices were heard without. Cheke instantly whispered to Alexis, who left the apartment, and all then arose and stood around the general.

"To the rescue—to the rescue, my brave lancers!" shouted Recanati, "your captain, Recanati, is seized—they are going to slaughter him!"

PENCIL-MAKING AT KESWICK.

SITUATED in a slightly undulating valley, with the lake of glorious Derwentwater in the immediate vicinity, backed by Skiddaw, who rears his hoary peaks to an elevation of more than three thousand feet, and traversed by the river Greta, endeared to every lover of the English language by its literary associations, is the pretty straggling town of Keswick. Were this spot "unknown to fame," from the irresistible attractions which its neighbourhood presents to all lovers of the sublime and beautiful, there would be an interest felt in the spot by at least some sections of the community, as having furnished them with the means of embodying their own conceptions of taste and fancy by the pencil of the artist. And it is to Keswick in this respect that we have now to invite the attention of our reader.

The pencil-works of Messrs. Banks, Son, and Co., which we have to visit, are seated on the banks of the Greta, the waters of which furnish the motive power for all the machinery of the establishment. The factory itself consists of a house of several stories, in the premises connected with which the cedar

A man then takes one of the thin planks, which has already been prepared, and is of the length of three or four pencils, and wide enough, perhaps, for a dozen, and, by means of a machine, of which we furnish an illustration (fig. 1), he cuts it into thin oblong strips; and, while this is being accomplished, he regulates with his feet the action of another circular saw, placed at right angles to the one first mentioned, which cuts in the wood the grooves for the insertion of the lead. As, however, the lead passes only along a portion of a pencil, the length and position of a groove has to be regulated accordingly. One-half of the pencil having thus been prepared, a smaller oblong piece is also cut, which may fit against the first and complete the whole.

The material employed in the formation of lead-pencils, and which is improperly called black-lead, is a compound of carbon and iron, and is found in various situations, such as among mountains, in beds of quartz, and in masses of calcareous earth, often looking like stones in a bed of gravel. It generally occurs in kidney-shaped pieces, varying in size from



FIG. 1.—CUTTING AND GROOVING PENCILS.

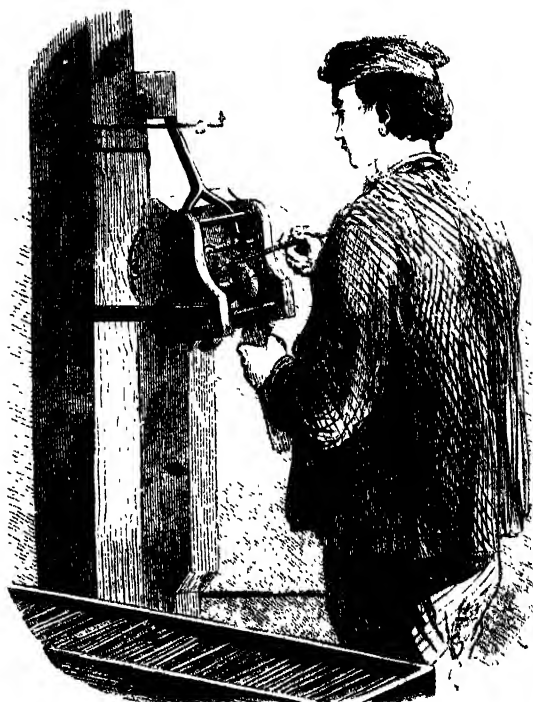


FIG. 2.—LETTERING PENCILS.

logs are stored, after their voyage from South America, for the service of the works; amounting in the course of a year to no less than from five thousand to six thousand cubic feet, and serving for the manufacture of some five or six millions of cedar pencils.

The first process in their formation is the cutting up of the logs into various sizes, according to the lengths and kinds of pencils to be made. On entering the workshop in which this is carried on, the senses are variously affected by the different objects that present themselves. The eye is confused by the machinery in action, and the bands and spindles by which motion is given to the several parts; the ear is filled with the hum and *skurr* of the saws; and the nose is irritated by the flood of fine wood-dust which fills the room, and which, though at first not unpleasant, before long occasions annoyance, and even nausea to one unaccustomed to it.

At the end of this room the methods may be witnessed by which the cutting up of the logs of cedar into proper lengths is effected by means of a circular saw, the pieces being afterwards reduced to thin planks by another instrument,

that of a pea upwards. The most celebrated black-lead mine, is that in Borrowdale, Cumberland, six miles from Keswick, which was accidentally discovered in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and proved to be of the purest carbon next to the diamond. When its commercial value was first ascertained, the proprietors found it very difficult to guard the mine from depredations; the practice of robbing it having become at length so common, that persons living in the neighbourhood were said to have made large fortunes by secreting and selling the mineral. About a century ago, a body of miners broke into the mine by main force, and held possession of it for so long a time as to succeed in abstracting from it an enormous quantity of lead, which they sold at so low a price, that the proprietor was induced to buy it up in order to restore the old rate of prices. Some years since the mine failed, and very little or anything has been obtained from it since, though there is Borrowdale lead still in existence. Messrs. Banks, Son, and Co., are part proprietors of the mine, their share at the last and final division of the produce being about five hundred pounds' weight of the lead. When lead was obtained

from the Borrowdale mine, it was sent to London for sale, and being bought by manufacturers at Keswick, it was sent back again, and thus the town maintained its reputation for the production of pencils.

When the lead is of sufficient size, the processes in its preparation are greatly simplified, since all smaller pieces have to be cut up, pounded down, and mixed together. With this

required being to remove the foreign ingredients from the exterior.

The wood having been thus far prepared, it is given to a sorter, who selects from it those pieces which have knots and irregular parts; these are put aside for fire-wood. On seeing the heaps of wood thus regarded as useless, we suggested that it might have been preserved for the formation of cedar

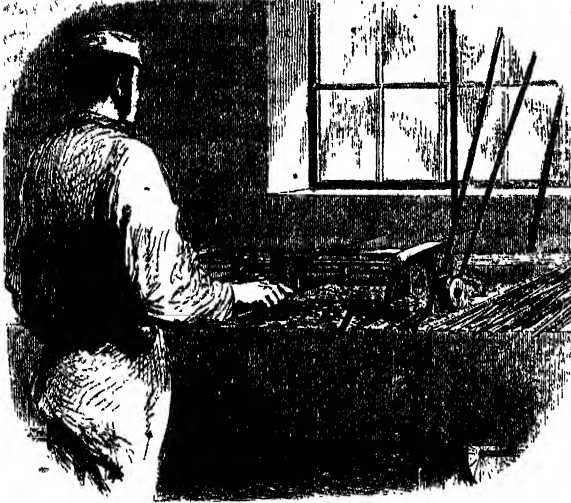


FIG. 3.—ROUNDING PENCILS.

a large quantity is mingled which is obtained from other countries, and as little of the larger sort remains, artists now find that pencils are very inferior in quality to what they once were, and that though they may be stamped with the words "Warranted pure Cumberland lead," they often have little or none of it in them.

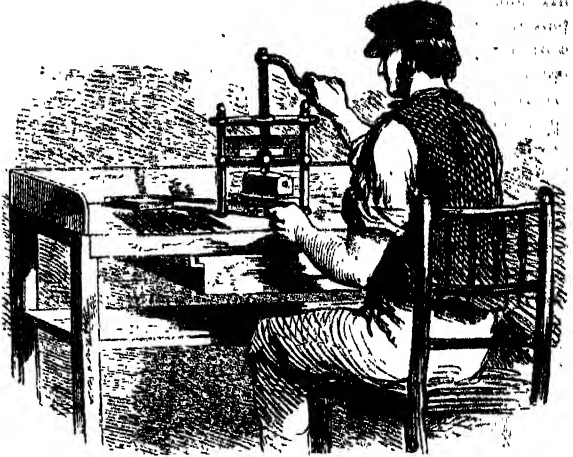


FIG. 4.—GILDING PENCILS.

matches; but according to present usage a great deal of good material is sold as firewood to the women of the neighbourhood. The cedars which have been prepared are now sent up stairs to be "set out," as it is called, and are then marked so as to guide the men in the insertion of the lead in the grooves as to where the pencil shall end.

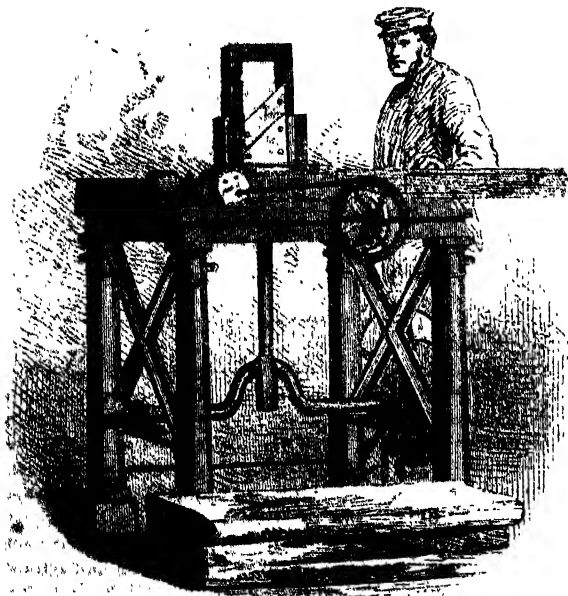


FIG. 5.—MACHINE FOR CUTTING THE ENDS OF PENCILS.

The inferior qualities of lead are intermingled with grit and particles of sand, which have to be removed. For this purpose the material is crushed between iron rollers, sifted, cleaned, ground, heated in close retorts, and compressed into oblong slabs, these operations being carried on in another part of the establishment. In the case of the pure Borrowdale lead, are omitted the only preliminary step that is



FIG. 6.—POLISHING PENCILS.

When the lumps of lead are taken from the cask, they are glued to a board, in order to secure them in a position in which they may be sawed into thin slices or scantlings, care being taken in this process to occasion as little waste as possible. Judgment has now to be exercised in the selection of leads of the right degree of hardness, so that when they are made up it may not be found that a pencil is an *ex nihilo* and not a

as at the other. For the hardest pencils the lead is prepared chemically, and for the softest an increased thickness of lead is inserted. The dust and scraps are preserved for the formation of inferior qualities of goods.

We next visit the benches at which the lead is fitted into the grooves in the strips of cedar. The men here at work present a peculiar appearance. They are dressed in dark blue smocks,—this being the general costume of the place,—with loose sleeves fitted tight at the wrist, and are sitting at very black shining tables. The men's hands, and the tools with which they are engaged, as well as most of the furniture of the apartment, look as if they had been fresh polished every morning by the servants, by the same processes by which they cleansed the grates and stoves; while their faces often exhibit tints and streaks of different colours. Each workman has a number of the sticks of cedar, in which the grooves have been cut, and a number of slices of lead just as they appear after the sawing. He then takes one of the slices, and having seen that it is not too broad to enter the groove—for if this be the case he rubs it down to the proper dimensions on a rough stone which lies in front of him—he dips it in a pot of glue which is kept hot just beside him, and then presses it into the grooves. He then gives a scratch to the lead on a level with the surface of the wood, and breaks it off, so as to leave the groove properly filled. In the making of a single pencil, perhaps as many as three or four slice lengths are required; but however many there may be, each slice is fitted exactly endwise to the other, so as to leave no intervals. Should any of the lead afterwards project above the groove in the cedar, it is scraped off with a knife; this is called *shutting*. The rods being thus filled, are conveyed to the fastener-up. This operation is carried on with surprising dexterity. The workman glues the cedar-covers or slips over the filled rods, and having got a certain number arranged alongside of each other, he fixes them tightly together, and lays them aside to dry.

The pencil now presents the appearance of an oblong cedar stick, very rough and long, and it is removed down stairs to be rounded. The machine by which this is accomplished (fig. 3) is very curious, and is found only in this establishment. A man takes in each hand one of the long sticks, and places them between the pairs of small wheels exhibited in the illustration, and which are situated just far enough apart to admit the pencil. By these means they are brought under the action of a revolving cutter, which is made so as to act with a gauge and a chisel-blade, and in a moment we see the end of the pencil passing out rounded to a nicety. By this simple and efficient machine, a man will round from 600 to 800 dozens of pencils a day. This process being completed, the long sticks are taken to the floor from which they were brought in order to be finally smoothed with a plane and polished. To effect this, benches are provided, at each of which two boys are at work, who take up some five or six sticks in their hands, and then pull them up and down between a roller covered with leather and a leather board (fig. 6); by these means the pencils are made to present the appearance of nice smooth walking-sticks, some thousand dozen being polished a day by each boy.

The fashion of varnishing pencils has come up very recently. It first began with inferior kinds, but it is now adopted with the best, and many sorts of pencils will indeed hardly sell without it. It brings out the colour of the cedar, and gives a deep rich hue to the wood, while it serves at the same time to prevent the pencil getting black and dirty during the cutting, and preserves them uniformly clean.

The polishing being completed, the next step is to cut the rods into lengths. This is accomplished by the aid of a circular saw, which insinuates itself through an aperture in a table, and against which a boy presses a row of pencils, the proper length being determined by a gauge. This cross-cutting, however, is not sufficient to complete them with a proper degree of nicety, and to finish them they are handed to another workman. In front of him is a bench, from out of which projects a little bit of wood, on the top of which is a piece of iron having holes to fit different sizes of pencils, and then

with a razor-blade fixed in a wooden handle, he cuts the top off so as to leave a perfectly smooth edge. The wood ends are finished on a more wholesale principle, by the aid of what may be called a guillotine, of which we furnish an illustration (fig. 5). This instrument is used only by Messrs. Banks and Son, and consists of four iron pillars supporting an iron table, at the top of which is a blade fixed diagonally; this being set in motion by a crank at the lower part of the machine, moves up and down. All that the boy who attends its operation has to do, is to put five or six pencils under the grooves made for them, and down comes the blade, so that the heads are nicely finished without further trouble. A hundred dozen may easily be cut by this guillotine in a day.

The last operation in the history of the manufacture of a pencil is the stamping on them the name of the maker, and the indication of their quality. Of the ingenious instrument by which this part of the work is accomplished, an illustration is furnished by our artist (fig. 2). The workman holds a dozen or two of pencils in his left hand, and then, taking them one by one, he puts an end of each on to a grooved wheel which is rapidly revolving, and by the movements of this wheel the pencil is carried onward. Above this wheel is another, around which are raised types forming the words "Banks, Son, and Co., Manufacturers, Keswick, Cumberland," and also the letters significant of their degree of hardness or softness, the latter being moveable. The pencil cannot pass between these two wheels without receiving the impress of the letters in the cedar; and the rapidity with which the process is completed is such, that it passes like an arrow out of sight, and is instantly heard to rattle down the wooden tube prepared for its reception on the other side into a box below. Some idea may be formed of the ease and expedition with which this is accomplished, from the fact, that from 120 to 200 pencils may be lettered in a minute. At the lower part of the machine is the box in which the pencils are kept which are about to undergo the process.

Many pencils are now finished, but some have gilt letters instead of the mere impress on the wood. When this is done, they are taken to a table close by—of which, also, we give a drawing (fig. 1)—on which is the instrument for the purpose, provided with a heater, to the under part of which the letters are fixed, and which is pressed down upon them by means of a screw. The letters are in this case arranged in a straight line, instead of on a wheel, the type-box being kept hot by a red-hot iron. The gold or silver leaf is put on to the pencil in a thin strip, and the pencil, with the leaf on it, being carefully fixed under the type, it is pressed down by a screw, and the gold or silver is imbedded in the cedar. The pencils that have gilt letters are usually coloured black, yellow, or blue, by which the fine tint of the cedar is altogether lost. The pencils are now taken and tied up in dozens, and afterwards in half grosses.

We might follow the subsequent career of a bundle of pencils, and find that it was not without interest. One, perhaps, is transferred to the studio of the artist, another to the boudoir of a lady, and a third may embody the rising genius of a youthful prodigy, who sketches horses with human heads to the infinite delight of his mother, who is assured, as she emphatically expresses it, that he will be "somebody some day." We might philosophise on the permanence which is given to fleeting thoughts of ideal beauty in their representation by the artist, who by its aid secures to himself and for others what would otherwise be but the evanescent conceptions of the hour. And we might conclude by moralising on the fact, that as it is by the wear and tear and destruction of the agent that its worth is developed, so it often is that men, in striving and labouring for society and the world, are themselves exhausted and consumed, and the elements of their physical constitution pass away, to mingle with, and to be absorbed into, the universe at large. But we leave these considerations to the meditation of our readers, as may suit their individual taste and feeling; our work being discharged in having, we hope, thrown some light on the history of the rise, progress, and decay of a cedar pencil.

EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Amongst many anecdotes told of the "Duke," in the multitudinous biographies published after his death, there is one which we do not recollect having seen, and which is certainly far more worthy of notice than many of them. The sum and substance of it is, that he, on one occasion, towards the close of the Peninsular war, had an extraordinary narrow escape from being seized by the French, and carried off bodily to the camp of Marshal Soult. This would, certainly, have brought the campaign to a very ignoble end, and though it would not have saved Napoleon from downfall, would have prevented the battle of Toulouse, and thus saved the lives of many gallant men for the time. What might have been the ultimate effects of such a catastrophe upon the lives and liberties of the inhabitants of Europe, it is impossible now to say with any certainty, and useless to conjecture. But to our story:

We all know, that after the great and crowning victory of Vittoria, the British army marched straight to the frontiers of France, but—to do the French justice—not without finding every inch of the route vigorously contested. In January, 1814, the boundary was crossed, and the invaders encamped close to Bayonne, and threatened the town. The main body of the army was posted in the village of Anglet, the outposts lay on the left bank of the Adour, while the French under Marshal Soult occupied the right. The Duke of Wellington fixed his head-quarters in a pretty cottage, crowning one of the wooded hills which overhang Anglet, and from which the view took in Bayonne, the Atlantic, and the great road from Spain. The cottage was called *Salha*, and was but a short distance from the bay of Blanc Pignon, in which the Adour widens out, as if to gain strength for its final plunge into the ocean. In the middle of this bay, for the protection of the port, there were moored at that time a small armed vessel, called "*La Mouche*," and several gun-boats, the while under the command of a lieutenant of the French navy, named Bourgeois, who was burning with a desire to distinguish himself, as might be expected of a naval officer whom the English cruisers had kept from showing his nose out of the harbour for many years; for since the battle of Trafalgar the French were not favoured at sea, nor intended to have dominion over it. This individual was a native of the village of Anglet, and his relatives still lived there, and he was consequently daily put in possession of all the movements which took place in the English camp. A message was brought him, that on a certain day named, the Duke of Wellington was about to reconnoitre the enemy's position on the right bank of the Adour. His informants even went so far as to mention the precise time, the exact point of the river, and the number of officers who would accompany him. Upon hearing this, Bourgeois resolved to attempt a surprise. There were pine woods upon the sandy flats on the left of the Adour, completely cutting off the view of the river from the plain at Anglet, and admirably adapted for an ambuscade to be directed against any one who approached the river from the south. A small body of men concealed in the wood, might, in the opinion of Bourgeois, in case the Duke came without escort, carry him off without being perceived till it would be too late to think of rendering assistance.

However, he did not like to take upon himself the responsibility of such an act without consulting his superior officer, who was stationed at Bayonne. He therefore wrote to him, telling him the information he had received, and asking his permission to attempt a *coup-de-main*. He sent his letter by a sailor on the morning of the 22nd of January, with orders to wait for an answer. The Duke was expected to arrive at noon, so that no time was to be lost. During the absence of his messenger, Bourgeois selected twelve of the best men of his crew, armed them to the teeth, and placed them in the boat, ready to start at a moment's notice. He now began to be very uneasy, and several times made reference to the "name of thunder," a "thousand devils," a "plague," and the

"vestry-room of a church," or else "the church plate;"—which of them he contemplated, we cannot take upon us to say; and his dissatisfaction reached a climax, when his messenger returned, bringing word from his chief (every man in France has a chief), that his proposal would be taken into consideration. M. Bourgeois considered this rather cool, and not a little provoking, particularly as he had the mortification of witnessing six English officers, on the afternoon of the 22nd, ride slowly along the river, and make their observations at their leisure. The opportunity was lost, and M. Bourgeois took the affair so much to heart, that he had no sleep for the next two nights, and ate but little during the day, and he did not know whether to laugh or cry, when on the 22nd the "chief" wrote to him officially as follows:—

"Monsieur,

"I have communicated your letter to the governor [of Bayonne], and he has replied, that there is no occasion to make any expedition on the left bank of the Adour; but if the enemy should come within range of your guns, you are at liberty to fire upon him."

Considering how unlikely it was that the enemy would ever be such fools as to do anything of the kind, M. Bourgeois did not find much consolation for his disappointment in this permission.

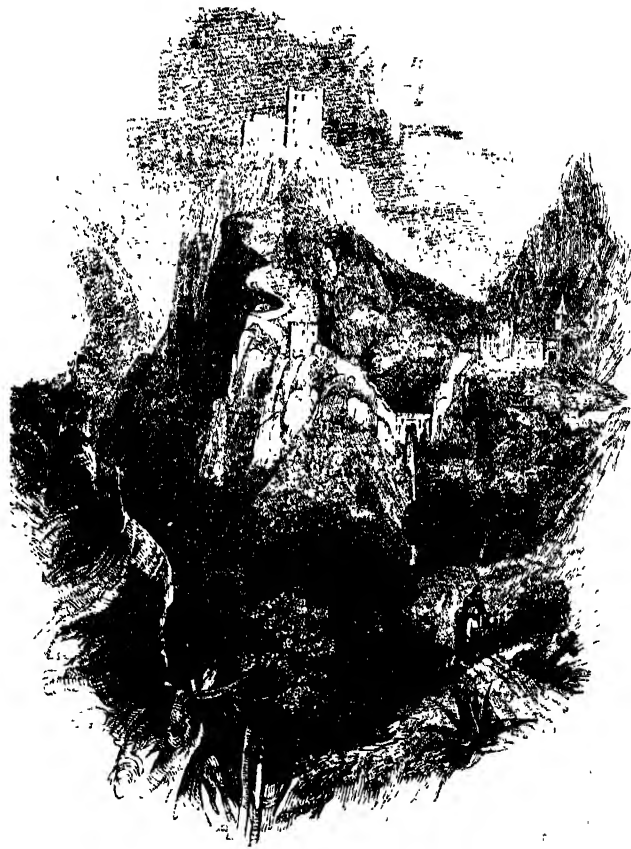
However, he brightened up a little when, just after receiving this letter, a messenger arrived from Anglet with the intelligence that the Duke was about to pay another reconnoitering visit on that very day and in the same place. This time Bourgeois resolved to act upon his own responsibility, and sent word to the chief merely that he was gone to make some soundings in the harbour, and that he had armed his boat's crew for the purpose of guarding against accidents, considering the near vicinity of the enemy's outposts. He took with him twelve picked men, and rowed leisurely down the middle of the river as if he was merely following the current; but as soon as he got into the shelter of the trees, and was hidden from the view of the sentinels on the heights, he suddenly pushed towards the bank and landed. The party made their way through the pine wood, until they arrived at the foot of Blanc Pignon, where they posted themselves in a thicket on both sides of the road along which the Duke would have to pass.

Having stationed his men, Bourgeois went to the top of an eminence at the extremity of the downs, where he posted himself, with a look-out man, in a position whence he could see the English quarters, and the road which led from them, without being seen himself, at least by the enemy. It was not very long before he heard the bugle sounding in the British camp, and saw the troops turning out and falling into their ranks upon the level ground on the heights of *Salha*. They then passed in review before Wellington, and M. Bourgeois had full opportunity to contemplate their discipline, dexterity, and martial air. Just at this moment he chanced to glance towards the town of Bayonne, and was surprised to see four men on the tower of the cathedral watching either him or the English intently—he knew not which. This rather alarmed him, but his spirits rose on seeing the Duke and six officers on horseback, as soon as the review was over, take a direct road towards the wood. In a few minutes they were within five hundred yards of the ambuscade. Bourgeois took up a stone and flung it amongst his men as a warning to be ready, and waited the result in dread suspense, his hand upon his sword, ready for a rush. At that moment a signal was given from the cathedral tower, and a cavalier darted out from the French advance guard at full gallop, and took his post at the entrance to the wood. This movement aroused the attention of the English; they stopped and deliberated together as to what course they should take. The lookers-out on the cathedral disappeared. M. Bourgeois hastened to the entrance of the wood and assembled his men; but Wellington had already turned his horse's head, and was far on his way to *Salha*. The chagrin of poor Bourgeois at this frustration of his magnificent project may be easily imagined.

THE FORTRESS OF LUCCA.

THE ancient kingdom of Granada is one of the most mountainous and picturesque regions in all Spain. Green, beautiful valleys, lofty hills denuded of verdure, whose summits seem to reach the clouds, a sky intensely blue, castles built in Moorish days on craggy heights like eagles' nests—all combine to make this country the most magnificent and attractive in the whole extent of Spanish territory. In some parts the rocks present the appearance of an immense amphitheatre, in others that of a gigantic staircase—mountains piled on mountains, with a winding road amid their threatening defiles, a road which here and there dwindles away into a narrow mule track, edged by a deep abyss, which one needs to pass under the guidance of a skilful muleteer. The fortress of Lucca is situated in the

to reach the eyrie-citadel; but how, when their ardour was fading away, the holy Virgin herself appeared and led them on; how a road, unknown before, stretched itself out at their approaching footsteps, and made the way clear and accessible to the very gates of the castle; how the Arab leader, when he saw the miracle, mounted his horse and fled, but alas! for him, fell over a precipice, and man and beast were dashed to pieces. In confirmation of the story the muleteer points out the miraculous road, a strange circuitous path that looks like a ribbon carelessly thrown down; draws attention to the strange marks, which may be taken for the impression of a horse's hoofs, on the side of a deep gulf; and leads the traveller to the ruined tower itself, that strange old remnant of the past.



FORTRESS OF LUCCA.

very heart of the mountain district, five miles distant from the old town of Castro. It occupies a high and conspicuous position. Glorious memories are awakened by a glimpse of its dismantled walls—stories of fierce war and tender love—of gallant deeds of arms which put to shame all modern Spanish heroism. There is a strange old legend connected with the castle, which the muleteer is well-nigh certain to relate as soon as he obtains a listener—how once upon a time, when the Moors were in possession of the castle, and the banner of the crescent waved from its summit, Queen Isabella resolved to take the place by storm; how the Arab commander, well knowing the impregnability of his position, laughed in derision as he saw the Christians starve off; how the troops of Isabella became dispirited as they strove in vain

The inhabitants of the mountain district are a hardy peasantry, bold and alert; great lovers of the national dances and national music. The men of the mountains, all over the world, have ever been the most enterprising and the most daring. The spirit of ancient chivalry, the love of country, the fearlessness of danger, which marked the men in the old time, still lingers, in some measure, in its mountain home. The dwellers in these wild districts are said to be the most superstitious in the country; and if ever one locality was more calculated than another to produce such feelings, these mountain passes are the very spots. Old legends belong to every moss-covered ruin, to every height, to every valley; there is not a crumbling tower or a cross by the wayside but has its strange unearthly story.

THE
WORKS

OF

EMINENT MASTERS,

IN

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,

AND

DECORATIVE ART.

HALF-YEARLY VOLUME.

LONDON:

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THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

STEEN.



Houbraken, who was for a short time the contemporary of Jan Steen, has represented this artist to us as a free drinker,



and relates of him such numerous excesses and ludicrous traits of character as to have given him in history the reputation of a confirmed drunkard and buffoon. All those who have spoken of Jan Steen, since Houbraken, have, in imitation of his biographer, repeated the jokes of the celebrated painter, so that they have become proverbial, especially in Holland. But for want of having carefully studied his works, and in consequence of the practice, common to almost all book-makers, of copying one from the other, without making any sort of independent inquiry or research, the biographers have given us a false idea of the Dutch painter, in describing him as a man who was capable of nothing better than drinking and jesting. His private affairs, rather than his art, appear to have engaged their attention—they concerned themselves too much with what took place in his household, and did not rightly comprehend what passed in his mind.

It is, doubtless, quite true that Jan Steen lived at the almshouse, and ended by turning his own dwelling into a tavern. This view of his life should not, however, prevent us from deservicing his real merits, or from allowing, that though a free-liver, he was also a philosopher, a profound and acute observer, and able to raise himself without effort to the conception of beauty. Possessed of much comic power, he was skilful in portraying diversities of character, and in reproving the follies of mankind,—not with bitterness, but gaily, as it becomes a man who laughs both at the great and petty miseries of life.

Among the numerous biographical works of Arnold Houbraken—which are for the most part without interest, detail, or colour,—that of the life of Jan Steen is remarkable. One

feels that this writer, although younger than Jan Steen by twenty-four years, knew the man of whom he speaks, and derived the elements of his biography from a good source. He informs us that Jan Steen was born in 1636 at Leyden, in Holland, and that he was the contemporary and friend of Mieris. His master was Jan Van Goyen, under whose instruction he made great progress. Whilst he excited the admiration of this painter by the rapidity with which his talents developed themselves, he insinuated himself into his good graces, and eventually Van Goyen became so partial to him, that he granted him entire liberty in his house, and allowed him to live there on terms of the greatest intimacy. Van Goyen had a daughter, named Margaret, an indolent and simple, but very pretty girl, who, from being much amused by the continual jokes of Jan Steen, came at last to be far from indifferent to him. The affection of the youthful painter for the damsel being thus reciprocated, they agreed to marry, if the consent of their parents could be obtained. It naturally became the lover's task to communicate with the father of the young lady; and an opportunity was sought to accomplish this object. When he had finished his work in the *atelier*, he was accustomed to go in the evening to drink beer with Van Goyen. One day, finding the old man in a tolerably good humour, Jan Steen gently accosted him, although not without some hesitation. "I have," said he, "some news to tell you which will surprise you as much as if you were to hear the thunder rumble at Cologne. Your daughter and I, since it must be told, have an affection for each other; and, if you do not consider me unworthy, I shall be much honoured in becoming your son-in-law." Van Goyen, though rather surprised at this speech, for he had never thought of such a thing as his daughter's "falling in love," comprehended at once the force of Steen's argument, and that his resistance would only aggravate his pupil and his daughter. So, like a good father, he acceded with a good grace to the proposition of Jan Steen. But the latter did not find his own father, Havi^c Jan Steen, quite so easy to deal with. He was a brewer, established at Delft; a practical man, less sensible to the power of love than to the value of ready money. It was long before he would consent that his son should marry at an age when he was not in a condition to maintain a family by his labour. However, after much entreaty, he at last yielded to the pressing solicitations of Jan, and agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated. But, that his son might be in a fair pecuniary position, he built a brewery at Delft, where he established the newly-married couple, with a capital of 10,000 florins. Steen, finding himself in possession of ready money, and considering it but natural to spend it, thought only of leading a joyous life; and Margaret, on her part, constitutionally indolent, neither attended to her domestic duties nor to her counter.—

*Je laisse à penser la vie
Que firent nos deux amis.*

It may easily be imagined that affairs managed by two persons of this temperament could not long continue in good condition. "Margaret," says Campo Weyerman, "kept no account-book; all the beer that was taken on credit from the house was set down in chalk upon a slate or a wooden board. Now it happened one day that, being accused of having defrauded the rights of the town-duo, Jan Steen was summoned by the excise officer to show his books. The slate was produced, but no one could make any thing of it, not even Margaret Steen, who had left it all in confusion, and who was not in the habit of giving any thought to what she had written down. Nevertheless, a heavy fine was exacted, but, as the brewery was on the eve of its ruin, Jan Steen, laughing heartily, reminded the exciseman that, where there is nothing, the devil loses his right and the king too."

The artist-brewer was on the point of being forced to close his house when his father came to his assistance. But this only delayed the ruin of Jan Steen. Margaret confessed one morning to her jovial husband that there was absolutely nothing left in his cellar, neither beer nor casks, and that there

was scarcely corn enough to make a cake. "It was all over Jan Steen saw the ruin of his brewery, for a second time, with an undisturbed mien, and was even the first to joke about his disaster. After all, said he to himself, here is a picture all ready; and, remembering that he was a painter, he set to work and depicted in a spirited composition the disorder of his house. This picture represents a room in which every thing is in confusion, the furniture is upset, the dog licks the saucepan, the cat runs off with the bacon, the children are sprawling on the floor, and the mother, seated in an arm-chair, calmly contemplates this delightful scene, whilst Jan Steen stands philosophically holding a glass in his hand.

This was our artist's first picture, and it is not astonishing that he, a painter of what are called conversation pieces, should have taken as his subject the scene which passed before his eyes. Those who have the genius to observe, look first at the objects which immediately surround them. But all biographers are much mistaken in saying that Jan Steen painted himself in all his works; and that almost all his compositions represent ale-house scenes, coarse farces or smoking-rooms, full of toppers. Nothing is further from the truth, as is proved by the works of this painter. Jan Steen has always allowed his sly humour to peep out of his pictures, but it is an exception when he has painted the customs of his life. When will the mania cease for copying from books without inquiring into the truth of their statements? Even in our days, that is to say, in a time in which the spirit of criticism is more than ever developed and exercised, we perceive this fault in some very valuable books, written by regular authors no less than by amateurs. For instance, in Smith's Catalogue, so exact and truthful in all that concerns the description of the pictures of each master, the author, repeating what the biographers have successively said, does not fail to observe that Jan Steen was the painter of his own manners and those of the society in which he lived. And this is even more surprising, because this preliminary notice is followed by a long catalogue of the known works of Jan Steen, and among more than 300 compositions, which are there described, only thirty have drunkenness for the subject, and the ale-house for the scene. This master takes the subjects of his pictures almost entirely from human life; we mean life considered from a comic point of view, from the side which amuses philosophers and good-tempered observers.

Another modern writer, M. Immerzeel,* remarking, doubtless, that the works of Jan Steen had little relation to the circumstances of his life, as Houbraken and Campo Weyerman assert, has resolutely contested the assertions of the historians of his country, without giving any other reason than the startling contrast between the habits of a dissolute man and pictures so delicate, sometimes even so elegant, as those of Jan Steen. But how are we to deny facts which have been repeatedly affirmed and related in detail by a contemporary of Jan Steen, when such a denial is without proof, and really rests only upon a presumption, in itself very contestable? In short, is it inadmissible that a professed drinker may have refinement of mind, delicacy of feeling and the talent of observation? And even if genius were always incompatible with the sad propensity to drunkenness, what becomes of the observation of M. Immerzeel, opposed to the authority of a biographer, who, for more than a century, has not been contradicted, at least on this point?

Yes, Jan Steen was what the world calls a joyous toper, who went through life laughing—not with that coarse laugh which is only the gaiety of fools, but with that delicate, intelligent, and slightly sardonic smile which is the sportiveness of philosophers. He passed his life in observing men for his own amusement, and in painting for theirs. Nobody had a more communicative joviality; and it is impossible to contemplate one of his pictures without feeling one's heart expand. He was the first to laugh at that bottle which he kept continually by his side, and which doubtless sustained

* *De levens en werken der hollandsche en vlaamsche Kunst-schilders.* Amsterdam, 1842.

his Rabelaisian humour, although continually emptying and refilling it. And it is remarkable that, when he happened to represent drunken people, he never failed to ridicule their drunkenness; thus he seemed to preach temperance with the glass in his hand. Take, as an example of this curious fact, the celebrated picture, which was in the celebrated collection of Mr. Beckford; it is entitled, "The Effects of Intemperance." The artist has there painted himself, with his interesting and pretty wife, in the state of drowsiness which follows too frequent libations. She, dressed in a red jacket edged with ermine, over a silk petticoat, is seated in the middle of the room, as it becomes the mistress of the house. While the husband and wife sleep, others profit by their intoxication. The children are searching in their mother's pocket, and already a little boy has pulled forth a piece of money, which he holds aloft in his hand with a triumphant air; another holds a glass in his hand, which he appears about to dash to the ground and shiver in pieces. The servant of the house hastens to profit by so favourable a moment to declare his passion to a young girl, sliding into her hand some money, which no doubt he had also stolen. The dog seizes upon a pie; the cat breaks a china vase, in endeavouring to spring upon a cage containing a bird; the monkey amuses himself with some parchments and books; on the ground, scattered pell-mell, are silver dishes, broken glasses, a violin, a Bible, a china plate, and, as if the elements themselves must interfere, the fire is burning a goose which is on the spit.

Jan Steen has treated this subject several times, and a different version of it may be found among the valuable pictures in the collection formed by the late Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. The monkey in this instance plays with the clock, as if, says Dr. Waagen, to show that the happy do not count the hours. But such a lesson given to drunkards has nothing pedantic, thanks to the good humour with which the painter has represented himself. Jan Steen, being a witty man, who wishes to continue amusing, bears on his own back the burden of human caprices and follies.

The picture called the "Young Gallant" (page 164) gives us the whole style and manner of Jan Steen in a single composition. It consists of six figures, sitting or standing round a table, on which are some eggs in a dish. A man in a chair at the left-front of the picture is talking to a dog, while on the opposite side a young fellow comes dancing in from the open doorway, holding a mackerel up by the tail, and carrying a few young onions in the other hand. The mistress of the house looks smilingly up from her seat, and another woman, standing at the table, desists from her household duties, and looks a smiling welcome to the young gallant. A man standing by the bedside points to another going out at the door, probably the "good man" of the establishment. The entire composition—the candle-chandelier, decorated with flowers in token of the summer weather; the pipe stuck in the hat of the sitting figure, in the way our wagoners wear them even in this day; the heavy close-curtained bed, the bare room, the expectant dog looking up to the suspended fish, and the sunlight streaming in from window and garden doorway, bespeak a thoughtfulness for general effect and picturesque arrangement entirely Jan Steen's. This has been considered one of the best of his *genre* paintings.

In 1669, after his ill success as a brewer, he set up as a tavern-keeper. Old Havik Jan being just dead, Jan Steen came into possession of a house at Leyden. This induced him to leave the town of Deilt, and to establish himself under the paternal roof; and there it was that he opened his tavern. He placed a sign-post before his door; and, as if he wished to effect a reconciliation with his creditors, he painted as the sign, a picture representing the figure of Peace, holding an olive-branch. Houbraken tells us he was his own best customer, and that he did not succeed better in this new occupation as brewer and tavern-keeper, though he possessed all the gaiety, all the animation, which attracts customers to an ale-house. He was, probably, better able to induce them to drink than to pay. Most of those who frequented his house were painters as poor as himself. Franz Mieris, Ary de Vos,

Quiering, Brackelenkamp, and Jah Lievens were among those who resorted there, day and night; for Jan Steen never shut his door, that he might show his friends that he was not afraid, and because, having little to lose, he could laugh in the face of thieves. His cellar being soon emptied, he was obliged to take down his sign. In this extremity the painter came to the help of the tavern-keeper. The wine-merchant not being willing to give him credit any longer, Steen presented him with a little picture—in Holland every one likes painting—and the merchant sent a puncheon of wine in exchange. The sign re-appeared—Steen's friends re-assembled to listen to his facetious stories, and the band of painters, who had turned out, hastened back, resolved not to leave the place while a drop of liquor remained in Master Jan's taps. But the cask did not last long, and this time it was necessary to close the tavern entirely.

Campo Weyerman, a facetious writer, who has sought out sarcastic expressions, some of which are marked by the grossest triviality, has enlarged upon the life of Jan Steen, and related numerous anecdotes, interspersed with coarse jokes, in which the piquancy especially consists in the unpolished language. After having exhausted his facetiousness, he accuses his predecessor Houbraken of borrowing his anecdotes of Jan Steen from the Almanack of Liège, and of retelling a little story, *as dry as sea biscuit at the line, and as probable as the travels of Pinto*, about some incredible supply of bread made to the family of the painter. These censures have not prevented Campo Weyerman from relating many anecdotes himself; "A little story," says he, "will show that the kitchen and cellar of Jan Steen were not so abundantly supplied as the hotels on the quay of Y, or the *Lion d'or* at the Hague. Once, towards midnight, the famous Jan Lievens (pupil and friend of Rembrandt) knocked at Jan Steen's residence, and the door being only latched, according to custom, he entered without ceremony. 'Who's there?' demanded Jan, waking up with a start. 'It is I, dear brother,' said Lievens, 'I am come to bring you a couple of chickens, as fat as strong Brunswick beer, as white as the white of an egg, and as tender as the leg of a pheasant.' 'Are they roasted?' asked Steen. 'No, king of the universe,' replied Lievens, 'they are raw; but I have resided in several courts, and there I learned to cook; I pray you, then, get up, and I will serve you up a dish in my own way.' Jan got up, lighted his lamp, and calling Corneille, his eldest son, who was his waiter, ordered him to prepare every thing for the repast. But some of the ingredients in the worldly pleasures of our two painters, who especially regretted the absence of wine and tobacco, were wanting. In spite of the reluctance of Corneille to ask for credit, Steen sent him to the wine merchant, Gorkens, to beg him, for the last time, to advance some wine, for which he should be paid in paintings. 'That done,' added the father, 'you will go to Gerard Vander Laan, and ask him for a pennyworth of leaf-tobacco, with a couple of little pipes, and you will swear in my name that my gratitude will be eternal.' Whilst Corneille ran through the town to awaken the tradesmen and to execute his commissions, Jan Lievens set to work, without losing a moment, plucked his fowls and placed them on a broken gridiron, which was buried in the peat dust to preserve it from rust; and Jan Steen, on his part, prepared a highly-flavoured sauce with pepper, mustard, vinegar, and butter. When the fowls were scarcely cooked through, the two companions began to devour them with such an appetite, that poor Corneille, returning quite out of breath, with his supply of wine and tobacco, only found, upon the earthenware dish, a head and a-half and three black feet. The wine and the packet of tobacco, which had just arrived, were now all that remained to be consumed, and this did not occupy long. After Steen and Lievens had thus satisfied their appetites, they went to take an airing outside the *Porte-aux-Vaches*, and walked along talking morality like true disciples of Pythagoras. But Jan Steen paid dearly for the carelessness with which, relying always on Providence, he ventured from home, leaving the door on the latch, as is the custom in the little towns of Westphalia. Whilst he slept, all his clothes, as well

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

as those of his children, were carried off; and, to put the finishing stroke to his misfortunes, the canvas and panels, on which he was employed in painting pictures for his creditors, were also taken. The tavern-keeper, who was accustomed to be awakened by the noise of the children, remained in bed; but finding that the house was silent longer than usual, 'Holloa, you rogues,' cried he, 'get up at last and light the fire.' The children replied by the denial of Adam, complaining that they were naked and could not find their clothes. Steen stretched forth his hand to reach his garments, but,

a pirate, and he, being as poor as a church mouse, was the man to rob a painter without much scruple, when occasion prompted. The suspicions of Jan Steen were aroused against the chemist, and when he came expressly to condole with him on the loss of his clothes and his pictures, Steen, no doubt incensed by so much hypocrisy, received Esculapius, knife in hand—'Race of thieves!' cried he, 'pirate! buccaneer! thou shalt see if thou canst carry off the shell after having taken the yoke of the egg!' At this exclamation, the alarmed doctor immediately took flight, and although he was innocent



THE YOUNG GALLANT.

finding that his whole wardrobe had vanished, he was obliged to send one of the little Adamites to the cook, Gommert Bans, who lent him some clothes till he could tell his misfortune to his nephew Rynsberg, who took the plundered Jan and his featherless chickens to a woollen-draper's, where the father and his progeny issued like so many of those birds of the sun, baptized by Pliny the with name of *Phœnix*. The most ludicrous part of the story is what happened to a doctor, who frequented Jan Steen's alehouse, and sometimes served him as a model. The brother of this doctor had the reputation of being

he left Jan Steen persuaded that the robbery had been committed by the very man who had just expressed so much regret that it had taken place."

Among Jan Steen's companions, and, like him, a determined drinker, was the celebrated painter, Franz Mieris. Judging from his carefully-finished little pictures, and the elegance of his compositions, one would never have suspected that Mieris passed his life in drinking, and in listening to the humorous speeches of Jan Steen, who, by means of his superior intelligence, and the amusing sallies of his inexhaustible wit, exer-

JAN STEEN.

cised an irresistible influence over him. This painter of rich interiors and silk dresses yielded in spite of himself to the ascendancy of Jan Steen, even following him into the midst of taverns, and there passing whole nights in a state of oblivion. Nevertheless, completely as he was ruled by his friend, Mieris had, in his turn, and perhaps without being conscious of it, a decisive influence over the manners of Steen; by this, however, we do not mean his manner of thinking, but his manner of painting. This influence is often perceptible in the larger works of the tavern philosopher. One often meets with a

brönze; a guitar hangs from one of the panels; and a beautiful landscape is enclosed in an ebony frame. The repast is composed of delicious fruits, and some ready-opened oysters which glisten temptingly, the sight of which "makes one's mouth water." There are ripe grapes, fine peaches, whose downy skins rival the blush upon a maiden's cheek, and lemons, part of whose golden peel lies beside them. Such was the reciprocal influence which Mieris and Jan Steen possessed over each other; and, in connexion with this subject, we remember, that whilst standing before the pretty



THE PARROT.

"Dutch Repast," a "Game at Backgammon," in which the careful execution and soft, tender touch remind one of Mieris; and the elaborate style is then in harmony with the importance of the subject, and the distinguished appearance of all the personages in the picture. There is no coarse drinking, as in the taverns of Adrian Brauwer. Each one plays his part naturally, and sometimes even gracefully; not one ignoble accessory obtrudes upon the order of the house, and the details of the furniture are all in accordance with the refinement of the guests. For instance, on the mantel-shelf is seen a Cupid in

picture which is called "The Parrot" in the Amsterdam Gallery, an amateur came up who, at first sight, took this Jan Steen for a Mieris. In this picture the figures are elegantly dressed and very good-looking. Three gentlemen, their swords at their sides and their short mantles thrown over the back of the arm-chair, are playing at backgammon; a charming woman, negligently dressed in a silk petticoat, is feeding the parrot. Her arms are raised for this purpose, and, her back being turned towards the spectators, her face is only seen in profile; while the parrot, whose cage, in the shape of

a lantern, is hung from the ceiling, is putting out his claw for the tender morsel. A child is feeding a cat, and a matron engaged in cooking some veal on a gridiron, for the gentlemen to eat between the games, completes the charming picture.

"The Aged Invalid" (p. 172) is another of Steen's *genre* compositions. It is conceived in his happiest spirit, and represents an incident common enough in high life in all countries. A rich hypochondriac is servilely tended by various friends and nurses, who, while they feign great affection and care for his person, are every one of them intent upon making a purse for themselves by favouring his whims and fancies. Here, as in many others of Steen's paintings, the physician and family friends are introduced. The nurse-maid is warming the bed, while on the floor are scattered various tokens of sickness—bottles, caudle-pans, cooking utensils, and a chamber candlestick, with which a cat is playing. All is real and life-like, and every figure and object seems to have its place and purpose; and the whole picture is carefully drawn. The colours in the original, which were once bright and transparent, have, however, yielded, says Kugler, to the finger of Time.

But Jan Steen, when he abandons himself to his own fancy, may be easily recognised by the sprightly mirth of his composition. It is almost impossible to find a picture of his in which there is not a sly meaning. He translates popular proverbs with sufficient spirit to relieve their triteness; and, by the appearance of the figures, the appropriateness of their gestures, and the part that each one plays in the comedy of life, according to the character suited to his age, trade, or condition, he gives these proverbs piquancy. Doctors have often called forth the caustic wit of Jan Steen; besides, it was the custom with all the artists of the seventeenth century to turn them to ridicule. Whilst Molière paraded them on the French stage, Jan Steen delighted in painting them, in all the quackery of their gravity, in all the severity of their costume, studied for effect.

The "Dancing Dog," which we give at page 168, may be considered a gem—a complete triumph of artistic arrangement and varied colour. It consists of ten figures, with the dancing dog in the front centre. Jan Steen's whole family are portrayed in this composition. There is the painter himself with his invariably good-natured smile and his violin in his hand—for he was a tolerable musician as well as a good artist—sitting between his wife and mother. The latter offers him a glass of wine,—an offer he was seldom known to refuse,—and the former looks lovingly into his eyes, while she allows his friend to seize her by the hand and invite her to join in the dance. One of his sons plays the flute to the dog, another is dipping water from the vine-decorated water-tub, and a third, a fine plump little fellow, with a whistle in his hand, stands behind in calm contemplation of the joyous scene. Just behind the jovial old lady stands a figure, whom we may suppose to be Franz Mieris, holding a tankard; and in the back centre are a couple of figures with smiling faces, whom the painter probably introduced to fill up the unseemly gap which the disposition of his other figures would have left in the picture. The owl on the wall looks wisely down, as becomes a bird of his staid and solemn nature, while the parrot, released from his cage, seems to listen to the music with quite a critical ear. Trees hang over the garden wall in the extreme distance, and a rich piece of drapery disposed in graceful folds, contrasts admirably with the sameness of the walls before which it is suspended, and gives an air of finish and luxurious refinement to the whole. The accessories are few and simple, and consist—as in most pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools—of the utensils of the table, and the means of enjoyment—drinking cups, dishes, pipes, and so on. This picture is at the Hague, where it is highly esteemed as a good exemplification of the artist's peculiar humour. The painter's family, grouped in various ways, has often formed the subject of his pictures.

Quite different in style and moral feeling is the elegant little picture called "Le Benedicite" (page 169). Here the sentiment is pure and holy; but even here the painter's comic vein

peeps out,—for the dog licks the empty soup-pot, and the toy-ship and child's ball are made accessory to the action of the picture. Peasant life in Holland is nowhere so fully shown as in the compositions of Jan Steen. While in the pictures of Terburg we have the ease and tranquillity of well-bred society, the noise and riot, the humour and jovialty—the high spirits and special license of middle and low life in Holland, is discovered in the paintings of Jan Steen. There is never any difficulty in reading the story which he tells with his eloquent pencil. In the "Dancing Dog," no less than in the "Grace before Meat," we have a simple incident simply expressed. In the one case all is life, fun, and frolic; in the other, an air of tranquil satisfaction and calm prayerful sincerity sits upon all faces; in each the expression is suited to the subject, and a perfect harmony pervades the picture. The whole economy of a Dutch family—their pleasures and their duties, may be discovered in these two pictures.

It is asserted that Jan Steen was related to Metzu, who was, like him, originally from the town of Leyden. It is certain that the style of Gabriel Metzu may be recognised in some pictures of his compatriot; for example, in the "Nativity of St. John," which was in the Braamcamp collection, in 1771, and was sold for 1,210 florins. It is equally certain that Steen painted the portrait of Metzu, and that of his wife: these two portraits appeared in a sale which took place at Paris, in 1774. But that there was the same kind of intimacy between Steen and Metzu, as existed between Steen and Mieris, is not likely, on account of the character and quiet habits of Gabriel Metzu. Houbraken does not mention their friendship; nevertheless, it is probable that this biographer was personally acquainted with the amusing brewer, whose jests he relates, and from whom he bought more than one picture. However, without drawing the elegant and sedate painter from the rich Dutch boudoir to the tavern, Jan Steen could charm him by his conversation; for no one spoke better of his art than he; and, without having learnt its rules, he seemed to have guessed them by the inspiration of genius. We may confidently assert that the great principles, which he has so well observed in his small pictures, could not have been derived either from the instruction of Kimpfer—who was, it is said, his first master—or from his good father-in-law Van Goyen, who was, nevertheless, a very clever man.

How many intellectual harmonies, which have been overlooked by most of the Dutch painters, has Jan Steen perfectly understood! With him every one plays his part and retains his character throughout. Costume, bearing, physiognomy, gesture—each heightens the force of expression, and contributes something to the unity of the figure. The doctor preserves his professional importance; he is clothed in black from head to foot, and is grave from foot to head. The tooth-drawer adds a cock's feather to the peaked hat of the doctor, and gives a little more depth to the wrinkles of his forehead. The jolly peasant is distinguished from the lively citizen. The attitude of the betrothed is not exactly that of the young lover. The action of the notary is in character with his function and his habits; and, as to the drunkard, he betrays himself in the smallest details of his dress, and in the slightest leanings of his body. In short, Jan Steen could not have called forth the apostrophe of Garrick, the celebrated comedian, who, seeing an actor play the part of a drunken man with much truth, by the indecision of his look, the disfigurement of his features, and the embarrassment of his broken talk, while the action of the rest of his body did not correspond to these expressions, said to him: "My friend, thy head is truly drunk, but thy feet and legs are full of sense."

In a fit of ill-humour against the masters of the Dutch school, M. Paillet de Montabert exclaims, "This good man in black, what does he want here? What is he going to do? This is what one asks one's self in the presence of a Dutch picture; but before those of Jan Steen we do not feel the same uncertainty. The figures are characteristic, he has carried to a very high degree of perfection the delicacy, life, and precision of the character. However, but how many Jan Steens are there in this school?" With all the good qualities

indicated in the above criticism, Jan Steen did not make his fortune; indeed, he scarcely succeeded better in his career as a painter, than as a brewer or tavern-keeper. His pictures, so much prized now, were very poorly paid for during his lifetime. They were only to be found then, says Descamps, at wine merchants' houses. He, however, did not trouble himself much about the prices of his pictures, and had neither the talent to value them nor the inclination to take the trouble of doing so. On all occasions he showed a marked contempt for money. It happened one day, that he received some gold as the price of a picture. Immediately, without listening to his wife, who was unwilling to leave any large sum in his hands, he went to the tavern, spent part of the money in drink, and lost the rest in gaming. His wife, seeing him return happy, and in good humour, asked him what he had done with his money? "I have it no longer," said Steen, laughing, "and the best of the joke is, that the companions who have taken it from me think they have duped me, whilst they are dupes themselves. Of all the gold coins which you saw me with to-day, there is not one that is not light. Now, I leave you to imagine how they will look to-morrow, when they discover it!" Light! this word, so amusing in this particular instance, Jan Steen might apply to life—to his own at least. In fact, nothing weighed him down in an existence, passed in observing men, in laughing at their caprices, and depicting their carousals.

Were we to judge from his pictures, we might suppose that not a cloud of sadness had ever come to trouble the serenity of his mind. It was not that he did not see the discouraging side of things, but he did not give himself up to discouragement; and, inaccessible himself to melancholy, it did not throw its shade upon his compositions. There exists a celebrated picture of his, which is the exact representation of human life. It is in the gallery of the Hague, and we should not be able to abstain from giving a description of it here, had we not found one, simple, striking, and brief, in the catalogue *raisonné* of this valuable gallery, arranged by M. Van Steengracht Van Costkapelle. "The subject," says this connoisseur, "seems to point out the different periods of existence. In the foreground some children are playing with a cat; beyond, a woman is courted by a young man; near the hearth an old man is seated, holding a child on his knee; the old man and the child are amusing themselves with a parrot. A servant is cooking some oysters; in the background several persons drink, smoke, and play. A picture, hung upon the wall behind, represents a gibbet, as if to point out the end reserved for those who give themselves up to excess in drinking and gambling. An opening made into the granary beyond, discovers a young man carelessly reclining and blowing soap-bubbles, with a death's head at his side; an impressive allusion to the vanity and emptiness of life. A thick curtain at the top of the picture is suspended above these various personages, and seems to threaten, by its fall, to end this whole scene of human action. There is nothing in painting more ingenious or more striking than the simple idea of this vast curtain, which immediately gives one to understand, that the scene represented is the "Comedy of Life."

Jan Steen had six children by Margaret Van Goyen, who died before him; but, as if not contented with these, he took it into his head to contract a second marriage with a widow named Mariette Herkulens, who had two children of her own. This large family constantly furnished models to the painter; he delighted to represent them with disordered hair and dress, in all the sprightliness of their frolics, observing the variations of age, from the extreme simplicity of the little girl who plays with a rattle or teases the cat, to the comical gaiety of the lad of fourteen, who already assumes the manners of a man. His old parents also figured in his pictures whenever he wished to represent old age, so that, like a true philosopher, Jan Steen observed the whole human family without leaving his own; and there was nothing, even to his spotted dog, which he did not admit to the honours of painting, and consider worthy to represent his whole race. The Dutch have a proverb, which, when translated, runs thus:—"As the old sing, the young

whistle." Wishing to illustrate this saying, and to characterise the pleasures of each age, Jan Steen painted the portraits of all his family, in a picture which may be seen in the Museum of the Hague, and which is rendered still more valuable by the artist's having represented himself, between his two wives, Margaret Van Goyen and Mariette Herkulens. These persons were both good-looking, the first especially, if we may rely upon the brush of their husband, who, however, was not a man likely to flatter either them or himself. Mariette Herkulens sold ready-cooked calves' and sheep's heads and feet in the market. Steen's union with her was not exactly a prudent marriage, and the poor painter saw his increased family sink into the deepest misery; but for this he appears to have shown little concern.

The day of St. Nicholas is in Holland the children's fête, and it is known that on that day fathers and mothers are accustomed to fill the shoes of their little ones with all sorts of playthings and sweetmeats, making them believe that St. Nicholas came during the night to throw these *bonbons* down the chimney for them. Jan Steen has treated this subject in several of his works, and it is evident that, like a good father, he often celebrated the fête of St. Nicholas. With the exception, perhaps, of Hogarth and Wilkie, among the modern artists, no painter—certainly no painter of the Dutch school—has carried the expression of human sentiments, as they are discovered in private and familiar life, to so high a degree of perfection as Jan Steen. What variety of physiognomy; how much truth of character! Whilst from a window in the background the grandmother, playing the part of the saint, throws dainties into the fire-place, the children rush to pick up the presents which the good saint sends them. They hurry forward, push against each other, upset the chairs, and tumble on the ground. A little girl holds out her apron, her eye expressive of hope and faith, and a boy, cap in hand, goes a begging among his more fortunate rivals. A baby, with outstretched arms, seems to claim his share; and the servant, animating the competitors with voice and gesture, seems to say, "You see what it is to be good!" We may repeat what M. Burtin has justly said of Jan Steen, that not only can we perceive the thoughts of each person in this picture, but we seem to hear what he says.* The most amusing and comical figure in this composition is that of a boy of nine or ten years of age, who, carelessly leaning against the chimney-piece, smiles, with an intelligent and superior air, at the innocence of his little brothers, and seems quite proud of knowing that St. Nicholas has nothing to do with the matter. Play of feature could scarcely be rendered with greater truth than in the works of Jan Steen, and, except perhaps Chardin, we should scarcely find his equal, in this respect, among the masters of the French school. The Dutchman has thus secured for himself a lasting celebrity. "So long as there is expression in your pictures," wrote Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) to an artist friend of his, "you may congratulate yourself upon your works. That constitutes the essence, and renders many faults excusable, which one would not pardon in an ordinary artist."

Houbraken relates, that he long possessed and preserved in his house one of Steen's pictures, which was afterwards sold to the Duke of Wolfenbuttel. The subject of this picture was the signing of a marriage contract. The attitudes and gestures of all the figures are so natural and so expressive, that the spectator imagines himself to be present at the ceremony, and even to take part in it. The two fathers-in-law, completely bent upon asserting their respective claims, are explaining them with much earnestness to the notary, who, pen in hand, listens with a grave and attentive air. The bridegroom, transported with anger, throws his hat upon the ground, together with the wedding presents. He shrugs his shoulders, raises his hands, and looks at his affianced bride, as if to give her to understand that he takes no part in such vulgar calou-

* *Traité théorique et pratique des Connaissances qui sont nécessaires à tout amateur de tableaux*, par François Xavier de Burtin, Brussels, 1808. M. de Burtin describes this "Fête of St. Nicholas" as having formed part of his own collection.

lations. She appears moved, and as a return of tenderness, casts her eyes, full of gratitude and love upon her future husband. "It must be confessed," says Houbraken, "that this picture is admirable for expression.

Amongst the friends of Jan Steen was the Chevalier Karel de Moor, the celebrated painter of Leyden. In one of the frequent visits which he paid to his countryman, hearing that Mariette Steen had long teased her husband to paint her portrait, and that Steen continually promised, but never kept

husband, could not help laughing at this joke, and her portrait, thus completed, appeared to her more charming than ever.

Happy the painters who have excelled in expression, in character! They are certain of renown during their lives, and of fame afterwards. If the number of amateurs who appreciate the properties of touch, delicate *impasto*, purity and felicity of tone—in short, all that constitutes the technical in art, is limited; on the other hand, almost every body of any



THE DANCING DOG.

his word, Karel de Moor offered to pay her the compliment of executing the long-desired picture. She joyfully accepted his offer, and dressed herself in her smartest clothes for the occasion. The picture finished, Mariette immediately carried it to Jan Steen, who highly approved of it. "There is but one thing wanting," said he, "which I will add." Then, taking his palette and brushes, he painted, in a few strokes, a large basket hanging on her arm, filled with sheep's heads and feet. "You understand," said Steen, "that without this basket you would not be known." The wife, as philosophical as her

enlightenment is able to understand the thoughts which an artist has translated by his brush, and is solicitous at least to appear interested in them. We do not mean to say that ingenious turn of thought can compensate, in painting, for feebleness of execution; but, when the execution is sufficiently vigorous to please the eye, it is a great advantage to the popularity of the artist to awaken in us sentiments and ideas, the effectiveness of which is independent of the prejudices of schools and of national and local customs. By working upon the human mind, which has always points of resem-

JAN STEEN.

blance, one may suit the taste of the most opposite people. Such has been the fortune of Jan Steen, one of the masters of the Dutch school, whose works command the highest prices even in our day. Holland and England, especially, contend for his pictures, which, however, do not always need the indulgence that the comic humour of the painter might fairly claim for them. In fact, if there is a want of uniformity in his painting, if it is sometimes poor, inconsistent, and blame-

tures—as, for instance, in the “Sick Young Woman;” but he certainly had two manners. Sometimes his composition is hurried, careless, too uniformly brown in tone, and his colouring seems harsh and inharmonious; sometimes he painted with a clear and exquisite colouring, in the elaborate style of Micris, but with more liveliness than that master. This latter style is especially marked in Jan Steen’s “Country Wedding,” in the museum of Amsterdam. It is a little *chef-d’œuvre*, in



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

able, on account of the carelessness of execution; on the other hand, his pictures are often carefully finished and executed with firmness, in the style of Gabriel Metzu. They are rendered piquant by a touch of humour, and their tints are charmingly fresh and clear. We do not know whether it is true that all the drunken and disorderly habits, to which Jan Steen abandoned himself, were the cause of the extreme negligence which is observable in certain portions of his pic-

tures, which the light is as well managed, and the execution as rich, as in a Van Ostade. Jan Steen has occasionally the vigour and depth of Peter Van Hooghe, and his painting proves that execution is subordinate to intellect, and that the mind guides the brush at least as much as the hand.

The interiors of Jan Steen, like those of Ostade, are taken from a raised point of view, so that the figures which are in the further part of the room are not hidden by those in

the foreground. A second window is generally introduced in his backgrounds, to throw light on the distant figures and objects. Then the number of utensils is less than with the other Dutch painters: Jan Steen had too much sense to multiply them uselessly and without measure. No superfluity is found in his pictures, and if the painter introduce some kettles, a frying-pan, a pestle, or other utensils, it is only to recal the familiarities of domestic life. Like Metzu, Steen liked to paint framed pictures to adorn the walls of his "Repasts," his "Joyous Meetings;" and it is remarkable that these frames are always filled with noble subjects—engagements of the cavalry, heroic landscapes, and fabulous scenes, as, for instance, the conflict between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

Jan Steen died, in 1689, at the age of fifty-three. He left nine children, concerning whose future he never troubled himself.* The son he had by his second wife was named Thierry, and practised sculpture at the court of a German prince. Of the other children nothing is known.

Dr. Franz Kugler, a most friendly and judicious critic, thus speaks of the character of Jan Steen as an artist:—"His works imply a free and cheerful view of common life, and he treats it with a careless humour, such as seems to deal with all its daily occurrences, high and low, as a laughable masquerade, and a mere scene of perverse absurdity. His treatment of subjects differed essentially from that adopted by other artists. Frequently, indeed, they are the same jolly drinking parties, or the meetings of boors; but in other masters the object is, for the most part, to depict a certain situation, either quiet or animated, whilst in Jan Steen is generally to be found action, more or less developed, together with all the reciprocal relations and interests between the characters which spring from it. This is accompanied by great force and variety of individual expression, such as evinces the sharpest observation. He is almost the only artist of the Netherlands who has thus, with true genius, brought into full play all these elements of comedy. His technical execution suits his design; it is carefully finished, and notwithstanding the closest attention to minute details, is as firm and correct as it is free and light."

This artist, who never painted for the mere pleasure of painting, has had the honour of being cited by Sir Joshua Reynolds as one of the most eminent masters. He says of him, that if with his genius he had had better models, in point of taste, he might have ranged with the greatest pillars of art. His lasting renown is not to be accounted for by the numerous anecdotes which the Dutch historians have related of his life, and which are all more or less ridiculous, but arises from the fact that his pictures, being full of sense and sly humour, remarkable for expression, and amusing from their comic meaning, delight all those who, not wishing to have their minds uninterested in the admiration of works of art, look for something else in painting than the representation of a carpet, the execution of a silk dress, or the delicacy of a tone.

Jan Steen, perhaps the most jovial and lively of Dutch masters, has treated every kind of subject, domestic, grotesque, and bacchanalian scenes, conversation pieces, landscapes, history, and religion. By his hand are "The Continence of Scipio;" "Jesus Preaching in the Wilderness;" "The Marriage of Cana," &c. &c.; but let us observe that the comic sentiment of the artist penetrates even these compositions.

At any rate, the superintendents of public museums, as well as amateurs, endeavour, with a very justifiable earnestness, to obtain the works of the celebrated Dutchman.

In the royal collection of Windsor Castle there is a fine specimen of Jan Steen's best period. It is the interior of a Dutch cottage, with the inmates preparing for a meal. Although a small picture, being only fifteen inches in height and twelve in breadth, it is full of evidences of Steen's peculiar method of treatment, and homely, though forcible style. It consists of eight figures in all: in the front is a man with a pipe, playing with three children, while a woman is laying a

cloth on a table behind, and others are engaged in the processes of cooking at the fire. It is hung in the apartment called the King's closet, between a picture attributed to Andrea del Sarto and a Holy Family of Teniers.

Neither at the English National Gallery, nor at Dulwich, which is rather famous for Dutch and Flemish pictures, is there a single specimen from our painter's easel.

In the private galleries of English noblemen and gentlemen, however, there are many pictures illustrative of what may be called low life in the Netherlands. Thus, besides the seven pictures of Jan Steen's in Queen Victoria's private collection, there are several examples of our master's best manner in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Ashburton, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Hope, Mr. Munro, the late Mr. Beckford, the Earl of Searisdale, and the Marquis of Bute, besides numerous genuine Steens in the houses of amateurs of art.

Her Britannic Majesty's private collection at Buckingham Palace contains by far the most rare examples of the Dutch masters in England. This collection was originally formed by George the Fourth, whose predilection for Flemish and Dutch pictures is well known. Through the agency of Lord Farnborough, many of the most precious specimens of Jan Steen's pencil were secured to this country. Of the seven pictures by this master, the most celebrated in this collection is "A Family Party," in which the painter has introduced himself playing on the violin. The group consists of eleven persons, all of whom are amusing themselves in various ways—card-playing, singing, and laughing. There is a vast deal of humour in this composition, and the treatment is more than commonly careful; but the tone of the colour is considered by artists rather too dark in some parts—an accident which may possibly be the work of time and the picture cleaner. "Twelfth Night," a group of twelve persons, with the king of the revels in the centre. "A Company of Country People indulging in riotous mirth before the door of a Public-house;" "The Card Party," a small composition, consisting of four figures; "The Village Feast," which represents the interior of a tavern, with a number of country people eating, drinking, and dancing; a nameless picture, having for its subject a young lady at the toilet; and one other completes the list. Of the last in our list, Dr. Waagen* does not presume to offer an opinion, though of the "Village Feast," and the "Maiden's Toilet," he speaks in high terms. The one he pronounces to be "full of the happiest and merriest thoughts, but at the same time delicately finished;" and of the other, he says, "that in admirable *impasto* and spirited execution it rivals the finest Metzu;" and that the "bright masterly graduated light and the cool harmony of the colours, in which blue and purple prevail, make this one of the choicest pictures of the master."

Lord Francis Egerton's collection of paintings—known as the Bridgewater Gallery, from its founder, the duke—is famous also for its examples of the Dutch and Flemish masters. The Village School of Jan Steen, a picture which cost its owner no less a sum than £1,500, and one or two smaller specimens of the same master are deservedly esteemed.

Lord Ashburton's collection of paintings at his house in Piccadilly—permission to view being easily obtainable—is one of the lions of the metropolis. The two specimens of Jan Steen—which hang beside other worthy examples of art from the Netherlands—are especially commendable for "the care and delicacy of their finish, the humour of their incidents, and the warmth of their tones." These quoted words are those of a most learned art-critic; but as one of the finest of these paintings has been selected by our artist for illustration, we may be excused if we dwell a little longer upon its peculiarities. THE GAME OF SKITTLES (p. 173), is one of Jan Steen's most successful pictures; and not its least merit is its entire originality and genuineness—its history, from the celebrated Poulain collection to that of Prince Talleyrand—through seven cabinets, in fact,—having been clearly traced. It is a composi-

* Works of Art and Artists in England. By Dr. Waagen.

tion of nine figures, and is painted on panel, 13½ inches in height, and 10½ inches in width—a size not uncommon with the best of the Dutch masters. Two men are playing at skittles in the foreground, with a couple of boys watching the game; while, on the grass to the left, are seated a young man and woman, the latter drinking from a long Flemish glass, and a man smoking a pipe with a pitcher of liquor before him. A horse belonging to one of the company stands patiently by the fence, an old fellow appears in the field beyond, and looks longingly over at the group upon the grass, and a woman is seen in the background, as if trudging homewards. This picture has been pronounced a “model of picturesque arrangement;” but we may go farther than that, and say, that for careful finish, delicacy of tone, cheerful humour, and freedom from coarseness and vulgarity, this picture of Jan Steen is superior to many attributed to him. Indeed, the spirited execution of the landscape, in which the effect of a bright evening sunlight is well and feelingly represented, and the minute touches of nature everywhere observable, stamp this as one of the most successful of the Dutchman’s pictorial efforts. “Worthy of Cuyp,” was the late Mr. Turner’s exclamation on looking at this picture when it was first placed in its present position; and worthy indeed it is of all praise, as an incomparable specimen of careful finish and brilliant execution. How different are the manner and moral of the little engraving under the portrait—a reduced copy of a large engraving in the Munich gallery.

In the Duke of Wellington’s collection, at Apsley House, are several fine examples of Jan Steen. One of the most striking is that to which we have already referred.—“The Topsy Mother.” This is really quite a moral lesson. The mother, sleeping off the fumes of the liquor, sits stupidly in the centre of the room, while one of her sons empties her pockets, and two others assist in conveying away the purloined property. The eldest daughter is engaged in an evidently interesting conversation with her lover, while a fiddler romps with the servant-girl. Confusion and riot reign supreme; but with all this, and over and above the humour and truth of the delineation, “this picture has the merit of careful execution and clear colouring.”

Mr. Hope’s gallery contains three good pictures—“The Glutton,” and its companion, “The Christening;” and another of a large company singing and dancing before an ale-house. Of the first, Dr. Waagen says:—“The expression of boundless thoughtlessness and total absorption in transitory sensual pleasure was perhaps never represented in such a masterly manner as in this jolly fellow, who, with his whole face laughing, looks with the most wanton complacency at a pretty girl, who presents a glass of wine to him, while an old woman is opening oysters for him. In the foreground is a dog, and in a back room two gentlemen playing backgammon. The picture of Fortune over the mantel-piece, with the inscription, ‘Lightly come, lightly go,’ is like similar allusions in Hogarth’s pictures. Marked with the artist’s name and 1661. The careful execution is at the same time as spirited and free as the conception, the colouring glowing and powerful, the light and shade equal in clearness and depth to De Hooque.”

In the collection, formed by the late Mr. Beckford, the author of “Vathek,” at Fonthill Abbey, near Bath, was a famous picture, called the “Progress of Intemperance,” of which we have already spoken, in page 3. This picture—which is two feet nine inches in height by three feet in width—may be traced through the well-known collections of Danser, Hyman, Smeth, Van Alpen, Sereville, and Dalberg. The sum of 220 guineas, for which it was sold at the dispersion of Mr. Watson Taylor’s collection, proves that, even in England, the best pictures are sometimes sold at prices which, compared to those obtained on the continent occasionally, are not considered very high.

Lord Northwick’s collection contains the “Marriage of Cana,” not a very successful painting; and in the Marquis of Bute’s gallery, at Luton, are three pictures by Jan Steen, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen:—“1. A Cock-

fight. A composition of twelve figures, full of happy thoughts. An old Man holds out his hand to a young Man, to receive payment of a bet, at which another laughs. In clearness of colouring too, in spirited, and, at the same time, careful execution, it is one of the finest works of the master. Two feet ten inches high, three feet nine inches wide.—2. Stragglers plundering a Farm. Most powerfully impressive by its dramatic truth! The Desperation of the farmer, who would attack the soldiers with a pitchfork, but is held back by his wife and child; the insolence of the soldiers, one of whom cocks his musket, and another fires at some pigeons, form a striking contrast with two monks, who, enjoying themselves in eating and drinking, endeavour to make peace. Likewise very carefully executed. One foot eight and a-half inches high, one foot eight inches wide.—3. A Girl in white silk, and otherwise elegantly dressed, listens with pleasure to a richly-dressed young man, playing on the lute. An old man, behind a pillar, is watching them. In such pictures, which he rarely painted, Steen is very nearly equal to Metzu in clearness, force, and delicacy, but in general excels him in dramatic interest. One foot three inches high, one foot wide.”

The Louvre possesses only one, but it is of a superior quality, although Mr. Smith, and the surveyors of the museum, who, in 1816, valued it at £32, do not consider it a good specimen of the painter’s talent. This picture is worth £1,200. It represents a “Village Banquet.”

The Belvidere Gallery, at Vienna, contains two, a “Village Wedding,” and a “Dutch Family,” a capital picture, dated 1663. The figures are one-third the size of life.

At the Pinacothek, at Munich, there are also two, “Some Boors quarrelling;” and “A Doctor feeling the pulse of a Sick Woman.”

The Royal Gallery at Dresden contains only one, which represents a “Woman feeding her little Child.”

The Royal Museum at Amsterdam is rich in this master’s productions, it contains as many as eight. “The Portrait of the artist;” “Villagers returning from a Fête;” “A Scourer;” “The Baker;” “A Quack;” “St. Nicholas’ Day, an excellent picture, with a very lively composition;” “The Backgammon Party;” and a “Country Wedding.”

At the Hague are six pictures by Jan Steen, “The Family of the Painter;” “Representation of Human Life;” “A Doctor feeling the pulse of a Young Girl;” “A Dentist;” “A Poultry-yard;” and lastly, “A Doctor going to pay a visit to a Sick Person.”

The Hermitage, St. Petersburg, “The Sick Girl and the Doctor.”

In the Royal Museum of Berlin is found, “A Familiar Scene.”

The Frankfort Museum includes “The Interior of a Room;” and a “Doctor dressing a Man’s Wounds.”

In the Florence Gallery, “Peasants seated at Table in an Arbour;” and “The Young Violinist;” are the only examples of Jan Steen.

In the museums of the departments of France, there are some beautiful works of this master.

At Montpellier are the “Repose of the Traveller;” and “A Familiar Scene.” They both bear the signature of the master, and were bequeathed by M. Valdeau to the museum of this town.

At Nantes, there is a single picture of Steen’s, called “Topers seated at Table.”

Rouen possesses a gem, known as “The Loves of Jan Steen.”

In the private collections of noblemen and gentlemen are to be found the most beautiful productions of our lively artist.

At M. Delesserts, in Paris, “The Interior of a Kitchen,” and “St. Nicholas’ Day.”

It was not till lately that Jan Steen’s pictures became known in the public sales of France, where their number has never been considerable.

At the Gagnat sale, in 1768, “A Dutch Interior” sold for £18.

At the Duc de Choiseul’s sale, 1772, “A Sick Old Man,”

of which we here give an engraving, fetched £32 10s. "The Interior of an Alchouse," which heads this biography, realized £699 10s.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, 1777, "A Topsy Woman," who is being carried away in a wheelbarrow, while a little boy squirts water at her with a syringe, produced £64.

At the sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777, "The Skittle Players" went for £64; "The Lesson on the Harpsichord" for £48.

At the Calonne sale, 1788, "The Villagers' Dance" fetched

At the Van Leyden sale, 1804, "La Fiancée Précoce" went for £79.

At the Lampérière sale, 1817, "The Doctor and his Young Patient" reached £462, after a smart competition. This is a picture admirable for finish, firmness of touch, and brilliancy of colour. It contains three figures; the sick girl, her mother, and the doctor.

At the Rouge sale, 1818, "The Village Wedding" sold for £72; "La Danse de l'Étuf" for £120; "The Lesson on the Harpsichord" for £281 10s.



THE AGED INVALID.

£84 10s. This picture came from M. de Montrblou's collection.

At the Duc de Praslin's sale, 1793, "The Lesson on the Harpsichord," from Randon de Boisset's collection, produced £52.

At the Robit sale, 1801, "The Dancing Dog," which we here give (p. 8.), was purchased for £112. This picture came from the rich collection of M. Nogaret.

At the Lanjeac sale, 1802, "The Skittle Players," from the cabinet of Randon de Boisset, was knocked down for £110, and "The Betrothal," for £70.

At the Lampérière sale, 1823, "A Familiar Scene" was purchased for £60; and "The Comic Concert" for £19.

At M. Erard's sale, 1832, "The Village Wedding" brought £196; "The Pleasures of the Kermess," £75.

At the sale of the Duc de Berri, 1837, "The Marriage of Cana" sold for £540. This picture has been added to Van Leyden's celebrated collection; it was the delight of the dowager, to whom it was brought every day, as a powerful specific against ennui, thoughts of sorrow, and of her approaching end!

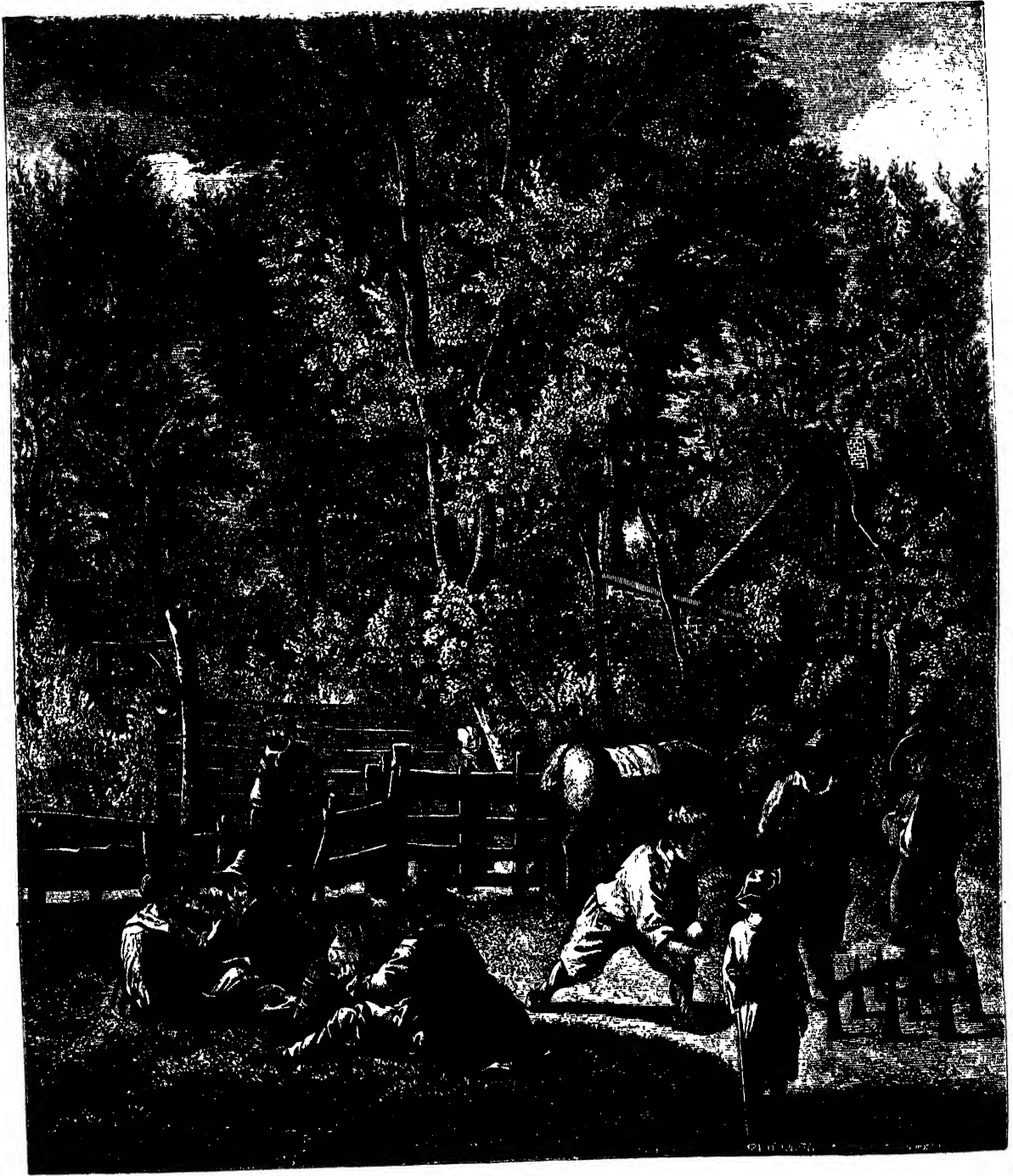
At the Heris' sale, 1841, the picture called "Indisposition" went for £224; and "The Wedding" for £112.

At the sale of the Count Perreaux, 1841, "The Servant Girl dressed in a red Boddice" fetched £398.

At Paul Perrier's sale, in 1843, "The Marriage of Cana," from the collection of Duc de Berri, was purchased for £660.

£482 10s. The painting in this last picture seems to bid defiance to Terburg, Gerard Douw, or Metz, on account of its elaborate finish and the beauty of the touch.

The drawings of Jan Steen are, like his paintings, full of animation and wit. We have seen a charming one, containing thirteen figures, amongst which is that of a little boy, who is beating a drum before the door of a house.



THE SKITTLE PLAYERS.

At the Vasserot sale, in 1845, the well-known picture "Resistance," and its companion, "The Lost Bird," sold together for £90.

At the Meffre sale, in 1845, the "Fête des Seigneurs" sold for £268.

At Cardinal Fesch's sale, at Rome, in 1845, "The jovial Repast" went for £328, and "The after-dinner Nap" for

Jan Steen signed most of his pictures thus:

J. Steen
1672

SALE OF MR. WOODBURN'S PICTURES.

THE late Mr. Woodburn was well known as a collector of paintings, and often employed in that capacity, both by English noblemen and gentlemen, and by the government. His collection of pictures, including works of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and German schools, was recently put up for sale by public auction. As might be expected from the position he occupied, many of them are productions of a high order, and the large sums for which they were sold showed the estimation in which they are held by connoisseurs. Of the Italian school, three were described as Raffaelles, several as specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, and one as the work of Buonarrotti. Doubts have been expressed as to the authenticity of some of these, particularly that of "Christ bearing a Cross," by Da Vinci, and the "Saint John," by Raffaele. These doubts are founded partly on the anatomical modelling of the figures, and partly on the elaborate foldings of the drapery. That they were pretty generally entertained, is proved by the prices at which these pictures were knocked down. The total proceeds of the sale were £7,500. Among the paintings which sold best were the following:—"The Madonna of the Immaculate Conception," which was painted by Murillo for the Royal Family of Spain, and once belonged to the Infante Don Gabriel, was purchased by Mr. Farrar for 1,000 guineas. It is described in the catalogue as "the finest in England." Mr. Uwins bought "The Adoration of the Virgin," by Giorgione, for 500 guineas, in the name of the government. This picture represents the Virgin sitting with the infant Jesus, St. Joseph

by her side, and a Venetian general in armour kneeling before her, while his horse is held by a page. A convent is seen in the distance. The composition of the picture is strange, but the colouring is very rich and the treatment majestic, especially that of the Holy Mother, whose attitude and features display great spirituality. "The Magdalen," by Titian, fetched 210 guineas. "A Spacious Landscape, with a Village on a River and Figures," painted by Wouvermans, and bearing date 1699, formerly in the Duchess de Berri's gallery realised 405 guineas. "The Virgin Weeping over the Body of Christ," by Guercino, produced 250 guineas; "The Holy Family," by Vaga, 370 guineas; "The Marriage of Saint Catherine," by Poussin, 175 guineas; "The Virgin and Saint Joseph kneeling over the infant Jesus," by Perugino, 153 guineas; "The Tribute Money," a composition of twelve figures, by Rembrandt, engraved by M^r Ardell, 380 guineas; "The Virgin," by Raffaelelli, 145 guineas; "Saint John, in a Landscape, Preaching," by Raffaele, 135 guineas. Other lots were—"Bacchus and Ariadne on the Shore of the Island of Naxos, with Nymphs and Satyrs," by Guido, for 145 guineas; "The Virgin," by Henling, for 121 guineas; two paintings of rural scenes, by Cuyp, for 115 guineas each; "A Landscape," by Wouvermans, for 181 guineas; "An Italian Landscape," by Wilson, for 150 guineas; "A Classical Landscape," by Claude, for 101 guineas; "A Frozen River, with a Village," by Van der Neer, for 106 guineas; "An Interior," by Terburg, for 93 guineas; and "The Duke of Urbino receiving the Order of the Garter," by Francesca, for 80 guineas. This last was purchased by Colonel Phipps.

THE WATERFALL, BY RUYSDAEL.

THE works of Jacob Ruysdael—who was born in Harlem in 1636, the same year as Jan Steen, and died in 1681, a few years before his comic contemporary—present a great and astonishing contrast to those we have just had under review. If Steen was well known for his *genre* and conversation pieces, Ruysdael was as famous for his shadowy landscapes, and exquisite, because natural, sea-pieces. This painter, says Sir Edmund Head, is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole school of Dutch landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorrain, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something which was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brook—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are in fact a renewal of that old worship of the spirit of nature which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man, but such features in general stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements. Thus it is that the pictures of Ruysdael form the strongest possible contrast to those of Waterloo and other painters.

Ruysdael's subjects are taken from the scenery of the north, although the tame form of nature which he saw in his immediate neighbourhood rarely satisfied him; or when he did adopt it for his model, he generally impressed on it a feeling of mournful solitude. A simple picture in the Berlin Museum is a good example. It represents an old peasant's hut, behind which are lofty oaks; a little stream runs close by at the foot of a wooded hill, bubbling over bushes and stones; lowering shadows from the clouds are cast over the picture; a bright gleam of sun falls on the stem of an old willow, which

stretches itself upwards like a spectre in the foreground; the scenery is secluded and inhospitable; we feel the desolation in which the inhabitants of the cottage must dream away their existence. Other compositions of this kind bring before us the solitude of shady canals, or the depths of a thick wood, enlivened by the passing bustle of a stag-hunt. In some the works of man form the point of interest, but decayed and ruined by the elements. Of this class is the celebrated "Monastery" of the Dresden Gallery—a picture of a deep and peculiar poetic character—but above all his "Churchyard," in the same collection. In this last we see in the background the ruins of a once mighty church, obscured by a passing storm of rain; the whole scene around is wild and desolate, partly covered with bushes and brambles or with aged and decayed trees. This wildness extends even to the churchyard, in which monuments of varied forms give evidence of its former importance. A foaming stream in the foreground finds its way into the waste, even through the tombs, whilst a gleam of sun lights up its eddies and the adjoining graves.

Ruysdael more frequently delineated nature in her grander forms, such as rocky heights surrounded by woods, and torrents rushing between cliffs; sometimes he added a lonely dwelling, which, by its contrast, strengthens rather than softens the horror of the scene, or a shepherd who silently passes on his way over the light bridge. Frequently the scene is perfect solitude, in which the voice of the waters seems to be unbroken by any other sound; on a distant height, perhaps, is a solitary chapel, with the moon behind it, whose beams play upon the foaming waves and dart their single rays of light into the darkness. Pictures such as these are most widely dispersed, and the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Vienna, and the Hague, possess a great number of them. They all display the silent power of Nature, who opposes with her mighty hand the petty activity of man, and with a solemn warning, as it were, repels his encroachments.

In Ruysdael's admirable representations of the sea we find the same grand repose, and the same thorough life and motion of the element. In this line of art also he has executed first-rate works. A large and most excellent sea-piece with a

brisk swell and rain-clouds clearing off, is in the Gallery of the Berlin Museum.

Her Britannic Majesty's private gallery contains one picture by Ruysdael; that of Lord F. Egerton no less than six; and Professor Waagen ascribes to this master another work in the same collection, which usually bears the name of Hobbema. Sir Robert Peel has three fine Ruysdaels: Lord Ashburton's are still more numerous. Besides these, the collections of Sir Abraham Hume, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Hope, must be specially referred to. Waagen speaks with peculiar admiration of a large picture belonging to Mr. Sanderson, and mentions the Ruysdaels at Burleigh and at Luton; more particularly a rare specimen in the latter collection, of the interior of a church, with figures by Philip Wouwerman. The small but exquisite picture called "*Les Petits Canards*," which Smith, in 1834, valued at 150 guineas, sold in 1844 for 360 guineas, at Harman's sale. It should be added that the Louvre, as well as the Gallery of the Hermitage, contains some very fine Ruysdaels.

The exquisite picture on the next page may be considered a good specimen of Ruysdael's most popular manner. In it rock and water, cloud and verdure, action and repose, are blended together in a manner at once natural and magnificent. The name of Ruysdael is said to signify roaring or foaming water; "and thus," says Descamps, "he seemed predestined by his name to be the painter of Cascades." Houbraeken, too, makes no reservation when he praises the transparency and brilliancy of the water in Ruysdael's pictures. "Where is the traveller familiar with the impressive beauties of mountainous countries who cannot find them in the pictures of this great master? At the foot of those steep rocks, how the water falls, foams, and writhes round the ruins it has brought down! It dashes forward from the right, from the left, and from the background of the picture towards the gulf which draws it in; it rushes down, we were about to say, with a hollow noise, for in fact we imagine we can almost hear it. We see it gliding down the slippery rocks, dashing against the rough bark of the trees, and gushing down the rugged bottom of the ravine. We fancy we feel the cold and humid spray falling on our faces. To the left, upon one of the rocks which bound the torrent, is perched a frail cottage, close upon the noisy abyss; and the fragility of this edifice, erected there by the bold hand of some hermit, excites an apprehension as we approach it of some violent assault of the waters that so closely besiege the feeble dwelling. The sky is cloudy, the air oppressed with fog, and great birds are soaring through the loftiest regions of space. The trees are motionless, because the winds have no access to this narrow and confined retreat. The vegetation around it is in admirable vigour. On every rocky point that contains a little earth a tree has taken root. But such is the power of genius, that after having seen in all its magnificent reality the spectacle which the artist has reproduced on a piece of canvas of some few inches in magnitude, nature herself seems to us less grand and less startling than the work of Ruysdael!"

While on the subject of so celebrated a landscape painter, a question of high importance occurs, which had already been raised by the study of Claude Lorraine. Is not the beautiful in art only an imitation of the beautiful in nature? We are of opinion that it is not, and for this reason—but here we must quote the words of a man of taste and genius, an amiable writer, a painter with the pen, who will give our reason better than we could ourselves. "I have here upon my right a fine tree; a vigorous oak, young, leafy, even that of which—

'Le front au Caucase pareil,
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave l'effort de la tempête.'

"Ruysdael, approach! and with those dark mysterious touches peculiar to thy sombre colouring, with those transparent shadows wherein thou knowest how to plunge the branches, paint us this colossus in all its beauty. Forget not, we pray thee the harmonious fissures of this unstained bark;

nor, higher up towards the north, those few leaves which, chilled and tardy in blowing, shelter beneath the stems of their elders their still fragile stalks and tender verdure. On the other hand, I have here upon my left an oak lopped and thick set, recently mutilated by the wood-cutters; it is nothing more than a knotty and twisted trunk, which from its base to its summit has sprouted forth in unequal twigs; on this side the ants have built their granaries in its gaping flanks, and we can see from its oozing and rotten caverns, black and slimy, the sap exuding from the diseased wood. Approach, in thy turn, Karel Dujardin, and with that charm of simplicity, that unaffected feeling, which breathe in thine artless execution, paint for us this pollard stump amidst all its sickly poverty. Forget not, I pray thee, those distorted swellings, those warts which surmount, like downy hair, the tufts of abortive stems, nor those humid black spots which hang like beads of soot upon the hollow channel of the pith.

"Our two pictures being finished, let the amateur enter, and let us observe him. He is ravished, transported. But this seems absurd, for he has certainly seen, many a time, upon the plain or the hill side, without even noticing them, as beautiful oaks as the one, and still more mutilated pollards than the other. How comes it to pass, then, that, on being thus reproduced upon canvas, these two trees yield him so much pleasure? How is it that already they seem not to be trees he is contemplating, but objects which give him pleasure, which affect him, which speak to him; words and language in which he reads some charming thought, expressed with grace and poetry that transport him? It is already clear that this oak, the production of Ruysdael, says things which our oak, the production of the acorn, does not say, and that if fine oaks do spring from the earth, it is nevertheless, in reality, this fine production of Ruysdael's art, and not this fine produce of the earth, which ravishes and transports the amateur."

Amateurs, who above all look at the painting, that is, the execution of a picture, remark in Ruysdael nothing of his touch (for it is blended and but slightly visible, in comparison especially with the *impasto* style of Hobbema) but those warm and bituminous grounds which give so much vigour to his tones, and serve as a basis to their harmony; then the cleverness with which he could render this preparation cold again by a general tint of a bluish and pearly-gray, which is more in accordance with the cast of his reveries; they admire the perfection of his foliage, which, instead of being rounded and *à peu près*, like that of many painters, is rendered with a precision and a tremulous touch imitating the cut-out leaf of parsley; but what they admire above all, are the transparency, the lightness, and depth of his skies. In Ruysdael's clouds are found at once the most beautiful forms of nature and its finest colours and movements. Sometimes they are seen floating rapidly through space, and casting their fleeting shadows over the country; sometimes they are sailing through the firmament with a majestic slowness. The illusion is always complete; the eye follows them, and expects at every instant to see them disappear. In the representation of clouds, Ruysdael has never been surpassed, or even equalled, unless by Guillaume van de Velde and Karel Dujardin; he excels especially in the art of representing those bursts of light when the sun suddenly disperses the rainy clouds and banishes them to the extremity of the horizon. This glimpse of the sky between two storms, this pale and fugitive smile of nature, have been choicing to the artist; they have at least soothed for an instant the morbid melancholy of his heart, and he has therefore rendered them with all the power of his genius. Nothing can be more wonderful in this way than the "*Coup de Soleil*," at the Louvre, known amongst artists as the "*Thicket of Ruysdael*." To attempt a description would be useless: how is it possible to describe a picture which is simply composed of a large dark thicket and a sandy road gilded by a sunbeam?

Grandeur is a quality of the mind. Thus we see how Ruysdael, in his landscapes of two or three feet square, has

succeeded in producing the illusion of profound solitude and infinite space. To produce such great effects, he employed very few means. Trees, water, and sky,—these are all his machinery: men and animals seldom intervene, or they are

monuments of man. Passion, then, was the genius of Ruysdael. What renders his pictures inestimable is, that he has, so to speak, enclosed under their glaze his most intimate and secret sentiments; and on seeing so rare a mixture of

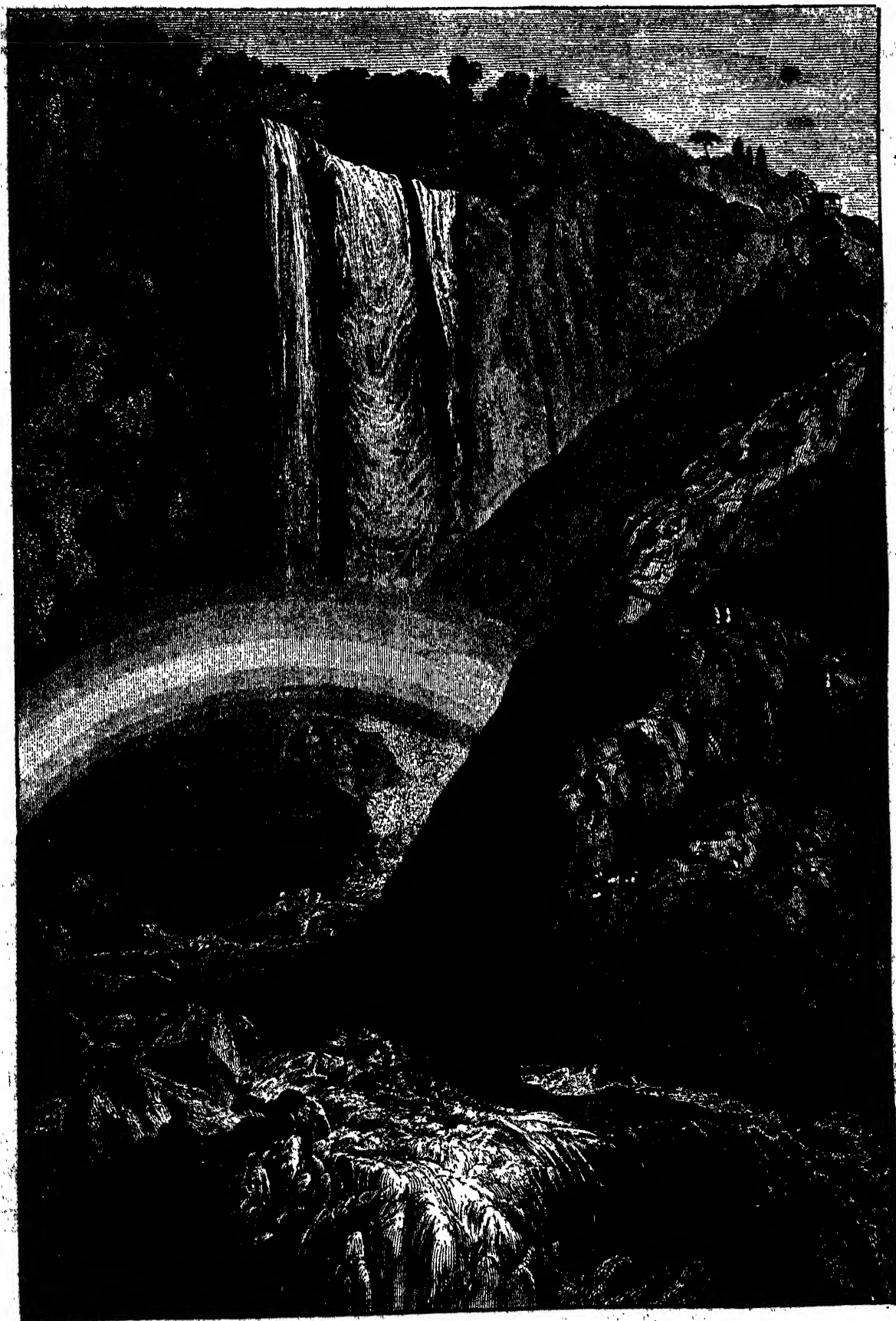


THE WATERFALL. BY JACOB RUYSDAEL.

not done by his own hand. He did not even avail himself of the mournful but commonplace influence of ruined buildings. He only painted the trunks of trees torn up by the tempest, or pieces of rocks carried away by torrents—that is to say, the ruins of nature; for nature has her ruins like the

ineffable poetry and strict precision, it may be said that he painted his landscapes in the obscure chamber of his soul.

Like a true poet, this great painter lived poor, and died young, on the 16th of November, 1681.



CASCADE DE TERNI. FROM A PAINTING BY THE LATE J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

TURNER.

We purpose presenting to the reader two or three specimens of the works of the masters of modern times, for the purpose of supplying him with a few random recollections of the men and their works.

The name of the late J. M. W. Turner has for years been the war cry of one of the great art factions in England, and his pictures have served much the same purpose as the famous shield, about the colour of which two knights-errant belaboured each other all day long, though neither had seen more than one side. He never exhibited a picture in the Academy that did not give rise to the fiercest disputes and recrimination, which were often carried far beyond their legitimate sphere or object. Since his death, however, his works have gradually been assuming their proper rank, and there is hardly a doubt that at the present moment they stand as high in the estimation of all competent judges as those of any artist, either of ancient or of modern times.

We shall now endeavour to put the reader in possession of those points in which he is considered to excel, and those in which he is said to be deficient by those who have devoted most time to the study of his works, and their comparison with the productions of "the great masters."

Before Turner's time landscape painting in England partook very much of the character of young ladies' drawings, or the steel engravings in annuals, at least so far as regarded the subjects chosen. These were generally moonlight scenes, calm sunsets with clear skies, shady valleys, and river banks at summer noon-day. Little change was ever seen in the character of the atmosphere or hue of the sky. People were beginning to get tired of this, when Turner appeared to supply them with a change of fare.

Turner, strange to say, is the only painter who has ever represented the surface of calm, or the force of agitated, water with precision and fidelity. He has obtained this expression of force in falling or running water by fearless and full rendering of its forms. He goes down with the stream or cataract, but never loses himself and his subject in the splash of the fall, or forgets to follow out the details. He does not blind us with spray, or veil the countenance of his fall in its own drapery. It is easy to give the appearance of indiscriminate foam; but nature gives more than foam, she shows beneath and through a distinct outline and character for each wave, and bend, and jet—in short, throws a character of definiteness over the whole. Now Turner is remarkable, above all things, for his dislike of generalities, and for his love of definiteness, and he accordingly discards every thing that conceals or overloads it. In the "Cascade of Terni," one of his Italian views, the whole basin of the fall is blue and dim with rising vapour, and is arched by a rainbow; but, nevertheless, the attention of the spectator is mainly directed to the concentric zones and delicate curves of the falling water itself. The great mistake of most other painters has been that they have given the water a springing parabolic descent, as if it were an enraged prisoner springing eagerly from his bonds: they give it an appearance of activity. Now falling water is in reality, to all appearance, helpless and lifeless, a heavy falling body. Water may leap over a stone, but it tumbles over a fall, abandons itself wholly to the air, and the descent becomes a dead weight. It is the expression of this hopeless abandonment, this utter prostration—if we may so speak—for which Turner is famous. There is no muscle, or sinew, or wiriness, or self-control in his cataracts.

He displays the same wonderful powers of perspective in his treatment of the water as it flows among the rocks after its descent. Water, when once it finds itself in the bed of the river, and commences its onward course, when it meets with any obstructions, does not rush madly onward after surmounting them, but rests awhile in the hollow on the other side, and so it goes on, alternately gurgling round the stones in its way, and then resting again. But if it is going down a steep descent, so that its motion is much accelerated by flowing down a steep incline, it leaps manfully over the

first obstacle in its way; and instead of resting now, it leaps again over the next with increased momentum; and so on in a succession of leaps, until its surface becomes a series of undulations. Turner seizes on these curved lines of torrent, not only as being among the most beautiful forms of nature, but because they are a constant expression of power and velocity, and tell us how the torrent has been flowing before we see it. The leap and splash may occasionally be seen in any quiet lowland scene, but the undulating line is the peculiar attribute of the mountain torrent which has been rushing mid foam and fury, for miles, over rock and fall.

His "Rising Squall, Hot Wells," from St. Vincent's Rock, Bristol, was the first of his works in which he displayed the wonderful mastery of effect for which he afterwards became so famous. He displayed at the very outset one of his chief characteristics, his intense and invariable nationality. The works upon which his fame will longest rest are those in which he has drawn his materials from English life and scenery, and all his foreign scenes, though crowded with surpassing excellences, are still faulty and immeasurably inferior. The author of "Modern Painters" has made the choice of home subjects an essential requisite to success in any department of art, and asserts that no one who has lost sight of this has ever achieved anything striking or original. The Madonna of Raphael is a girl of the Urbino mountains, where he himself was born and reared; Gherlandajo's is a Florentine; Bellini's a Venetian. This is a position which it is hard to dispute. No scenery can ever make, or ever leave, the same impression in our minds as that amidst which our childhood has been passed, and with which our eye from the earliest dawn of observation has grown fondly familiar. To him who has been born amongst the Yorkshire hills and moors, or the downs and slopes of Sussex, no Alpine heights can ever form so striking a picture as to displace from his memory still earlier and far tenderer recollections. Sublimity, grandeur, magnificence, beauty—all give way before the force of habit, for habit it is which trains us to love places or features of scenery which are hallowed by their associations, and so to love them, that, after years of absence, it needs no second visit to enable us to describe them as if they lay before us. It is very much with painting as with language. A man's mother tongue is the only one he can ever speak with grace, force, and precision. He may discourse in foreign languages with fluency and correctness, but every one perceives he is speaking stiffly and by rule, or "speaking like a book," to use a common but most expressive phrase.

This rule is, perhaps, better exemplified in Turner's case than that of any artist in modern times; because his labours embraced a wider range of subjects than those of any other. In his earlier drawings the influence of Yorkshire scenery may be traced unmistakeably—the rounded forms of his hills, and the singular massiveness in his mountain drawings, from which they derive so much of their grandeur—the disregard of effect, the strong love of place, and the intense appreciation of local minutiae. The sale of his drawings supplied him, at a comparatively early period, with the means of travelling, an advantage of which he fully availed himself, and the sketches which he made while on the continent were combined with a large number of drawings of English scenes, in the "Liber Studiorum," a work which he published in imitation of Claude's "Liber Veritatis," but on a much larger scale. The proportion of English subjects to foreign was, however, as two to one, and though the latter comprised some of the grandest and most striking scenes of the Alps, which were peculiarly adapted to the nature of his genius, the former were of a kind peculiarly simple and of everyday occurrence, such as the "Pembury Mill," the "Farm Yard," "Composition," with the White Horse, that with the Cocks and Figs, "Hedging and Ditching," "Watercress Gatherers," a "Scene at Twickenham," and a very fine drawing called the "Water Mill." The architectural subjects, too, instead of being taken from some of the immense buildings of the French,

are almost exclusively English, many of them taken from spots entirely unknown to fame, Rivaulx, Holy Island, Dumblain, Dunstanborough, Chepstow, St. Katherine's, Greenwich Hospital, an English-Parish Church, a Saxon Ruin, and an English Lowland Castle, with a Brook, Wooden Bridge, and Wild Duck. The foreign architectural subjects are three in number and these displaying but little merit. The same remarkable contrast is observed in his execution of the trees, the flowers, the rocks, and even the figures and the costume. English trees, the monarch oak, the horse chesnut, the beech, the ash, the elm, are the only ones he can portray with truth and grace. English faces and dress are the only ones that he can handle easily and familiarly. All these are so many proofs, not so much that he lost his power of perception when he set foot on foreign soil, as that his intense nationality never lost hold of him so as to enable him to divest his mind sufficiently of his home impressions.

After England, he appears to have handled the scenery of France with most success, because, of all the countries of the continent, it is that which in its leading characteristics most resembles England. For grace of stem and perfection of foliage, the French hills are altogether unmatched, and for the study of grace no country in Europe can equal France; so that an artist who wishes to perfect himself on this point can find no better ground. This is true, not merely of the mountainous districts about which tourists rove, and which untravelled readers long to visit--Provence, Auvergne, or the Vosges, but Lowland France, Picardy, Normandy, and the pleasant valleys of the Seine and the Loire. Turner seems to have been the first artist, at least in England, who found this out, and he is consequently the only Englishman who has painted French landscapes with truth, effect, and feeling--some will say the only man of any nation; for many people, amongst others, Mr. Ruskin, deny French landscape painters all power of achieving anything better than wasting good canvas, and wearing out good brushes.

In Switzerland he achieved some brilliant successes; the atmospheric phenomena in the high regions, the wild mountain scenery, accorded well with his taste and genius. But in most of his attempts he failed signally to give an effectual rendering of Italian scenery. He seems never to have been able to enter into the spirit of it, and whenever he made an effort to produce a classical subject, he showed clearly that he neither possessed the knowledge nor the feeling necessary for the task. He drew some vignettes, however, for Rogers' beautiful poem "Italy," and in them he has displayed excellence of the highest order, and seems for the first and only time to have entered into the spirit of the Italian scenery; but his success is owing chiefly to the simplicity of most of the views and the smallness of their size. His larger pictures are full of inaccuracies, of mistakes, and misconceptions. The chief cause of these failures, was, no doubt, his attempt to spread an air of joyousness and brilliancy over scenes that are peculiarly pensive, if not melancholy, to substitute radiance for serenity and fixity of light, and to give the broad, open, and free character of English downs and Scotch moors to a country cabin'd and cribb'd by walls, convents, and terraces. In his earliest works, Turner showed, amidst his many defects, that he was constantly in the habit of referring to nature, and thus atoned for numerous faults that might otherwise have been considered inexcusable. But he gave evidence that, if he but fulfilled the promise that his productions already afforded, he would effect a total change in the received system of art, and he did effect this change.

He had not laboured very long in his vocation when he began to feel that the real colour of nature had never been faithfully rendered by any school of art. It was impossible that this should escape a man whose devotion to nature was so intense, and whose perceptions were so acute. The Venetians, it is true, had given conventional representations of sunlight and twilight, by making the whites golden and the blues green; but no one had ever given an adequate idea of the brilliant, joyous, all-pervading light of the sun, and the million varying hues which external objects assume under

its influence. The finish of nature, too, and the grandeur of nature with regard to particular objects, had been given by many masters; but her fulness, space, and mystery, by none.

To show what changes he effected regarding colour, we must digress a little, in order to explain. Most people have heard the word "tone" used in reference to pictures by connoisseurs, but few really know what is meant by it, and probably many of the connoisseurs are as ignorant as any. Tone has two meanings:--First, "the exact relief and relation of objects against and to each other in substance and in darkness, according as they are nearer or more distant, and the perfect relation of the shades of all of them to the chief light of the picture, whether that be sky, water, or anything else. Secondly; the exact relation of the colours of the shadows to the colours of the lights, so that they may be felt to be merely different degrees of the same light; and the accurate relation among the illuminated parts themselves with respect to the degree in which they are influenced by the colour of light itself, whether warm or cold; so that the whole of the picture, or where several tones are united, the parts which are under each, may be felt to be in one climate, under one kind of light, and in one kind of atmosphere; this being chiefly dependent upon that peculiar and inexplicable quality of each colour laid on, which makes the eye feel both what is the actual colour of the object represented, and that it is raised to its apparent pitch by illumination."

The old masters were all considered great in tone, but they, nevertheless, committed a great mistake in giving the dark objects in the middle distance precisely the same relation to the light of the sky which they have in nature; the light being necessarily infinitely lowered, and the shadow deepened in the same degree. But we must remember that nature surpasses us in her power of producing light, just as much as the sun does white paper; and surpasses us also infinitely in her power of producing shade. So if we start with our best white for the brightest light, and go down our scale, tint for tint, step by step, against nature, we very soon get to our deepest black--lamp-black, which, let it be ever so black, still reflects light from its surface. But nature can give shades still darker, down to total vacuity, from which no ray of light is ever reflected. What, then, becomes of all our intermediate degrees? If we give the same quantity of distance in pitch of shade that nature does, we must pay for this expenditure of our means by totally missing half-a-dozen distances no less important, and in nature no less marked. But this the old masters did. "They chose," says Mr. Ruskin, "those steps of distance which are most conspicuous and noticeable--that, for instance, from sky to foliage, or from clouds to hills, and they gave these their precise pitch of difference in shade with exquisite accuracy of imitation. Their means were then exhausted, and they were obliged to leave their trees flat masses of mere filled-up outline. Turner starts from the beginning with a totally different principle. He boldly takes pure white (and justly, for it is the sign of the most intense sunbeams) for his highest light, and lamp-black for his deepest shade, and between these he makes every degree of shade indicative of a separate degree of distance, giving each step of approach, not the exact difference in pitch which it would have in nature, but a difference bearing the same proportion to that which his sum of possible shade bears to the sum of nature's shade; so that an object half-way between his horizon and the foreground will be in exactly of half tint force, and every minute division of intermediate space will have just its proportionate share of the lesser sum and no more. Hence, where the old master expressed one distance, he expresses a hundred, and where they said furlongs, he says leagues."

This was a bold step for a modern artist to take, and it failed not to bring down on him a load of obloquy; but the man's total indifference either to praise or censure rendered him careless of any unpleasant remark that might be bandied about regarding the artist. His innovations in colour were as great as those in tone. He surpassed, not only the old masters, but all painters of modern times, in brilliancy. But there can

be no question that he was right, and they wrong. When we remember the intense light which nature throws over every object in the external world, so intense and so brilliant, that were a scarlet flower or a blade of grass placed beside any landscape painting, the grandest tints that were ever placed on canvas would seem faint and faded in comparison. If a window were suddenly opened in a room in the Royal Academy, for instance, and the full light of a tropical sunset poured in, how dim and dark and unnatural would every painting on the walls look in comparison with the gorgeous hues of nature. If Turner merely attempted to bring the colouring of painting up to the standard of the great originals, he was certainly not deserving of censure.

an existence. Hence the deep and intense feeling which is displayed in most of the works of the old masters—in the "Crucifixions;" the "Descents from the Cross;" the "Adorations of the Magi;" the "Transfigurations;" the "Assumptions;" the "Flights into Egypt;" the "Last Suppers," of Da Vinci, Raffaele, Rubens, Titian, and Michael Angelo. What they sorrowed over and wept over as a personal grief, we believe as historical facts. They were all that the imagination had to dwell upon. The great and almost boundless field for thought which modern science has since opened up, the great chronicles of the ancient world, which were then unknown, but are now familiar in every mouth, the "wide, wide world of fancy," which modern literature has laid before



SCENE FROM THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

The extent to which authors are at the present day aided in the utterance of their thoughts by illustrations, is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the age. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the romance of religion, if we may so speak, had possession of the public mind, artists endeavoured to give expression to the general sentiment by painting subjects drawn from the early history of Christianity. The whole intellectual life of their day lay in the records of the sufferings and triumphs of the Saviour, his Mother, and his Apostles. The passion which was then thrown into faith and worship, was such as we, in our cold reasoning belief, can form no conception of. That artists should not only partake of this enthusiasm but should give it utterance, is what might have been expected when literature, properly so called, had scarcely

us, the rich store of incident and adventure, with which modern history has furnished us, and all the glorious light of beauty and value which modern research has thrown on a thousand objects which, in the middle ages, were spurned as useless or vile—all these were then unknown. The mind had nothing to dwell upon but sacred history, and in the study and delineation of this, all its passions and hopes, its ardour, its intensity of feeling, its power of execution, and its keenness of perception, were lavished with an open and ready hand. In this there is nothing for us to regret. We can walk through no gallery in Europe without feeling thankful that this outpouring of genius and enthusiasm was confined to so narrow a channel. Had it been shallowed by running over a wider space it might have produced greater variety, but not half so

great excellence. The tendencies of modern art, so far as regards the choice of subjects, have been widely different. History has supplied a rich store of stirring incident for the display on canvas of the noblest as well as basest passions of the human heart. There have been few grand self-sacrifices, few instances of deep devotion, of lofty resignation, few hair-breadth escapes or valorous exploits, which have not had their painter as well as their chronicler. Goodness knows; some of them are only too familiar. We have been present at too many interviews between Richard Cœur de Lion and the archer who shot him; we have too often watched the meeting of Henry and Francis on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; the unconstitutional act of Cromwell in turning the Long Parliament out of doors has been so often repeated in our presence, that we are ashamed to confess we have lost that abhorrence for it, which, as a free-born Englishman, we are bound to feel; Thomas à Beckett has been so often murdered before our eyes that our notions of right and wrong have become, in reference to this particular occurrence, somewhat confused, and losing

possess talents of no common order to save him from the ordinary fate of bores.

It is the less excusable when the literature of fiction offers so boundless a field for illustration. Many a man, whose mind is not sufficiently imbued with the spirit, feelings, and manners of past ages to give to an historical scene all its force, and brilliancy, and precision, may body forth the conceptions of a poet or novelist with passing grace and fidelity. It is easier to seize upon the idea of one man and reproduce it, than to give form and colouring to the thoughts of an age, or the acts of a whole people. We can imagine no more grateful task for a man of taste and sensibility than giving to the airy nothings of the writer a local habitation and a name, reproducing, with all the tints and lines, the form, and features, and expression of life—what had entered in at the ear as but a vague and fleeting image. Let words sketch ever so well,—let a written description be ever so minute, ever so precise, ever so forcible and brilliant, it will fall far short of leaving on the memory an impression so distinct as a picture. The



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF THE ALCHEMIST. FROM HUDIBRAS, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

all sympathy for the unhappy prelate, we have been tempted to consign, not only his assassins, but himself to the charge of a person who shall be nameless. History is certainly a field broad enough to prevent this travelling in the beaten track, and any artist who persists in inflicting upon the public his version of stories that have been often told already, must

eye is ever a more faithful servant than the ear. But for the canvas of Kneller, Macaulay might have sketched the personal appearance of many of the heroes of the English revolution in vain; gorgeous as is his description of the trial of Hastings, until we see it painted, our impressions of it must be feeble and fleeting.

HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was one of the great humourists of the eighteenth century. He filled the place in English art which Fielding and Smollett filled in English literature. Though often considered a mere caricaturist, he was, in reality, a powerful preacher of great truths, a rebuker of folly, and an enforcer and commender of virtue and morality. He knew well the truth of Horace's maxim—

“Ridiculum acri fortius ac melius plerumque secatur res,”

and he made ridicule his vocation. There was nothing cold, harsh, or misanthropic in it. It was not the ridicule of Voltaire—sneering hatred or contempt—but the ridicule of Addison—smiling, kindly rebuking of faults which it half excused.

Hogarth first saw the light in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, on the 10th of December, 1697. The epoch of fashionable folly, town scandal, wits, coffee-houses,

and theatres, had just set in, after the stormy political struggles by which English society had been convulsed, during the beginning and the middle of the seventeenth century. Vice and profligacy had taken the place of the stern simplicity and virtue of the Roundheads. He was the son of a man who wrote school-books, and acted as a general hack to the London booksellers; and the privations and suffering which he underwent were quite sufficient to warn William not to follow in his footsteps. The latter, therefore, abandoned the idea of becoming a classical scholar, and served his apprenticeship with a silver plate engraver. He had, however, acquired knowledge enough to save him from the charge of being an uneducated man, and to enable him to pursue his studies, whenever occasion served, with pleasure and effect. His principal employment in his new sphere of labour was that of engraving the devices of heraldry upon plate and other articles of luxury, and he appears to have displayed diligence and application enough not only to satisfy, but materially to assist his master. He soon grew tired of heraldry, and as soon as his indentures had expired abandoned it. But practice had made him a skilful draughtsman as well as a careful and accurate engraver—no trifling advantages in any walk of art which he might choose to follow. From his earliest attempts in drawing, except designs, he had studiously refrained from copying anything but nature. Copying other men's works he thought resembled pouring water out of one vessel into another. He therefore exercised his memory and imagination as much as lay in his power. After preparation such as this, it was natural to expect something striking and original, and Hogarth made his *debut* as a satirist. The incident which revealed the bent of his talents was amusing enough. He went one Sunday to Highgate with two of his companions, during his apprenticeship. The weather was warm, and they went into a roadside alehouse, and called for beer. Some persons, who had previously entered, were already waxing quarrelsome in their cups. One of them received so sharp a blow of a quart pot upon the head, that he put on an awfully rueful countenance, which Hogarth sketched on his thumb-nail on the spot. The result was a most amusing caricature, which, when handed round the room, restored all parties to good humour. Upon another occasion, a woman who was quarrelling with one of her companions in a cellar, filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously squirted it into her antagonist's eye, in the presence of Hogarth and Hanmore, the printer, the former of whom sketched the scene. The cleverness with which he turned these incidents to account, sufficiently indicated the line of art in which he was likely to be successful; but some time elapsed either before he became aware of it, or the world seemed inclined to patronise efforts of this kind.

Hogarth was never much of a reader, and knew little of book learning. His great aim was to acquire all his knowledge from the study of nature and of mankind, and he had no hesitation in diving for that knowledge to the lowest depths of vice and profligacy. The images he brought back with him were not always very graceful or pleasing, to be sure, but they were none the less instructive and faithful for that.

Hogarth was thirty before he could do much more than maintain himself. This was owing to his being obliged for a long while to divide his time between two very different occupations. Art at that period, for a young beginner, was not a very profitable calling, and the total absence of all protection for the copyright of prints and engravings enabled knavish publishers to pirate such of his plates as displayed any great degree of merit. He was obliged to support his mother and sisters, and, in doing this, he found the griffins and lions couchant and rampant of heraldry more valuable aids than high art. By degrees, however, he worked himself into such a position as to enable him to abandon heraldry altogether, and devote his whole attention to painting and engraving. His skill in the latter was a material assistance, and, placed him far above most others of his profession at least in a pecuniary point of view, as it enabled him to multiply his own works to any extent he pleased. His first work of any

merit proved incontestably that his forte lay in satire. He was, in fact, the Juvenal of art. It was a piece engraved in 1724, and entitled the "Taste of the Town," and afterwards, "The Small Masquerade Ticket," or "Burlington Gate." Its object was much the same as that of Mr. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," to ridicule the follies of the "quality" of the day—their frivolity, idleness, and corruption.

This appears to have stamped his reputation, for, after this, booksellers began to employ him to embellish books with cuts and frontispieces. This was the first real opening of a field of art which has since supplied the public with unnumbered delights. Even Hogarth's attempts in this way were rude enough, were passed unnoticed by most people, and mentioned by Walpole with condemnation only. Still, as a commencement, they are full of interest, above all, as a commencement which has led to all the charming creations of the artist's and the poet's fancy which now lie on the tables of the humblest in the land.

It was in illustrating Butler's "Hudibras" that he first gave a real foretaste of his genius, though even in this he did not by any means do all that might have been done. Of all the poets of the seventeenth century, probably Butler is the one hardest to illustrate. His wit is often so keen, and his touches so delicate, that it is not always easy for the reader to catch their full force, much less for the artist to give them shape and hue on paper; and it was probably in this that Hogarth found his memory and imagination, for the first time, fail him. There are, nevertheless, countless charms in his drawings, but, as Allan Cunningham well remarks, they appear rather where he has departed from the text, than where he has literally adhered to it. We feel pleasure in presenting our readers with one of these illustrations, and to enable those who are not familiar with Butler's great masterpiece to understand it more clearly, we subjoin an extract from the portion of the text to which it refers:—

Hudibras has an esquire with him—Ralpho.

The "argument" will give an idea of what precedes the extract in this canto.

PART II. CANTO III.

Argument.

The knight (i.e. *Hudibras*), with various doubts possess'd,
To win the lady goes in quest
Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-Crucian,
To know the destinies' resolution;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic,
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The conjurer's worsted by the knight.

[Sidrophel, in the course of the dispute, has called Hudibras "*a braggadocio huffer*."]

"Huffer! (quoth Hudibras) this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister:
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a day,
Lest he and Whachum run away."

But Sidrophel, who from th' aspect
Of Hudibras, did now erect
A figure worse portending far
Than that of most malignant star,
Believed it now the fittest moment
To shun the danger that might come out,
While Hudibras was all alone,
And he and Whachum, two to one.
This being resolved, he spy'd by chance,
Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd;
He snatched it up, and made a pass,
To make his way thro' Hudibras.
Whachum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But Hudibras was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard;
He put by Sidrophello's thrust,
And in right manfully he rush'd;

The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the earth along.
Whachum, his sea-coal prong threw by,
And basely turned his back to fly;
But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
As quick as light'ning in the breech;
Just in the placq where honour's lodg'd,
As wise philosophers have judg'd,
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

Hogarth's biography brings out one of the laughable, and yet saddest features in the history of English art. Some of his plates were positively sold by the weight of the copper—at so much a pound! and, what is more extraordinary, the practice seems to have been so common at that time as to have excited little or no surprise. The price, in Hogarth's case, was half-a-crown a pound *avoirdupois*. Thornhill, a painter of no small celebrity in that day, sold paintings to the government at two guineas a Flemish ell. Fancy the state of public feeling and taste with regard to works of art, when such an idea could ever enter any one's head as that of purchasing the conceptions of skill, genius, and intellect by the weight and density of the materials employed in recording them; and fancy, what is more marvellous still, the estimate which artists must have had of the dignity of their profession or the value of their labours, when they could even listen to such a proposal without laughter and contempt!

A better proof of the general want of taste and the stupidity of the times could not be given than the result of an action which Hogarth brought for the recovery of a just and lawful debt. We may reasonably suppose the judge and jury to have been fair exponents of the knowledge as well as of the opinions of the general public. A certain Morris, an upholsterer by trade, engaged Hogarth, attracted, no doubt, by the fame of his plates, to make a design for tapestry. There appears to have been no doubt whatever of his competency to execute the task assigned to him, and the work was proceeding very favourably, when the worthy upholsterer discovered, to his horror, that Hogarth was not a painter, but simply an engraver. He accordingly sent one of his servants to him in all haste, to state his apprehensions. The design was, however, completed and sent home; but on being presented to the workmen, most of whom were foreigners, they, as in duty bound, declared that tapestry could not be executed by it,—rather, we suspect, however, because it was an engraver who designed it, than because the design was bad. Morris refused to pay for it, and Hogarth brought his action for thirty pounds—ten for materials, and twenty for workmanship—and the jury gave a verdict against him, for the simple reason that he was not a painter.

There was a man named Kent in existence at that day, who called himself not only a painter, but an architect, ornamental gardener, sculptor, and general designer and decorator. He was ready for anything, from the leg of a chair to a hero's monument. He encumbered Westminster Abbey with some of the most grotesque, outlandish, and unmeaning blocks of marble ever hewn by a chisel; people consulted him about the make of their furniture, their picture and looking-glass frames, their plate, their barges, their cradles. Two ladies of high rank prevailed on him to make designs for the dresses which they were to wear at court on the birthday. The consequence was, that one appeared in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders of architecture, and the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured satin with ornaments of gold. That the man was an ass there was not a particle of doubt; all that was wanted was some one to make this fact known to the world, which had not discrimination enough to perceive it itself. This task Hogarth very properly took upon himself, and executed it very effectually, by a caricature ridiculing a picture which Kent had presented as an altar-piece for St. Clement's Church. The print put the whole parish in roars of laughter, and the next time the bishop visited the church he ordered it to be taken down. He followed up his success with vigour, and at length

had the satisfaction of seeing the ignorant pretender thrown from his pedestal.

Hogarth had by this time gained for himself an acknowledged place amongst the artists of the day; and as portrait painting was a much more honourable, as well as more profitable occupation than caricaturing, he betook himself to it, mainly for the sake of his wife, a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who had braved the anger of her father in marrying him. He did not succeed well, however, in this department. His best efforts had been made in the display of the busiest and most bustling scenes of town life, the rage of unbridled passion, the abject meanness of low vice, the brutal ferocity of crime and dissipation, the leer of the *roué*, and simper of the hypocrite, and he could not in a minute train his pencil to the delineation of graceful repose, of aristocratic *hauteur*. He who had gained all the celebrity he then could boast by the fidelity with which he had portrayed the types of every folly, passion, and eccentricity under heaven, could not easily bring himself to flatter the vanity of the great by smoothing down deformities, filling up wrinkles, and obliterating moles and warts, turning a grin into a smile, or a squint into a glance. His portrait painting, therefore, though he made some money by it, was decidedly a failure. In noticing his want of success in this department of art, it is pleasant to be compelled to notice a fine trait in his character also: the ability to discern when he had mistaken his vocation, and the resolution to rectify his error. If every one possessed this in an equal degree, we feel certain we should hear less complaints of the wrongs and injustice of the world.

Hogarth, before abandoning portraits, painted two or three which have derived most of their celebrity from the fame of the originals. One was Garrick, the prince of players; another the gentle, good-hearted Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, whose proudest boast was that the savings of his youth and manhood were spent in one of the noblest works of charity, and that in his old age he was poor; the other was that of a man who, though one of the vilest of his race, was instrumental in effecting as great reforms in the British constitution as many a patriot and martyr whom none mention without honour and reverence. Each of these is remarkable for its fidelity; but in the last a little of Hogarth's satirical spirit appears, and makes the fiendish part of Wilkes's nature shine out through his face, and obscure altogether whatever of humanity there was in his expression. It was certainly a caricature, but the likeness was undeniable.

He made a good income by his portrait painting, as it then formed the only lucrative branch of art; and during the whole time he was engaged in it, he was silently laying up materials for the works on which his real and lasting fame rests, those whose manner is satirical, and whose object was moral warning or instruction. The haunts of London vice and folly supplied him with abundance of subjects—which none could have turned to better account. His reasons for turning his thoughts to painting and engraving subjects of a modern kind and moral nature—a field not broken up in any country or age—were, to use his own words, that he thought critics and painters had in the historical style quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. He therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas, similar to representations on the stage, and further hoped that they would be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion. "Let it be observed, that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable."

We quote the above, rather as giving Hogarth's own notion of his work, than as being by any means a true statement of the comparative merits of comedy and tragedy, or, in fact, giving anything like a correct idea of such teachings as appeal to the passions and senses for the effect, as pictures, and the drama, &c. To enable the reader to judge for himself, we shall conclude this notice by a sketch of the works to which he refers. The first of the series was the "Harlot's Progress," which was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a

series of six plates, in 1734. Their success was rapid and decisive. "The boldness of the attempt," says Allan Cun-

wonder a series of productions combined into one grand moral and satiric story—exhibiting in truth a regular drama, neither



THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST. FROM A PAINTING BY J. F. MILLAIS, ESQ., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ningham, "the fascinating originality and liveliness of the conception, together with the rough and ready vigour of the engraving, were felt and enjoyed by all. The public saw with

wholly serious nor wholly comic, in which fashionable follies and moral corruptions had their beginning, their middle, and their end. Painters had been employed hitherto in investing

lades of loose reputation with the hues of heaven, and turning their paramours into Adonises; here was one who dipt both in the lake of darkness, and held them up together to the scorn and derision of mankind."

The subject of the "Harlot's Progress" was the history of one of the unfortunates who atone for the folly of an hour by an eternity of remorse; her arrival in London, fresh from the country, pure and innocent as her mother's tears and prayers and anxious care have made her—her first turning aside from the beaten path of duty—in which women

This to Lady Amelia That, vice, provided it were surrounded by speaking mirrors, gorgeous coaches, Turkey carpets, and all other appliances of wealth and luxury, might seem to the poor and lowly-born, whose pleasures even partook of the hardness and coarseness of their existence, a proud, stately, dignified, and admirable thing; but, as Hogarth represented it, no coalheaver could look on it without blessing God that he knew nothing of it, and without feeling proud that he was neither a polished *roué* nor a fallen beauty. What rendered the satire more effective, was, that many of the prin-



SANCHO PANZA AT DINNER WHILE GOVERNOR OF BARATARIA. FROM A PAINTING BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.
BY PERMISSION OF MR. MARSEILLE HOLLOWAY, COVENT GARDEN.

find their only safety, her deception and ruin, her deceiving of others in her turn, her rise to guilty splendour, her fall to guilty woe, and her final exit from the world amongst wretches as vile and degraded as herself. The work, independently of its artistic excellence, was of signal importance, because it tore away the veil from vice which a corrupt and sensual society had thrown over it, and revealed it in its naked, filthy, and hideous deformity. As the court poets then wrote of it, as the "wits" about town talked of it, as it was retailed in scandal over "dishes of tea" by Lady Betty

principal personages were portraits from living originals, of men about town, famous, or rather infamous for their licentiousness, and of women who were tossed like a shuttlecock from one "protector" to another, as fast as their appetites became palled, of parsons who in their cups forgot the gravity becoming their cloth, and judges the sanctity of their ermine, so that the town laughed, and the culprits winced like galled jades.

The "Harlot's Progress" was followed up by the "Rake's Progress," as a sort of counterpart or pendant. This was

scarcely so successful as its prototype, however, inasmuch as it had not novelty and curiosity on its side. It consisted of eight scenes, illustrative of the folly of a young man, who has just succeeded to a large fortune by the death of a sordid miser. He spends it in London, in cock-fighting, gambling, horse-racing, and every possible species of debauchery, and at last beggared, penniless, forsaken by his fairweather friends, who fawned on him and robbed him in his prosperity, and broken down in constitution through his excesses, he finds refuge in a lunatic asylum, where he ends his days. "The curtain," says Walpole, "was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give these works, which should be immortal, if the nature of his work will allow it."

Both these were printed by knavish booksellers, and published, with a slight alteration in the title, for their own special benefit. The chagrin and indignation which this dishonesty caused Hogarth to feel, led to the first recognition by the legislature of the absolute property of the designer or engraver in the productions of his genius and industry. By his efforts an act was passed in 1735, for recognising a legal copyright in designs and engravings, and restraining copies of such works from being made without the consent of the owners. The phraseology of the act was, however, as is too often the case, a model of verbiage and obscurity, and, within a very short time after its passing, decisions were pronounced under it which were opposed to the common sense of every man who heard them, as well as of the judge who pronounced them, though in strict accordance with the meaning of the legislature, at least as nearly as it could be ascertained.

To commemorate this achievement, Hogarth engraved a small print with emblematic devices. On the top of the plate was a royal crown shedding rays on mitres and coronets,—on the great seal, on the speaker's hat, and other symbols, indicating the united wisdom of king, lords, and commons. Underneath was a complimentary inscription.

Most of his other pieces are representations of scenes in low life in London. Their names, such as "Southwark Fair," "Modern Midnight Conversation," a scene in a cyder cellar or tavern, sufficiently indicate their nature, with several others not so coarse, but equally ludicrous and clever. His next piece, which contained a serious moral, was "Marriage à la Mode." It consisted of a series of six scenes. The daughter of a rich citizen is married to the son of a proud but poor peer. One desires a title, the other wealth, and they get them. The husband is an affected fop, and even on their wedding-day the bride seems more than half-disgusted with him, and is observed listening with an attention ill suiting the occasion to the words of a wily lawyer, Mr. Silvertongue. The result is such as might have been expected. My lord wastes his substance in riotous living, spends his money amongst gamblers, boxers, harlots, winebibbers, and blacklegs of every description. The lady listens to the lawyer still, and frequents houses where large sums are lost by means of "quiet rubbers." Scandal, at last, begins to make free with her name,—and her reputation is finally gone. She consents to a meeting at a masked ball, and after this we see her no more till the last scene but one, in which the artist displays dramatic power of the highest order. In a bagnio, in her night-dress, in an agony of remorse, over the body of her dying and injured husband, who has just received a mortal wound from the sword of her seducer, kneels the unfortunate woman, now, at last, fully awake to her shame and ruin and disgrace. In the closing scene, she again appears in the house of her father, the dying speech of her paramour, who has been hanged for the murder of her husband, lying at her feet. She puts an end to her misery by draining a phial of laudanum. Her infant, who twines its arms round her neck, is the only one left to love her, for her sordid father disturbs her last moments by tearing a costly ring from her finger.

These sketches met with a decided success, so much humour, mingled with so much pathos, so much deep and heart-rending tragedy from a hand trained, as it were, to comedy, the world had never seen on canvas before, and it

evinced its appreciation of the work by the purchase of a large number of the engravings.

He followed it up by another and corresponding series, representing a "Happy Marriage," but this, for what reason is not known, he never carried to completion. In his next production, the moral purpose was more plainly manifested than in any of the others, though the artistic execution was not such as to attract any great amount of attention. In the present day, when education is more extended because its advantages are better known, and when boys are not so prone to run wild as in "the good old times," we question much whether they would attract any share whatever of public notice. But the great scapegoats of those days, the wild hairbrained portion of the population of the metropolis, were the apprentices, and many of the losses and trials of the worthy tradesmen were due to their wildness and folly. When Hogarth, therefore—who had himself been an apprentice, and knew the temptations to which young men in the great world of London, far from their parents, were exposed—took up his pencil to paint the miseries of vice and idleness, and the rewards and happiness attendant on industry and good conduct, the merchants and shopkeepers hailed his efforts with delight, and hung up the engravings in their shops and parlours, to be at once a warning and an example. He executed twelve alternate scenes, of Industry and Idleness, in 1747, and published them. The following is his own account of their nature and object:—"Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two fellow apprentices, where one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was apprenticed, becomes a valuable man and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally, as expressed in the last print." It is but right to add, however, that there was more to be commended in the moral of the prints than in their execution.

A visit which our artist paid to France, soon after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was the means of rousing in him that holy hatred of Frenchmen which formed so large a part of the nationality of every Englishman of the old school, and which led to the belief, not yet extinct amongst the lower classes, that every Frenchman wore wooden shoes, used brass money, and lived upon frogs. Hogarth no sooner found himself in Calais, than he launched out into unmeasured abuse of everything he saw, and at last began to sketch one of the gates of the town. This caused him to be apprehended as a spy, carried on board a returning packet, and there rudely whirled round on the deck. Indignities less aggravating than these have led to bloody wars, but happily Hogarth was not one of the great ones of the earth, and was thus compelled to avenge himself merely by a caricature, entitled "The Roast Beef of Old England," in which English good cheer and the meagreness of French fare were contrasted, in the way that displayed neither much wit nor imagination.

Passing over a painting, "The Presentation of young Moses to the Daughter of Pharaoh," we come to his next moral and satirical performance, "The Four Stages of Cruelty," representing the life of a savage boy, who commences his career by gross cruelty to the lower animals, and ends it by an atrocious murder, for which he is hanged, and in due course dissected. They displayed great skill in grouping and the delineation of character, and their moral was on the surface; but the unpleasant nature of the subject, and the revolting minuteness with which all the details are given in the last scene, render the work by no means so pleasing as many others of his which display, perhaps, less talent. We insert an engraving of one of these scenes. "The March of the Guards to Finchley," in which he ridiculed the royal guards when advancing against the Scotch rebels in 1746, was a performance displaying the highest wit and humour. The whole body are represented in Tottenham-court-road, in a state of lamentable confusion and disorder, drunken, and surrounded by a horde of wives, suttlers, and lovers, all shouting, drinking, and swearing, their baggage-waggons upset, and all discipline at an end. Its appearance set the town in a roar; but poor George II., a heavy, fat, lumbering German, alike devoid of

humour and incapable of comprehending or appreciating it, was sadly enraged by it. A copy was sent to him by Hogarth, who doubtless thought he would enjoy the joke; and on hearing the title, the king was rather pleased than otherwise, supposing it was some tribute to the valour and discipline of the guards who had marched so cheerfully to overthrow the Pretender. Great was his indignation and astonishment when he saw it.

"Who is this Hogarth?" said he to a lord in waiting.

"The painter, my liege."

"Bainter!—I hate bainting, and boetry too; neither of them ever did any good. Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?"

"The picture, an't please your majesty, must undoubtedly be regarded as a burlesque."

"What, a bainter burlesque a soldier!—he deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight!"

So much for his Majesty's taste. Frederick of Prussia proved that he knew better what was due to genius when he received the picture as a present, and sent the artist a handsome acknowledgment.

To enumerate, even, all the other works of Hogarth would require a much larger space than we have at our disposal. We have already said enough to give the reader a general idea of their nature; we must, therefore, conclude this very imperfect sketch by a brief reference to the only book he ever wrote. He had, when he painted his own portrait, etched on the palette a waving line, underneath which was written—"Line of Beauty and Grace." Nobody knew what this meant, though every one wondered. The mystery was solved in 1753, by the appearance of a work from the artist's pen, entitled "Analysis of Beauty." "No Egyptian hieroglyphic," says he, "ever amused more than my line of beauty did for a time. Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people, till I explained it by publishing my analysis. Then, indeed, and not till then, some found it out to be an old acquaintance of theirs, though the account they could give of its properties was very near as satisfactory as that which a day-labourer, who constantly uses a lever, could give of that machine as a mechanical power."

The explanation contained in the Analysis, however, did not by any means make matters pleasant. No book ever drew down such a storm of obloquy upon the author. Every available instrument of satire, ridicule, and abuse was put in force against him—verse as well as prose. His opinions, his language, and even his person and his family fell equally under the lash. The literati were indignant that a man who was self-educated, who could not spell, nor even always write grammatically, should take upon himself to write a book; and at last they declared that he could not write it, and that it was not his at all. None joined in this clamour with a louder voice than the immortal patriot, John Wilkes, who now showed as little regard to truth as he had always shown to decency. There can be no doubt that the work was entirely Hogarth's own; but he confessed, with becoming modesty, that he had submitted his language and arrangement to the revision of a friend, as was natural, when he himself was not practised in composition. With regard to the opinions advanced in the work, they are at least ingenious; but they had many opponents among men who owed Hogarth a grudge, and they would probably now have more than ever. He points to the leaves which clothe the trees, and the flowers which cover the ground, and all that buds and blooms, as formed of waving lines. The line of grace is found in the varied outline of the hills, in the grandeur of mountains, in everything however minute or magnificent. The beasts, the birds, the insects, and the fishes, and the shells which strew the shore, are all cited as examples of the truth of the theory; and the topstone of the argument is found in the grounded lines of womanly beauty. He thus proclaims himself the discoverer of a great and universal principle, in the full spirit of which the great artists of Italy and Greece wrought, probably, more from instinct than from knowledge. In all their works is found the line of beauty such as he described it, and nowhere stiff, rigid, or angular forms. "Michael Angelo," he thought, "had some notion of the existence of this principle when he advised his scholar, Marcus de Scienna, to make a figure pyramidal, serpent-like, and multiplied by one, two, and three, in which precept the whole mystery of art consisteth; for the greatest grace and life that a picture can have, is that it expresseth motion, which painters call the spirit of a picture."

LESLIE'S SANCHO PANZA.

THERE never was an author worthier of an artist's attention than Cervantes, in his inimitable "Don Quixote." It is one of those books which belong to no age and no clime, which can be read everywhere for ever, and by everybody, with equal delight. In "Don Quixote" we have the broadest farce, without a particle of coarseness, mingled with the keenest satire and deep love for humanity, indulgence for its errors and follies, and belief in its innate goodness. These are qualities that find favour everywhere, and call forth as hearty admiration from the Englishman as the Spaniard. One of the most amusing characters in the work, Sancho—that happy personification of primitive instincts, of popular good sense, of matter-of-fact practicality—that charming contrast with the man of dreams, Don Quixote, his master—has been ably rendered by Mr. Leslie,* in one of his most laughable situations—while "governor of the island of Barataria." The honours of royalty never sat so heavily on him as at table. We shall let Cervantes describe the scene.

The court doctor stands over the worthy governor, and prevents his tasting any of the delicacies which his attendants place before him. Hear the doctor's apology, when called to account:—

"My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's food

* By the kindness of Mr. Marseille Holloway, the proprietor of the copyright, we are enabled to present our readers with this most admirable delineation of Mr. Leslie's portraiture of the immortal Sancho Panza.

must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to attend to the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick; and, therefore, think it incumbent on me to pay special regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I imagine may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach. It is for that reason, my lord, I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life." "Well then," quoth Sancho, "that plute of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm." "Hold," said the doctor, "my lord governor shall not eat them, while I live to prevent it." "Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, says in one of his aphorisms, 'Omnis saturatio mala, perdisis autem pessima.' All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, senor doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring stick; for by my soul, and as

God shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food—let senor doctor say what he will—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short." "Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician; "and, therefore, I am of opinion, you should not eat of those stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might

feeders at country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated. Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in them there can be no mistake; whereas in such as are compounded all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat; in order to corroborate and preserve his



DOGS AND GAME. FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed, but as it is, not a morsel." "What think you, then," said Sancho, "of that huge dish there smoking hot, which I take to be an olla podrida? for among the many things contained in it I surely may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome." "Absit," quoth the doctor, "far be such a thought from us. Olla podrida! there is no worse dish in the world; leave them to the prebends and rectors of colleges, or lusty

health, is about one hundred small rolled up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach and help digestion." See the incredulous air which his countenance wears as he listens to the doctor's sophistries, the gradual dawning on him of their flimsiness, mingled with a dash of unusual longing for the good cheer before him. This is a decided success, as Alexander Dumas would say.

LANDSEER'S "TWA DOGS."

SINCE the time of Snyders no man has depicted animal life with such force, precision, and acuteness of observation, as Edwin Landseer. The difficulties in the way of becoming a landscape painter are, *ceteris paribus*, no greater than in that of becoming a great animal painter, for the simple reason that the field of observation is necessarily more limited, and much harder to be got at. Nature never conceals herself—is never absent from him who loves her and seeks her diligently. The landscape always remains open for study, the green of the fields, the hues of the flowers, the light and shade amongst the foliage, the glitter of the sunlight on the water, and the gorgeous tints of the occidental sky, are everywhere to be seen. To render them truly, to be sure, is difficult enough, but it is the artist's fault if he does not suc-

within the reach of any man who chooses to bestow on them the necessary time and labour. They are to painting much what style and fluency are in writing, the result of practice merely, aided of course in some degree by natural adaptability. But Landseer has shown himself a man of the highest order of mind. His two great pictures of "Peace" and "War" display great intellectual power. A mere painter, if called upon to give us an idea of peace, would place before us a cottage, surrounded by flowers, with children playing in the garden, and reapers cutting down the corn close at hand;—his "War" would exhibit an array of hostile forces engaged in deadly encounter—

"The mustering squadron and the clattering car,"
with all the blood and smoke and fury of a battle. We



THE TWA DOGS.* FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

ceed, and not that of the materials with which he has to deal. Not so the painter of animals. He has to haunt their retreats, to be content with hasty and imperfect observation, to wait patiently, it may be, for months before he can satisfy himself as to a certain attitude, a certain expression, or a peculiar habit. Any one whom reflection has made aware of these difficulties, must, in gazing on Landseer's works, feel lost in admiration at the marvellous perfection to which he has attained—the singularly minute knowledge of every trait of character, and every instinct of the lower animals, above all, of deer and dogs, which his pictures display—at the patience, the diligence, the industry, and perseverance which must have been expended in their acquisition. Nor is it his imitative powers merely that call forth our commendation. These are

should have seen what he meant, but nothing more. There is nothing suggestive, nothing for the mind to dwell on, any more than a sentence in a copy-book which tells us that procrastination is the thief of time—or that modesty is a quality which highly adorns a woman. But Landseer does not rest satisfied with stating the fact. He makes it suggestive of other facts—expresses a great deal, and leaves twice as

* The politeness of Mr. Gambart, the eminent print-seller of Bonner's-street, enables us to lay before the public a representation of one of Sir Edwin Landseer's most popular subjects. This is, we believe, the only instance of the expensive steel engraving of Landseer's "Twa Dogs" being rendered on wood; and the extreme fidelity with which our artist has copied the peculiarities of the original cannot be too highly commended.

much to be inferred, sets us off in imagination through a wide field of causes and consequences. His works are but symbols, but how much do they symbolise! This is the highest triumph of genius—this is *truth* in painting. His "Peace" is a grass-covered cliff at Dover, with a few children playing on it, surrounded by sheep, some lazily chewing the cud, and a lamb cropping the green herbage which grows within the mouth of a dismounted piece of cannon, while the sea lies below, calm as a lake, and dotted here and there by the white sails of pleasure-boats, and the coast of France looms dimly through the summer haze. How little there is here, but how much meaning lies behind it—our long wars with our "natural enemy," the bloody conflict for naval supremacy of which that channel has been the scene, the bristling ordnance which in other days have crowned those heights, and the watch and ward which armed men kept in hatred, and wrath, and passion, where innocence and purity now bask happily and carelessly in the sunlight.

"War" is simply a ruined cottage, half concealed by the smoke of battle—the trampled flower-beds, wrecked windows,

and devastated garden, tell fearfully of the conflict which has just ended, and a single horseman lies dead beneath his steed.

The scenes of Highland sport which Landseer has depicted are known to all our readers. In the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, two large pictures, "Night" and "Morning," have excited general admiration. Any description of them would give but a poor idea of their merits and beauty. His delineations of canine character are the most interesting of all his works. He has represented dogs in every possible situation, likely and unlikely, and in every one with marvellous fidelity, force, and precision. Our engraving may be taken as an apt illustration of one of Æsop's best fables, the tame and wild dog engaged in conversation. The fierce independence with which the latter asserts his full liberty to go and do as he likes, but acknowledges the hardships and dangers to which his situation exposes him; and the calm dignity with which the latter points out the ease, comfort, and safety which he enjoys by a trifling sacrifice of his independence, are admirably contrasted.

THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST. BY MILLAIS.

WE have already remarked upon the singular disposition displayed by the artists of the present day to dwell upon hackneyed historical themes. To paint history, whether with the pen or pencil, it is not necessary to describe events like a court newsmen, or a penny-a-liner, telling us who was present, how it began, who took part in it, what they wore, how they looked, and how it ended. This, after all, is but a higher kind of imitation—a faithful rendering of costume, and of features as far as any thing is known of them, if the event be of remote occurrence, certainly joined with talents of a still higher order, which come into play in the grouping, expression, &c. But this alone does not impress one with the ideas of the time, does not give one a vivid picture of the state of society, of the prevailing notions and tendency of the popular mind, of the position of parties, and their prejudices and passions. These are things which historians should place in their foreground, but which, unfortunately, they do not—things which every student of history should know, but with which few students are thoroughly familiar. History, as at present written, barring the improvements it has received from Mr. Macaulay and Augustin Thierry, is a collection of dry facts, useful enough to the politician or statesman, but pictorially and æsthetically of hardly any value whatever. The first man in Great Britain who looked at history with the eye of an artist, grasped all its leading features, and without generalising them, though without dwelling painfully upon minutiae, and yet with marvellous truth, blended them into a picture of surpassing beauty, was Sir Walter Scott. Who would ever have so clear and ineffaceable an idea of the condition of the English people after the conquest,—of the peculiar relations existing between the victor and the vanquished for the first two centuries after the landing of the Normans, if in his youthful days he had not held his breath while Ivanhoe jousted in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, wept over the sorrows of Rebecca, and been merry with Friar Tuck in the merry greenwood? What idea would any Englishman have of the state of society in Scotland, particularly amongst the Highland clans, or of the rebellion of 1745—that marvellous enterprise, tinged with so much romance and frustrated by so much folly—if he had not followed the adventures of Waverley? In the whole of this there is hardly a single scene historically accurate; but still it is all historical painting of the highest order; and if the great object of history be to diffuse amongst the people a vivid notion of the daily lives of their forefathers, of their trials, their struggles, their grievances, their virtues, and their misfortunes, she owes more to the graceful pen of the Wizard of the North than to the ponderous labours of Hume.

Now we want some one to do for history with the pencil what Scott has done for it with the pen, to give the idea of truth, and not ideas of imitation. There is no lack of interesting subjects in the course of our national history, if the artist have but the requisite amount of knowledge and taste to turn them to account. A still wider field is open for the exercise of his art, if he chooses to extend his views to the history of other nations. In the "Proscribed Royalist," Mr. Millais has made a step in the right direction, and a very long step. In this scene there is as much meaning as Smollett would have taken ten pages to express—the triumphs of the Roundheads, the utter discomfiture of the Royalists, the ranging of godly soldiers up and down the land, smiting the men of Belial, hip and thigh, wherever they met with them; troopers in the churches, troopers in the old mansion-houses of the squire, Cromwell in the royal palaces, the fierce denunciation and long-winded expoundings of the sergeant, in places that had for centuries echoed to the mildly spiritual, but withal rapid discourses of the parson; the cavaliers, beggars in foreign lands, of foreign bounty—their pride humbled, their boasting brought to nought—their prowess held in no more esteem than the blows of a child's flail on sturdy sheaves, heirs of proud families lurking in woods and fastnesses, with no hope and no refuge, save in the instinctive kindness of human nature—the love, the pity, the fidelity of those who knew them in better days. Do you mark the look of broken pride, of disappointed hope, of crushed ambition, the utter despair and prostration which dwells in the poor fugitive's face, as shipwrecked, worn-out, shorn of his fiery recklessness and ardour, he lurks in fear and trembling in this hollow trunk, in a park, it may be, where he once was the gayest of the gay, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, with his slashed doublet, his neat hose, his clanking spurs, his long hair, and waving feather, and jaunty swaggering air? This girl was a belle, no doubt, in peaceful times, a gay coquette, who broke hearts by the score, and ran men through with a single glance; fickle, coy, and hard to please. The storm of war has rolled across the land, rousing a thousand bad passions, but it has swept with it all her frivolity and vanity, and left her in the native dignity and simplicity of pure womanhood, a ministering angel, visiting the captive in his affliction, and cheering his heart with her gentle sympathy. This is what a picture ought to be, telling many things and suggesting a thousand more; plucking from history its flowers of romance, setting them in a vase before us to perfume our rooms and delight our senses.

"All that we have said here applies in an equal degree to a picture entitled the "Order of Release," a touching scene in 1745, exhibited in the Academy this year.

WILSON'S "MORNING."

WILSON, like most artists of his day, commenced his career by portrait painting; but, unlike most of them, early abandoned it for landscapes, and pursued the new branch with a success attained by none of his contemporaries, except Gainsborough. A sketch scratched on the window-pane, while waiting one morning for Zaccarelli the artist, to beguile the time, revealed his talent and fixed his vocation. He was a native of Wales, and had his memory filled with images of the glens, waterfalls, and wild mountains amongst which his youth had been passed. He thus possessed, if Mr. Ruskin's theory be true, one essential qualification of a great landscape painter,—a store of childish impressions, and a mind imbued from infancy with the love of nature.

He had, however, terrible difficulties to contend against. The taste for landscape painting, like too many other good tastes in England, had still to be created. Previously, portraits were all the rage. Education of any kind, or even ordinary refinement, was not much diffused amongst the middle and lower classes, and those whose wealth and position made them patrons of art, desired paintings of faces rather than of scenes, partly because the former flattered their vanity, and partly because they were too artificial for nature to come in for much share of their admiration. Wilson had not, therefore, merely to minister to tastes already formed, as is the case with most artists, but to create one. The task was indeed difficult, and no man was ever worse adapted for it than he. Rose-water was then a commodity fully as highly prized as at present. If the *beau monde* would be taught by any one, it should be by a man of courtly manners, in whom no trace of the *roturier* should offend the eye. Poor Wilson was anything but this—coarse, slovenly, a haunter of taverns, a lover of boisterous mirth, and brusque in his manners, landscape painting did not grow fashionable in his hands. A residence of six years abroad enabled him to study the works of the great masters, and imbue his mind with the peculiar characteristics of their style. On his return to England, he was fully prepared and fully competent to do justice to the beauties of English scenery. He had a poet's feeling and a poet's eye, selected his scenes with skill and judgment, and infused into them that tender idealism which is technically called "the sentiment of the scene." His conceptions were noble—his execution vigorous and forcible. There was never anything tame or insipid in any of his works. He entered fully into the spirit of nature, grew great with her grandeur, sublime with her sublimity, pathetic with her tender beauty. "Wilson," says Fuseli, in his Discourses, "observed nature in all her appearances, and had a characteristic touch for all her forms. But though in effects of dowy freshness, and silent evening lights, few have equalled, and fewer excelled him, his grandeur is oftener allied to terror, bustle, and convulsion, than to calmness and tranquillity. He is now numbered with the classics of the art, though little more than the fifth part of a century has elapsed since death relieved him from the apathy of cognocenti, the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public; for Wilson, whose works will soon command prices as proud as those of Claude, Poussin, or Elzheimer, resembled the last most in his fate, and lived and died nearer to indigence than ease."

His scenes are mostly fanciful, a few only being representations of existing reality, and they are scattered, as they should be, through private galleries and public rooms. They were so little admired during his lifetime, that they were not bought up by the connoisseurs; so that a greater number of them are thus open to public inspection than if this had been the case. The mention of the names of some of those upon which his fame principally rests may be useful:—"The Death of Niobe," "Phaeton," "Morning," "View of Rome," "Villa of Mæcenat at Tivoli," "Celadon and Amelia," "View on the River Po," "Apollo and the Seasons," "Meleager and Atalanta," "Cicero at his Villa," "Lake Narni," "View on

the Coast of Baiæ," "The Tiber near Rome," "Temple of Bacchus," "Adrian's Villa," and "Morning," of which we give an engraving, &c.

Wilson was only saved from dying in complete destitution by an unexpected legacy, which he did not long survive to enjoy—a standing reproach to the taste and humanity of the age.

ART AS IT IS.

ONE of the many advantages of peace undoubtedly is, that it recalls men to the study of all that is elevated and refined in art, and the result is, humanity becomes elevated and refined: not merely is

"A thing of beauty a joy for ever"—

not merely is the eye delighted and the taste gratified, but the heart of man is softened, his creed becomes more catholic, his life more pure, and thus the cause of human progress is advanced. It is, therefore, not for idle purposes we propose to glance at the artistic world as it at present appears. It concerns the happiness of the human race; its prosperity is connected with our own. If it declines, it speaks ill for us—if it flourishes, the reverse is denoted. We shall find it active and full of life.

In the way of painting, we may state that Mr. F. M. Ward has received authority from her Majesty's Fine Art Commissioners to commence at once on a second illustration of English history for the New Houses of Parliament, as a companion to the "Execution of Montrose," which delighted so many at the Royal Academy exhibition this year. The story which Mr. Ward is to tell, is the "Sleep of Argyll," and has been painted before. It rests on the authority of Woodrow, and has been copied and commented on by Fox, in his noble fragment of English history. The subject of Mr. Ward's piece is the Argyll who was executed in the reign of James II. It is said that a few hours before his execution, he was found sleeping as a child, by one of the lords of the council, his bitter and unscrupulous enemy. The sight made a strong impression upon him, and the incident is one well fitted for the canvas. It will make a noble picture for the stately palace it is to adorn. From new pictures the transition to the restoration of old ones is very natural. We take it most of our readers are acquainted with the "Bear Hunt" by Velasquez. A few years ago, Mr. Lancc, the eminent fruit painter, was instructed by Mr. Keyser, of the National Gallery, to restore this picture. Mr. Lancc, before a committee of the House of Commons, thus described the injuries in the picture of the "Boar Hunt" which he was commissioned to repair. "One portion of the picture on the right hand, as large as a sheet of foolscap, was entirely bare; in fact, more than half the picture had to be restored." Mr. Lancc confessed that he had not seen the picture before it was damaged, and that he had no plate to aid him in his restoration. It is clear that this attempt was most injudicious and absurd. Yet Mr. Lancc is scarcely to be blamed; he was instructed by the keeper of the National Gallery. If he had not done it, some one else would. The artist's pot must boil as well as that of other men.

Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, has lately been fortunate enough to realise no less than 3,350 guineas for five moderate-sized pictures by Turner, which are pronounced by critics to be far from the most successful productions of that artist. Very different was the sale of the Standish, Spanish, and other pictures, where monks, and nuns, and martyrs, were sold "as cheap as stinking mackerel." The gem of the collection was the portrait of the infant "Don Balthazar," which was knocked down amid the applause of the room for 1,600 guineas. The portrait was painted about the year 1653, not long after the return of Velasquez from Italy, and in his best manner—the delicate flesh and curly auburn hair are

truly infantine; the picture is in excellent condition. By some it was said to be purchased for the National Gallery; by others, for Baron Rothschild; by others, and we believe correctly, for Lord Normanton. Large as the sum is, the picture is worth it; for, after all, the real value of a painting is what it will bring at Messrs. Christie's, and the fortu-

sion, for its power of submitting to those who could see and feel, but not read, a faithful matter-of-fact impersonation of the Spanish faith—of the monk and the saint—the legend and the gospel, which the church deemed fit for the nation's belief." One other thing has also been taught us—the grave and masculine character of Spanish art. It sought not to please or



Lucas Merv.

MORNING. FROM A PAINTING BY RICHARD WILSON.

nate possessor will have added to his gallery a specimen such as can only be rivalled by the Queen of Spain. The sale just concluded has been an epoch in the history of art with us. A new school has been introduced to us—a school neither political, nor ideal, nor imaginative, nor seductive, but a school having few rivals "for intense devotional expres-

sion—to fall in with the id'e fashion of the hour—to pander to the effeminate and voluptuous. It was destined not for the drawing-room, but the altar—not for man's pleasure, but for God's glory—to build up men for the life that is to come—not to make pleasant to them, or deck with flowers, the life that now is—that soon shall have past away.



PAUL BRIL.

It has been for a long time believed, that those immortal artists, whose names preside over an epoch in history, were brought forth, all at once, from the womb of humanity, without ancestors, without filiation, if we may so speak—like Venus issuing from the agitated waves. Never was belief more widely diffused of old, and yet never was belief more

able painters, who needed but to have been born two centuries later to have earned also the surname of divine.

In landscape, as in historical painting, we find the same sequence, the same phenomena; to prepare for the coming of a Claude, or a Poussin, many generations of artists had to toil, if we may so speak, at the foot of the pedestal on which they were to mount; a crowd of painters from Germany and Holland had to learn how to combine the simple love of nature, innate in the people of the north, with the ideal sentiment of the beautiful bestowed on the Italians. From the mystic marriage of northern and southern Europe, the great Poussin was born.

Amongst those artists who thus paved the way for the great landscape painters of the seventeenth century, there is one whose name and works have been handed down to posterity—Paul Bril. The Venetian and Flemish schools dispute, it is true, the honour of having originated landscape painting. Although history seems to certify that Giorgione and Titian were the first who thought of treating the landscape as the principal part of a picture, and thus to justify the pretensions of the Venetians, it is, nevertheless, allowable to believe that Flanders was the cradle of the most ancient landscape painters. Such, in fact, is the opinion of the Italian Baldinucci himself. We must also add, that the grave and sentimental character of the northerns leads them to the contemplation of the external world. At the time when Europe emerged from the long barbarism of the middle ages, they were the first to awaken to a sense of the beautiful in nature. Besides all this, light, which plays so prominent a part in all landscapes, nowhere exhibits effects so striking as in the stormy countries of the north. There the sun tears open the clouds in the twinkling of an eye, and inundates one half of the landscape with his rays, while the other half remains plunged in silent shade; there the clouds assume tints so varied that the painter may study in them the most curious gradations of tone.

One thing is certain—the first painter, to cultivate land-



false. Humanity, productive and powerful as she is, cannot improvise a great man. A long gestation, a series of progressive transformations, was necessary to produce one of those brilliant geniuses whose glory effaces the remembrance of the slow and successive efforts which had been made before their time. Between Giotto and Raphael there appeared a long line of

scape painting exclusively, who afterwards attained to any celebrity, was Paul Bril the Fleming. It ought to be remarked, that this painter lived constantly in Italy; and we shall see, by the history of his life, that his genius was developed under the two-fold influence of the instincts which he brought with him from his native country, and of the great models which he found in the country of his adoption. He was born at Antwerp, in 1556.* He studied when very young under Daniel Wortelmans, painter, unknown to fame. If we are to believe Karl Van Mander, he shewed at first but little docility in learning his art, and at the age of fourteen had given no sign of the possession of genius. As he was obliged to support himself by his labour, he painted in water colours harpsichords and those three-stringed lyres that were called *pandoras*. Painting was then chiefly employed for purposes of ornamentation. All the furniture in Italy, towards the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, were adorned with paintings. Desco, a Florentine, and Starnina in Spain, excelled in this branch of art.† Gaddi Oregua and Giotto himself painted *cassoni*—little boxes for containing wedding presents. Although Paul Bril performed this sort of work with great facility, he had great difficulty in making out a livelihood. Necessity, and the desire of seeing new countries, and natural restlessness of disposition, made him leave Antwerp early; he set out for Breda. His parents, who were already suffering from the absence of their eldest son, Mathew, soon recalled him to his native town. The reports which reached him, however, of the success which had attended his brother Mathew in Italy, revived his desire to follow him, and he took flight one fine morning, when scarcely twenty years of age, to realise his dream of Italy. He stopped, however, some months at Lyons before crossing the Alps. D'Argenville informs us that Paul Bril studied there under an unknown master, but that the instructions he received were not by any means useless. His colouring was improved, and he acquired a firmer and more vigorous style.

On his arrival at Rome, he found his brother, who had been resident there for many years, engaged in executing the great works at the Vatican, which had been committed to him by Gregory XIII. During the life of the latter, Paul laboured with his brother, and assisted him in finishing the paintings and decoration upon which he was engaged in the great gallery and apartments of the pontifical palace. He then showed so much ability, that, on the death of Mathew, which took place in 1584, Pope Sixtus V., the successor of Gregory XIII., confided to him the task of completing what his brother had begun.‡ From this moment, Paul Bril's reputation was established, and ever after continued to increase during the whole course of a long and laborious life. Popes Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Paul V., &c., employed him in a great number of important works. There is still at Rome a large composition which he painted in 1602, in the splendid dining-hall constructed by Clement VIII., in which St. Clement, the patron of this pope, may be seen bound to an anchor and cast into the sea. The picture contains an area of not less than sixty-eight Roman palms, or about fifty-nine feet. The ceilings of the two staircases, beside the Scala Santa, near St. John of Latran, were also adorned by two large frescoes, the work of his pencil. The one represents Jonas being swallowed by the whale, and in the other the prophet appears lying on

the shore after issuing from the fish's belly. The mere enumeration of all the landscapes which he painted for the pontifical palace, and the various convents and churches at Rome, would of itself form a catalogue of some length. Baldinucci informs us, that immediately after Mathew's death, Paul Bril was employed by the greatest artists of the day to paint the scenery in the background of their pictures, because none knew how so well as he to set off a historical fact by the addition of a beautiful landscape.

Paul Bril far surpassed his brother Mathew. The latter retained to the last the hard and stiff Flemish manner of the sixteenth century; Paul, on the other hand, was distinguished by the harmony of his colouring, the lightness of his touch, and the great simplicity and grandeur of all his compositions. These qualities, however, did not show themselves until the second period of his artistic career. In fact, there appears so wide a difference between his earlier works and those executed in his manhood and old age, that it has been generally supposed that he altered his style after having seen the works of Titian and Annibal Carracci. That he was improved by the study of these great masters is quite possible; but if a profound sentiment of reality, and the genius with which heaven had gifted him, had not taught him faithfully to represent nature, the example of other painters would never have given him originality. Before he saw Titian and Carracci, he had seen the country, he had seen the Alps—these were his masters. "The Alps," says Hagedorn, "taught Paul Bril and his brother Mathew how to treat landscape. They awakened in the mind of the ultramontane artists the taste for choosing beautiful countries, and of looking at the rich points of view, as the chief objects of the painting." In the series of sixty engravings of the works of his master, Paul Bril, which Nieuwand has left us, it is easy to perceive the justice of this observation. The grandeur of the lines, the depth of the horizon, the vivid appearance of the atmosphere, and the various accidents of the ground, all remind us of a mountainous region.

There are few subjects in landscape which Paul Bril has not touched. In his works we meet at one time with rural scenes, clear rivers whose water turns the wheel of a mill overshadowed by huge trees, shepherds driving their flocks down hollow and picturesque declivities; at another, cascades and torrents flowing between high mountains covered with fire, and sweeping away trees and rocks in their impetuous course (in this way he traces the route to Everdingen and Ruysdael); at another, a sandy beach on which the sea is breaking gently, as in a picture of Van de Velde; and sometimes rays of the sun gleaming across clouds—a phenomenon which the great Ruysdael knew how to render with so much feeling. Bril's animals are in general coarse and rude looking, and display few traces of painstaking or elaboration. It is evident that he had not studied their anatomy, and had not acquired the art of rendering correctly either the wool and hair which forms their covering, or the grace and simplicity of their attitudes. The living beings of his landscape, his figures, were those trees—of which he knew so well how to contrast the profiles, to round off the tufted heads, to vary the forms, the masses, and the outline, indicating by this variety the diversity of the species. His favourite tree was the oak with knotted trunk, the foliage strongly emphasised, and the colour dark green. He never fails to surround it with ivy: this graceful parasite creeps from the base of the trunk, which it covers with verdure, till it entwines itself amongst the highest branches, and then falls back amongst the leaves in loose and flexible masses. By this alone a picture of Paul Bril's may always be recognised. He never paints an oak which does not bear the sacred mistletoe in its knotty arms. His water is beautiful and transparent; his rocks firm, well broken, wild, and abrupt.

This painter, who had, in a great degree, to create the art of landscape painting, and who was the first, according to Hagedorn, to think of lowering the horizon, to which his predecessors had given too great elevation, and who thus gave truth to the landscape by presenting us with the spectacle of nature such as she appears to us from the ground on which

* Baldinucci gives 1584 as the date of his birth; but this is an error, as he himself shows, by informing us that Paul Bril followed up the labours of his brother, who died in this very year. Van Mander and Sandrart both fix the birth of Paul Bril in the year 1556.

† "Lanzi's Lives of the Painters," Vol. I., p. 60.

‡ If it be true that Paul Bril owed his selection to succeed his brother to Sixtus V., a year must be added to the date of Mathew's death, for Sixtus V. did not ascend the pontifical throne till 1585. If, on the contrary, Mathew died in 1584, it is Gregory XIII. who must have accorded to Paul the favours which had been bestowed upon his brother.

we stand, and not as we see her from the top of a high mountain or the car of a balloon,—this painter of genius was able, when his talents had reached their height, to execute works which will bear comparison with those of the greatest masters of the seventeenth century. "Pan and Syrinx," "Duck Shooting," "Diana followed by her Nymphs," "Diana discovering the weakness of Calisto," are some of his *chefs-d'œuvre*. If you want to have the idea of profound solitude—of virgin nature, where the vegetation is as luxuriant as in the forests of America—where the penetrating odour of the verdure intoxicates you—stand for a moment before the picture which represents "Duck Shooting." No one has better understood or better translated the exact force and beauty of the Latin word *frondosus*. To the right, two enormous oaks, covered with ivy, as Paul Bril loved to depict them, serve as a set-off to the background of the picture, in which we perceive a river overshadowed by trees which the light caresses, the farthest off being put in their place by the interposition of a light vapour. How skilfully they are grouped! Their position betrays all the undulations of the soil on which they flourish; their summits are reflected in the water. Grass, reeds, plants of every kind, grow on these charming banks; the lazy cattle plunge into the midst of them, and there, up to their shoulders, remain immovable. What pure air, what freshness, what silence, under that arch formed by the young trees to the right! And, nevertheless, two hunters have made their way into this quiet retreat; already one of them is taking aim at the ducks that are disporting themselves upon the banks of the river. An unexpected report will soon awaken the sleeping echoes, and destruction mark the presence of man. These figures are said to be the work of Annibal Carracci.

The most admirable feature in this painting, as in most of Paul Bril's landscapes, is his distances. The lightness of his touch in the backgrounds is marvellous; that transparent and bluish gauze, that the atmosphere seems to spread over distant objects, particularly in mountainous regions, is found in all his paintings. It floats on the top of the trees, on the summit of the hills, on the azure of the sky, and covers every object with a poetic indistinctness, and all the while the objects in the foreground are rendered with a readiness, liveliness, and freedom often verging on crudity. Paul Bril devotes his whole genius to the representation of this wonderful effect of nature. In the foreground of his compositions, he usually places to the right or left large trees plunged in shade, which make his horizons retreat out of sight, bathed in vaporous light. Paul Bril had dimly foreseen those admirable perspectives which Claude Lorrain has flooded with golden sunlight. The former had less brilliancy and less life. It is Alpine nature; it is landscape seen between high mountains, whose shadows maintain perpetual freshness. On the contrary, it was under the burning sun of Italy that Claude received the splendid revelation of his genius. Nevertheless, we are far from asserting that Paul Bril was equal to Lorrain; but still the elder master has sometimes attained to such perfection, that mistakes have been made, and the works of the Fleming attributed to the Frenchman. M. Waagern found at Blenheim House a small landscape attributed to Claude, which he took for a Paul Bril. He was not far mistaken after all, for Claude was the pupil of Augustin Tassi, who was the disciple of Bril.

In those works in which Bril has risen to the full height of his genius, there is a remarkable mixture of Italian style and Flemish simplicity. In "Diana and Calisto," "Pan and Syrinx," appear already the splendid arrangement, the broad and harmonious lines, and the choice of trees and sites, peculiar to the historic landscape. In other compositions Paul Bril has given us triumphal arches, temples, edifices, marked by reminiscences of Roman and Athenian architecture. The ideal of beauty, which antiquity had handed down to the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which inspired the painting and sculpture of that period, then commenced to exercise some influence upon landscapes also. As soon as the great temple of the Roman aqueduct makes its appearance in the scene, it seems as if nature should assimilate herself to

the calm regularity of these rows of elegant columns; to the stern boldness displayed by these arches. Paul Bril was the first to seek in nature this antique ideal, and it was his finger which pointed out to Poussin the road to immortality. But if Paul Bril had some presentiment of the heroic landscape, he did not altogether lose the simple and true sentiment of nature, by which the Flemish painters have been generally distinguished—the more modern idea of reality, by which man does not seek to arrange nature according to his views or philosophy, but is content with the humble contemplation of her beauties, surrenders himself wholly to her influence, and asks in exchange the secret of her mysterious poetry. Although Bril's remembrance of his native land grew fainter the longer his stay in Italy and the older he became, there is nevertheless, not one of his works in which some traces of it are not to be found. He always manages, even in those paintings which bear most marks of attention to style, to introduce some quiet nook, some arch of verdure, some spring bubbling up through broken rocks, in which nature is revealed in her chaste and graceful nudity. It may safely be affirmed, not only that Claude and Poussin descend from Paul Bril, but that the naturalist school—if we may use the phrase—of the Low Countries ought to recognise him, if not as a master, at least as a precursor.

Such was the reputation which Paul Bril enjoyed at Rome, that the cardinals and Roman nobles disputed with the pope for the time which he spent in *adibus Vaticanis*. It would be impossible to enumerate all the frescoes, all the paintings on canvas and copper, which he executed for the different churches, chapels, and monuments of Rome, or sold to private individuals. No one thought of decorating his palace or gallery with a landscape from the pencil of this master, who was not prepared to spend more than one hundred ducats in acquiring it. This was the price of his smallest works, and it was not every one who could obtain them even at this price. His contemporaries with justice placed the greatest value upon those of his landscapes which represented scenes in the country round Rome, in which the nobility extolled the exact fidelity with which the artist rendered the monuments, the trees, and the fading outline of the hills; but they admired above all his truth in detail, and the breadth in the masses of his foliage. In the latter, in particular, he surpassed all his predecessors and we might almost add that he has never been equalled since. His predecessors have been able to give more grace and naturalness—if we may use the word—to their trees; but none knew so well as he how to indicate, by the drawing of the leaves and the touch of the trunks, the difference of species; by the undulations of the top, or the inclination of the stem, the nature of the ground concealed beneath. Woods, when seen from on high, from the summit of a mountain which overlooks them, have the appearance of a sea of verdure, which the breeze skims over or raises like the waves of the ocean. Paul Bril noticed and painted this phenomenon with surprising ability.

He died at Rome, on the 7th of October, 1626, in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the Church of the Anima. His last works show great finish, and perhaps the example of Adam Elsheymer, who was at Rome about this period, had some influence upon the last efforts of his genius. Among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of this period of his career is a small landscape on marble, possessing the utmost mellowness of touch. It seems that his hand, instead of growing heavy as he grew older, became lighter and firmer; so that he was able to etch (a process just then coming into use), a few years before his death, several landscapes, in which he gave full scope to his imagination.

Bril's reputation caused disciples to resort to him from all parts of Europe. He had many pupils, among whom were William Niewland and Augustin Tassi, of whom we have already spoken, Spierings, Balthasar Louvers, and Cornelius Vroom. Augustin Tassi and Niewland bore, one to Italy and France, and the other to Holland, the tradition of Bril's genius. We have already mentioned that Claude Lorrain was the pupil of Tassi.

Paul Brill, then, was the head of that generation of great landscape painters who immortalised the art of the seventeenth century. This is no doubtful title to glory; but he has others, and nothing proves it better than to see his name shining at the side of the illustrious names of so many immortal disciples. How was it that the light of his genius was not eclipsed by such a blaze of splendour as is reflected from

3. Another view of the same district, ornamented in the same way.

Sandart makes mention, also, of a large engraving composed of ruins and figures.

Many able artists have engraved Paul Brill's works, amongst others, the Sadeliers, O. Gulle, Hollar, D. Custos, A. V. Prenner, Vorstermann, Hondius, Madeleine de Pass, and Nieu-



Savigny 10.

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DIANA AND THE NYMPHS.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRILL.

theirs? Because his was truly original—because with extraordinary good fortune he united the strong and simple powers of observation of the Flemings with the elegance and nobility of the Italians—because his works possess at the same time ingenuity and grandeur, that is not found, in the same degree, at least, in those who have followed and surpassed him. Brill has etched several of his own drawings with great skill.

1. "A Landscape," adorned with ruins and buildings, in which is represented the parable of the Good Samaritan.

2. "The Angel ordering young Tobias to take the fish from the water."

3. "A Marine view." Shepherds in the foreground; in the middle a town in the distance, and beyond it the sea with ships.

4. Another "Marine view;" in the foreground a large vessel lying in the roadstead at anchor, and in the background a rock, crowned by a fortress.

These four are found in the series engraved by William Nieuwand.

5 and 6. Two "Landscapes;" marked—PAULUS BRILL. inv. et fecit. VIGNON. CUVILLO. ROMA. 1620.

7. "View from the Coast of the Campagna," with buildings and rocks. P. BRILL. inv. 1620.

land, who has engraved a series of sixty. Nearly all the public galleries of Europe contain some of his works. In the Louvre there are seven—"Duck Shooting," with figures by Annibal Carracci, of which we give an engraving; "Diana and her Nymphs," which we also reproduce, and four other landscapes. These paintings have been valued, the first at £80; the second at £120; and the others at £60, £40, £32 respectively. Munich possesses two; Dresden the same number; Amsterdam, one only; Berlin, three or four; the Museo del Rey, at Madrid, four also.

In Blenheim House, there is a very fine one, which long passed for a Claude. The "Tower of Babel" is at Gossam House, in the possession of the Methuen family. There is, also, a very fine landscape at Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle.

At Rome, in one of the halls of the Pope's palace, there is a large landscape in fresco, more than sixty feet long, representing St. Clement fastened to an anchor and cast into the sea; in another, six landscapes, representing the finest events in the papal states. Brill also painted on the ceilings of the two staircases, beside the *Scala Santa*, near St. John of Lateran, the story of Jonas; the "Landscape representing the Creation of the World," is at Monte Cavallo; at St. Peter's there are ten landscapes; and at St. Cecilia one on the ceiling.

There are a great number of Brill's paintings at the palace of Fontainebleau. The artists who have painted the figures in most of his works are, A. Carracci, Josepin, Rottenhamer, &c. He has left behind him some drawings very ably executed with the pen and a wash of bistre or Indian ink, upon which he passed hatchings in every direction.

Brill's works have rarely made their appearance at public

sales, but whenever they have done so, they have fetched tolerably good prices. We have found neither marks nor signature upon any of them. His etchings are marked thus—

*Paulus Brill Inuent.
& Fecit: 1590.*



DUCK SHOOTING.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRILL.

ALBERT DURER.

'Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Durer, the evangelist of art;
Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigrant is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air!"

Thus sings the poet of a great nation, which, when Albert Durer was living and labouring, was not in existence. In what he says he but echoes the sentiments of all Europe. There is none who does not reverence Germany for having produced such a man—none who does not love art more because he was one of her disciples. The mere mention of his name awakens in our minds the strangest ideas, and opens to our view the perspective of a new world. It is, as it were, a calling up of all the dreams of Germany. Mysterious shapes appear to us at first indistinctly, looming through a mist. Here, an unknown cavalier makes his way among rocks and leafless trees, followed by a demon with outstretched claws, and accompanied by the figure of Death mounted on his white horse. He advances with a firm step, regardless of the

monsters which surround him, and the reptiles which crawl at his feet. There, a knight, who, like Perseus, has wings attached to his heels, and a helmet in the shape of a gigantic butterfly, has checked his horse near a ruined arch, and knocks at the portal of a deserted mansion, as though he expects the spirits of the dead to rise and come forth. Yonder an immense bat, spreading its hideous wings in the clouds, hovers over a woman seated on the sea-shore, in an attitude of dejection, her name is Melancholy. In these obscure regions fabulous heroes and nameless beings are strangely intermingled with the characters of sacred history and the executioners of Jesus Christ. It might be said, that whole legions pass before us. But we are surprised to find those symbolical figures, which inspire us with a secret terror—we knew not

wherefore—ranged side by side with known and familiar objects; peasants dancing on the green, and carrying baskets of fruit; the smiling faces of young girls, shaded by the simple lace cap, such as are seen at the village church or by the quiet fireside. Domestic scenes and common-place things are singularly intermingled with the spectres of the Black Forest, or the strange phantoms of German superstition—the most familiar of which is the shaggy and horned demon. This elegant gallant, who is walking in the country with his richly-dressed and smiling lady, is evidently in happy ignorance, that close to him, concealed by the trunk of a tree, is Grim Death, in the shape of a living skeleton. Oh! strange and mysterious world, in which the most ideal poetry is confounded with the simplest realities! Such a world is presented to us in the works of Albert Durer. But if studied more minutely and patiently, another melody, not less surprising than the former, engages our attention. Those visions, at first so indistinct, have assumed bodily shapes, whose outlines are clearly defined; those phantoms have taken precise forms, and their draperies fall in stiff metallic-looking folds. We might even count the hairs of their heads, those of the manes of their coursers, the rivets in their cuirasses, the blades of grass which they tread under foot, the smallest stones in the house which they inhabit, and the most minute of the leaves of the trees which shelter it. And when we turn to the man whose labours have produced these images, so lifelike and yet so imaginary, we acknowledge this strange visionary to be the most skilful goldsmith, the most indefatigable engraver, the most imitable painter; that he loved to carve on the brass the chimeras of the Apocalypse, and to chisel his own dreams on steel. We find that this lover of the marvellous and fantastic pursued the study of the positive sciences; that this imaginative poet was a consummate mathematician; that this visionary was also a skilful geometrician.

Albert Durer is rightfully acknowledged as the father of the German school. He was the living personification of the genius and talent of Germany. Historical events, consequent upon the grand struggle for the reformation of the Church, the peasant war, and the thirty years' war, retarded the progress of art in Germany from the time of its foundation by the great Nuremberg painter. It remained in *statu quo* for nearly two centuries, so that the works of Albert Durer continued to be the highest expression of German art, and, so to speak, her best struck medal.

One of Durer's earliest works, which bears the same date as his first celebrated picture, 1498, is a series of wood-engravings representing "The Apocalypse." It was certainly a strange beginning. To measure his strength in the outset against a subject at once so whimsical, terrible and sublime, of which it even seems impossible to form a conception; to mount, for his *coup d'essai* "Death's Pale Horse," and to plunge into the boundless regions of the imaginary world,—none but a German would have dared such an enterprise. The spectres which had terrified the recluse of Patmos were represented by Durer in a set of fifteen engravings. A wild and mystic poetry pervades them, the artist at once transports us into the realms of another world. He there shows us ominous horsemen, one bearing a bow, another a naked sword, the third a pair of scales, and the fourth the scythe of Death, the destroyer of whole nations. With what fury do they rush onwards! See how their panting and ungovernable chargers bound through the regions of space! These are no earthly steeds: steeds, such as these, require the gigantic riders, who have seized their manes and press their flanks. In what dream did this chain of phantoms appear to Durer? Into what sleep did he fall to see pass before him visions created by the brain of an old man of a hundred, those terrible symbols of which the signification is to us unknown!

One of the most remarkable amongst these engravings is the eighth. There are seen the angels of the Euphrates let loose by the anger of heaven, and massacring the third of the human race. Their gleaming swords fall with indescribable fury on all sides indiscriminately. In the heavens are seen the aerial riders mounted on beasts possessing the bodies of

horses, and the heads of lions; this is the flying host destined for the annihilation of the rest of the human race. Already the emperor, the bishop, the nun, and the monk, have fallen victims to their fury; here the Protestant artist has betrayed his thoughts in attempting to explain the inexplicable vision of the Evangelist, for, in the ruin of these hooded and mitred personages, we recognise that the graver has been guided by a friend of Melancthon and a disciple of Luther.

There is something most singular and original in Albert Durer's paintings and engravings, they are impregnated by the most misty spiritualism, and at the same time characterised by a patient and minute execution brought to the very highest finish. One would say that the artist observed this accuracy in order to prevent his poetic ideas from becoming indistinct. The more fanciful and obscure the subject, the greater pains did he take to render the figures plain and decisive; if we cannot fathom the profundity of his meaning, we can at least catch the reality of the figures which express it. Take, for example, his celebrated engraving known under the name of the "Great Horse," you will be astonished at first by the extreme delicacy of the work, you will admire the distinctness of the outline, the exactness with which the accessories are rendered, and the incredible patience of the engraver; but if you seek to penetrate the sense of the composition, you will be at a loss to know what motive actuates this fierce-looking warrior, who, holding his horse by the bridle, stops at the portal of a ruinous castle. It will only inspire you with an undefinable feeling of terror, and, in endeavouring to catch the meaning of the artist, you are lost in a bewildering maze of conjecture.

The love of the extravagant and fantastic, observable from the first in the works of the great German painter, never abandoned him. In that dreamer "Melancholy," who, seated on the sea-shore, seems seeking to penetrate with her gaze into infinite space, he has apparently expressed the inspiration of his own soul. For my own part, I have this picture always before me. How is it possible ever to forget an engraving of Albert Durer's, even though seen but once! I ever see her, her proud and noble head thoughtfully resting upon one hand, her long hair falling in dishevelled tresses upon her shoulders. Her folded wings, emblematic of that impotent aspiration, which directs her gaze towards heaven, whilst a book, closed and useless as her wings, rests upon her knee. No, nothing can be more gloomy, more penetrating, than the expression of this figure. From the peculiarity of the folds of her dress, one would say, that she was enveloped in iron draperies. Near her is a symbolical sun-dial, with the bell which marks the hours as they glide away. The sun is sinking into the ocean, and darkness will soon envelop the earth. Above hovers a strange-looking bat, which, spreading its ominous wings, bears a pennon, on which is written the word—"Melancholia."

All is symbolical in this composition, of which the sentiment is sublime. Melancholy holds in her right hand a pair of compasses and a circle, the emblem of that eternity in which her thoughts are lost. Various instruments appertaining to the arts and sciences lie scattered around her; after having made use of them, she has laid them aside, and has fallen into a profound reverie. As a type of the mistrust which has crept into her heart, with avarice and doubt, a bunch of keys is suspended at her girdle; above her is an hour-glass, the acknowledged emblem of her transitory existence. But nothing is more admirable than the face of Melancholy, both in the severe beauty of her features and the depth of her gaze, in which may be recognised a likeness to Agnes,—a remarkable fact, which I do not think has before been noticed! In 1514 Albert Durer conceived the type of Dr. Faust, which illustrates that state of mind in which the result of science is but doubt, the result of experience but bitter and disheartening disappointment. Three centuries before the age of Goethe, an artist depicted the grief which in our days torments the minds of choice spirits; but the painter was not so well understood as the poet, although the poet was evidently inspired by the painter. Neither the sentiment of melancholy nor the word which expresses it had appeared in art before the time of Albert Durer.

We will now speak of the celebrated engraving called "Death's Horse." It is said that Albert Durer intended to represent Franz Von Sickingen, whose name was dreaded throughout Germany, thus giving him a terrible warning. An S traced on the picture goes far to corroborate this supposition. But, setting aside the possibility of this allusion, and also the idea that the artist intended to represent his own journey through life, this great work obtains a more lasting importance and a more general application. An old ballad has moreover suggested another signification. It there presents to us the model of the Christian; *sans peur et sans reproche*. "Let Death and the Devil attack me, says the knight, I will conquer both the Devil and Death." Such was Durer's love of the marvellous and the fantastic, that many subjects for pictures and engravings were furnished him by his dreams. Among them is one of the most singular water-colour paintings which has ever been exhibited; this picture is in the Ambrasian collection at Vienna. There is seen a large sheet of water which washes the shores of a plain, upon which are several houses. Over this water hangs a huge black cloud, which is discharging itself in torrents of rain. On every side the air is filled with vapour. Albert Durer wrote these words beneath this painting:—

"On Thursday night, the eve of the Pentecost, in the year 1525, I had this vision in my sleep. What torrents of water fell from the heavens! This water struck the earth about four miles from me with such force, such reverberation and noise, the whole country was flooded, and such a mortal dread seized me, that I awoke: I again fell asleep. Then the remainder of the water fell nearly as abundantly as before, some at a greater distance, some nearer. It seemed to fall from such a height, that to my mind the descent occupied a long time. But as the flood approached nearer and nearer, the deluge became so rapid and resounding, that fear seized me, and I again awoke. My whole body trembled, and it was long before I could recover myself; but in the morning when I rose I painted what I had seen. May God order all for the best!"

"ALBERT DURER."

This is certainly a most artless description. However, Joseph Heller, an eminent German writer, the author of the best life of Albert Durer which has yet appeared, would not allow his ingenuity to be vanquished. He spends much time in explaining this water-colour painting otherwise so incomprehensible. He gives with the utmost care the most minute details, is even so scrupulous in his examination as to take note of the manufacturer's mark on the piece of paper used by Albert Durer. Moreover, the learned commentator had this mark engraved and joined to his text.

Notwithstanding the generally admitted character of German genius, the serious and thoughtful habits of Albert Durer did not always keep him aloof from the world of realities. He sometimes abandoned the region of chimeras and phantoms, to work at the grandest and noblest religious subjects. "The Martyrs of the Christian Legion," which is to be seen in the Austrian Belvedere gallery; "The Adoration of the Magi," which is preserved in the gallery of the Uffizzi at Florence; "The Trinity," surrounded by the angelic host; these and many other pictures prove that this great master respected the limits which separate the imaginary from the visible. Some out of this class are his *chefs-d'œuvre*, but the most perfect of all adorn the Pinakothek at Munich. It is divided into two compartments, one of which contains the apostles St. John and St. Peter, the other St. Mark and St. Paul. It was the last important production of the great artist. He had the satisfaction of ending his career by a happy and eminently successful effort towards the sublime. He painted these figures of the Apostles with the intention of leaving them in his will to be placed in the Town Hall at Nuremberg, in order to preserve there, by the memory of his genius, the religious fervour of the Lutherans; for Durer had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and the questions to which they gave rise constantly occupied his thoughts. He painted beneath "The Apostles," long inscriptions gathered from their epistles and gospels, recommending us not to neglect the study of the scriptures, or to believe in the doctrines of false

prophets. He has given to each one of these figures a distinct and well-defined character. The exile of Patmos is represented as possessing a passionate, enthusiastic, and melancholy temperament; St. Peter, with his gray hairs and calm deportment, expresses contemplative repose; St. Mark bears the aspect of a hopeful man and a zealous propagator of the faith; the figure of St. Paul, armed with a naked sword, and carrying the bible, is the symbol of action, energy, and imperious will; he casts a severe and searching glance around him, as if to discover all blasphemers, in order to destroy them with the sword of the living God.

We must not suppose that Durer never relaxed from his severe gravity. His familiar letters sometimes discover an inclination to gaiety, at times even an approach to harmless raillery. It is true that they were written at Venice, away from his wife. He writes thus to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer:—

"I should judge from what you have written me, that you are anxious to do the amiable, but that becomes you as perfume does a lansquinet. You think that when you have decked yourself out in silks, and made yourself agreeable to the women, that you have done all that is needful. Were you as modest a man as myself, I should not be any gry with you; but you have too many 'amours,' and I think, if you wish to pay them all off in a month, you will ruin yourself. Give my greeting to Borseht and M. pretty servant girl, and your also to our lady-which Durer gave account (this which Durer gave for recollecting me, and tell her that she is a ' salope ' * Item, You will be glad to hear that my picture has succeeded beyond my expectations; I have obtained by it much honour, but little profit. During my absence I have not made more than 200 ducats; I have refused to undertake some important works, that I may be at liberty to return. I have now effectually silenced all those painters who said, 'He is a good engraver, but as to painting, he has no idea of colouring.' *Item*. My French cloak and my 'Walsch' coat greet you . . . "



"ALBERT DURER."

Many of Albert Durer's paintings and engravings belong to the class called *genre*. He dealt with fanciful subjects as well as familiar and rural scenes. Sometimes two lovers are represented walking affectionately together in the country; sometimes the villagers enjoying their evening dance; sometimes a peasant attempting to win a young girl by his deceitful promises. Durer understood the Flemish style, the peaceful charm of every-day life, the poetry to be found in realities. Albert Durer was not only a painter of the first order, and a wonderful engraver, but he had also learnt to handle the tool of the goldsmith and the chisel of the sculptor. In nearly all the German towns, works in alto-relievo, as well as medallions, are shown to the traveller as his productions.

Sculptor, painter, engraver, this great man has also written learned works. Had he been known merely as an author, he would still have borne an illustrious name. His most celebrated work is a "Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body," in four books.

Having mentioned so celebrated a work, perhaps we may be permitted to express our full opinion. This book has been little read, which is partly the fault of the author. Unintelligible and without animation, it disconcerts and discourages the reader in the outset. For instance, there is no order in his arrangement, he does not set to work as a methodical mind would have done, "commencing with the large divisions and ending with the small." Before learning the position of the fourteenth part of the human body, we ought to know something about the half. This disagreeable impression, which is produced by the diffuse character of an ill-arranged book, sufficiently explains why those authors who are fond of clearness have only glanced at Albert Durer's, and imme-

We give here the original word used, and the grotesque figure

diately pronounced it incomprehensible; sometimes, however, we may gather from it beautiful ideas. Albert Durer seems to have believed that nature has arranged even her deformities with a certain regularity, that even ugliness is harmo-

which is common to all countries and ages, and which exerts a universal influence. It is true, that occasionally, especially in his picture of "The Apostles," he approaches sublimity. As no painter has expressed grief with so much



DAVIDSON, DEL.

A. LEVILLER, SC.

A FOREST SCENE.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRIL.

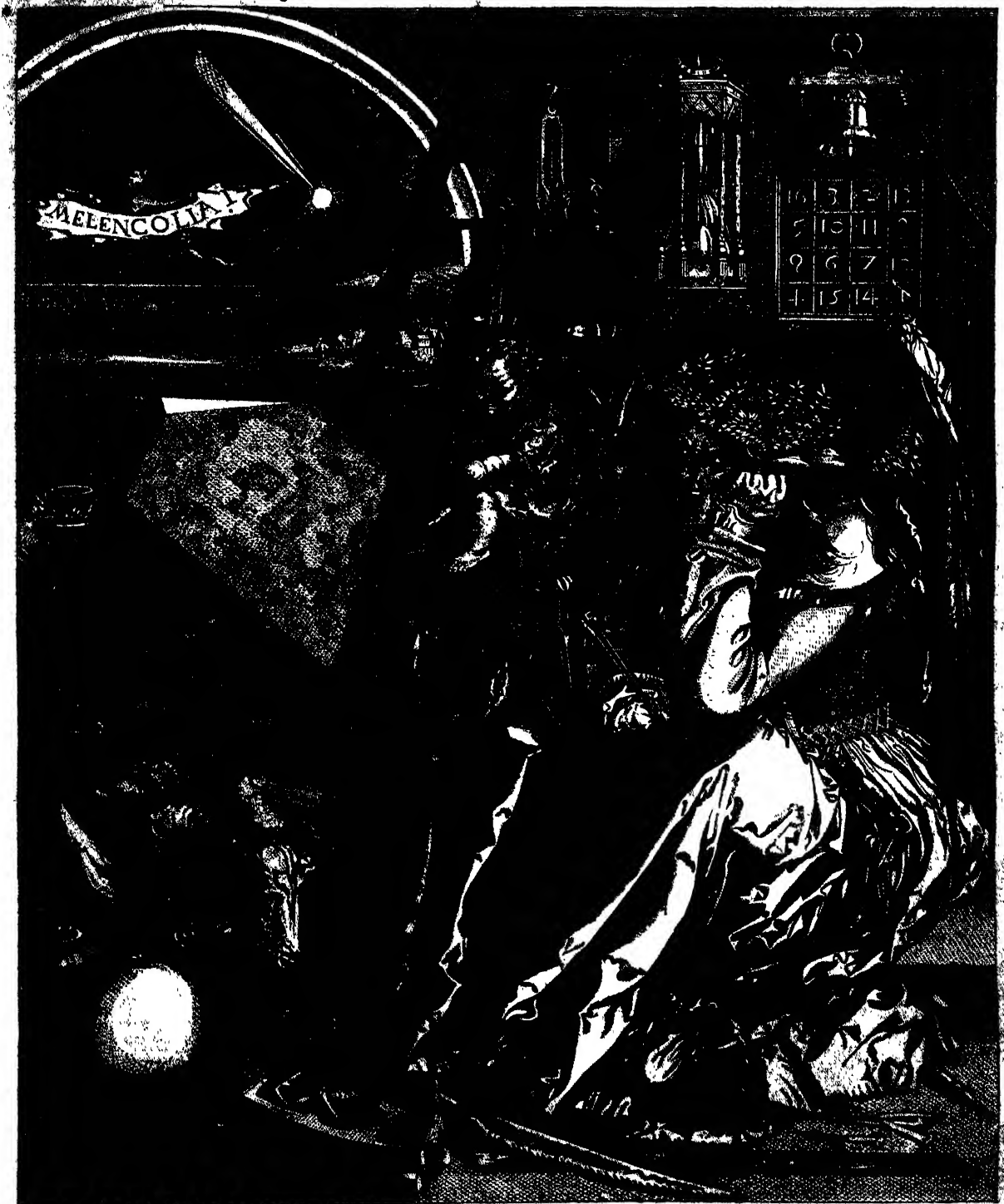
nious,—an idea which has been very cleverly developed by Diderot.

Albert Durer's exclusively German taste prevented him from attaining that true beauty, that harmonious perfection,

depth and force as he in his painting of "The Passion," which he began three times, so none has displayed more grace and tenderness than is shown in his "Life of the Virgin." A zealous Lutheran, from nothing did Durer gather greater

inspiration than from Holy Writ, and filled with that Christian sentiment which obtained such influence in the middle ages, he allowed his Protestant thoughts to betray themselves in his works. Judging from his later productions, it seems

limited sense of the word—that is to say, his works are not only remarkable for their national character, but the greater part of them only suit the taste of the population of the Upper Rhine. One is struck with astonishment at his



ALBERT DURER. F.

M—CABASSON. D.

CH—JARDIN. SC.

MELANCHOLY.

probable that he contemplated at and Italian art. Whilst Luther broke with Rome, Dürer held out the hand of brotherhood to Raphael. Nevertheless, the painter of the "Death's Head" is too German, in the

strange symbols, his thoughtful and singular attitudes, and his draperies are not less surprising than his figures. He disposes them in large masses, and breaks them into a multitude of little angular folds, which often gives them the

appearance of metal. His colouring is clear and delicate, and too brilliant to be natural; it is very like that used for the illumination of ancient manuscripts, and of an intensity which quite offends the eye. His *chiaroscuro* has also a fanciful appearance; in it the light and shadow play, as in one of

those powerful visions by which his sleep was troubled. In short, all Albert Durer's works, bearing so strongly the impress of German genius, betray the man of the North, who, combining in his life the simplest prose with the most ideal poetry, loves to rise above the world of realities into the realm of dreams.

GERICAULT.

GERICAULT was the son of an advocate of Rouen, and was born in that town in 1791. Unfortunately for him, his birth was as premature as his death; had he come into the world five years later, he would have enjoyed while living the glory which his works merited. But he died at the early age of thirty-three, as yet badly appreciated, understood only by a small number, and despised by those who, in his day, were the oracles of taste. Now the differences to which his works gave rise have disappeared and are forgotten, and there is no personal feeling to influence the judgment which the public may form of them.

He was originally destined to receive a careful and literary education. When fifteen, his father entered him in the Lycée Imperial. What then took place was what might have been expected to take place in the case of a youth of more than ordinary energy. His predominating tastes and tendencies revealed themselves with extraordinary rapidity; and so impatient did he grow to become an artist, and above all a painter of horses, that to pursue his classical studies was out of the question; for horses were his passion even from infancy. Whenever he had a holiday, he spent it in the riding-school, and at Franconi's, whom he thought the greatest of men. He often hung about the doors of the nobility, for the purpose of watching their horses being driven off in their carriages, and often ran after them like the street *gamins*. When seventeen years of age, he was placed in the studio of Carlo Vernet. After leaving him, he placed himself under Guérin, to whom his peculiar mode of colouring appeared ridiculous in the extreme. Géricault had studied in the Museum, and had there commenced to copy Rubens at the very outset—a piece of audacity till then unheard of—so that he brought with him racy tones, the mannerized forms, and a good deal of boldness. He now found his position most uncomfortable. He thought that he would one day become a great painter; his master thought not, and in fact advised him to give up thoughts of painting altogether. This hurt him greatly, but did not by any means dishearten him. On leaving Guérin he completed his education by reading the English poets, and by the study of Italian, music, and by diligent attention to the antique. He also spent much of his time in copying the old masters.

Géricault was then a fine young man, above the middle height, well proportioned, and elegant in his manners, a great admirer of the women, and greatly admired by them, and quite a lion on the Champs de Mars. Now-a-days, he would have been merely a member of the jockey club, and an exquisite; but the gaieties, and frivolities, and rascalities of the turf had no bad effect on Géricault. On the contrary, they furnished him with a rich store of materials for study and observation. It was not the fop, or "fast man," who went a hunting and rode steeple-chases; it was the artist. His father, however, and his family were so opposed to his following the vocation he had chosen, that they did not even allow him funds to provide himself with a studio, and he was compelled to make use of those of his friends. He continued his course with success, barring a foolish, but temporary abandonment of his profession for the purpose of entering the royalist garde du corps, after the restoration in 1814. He was soon disgusted, as was every man of mind in France, by the feeble and ridiculous attempts of the Bourbons to restore the old régime, and returned to his first love. He now resolved to conform to the old and time-honoured custom of artists spending some time in Italy, and set out thither in 1817. He was not long in Rome before his style became greatly modified. He studied the frescoes of Michael Angelo, and of

many others; the subdued tones of the paintings in the churches, from which age and the smoke of the candles had taken all their brilliancy, quite captivated him. Impressionable and excitable, he began to doubt his own force, and ask himself what was he in the presence of these giants, whom lapse of time had only made greater, and he set about painting gray and brown purposely. On his return from Italy, he already began to throw slight upon colour, and speak of all colourists with disdain. So it is true, after all, that Italy is not useful to everybody. Some run the risk of losing their originality, by coming in contact with the works of these illustrious dead. With them it is impossible to enter into discussion.

At last an opportunity presented itself for Géricault to undertake a great work, which should place him amongst the masters. He chose for his subject the "Shipwreck of the Medusa," the frightful details of which then occupied all minds. It was a terrible one, which perfectly suited the peculiar character of his genius. He prepared for it by severe study and assiduous labour. He familiarised himself with the aspect of death in every possible form, frequented the hospitals for the purpose of watching all the alternations of hope, despair, terror, and anguish in the human countenance. Whoever has visited the Louvre must have observed the "Shipwreck of the Medusa." Those who have not may form some idea of it from Reynolds's engraving. It is a scene of horror, lighted by one ray of hope. Fifteen unfortunates, with livid faces, half naked, with hollow eyes and ferocious aspect, are represented clustered in groups on a raft, badly tied together, and swept by every passing wave. Of the forty-eight who had entrusted themselves to this frail structure, these fifteen only had survived, and for the preceding eight days had been living on the flesh of the dead, who had perished of hunger, or been killed by the sabre, in a mutiny which had broken out, as if to add fresh horrors to the scene. Suddenly one of them perceives a sail in the horizon, has uttered a loud cry, and the others starting up, like galvanised corpses, raise themselves, and stretch out their arms in the direction in which the succour appears. Those who have any strength remaining, seek to climb upon the casks, in order to wave their handkerchiefs in sign of distress; in such a way that all the figures of the painting follow the general movement of ascent, towards the highest point, the point of hope. Some of them, however, in whom only a breath of life still lingers, remain stretched upon the planks of the raft, half floating on the waves. Here a young man rolls wildly about, and tears his hair in despair; there an old man, holding his dead son across his knees, remains mute and immovable, as if thunderstruck. Deaf to the voice of his comrades, who announce their approaching deliverance, his heart seared by suffering, and indifferent whether he lives or dies, he gazes vacantly upon the waves, which so soon shall prove the burying-place of his child.

The painter should rather be congratulated than otherwise upon having made those about to die of the same tone as the dead, and for having given uniformity of colour to the draperies, sails, mast, and cordage; for there was no other means of producing that sombre harmony so necessary to the power of emotion. Unity is, in reality, the secret of strong impressions; and this was so well understood by Géricault, that none of his episodes distract the attention nor divide the interest. If you recur often to that petrified head of the old man, it is because the whole catastrophe seems concentrated in him.

There is but one thing wanting in the work—the immensity of the sea. The little that we see is, to be sure, of rare beauty. The dark, deep, heavy water, in which bodies sink so slowly, and which in times of storm loses its transparency, and almost assumes the appearance; but even this splendid execution does not make up for the want of expression produced by the sky meeting the heaven in every quarter—*pontum, et undique pontum*. In a scene like this, nature should be everything, and man comparatively insignificant.

Géricault was modest as became a gentleman; but he still was fully conscious of his own genius—in other words, his modesty was but one form of his legitimate pride. He repudiated the praises that his friends heaped upon him, but it was because his works did not come up to the standard which he had fixed for himself. The "Wreck of the Medusa" was, in his eyes, but the preface to the great things which he might yet achieve.

In 1820 he brought the painting to England, with the view of exhibiting it, as the event it depicted had here excited as much horror and pity as in France. The enterprise proved successful, and he realised not less than 20,000 francs by it. It was then that the celebrated engraver, Reynolds, reproduced it in an engraving in the dark manner which everyone knows.

When Géricault returned to Paris, his constitution had begun to give away. His letters betrayed a deep feeling of melancholy and *ennui*. His love for his friends seemed to have increased in intensity, and he was continually complaining of the rarity of their visits and their letters. He became almost childishly sensitive, and the least appearance of neglect wounded him deeply. If they were a long while without coming to see him, he wrote them a ceremonious letter, in which his native tenderness was ill concealed by a constrained politeness.

He was destined to fall a victim to his own boldness. He was one day out riding with M. Horace Vernet upon the heights of Montmartre: his horse was fiery and restive (he never rode one that was not so), reared up, plunged violently, and threw him on his face across a heap of stones. A buckle in his trousers was forced into his groin, wounding him severely. He was recovering slowly but satisfactorily, when he lost patience, and rising before he was well, brought on a relapse by his own imprudence. He again mounted on horseback, and attended the races in the Champ de Mars, and while there received a violent shock from a gentleman riding up against him at full speed. He was once more an invalid, and for a year scarcely ever issued from his room; he occupied himself by having the lithographs which he had published in London copied under his own direction. Their printing had been badly executed in England, and he wished to have them reproduced. He still remained dull and melancholy, and was

disquieted in mind by his inability to discharge some debts which he had contracted before his illness. His friends persuaded him to sell some of his paintings, which realised in one day the large sum of 18,000 francs. He was so astonished at this that he could hardly believe it, and accused his friends of having added to it out of their own pockets.

At last his health seemed completely restored, and he returned joyfully to his horse. He executed about this time a series of sketches of oriental costumes. He was about entering upon a still more ambitious work, when his malady suddenly returned, and this time was fatal. He died in his father's house, after a long and painful illness, on the 18th of January, 1824.

At Géricault's death, M. Dedreux Dorey, fearing lest the "Shipwreck of the Medusa" should pass into strange hands, bought it for 6,000 francs. Some Americans soon afterwards offered triple that sum for it; but M. Dorey refused to part with it, and soon after sold it to the government for what it had cost him, on condition that it should be placed in the Louvre, where it now hangs.

Géricault was an able sculptor as well as painter. On the walls of his studio he cut figures with his knife worthy of the frieze of the Parthenon. At Evreux there are many of his sculptures, amongst others, a lion in repose, and a bas-relief in wax representing an ancient cavalier. M. Etex has raised a marble mausoleum to his memory. Upon the pedestal, copies of his three principal works are sculptured.—"The Shipwreck of the Medusa" appears in bronze upon the front, and on the sides "The Chasseur" and "The Chirassier." A man of action, fiery, impetuous, and full of manly hardihood, as Géricault was, should have been sculptured upright on his tomb, as David has sculptured Armand Carrel. M. Etex, on the contrary, has represented him tranquilly and pensively reclining. The name of Géricault would always remain as that of an innovator, and yet he has not exaggerated nor gone to extremes. His style was firm, emphasized, and easily distinguishable. Without seeking after common types, he knew how to make use of them, and imprint upon them that character of force which is in reality another kind of nobility. If he saw a drayman's horse passing, he sketched it eagerly in its powerful gait. He followed steadily in the path which David and Vernet had opened up. But, without doubt, if, after contemplating "The Sabines" of David in the Louvre, we turn towards "The Shipwreck of the Medusa," the latter will produce a profound impression on us. When the two masters are placed in contrast, we can perceive an immense difference between them. Between the demigods of the former, and the agitated bodies of the latter, there is a vast gulf; but the intention displayed by both is the same—to enable humanity to infuse poetry into its history, and interest us in its misfortunes.

MURILLO.

It rarely happens that an artist of limited capacity takes much time in assuming his position. Nature having flamed him for the comprehension of her beauties, some few aspects alone impart to his mind so vivid an impression of them, that frequently, on emerging from his first studies, the painter masters with a single effort the branch of art by which he hopes to gain eminence, and even the degree of perfection which he may be permitted to attain. On the other hand, an artist endowed with a universal comprehension, capable of making every chord of art vibrate simultaneously, and of thus blending the harmonies of many in himself alone, is never formed so rapidly. His progress is neither so deliberate, so direct, nor so determined. What a length of time does it not take to ripen that individuality which is as yet unconscious of its power, precisely because that power is so multifarious! What crude essays, what groping in the dark, what mixture of styles, what inroads on the domains of others, and how many relapses to originality, before the incipient master feels

his strength, and can exclaim, in the proud language of Correggio, *¡ach! lo son pittore!* Such was the life of Murillo.

Will it be believed? It is no longer in the convent of the Franciscans at Seville that we must look for the pictures which first led to the celebrity of the Andalusian painter. It is in Paris alone that are now to be found the greater number of those pictures wherein the power of light and shade was so forcibly rendered from a close study of the works of Ribera. Carried off in the artillery waggons of the French generals, some of these paintings, such as the "Franciscan Cook in an Ecstasy," have contributed to enrich the magnificent museum of Marshal Soult; others, such as the "Death of Santa Clara," have constituted the pride of the Aguado gallery. To the second phase of Murillo's talent belongs a "Banditti Scene," in which, from a landscape background, vigorously painted, are relieved the figures of a monk and a half-naked robber into whose clutches he has fallen. The whole is executed in the manner of Spagnoletto; as well as a "Flight

of the Holy Family into Egypt," which represents the infant Jesus affectionately folded in the arms of his mother on the back of the humble quadruped he afterwards chose for his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, while Joseph the carpenter, leading the animal by the bridle, hastens forward through the shades of night.

In a country like Spain, Murillo must have easily won the love of the masses. He was essentially endowed with all that could please the Spaniards. Differing in that respect from Velasquez, who portrayed by preference the nobler attributes of the national character, he devoted himself to the illustration of its more vulgar qualities, and that of the ordinary and general habits and manners of the people, with all the contrasts which they offer in a nation so profoundly catholic. He could paint the sacred fervour of the devotee, or the ecstasy of the monkish enthusiast, as well as the ragged-

trary, stops; he is struck with the effect produced by the sunbeam which has penetrated through the opening and heightened the tone of the urchin's rags. He finds the attitude artless, and the subject picturesque; the accident of light is vivid, piquant, and warm, and the head in good relief. In one moment the painter has sketched his chance model, if not on paper, at least in his mind's eye, and on returning to his studio he paints that little gem of observation, so broad in its simplicity of light and shade, which is now so much admired at the Louvre under the title of the "Youthful Mendicant." Nor has he forgotten any of the accessories; neither the simple pitcher of water, nor the old basket in which some fruit appears, nor the shrimps scattered on the table-cloth—the bare earth; the preparations for, oravings of, a frugal repast, the beginning and end of which are pretty much alike. The head is full of character; the fragments of the vest are



WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERICAULT.

ness of the proud mendicant, or the abject suffering of Job. Being himself of a pious disposition, he frequently went to pray for whole hours in his own parochial church, and was sure to remark after service such beauties as might peep through their window-blinds to attract notice. As a catholic, Murillo was at once worldly and devout; as a Christian, he bore an equal love to all human creatures, whether they were ill made or elegantly formed, disfigured by poverty or set off by luxury, filthy to excess, or adorned like queens and radiant as Seraphim. Behold him issuing from the cloister of the Franciscans, where he has been painting an apparition of angels, who might be said to be arrayed in robes of light! at the corner of the first street he perceives through a window an urchin with a shaven head squatting against a Gothic ruin, busily engaged in ridding himself of some of those insinuating friends, whose society is anything but a luxury. Any other person would have averted his gaze, but Murillo, on the con-

touched with boldness, for no one can properly paint rags; the flesh is modelled with care; the rough and sunburnt skin, and the callous soles of the feet, sufficiently indicate the truant habits of the vagabond, and the horror of work and clean water. Thus has Murillo involuntarily characterised the Spanish people by the single figure of this urchin, equally free from care and trouble, who, after, unconsciously sitting for his portrait, proudly holds up his head, and is at least as abstemious as he is idle. The picture itself is really a curious and agreeable object to look at.

That talent which served to make Murillo the most popular painter of Spain, had already brought him so much into notice, that in a short time he acquired fortune enough to be deemed worthy of espousing a lady of distinction (*una persona de consecuencias*) of the city of Pílas, Donna Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor. This marriage took place in 1648, from which time he found his fame rapidly increase, at the same time that

he felt his genius more fully develop itself. The originality of the painter at length threw off the shackles of imitation: Wandyck, Ribera, Titian, and even Velasquez, all the models at first so ingeniously imitated, faded by degrees from the memory of their admirer, and on their vanished traces arose a new artist, a master in his turn, who now displayed a character, a stamp, and a signature of his own; this was Esteban Murillo.

This was his third and last transformation. The violent light and shade, which he had borrowed from Ribera, sensibly softened and gained in transparency what it lost in force; his touch grew more mellow, his style became fixed, and nothing remained to him of the great Velasquez but the art of graduating his tints to paint the air, as finely expressed by Moratin.

not anxious to have the image of its patron saint from the hand of Murillo; nor was there a high altar of a cathedral, or a chapel of renown, which was not reserved for one or other of the innumerable "Conceptions," as rapidly composed by Murillo as they were varied in character. It might be almost said that this striking miracle continually enlightened his imagination. The rapt Virgin always appeared to him clothed in blue and white, the invariable apparel which, doubtless, in the thoughts of the painter combined the two colours of purity and heaven. As to the Cherubim with which he surrounded her, those tender zephyrs of the Christian mythology charm in a thousand different ways, always graceful and artless, now playing with the skirts and folds of the flowing drapery, now merely showing their winged



THE BEGGAR BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

He further preserved that excellent gray tone of his which generally serves as a background to the portraits of Velasquez, in which the gravity of the personages habited in black combines so harmoniously with those cool and tranquil tints, in which still lingers that glow which makes the coldest tones of Spain approach even the warm hues of northern countries.

In spite of the fierce rivalry of Valdés Leal, and the jealousy of Herrera the younger, Murillo ascended without difficulty to the first position in Seville. People flocked to him from all parts to give him commissions for Virgins, for infants praying, for Saviours, and other devotional subjects—

did he paint them in accordance with the im-
There was not a commu-
Franciscans that was

heads swimming in floods of light. It seems almost as if, when he had to represent the Virgin apprised by the angel of the mysteries of her future maternity, the Spanish painter fell back into naturalism, and even produced a powerful effect by the contrast between terrestrial individualities and the ideal signs and personages sent from on high. We see frequently in Murillo's "Annunciations" the accessories of domestic life, the workbag, the thimble, and the scissors upon the linen heaped up in the humble basket. It was not undesignedly that Andalusian painter, avoiding the lofty style of Raphael the Italian catholic, exhibits to us in an humble work-
for the

of Derry.
When a stranger arrives at Seville, he is

ducted to the cathedral, that he may be shown the numerous paintings of Murillo, which the chapter is so justly proud of possessing. At the back of the high altar he is called upon to admire a "Nativity of Our Lady," admirable for the sweetness of the tints, its quiet shadows, and its charming tone of colour, *hermoso colorido*. The traveller, after this, is conducted into the grand sacristy, where glitter the famous pictures of St. Leander and St. Isidore, in pontifical habits. He is then stopped at one of the lateral chapels before a "Repose in Egypt," painted with the freest and most masterly handling, and resembling a Velasquez from its brilliant effect. Finally, to raise the admiration of the visitor to the pitch of enthusiasm, they unfold to his gaze the "Saint Anthony of Padua," and on contemplating this matchless and unapproachable masterpiece, the stranger, as yet but little familiarised with the beauties of Spanish painting, remains in rapt ecstasy like the Cenobite in the picture. In a gloomy cell the infant Jesus suddenly appears to Saint Anthony, in the midst of a dazzling glory; and the pious hermit, on his knees, enlightened by the apparition, throws up his arms in an indescribable transport of love for the Deity resplendent with light and beauty, towards whom he stretches out his arms as for a loving embrace. Never was the force of passionate expression carried beyond this point by any painter, nor ever was there produced, with brush and colours, skies more transparent or features of more seraphic sweetness. The management of the *chiaro-oscuro* is no less astonishing here than the faith of the visionary monk. It is inconceivable how the painter has been able, by the mere power of light and shade, to obtain so luminous an effect, and by what infinite gradation of treatment he has been able to pass from the intensity of the sun's rays to the peaceful obscurity of the hermit's cell.

But before quitting the cathedral of Seville, there remains to be seen the chapter house, the works of which were directed by Murillo in 1667 and 1668. Provided the *acerrone* be a well-informed canon—and some may yet be found among the chapter—he will not fail to assert, with a feeling of becoming pride, that for the "Saint Anthony of Padua" the artist received 10,000 reals, equal to 60,000 at the present day; and as the life of the great painter of Seville is well known in that city rather by tradition than by reading the works of Palomino, the traveller will learn, on the subject of the beautiful "Conception" painted for the dome of the Franciscans, the history of the curious contest which took place between Murillo and the reverend fathers. A picture destined always to be seen at a distance, must be conceived and treated with the broad style suited to decoration. It must be drawn squarely, and touched with great vigour. In putting in his contrasts roughly, the painter confides to distance the care of restoring them to their just proportions; and if he handles his colours with rude ability, he calculates on the gradations of aerial perspective to produce an appropriate harmony. Murillo had been careful not to forget the principles which he had occasionally seen so well applied in the learned practice of Velasquez. When the holy fathers had a close view of what they should only see at a distance, they exclaimed against the

coarseness of a painting that seemed all a mass of confusion, and which they doubtless thought was painted with the handle of the brush. They refused to receive it, in short; but the artist, before he carried away his picture, demanded and obtained leave to raise it for a moment to its proper position. In proportion as the canvas ascended, the figures became disentangled, the outlines softened by little and little, and the colours mingled; that which before was careless appeared finished, what was harsh became soft, and when the canvas reached its proper height, the most perfect harmony enchanted every eye. The good Franciscans then blushed at their ignorance; and to appease the irritated artist, who now expressed his intention of carrying away his work, they were compelled to offer him double the price originally agreed upon.

A happy life was that of Murillo! It was not characterised, it is true, by any of those romantic incidents which are the charm and the torment of our hearts; the sight of some pictures of Vandyck, a visit to Velasquez,—such were the two great events of that artistic life in which neither idleness nor weariness found a place. In a city peopled with monks, with picturesque mendicants, and enthusiastic devotees, in a city filled with mysterious churches, lit up, as Lafontaine would say, by the eyes of Andalusian beauties, Murillo passed his time in copying the inhabitants of the earth and inventing those of heaven. His whole world was summed up in the city of Seville. On the road on which he had to traverse, from the parish of Santa Cruz, in which he resided, to the cathedral of Seville, or else to the convent of the Capuchins outside the walls, he lost nothing that occurred to attract his notice. If he met the licentiates Alonzo Herrera and Juan Lopez y Talavan, he was struck with their fine heads, and he introduced them under the names of Saint Leander and of Saint Isidore into some devotional picture. Without the necessity of travelling, or of crossing the seas, he could handle a thousand different subjects, and paint in every branch of the art,—landscapes, flowers, sea-pieces, portraits, history, and miracles; miserable humanity cowering on the pavement, and beatified mortals wafted through the regions of Paradise. The soul and the body, visionary revercy and gross materialism, self-denial and voluptuous enjoyment, he observed all; he saw in creation all its phases, in social life its contrasts of nobleness and baseness, and in the heart of man he could read all its hidden stores of weakness, of grandeur and of love.

What Raphael Mengs said of the figures of Velasquez may be applied to the majority of Murillo's compositions,—they seem to be created by a simple act of volition. We can scarcely imagine that the painter has conceived them otherwise; and this perfect nature, with all its merit, has also some disadvantages. With Velasquez, for instance, it is seldom that the arrangement of a portrait or the composition of an historical picture has not the zest of freshness united with startling truth. With Murillo the conception is so prompt, that art has not had time to intervene. We might be almost tempted to imagine that the picture composed itself, and to look upon it as a fortuitous piece of accident.

EUSTACE LE SUEUR.

There are few painters who have achieved so much so little known to fame, in England at least, as Eustache Le Sueur, which must be a matter of wonder to any one who remembers how readily any man, but particularly an artist, can become popular when the story of his life has any tinge of romance in it. About Le Sueur's there was so much that one incident in it has furnished a rich mine of materials to French novelists.

He was the son of a sculptor, and was placed at an early age in the studio of the famous old French painter, Simon Vouet, premier peintre du roi, who is considered the father of French art. While here he gave evidence of a very precocious talent, by executing a number of illustrations for a work entitled, "The Dreams of Poliphilus," written by a Franciscan monk of the fifteenth century, and then greatly admired, because no

one understood it. Very likely neither did Le Sueur, but he fancied he did, and this answered his purpose quite as well—even better, as it left him free scope for his imagination. His paintings were accordingly distinguished by great grace and liveliness, but still displayed something of that solemn grandeur and severe simplicity which have rendered his subsequent works so famous. And now comes the episode in his career which threw over his genius a melancholy cast, and in all likelihood inclined him to employ it almost exclusively upon religious subjects.

Louis XIII. about this time paid a visit to the celebrated Mademoiselle La Fayette at the Convent of the Visitation, and presented the sisterhood with a large sum to be spent in the decoration of their chapel—the chapel of Holy Mary. Vouet,

of course, was appointed to do it, but what with his labours at St. Germain, at Fontainebleau, and at Vincennes, he had so much on hand that he was compelled to call upon Le Sueur, his pupil, to aid him in this new task, and to the latter was accordingly committed "The Assumption," to be painted on the centre of the chapel. To avoid having the sanctuary profaned by the presence of a Fornarina, the lady superior was obliged to assign him one of the nuns as a model; and, as might have been suspected, where the maiden was fair to look upon, and the heart of the artist susceptible, he fell in love with her; but as to harbour the feeling even was sinful, and as to reveal it would have been absurd, he cherished it in secret. Time, of course, at last put an end to it, but never put an end to the sorrowing regrets which it left behind, and all his life long Le Sueur was a melancholy man.

It was at Lyons, to which he undertook a journey soon after that, that the peculiar bent of his genius first displayed itself on seeing some works of Raphael. After studying them he was filled with enthusiasm for this great master, and immediately executed his painting "St. Paul laying hands on the Sick," a work which at once placed him far above mediocrity, and attracted the favourable notice of Nicholas Poussin. By his advice he sought to moderate the rapidity of his manner, caused by the natural fire of his disposition, and to perfect himself by the study of the great masters of Italy. But there were not many of their works in Paris, and by this time Le Sueur was married, and, as might be expected, was poor,—so going to Rome was out of the question. There is a story told to the effect that Poussin offered to make copies of the best of them and send them to him, and this, if true, reflects credit on him; but we do not find that Le Sueur accepted his offer, but supported himself for some time by making frontispieces for books of devotion, theological theses, and other trifles. At last he was commissioned to decorate the cloister of the Chartreuse at Paris, and found himself in his proper sphere of action. "The Life of St. Bruno," a collection of twenty-two paintings, finished in three years for a very small remuneration, may be regarded as Le Sueur's chief work, though he himself was modest enough to call it a series of sketches. Poussin has called Le Sueur a disciple of Raphael and of the antique, but the fact is that he could be compared to no one but himself, not only in the choice of forms and in the flow of the draperies, but also, and above all, in the general expression and of conception of things not seen. In Raphael, the religious sentiment is always surrounded by something proud and imposing, which confounds imp'cty, but in Le Sueur it is accompanied by candour, which moves the most incredulous. The painter of Urbino lets us see a little of the pride with which the protection of the great and noble and his sojourn in the Eternal City had inspired him; but the Frenchman, simple and sad, painted all the phases of a monkish life with an humble faith, and a more devout adoration. It was in the fervour of the belief and hope by which he sought to drive away the gloom by which he himself was haunted; that he found the secret of this religious painting, which, to a sceptic, would have been impossible. So no one has ever represented with as much truth and impressiveness as Le Sueur, tranquil monasteries built in solitude upon accessible mountains; walls of enclosure surrounding communities of anchorites like barriers raised against the noise and tumults of the world; austere and thoughtful penitents struggling by dint of prayer and mortification against worldly thoughts and vain regrets, and the long white robes traversing the gloomy cloisters like ghosts. Le Sueur never appears to such advantage as when he paints his own sentiments.

Le Sueur was employed to decorate the Hotel Lambert, one of the most charming abodes in Paris; which after a long period of decay and neglect, is now restored to its ancient splendour, by Madame Caartoryski, and is the scene of some of the gayest re-unions of the French capital. In this he was placed in competition with Lebrun, but by no means suffered by the contrast. His most splendid works here were the four paintings representing "The Muses." His groups are displayed in the background of charming landscapes, and the

sky, distances, and colouring, display the most complete harmony. As to the figures, they have all the virgin modesty and other poetic characteristics which imagination has for so many ages ascribed to them. The artist who, in "The Life of St. Bruno," had given charms to austerity, remained still the same when giving modesty to grace. It is said that "The Life of St. Bruno" was attacked by the malice of enemies and the envy of false friends, who did not hesitate to make attempts to mutilate the paintings which the monks of the Chartreuse were obliged to preserve. Simple as La Fontaine and sensible as Fenelon, he forgave them all; and, in his goodness of heart, never spoke of his rivals without saying, "I have done everything in my power, and will do everything, to make myself loved by them." At last, driven to bay, he stood upon dignity, and painted an allegory in which he pictured his own triumphs. But even in this the sweetness of his disposition showed itself. He represented himself reclining upon a couch, plunged in melancholy reverie, while his genius trod down his rivals and detractors; in the background appeared a smiling plain—the image of the future, to which his thoughts were turned. Every great man has moments in which he rises in pride against the age which has persecuted or misunderstood him.

Le Sueur did not long survive the decoration of the Hotel Lambert. He died in May, 1655, at the early age of thirty-eight years. Some have said that he retired to the monastery of Chartreuse, and there ended his days; but this is a story invented, without doubt, to surround him with a greater degree of interest.

The goldsmiths' company at Paris were in the habit of offering each year to the church of Notre Dame, a painting which was exhibited at the porch of the cathedral on the first of May. One of the finest and most admired of these was the "Paul Preaching at Ephesus," of Le Sueur. The painter transports us all at once to Asia Minor—to Ephesus, celebrated by its magnificent temple of Diana. The temple and statue of the great goddess of the Ephesians, seen between the columns of the peristyle, serves to localise the scene perfectly. Upon the steps of a portico, to the right, St. Paul speaks with fire, with authority—he speaks, as his gestures indicate, in the name of God, of the true God, of the only God. At the sound of his voice the Ephesians renounce their religion, and burn what they had adored. One writes down the words of the apostle upon tablets, another explains them; all are deeply moved, and tearing in pieces the sacred books of polytheism, they commit them to the flames. A slave, kneeling in the foreground, blows the wood fire which is devouring the pagan manuscripts. There is great majesty in the attitude of Paul, and of the other figures; but the position of this Ethiopian slave, who appears in the scene only in its vulgarist part, without knowing anything of the change which the world is about to undergo, is still more admirable.

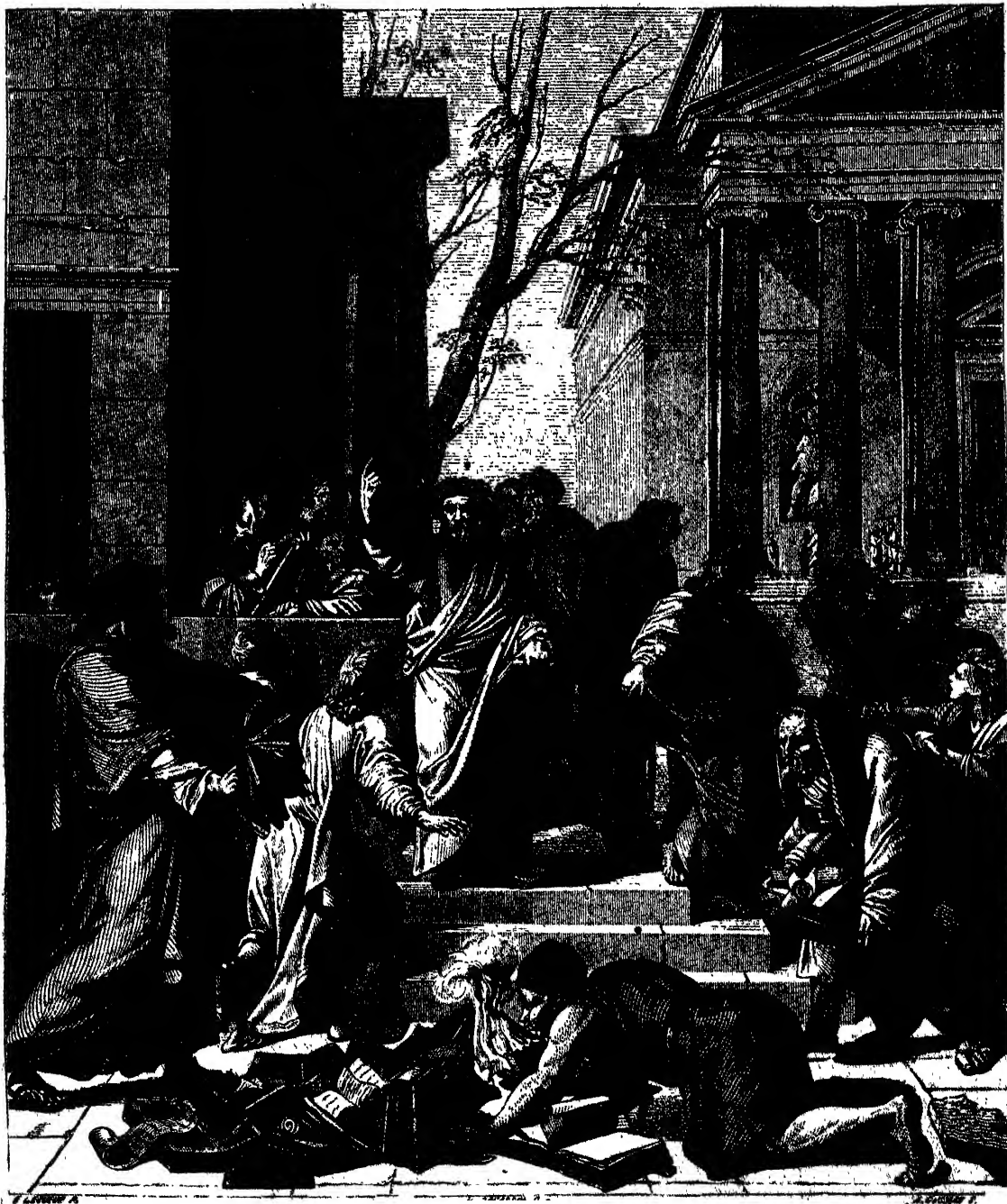
In this painting there is a concealed combination, a secret balancing of lines, which gives the composition its proper position and its grandeur. Take away the least of the details, the two trunks of the leafless trees, for instance, which stand out against the azure of the sky, and the painting would soon look as if cut in two. At first sight everything seems to be the result of foresight, and yet nothing has been calculated. All has been dictated by the happy intuition of genius. It is bright as French paintings generally are, but it is, nevertheless, animated. There is no confusion in it, and there is vivacity in all the movements; it is conceived in an elevated style, and yet it bears no marks of research; on the contrary, it bears in every part an air of simplicity, of gestures dictated by nature alone. Many painters can never rise into sublimity without appearing to be on the stretch; Le Sueur's dignity always seems to be a matter easy of attainment, and it is tempered by a charming ingenuousness. This seems owing to his tact in introducing into all his works details taken from everyday life. Many instances of this may be given. The first scene in the life of St. Bruno shows us a child, in the midst of a group of noble-looking and dignified figures, trying to prevent his dog from barking; the Ethiopian

slave in the foreground of the St. Paul Preaching at Ephesus, and the signs of a dog's attachment to his master in the Martyrdom of St. Protas, are amongst the best accessories of these pictures.

In the martyrdoms of St. Gervais and Protas all is grand, noble, and even vigorous. * The painter of Anchorite Retreats for Wounded Spirits, passes all at once and without difficulty

Giulio Romano was more masculine perhaps, Raphael severer and more chastened in his outline; but no one has ever given the same delicacy to the noble array of martyrs—no one has ever conceived faces imbued with so much angelic fervour.

The women of the ancient masters were not more graceful than the "Veronica" of Le Sueur, or the maidens of the Woes of St. Martin, and they have not so much tenderness



PAUL PREACHING AT EPHESUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LE SUEUR.

to the delineation of the most stirring scenes. He puts tumult, passion, and violence into his pictures as easily as he had put gentleness, calm, and retirement. The brutal soldiery with bared and muscular arms; the pagan judges in their togas; the boisterous mob, and impassable images of the false gods, are conceived in an easy but powerful style, which Le Sueur had found not in Raphael, but in his own genius. The graceful drawing of the elegant figures are all his, and his only.

The sentiment of antique grace, such as it appears in the best relief, addresses itself to the pure sensuality, the imagination of thought. The grace of Le Sueur, on the contrary, is impregnated with a spiritualism which touches and goes right to the heart of us. Except the "Belle Jardinière," the virgins of Raphael are more material, his carnations are more abundant, their forms rounder, and fuller; those of Le Sueur have a happy slenderness, a subduing sweetness.



WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE.

WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE, the younger, has painted the sea *con amore*, and it is for this reason that he occupies so high a

bestowed on him the reputation of being the greatest painter of sea pieces that ever appeared down to his time. And, in truth, no one has more closely observed the agitation of the waves, their breaking or their repose; no one knew better the gait and habits of sailors, the rigging and working of ships, the variety of their build, their picturesque appearance when grouped by chance, and their imposing appearance when isolated between sky and water, the felicity of the lines in their foreshortening, when they rock to and fro slowly, ready to breast the billows. No one has ever felt so deeply the deep calm of the ocean, nor expressed so well the inexpressible emotions inspired by the sight of a fading horizon—the image of infinity.

Talents of so high an order did not show themselves all at once in the Van de Velde family. It is believed that Adrian, the celebrated painter of animals, and William, the younger, were brothers. This is not impossible, and the mention of the supposition reminds us, that in the Bridgewater Gallery there is a "Coast of Scheveningen," by William, in which the sea, slightly agitated, is lighted by the hues of twilight, and the small figures in which are painted by Adrian. This goes to confirm the statement as to the existence of some relationship between them. This much, however, is certain—the elder William Van de Velde, the father of the great marine painter, was himself a designer of rare excellence. We shall take this opportunity of saying a few words about him, as we may not



rank as an artist; it is for this reason also that two nations of

have another. He was born in Leyden in 1610. "As he loved sailing on the sea," says Houbraken, "he found means of entering the service of the States on board a small vessel employed in carrying orders to the fleet. Being thoroughly acquainted with the construction of ships, their rigging, and trim of the sails, he set about drawing with a pen upon paper or white canvas all the vessels in the roads, large and small, and finished by grouping together entire fleets upon a single sheet. As soon as he heard that a battle was about to take place, he embarked forthwith with the sole design of being present at the engagement, and so that he might make accurate sketches of the various details. To give greater play to his talents and courage, the states of Holland placed a brig at his disposal, and ordered the commander to carry him to whichever point of the action he wished. He was then seen braving all the perils of a naval engagement, going and coming from place to place, now in the midst of the enemy, and now amongst his own countrymen. Admiral Opdam was astonished to see a man risk his life in pursuit of any glory except that to be obtained by arms. He invited Van de Velde to dine with him in his cabin, and on the very same day, two hours after the painter had taken his departure, the vessel was blown up. He was present also at the battle which took place between the English and Dutch, under the command of Monk and De Ruyter, in sight of Ostend, in 1666, and which lasted for three days with surprising fury. Neither of the fleets made a single movement which Van de Velde did not sketch with singular fidelity. These drawings were made by order of the States, and supplied them with ample information regarding the manœuvres and conduct of their officers. It appears that the fame of them reached England also. Charles II. invited him to enter his service, and after the death of that prince he continued to execute, under James II., official drawings that circumstances sometimes made doubly valuable. He died at London, in 1666, and was buried in St. James's Church.

Such was the father of the painter, whose history we are about to write. The passion of the latter for the sea and ships, and his nautical knowledge, were, as we see, hereditary. William Van de Velde the younger was born, as was also Adrian, at Amsterdam, in 1633. His master was an able painter and a skilful engraver, Simon de Vlieger, who mostly occupied himself in sea pieces. The elder Van de Velde could only teach his son the elements of design, for he had not given any attention to painting till he was advanced in life, and had then only met with moderate success. His choice of Simon de Vlieger was an excellent one, so that the first sea pieces sent by William Van de Velde to his father, who was then at London, astonished the whole court. James II. was so pleased with them, that he made him come to London, and settled a handsome pension upon him. Like most great artists, he speedily attained to the eminence which has made his name illustrious. There are paintings signed by him in 1657, when he was only in his twenty-fourth year, and even prior to that date, which are exquisite in every point of view, without mannerism, real *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, in which art is nowhere visible, and nature everywhere. From the very beginning he displayed his predilection for the representation of calms, of those tranquil, unruffled waters, which scarcely smile under the breath of wind, and which, under a clear sky, and in the full light of the sun, resemble a brilliant carpet, slightly wrinkled at its borders.

Van de Velde did wonders with very scanty materials. Without having at his disposal the splendid elements which Claude Lorrain put in motion, without having before his eyes those Italian palaces, those projecting colonnades which served as side scenes to the sea views of the French painter, he knew how to give the appearance of distance to the background of his canvas, and make the ocean retreat, as it were, from the shore to the horizon. The level line of the horizon placed in contrast with the rounded masses of cloud, the stiffness of the masts and of the shrouds compensated for by the curved line of the sails, more or less distended, and by the sweep of the ships—such are the simple combinations by which Van de Velde has been enabled to interest those even who have never

seen the sea. If sometimes a sand bank, or a group of fishermen, or the head of a jetty in pile-work forms the set off of his composition, oftener still he commences his painting only in the background, and puts nothing in the foreground, but a little angry surge, or a buoy tossed by the tide, so that the greater part of his canvas appears to have been painted not from the shore, but from a vessel at anchor. With means apparently so limited, Van de Velde has, however, produced splendid pictures, as captivating to the eye as they are agreeable to the mind; full of pleasure for those who love art, and full of delight for those who love the sea.

The secret of these impressions is simple truth—truth which he sought and rendered with passion. Owing to persevering and assiduous study, he possessed in the highest possible degree all the elements of which talent in a painter of sea-pieces is composed. He knew all about ships, thoroughly understood the working of them, and could repeat the names of every rope, pulley, and sail. As he was able to distinguish each kind of ship from every other at a glance, he enabled the spectator also to distinguish them in his paintings by the diversity of their forms—oblong, slender, bulging, or flattened; by the difference of their masts, or the size of their topsails; by the colour of their canvas, now unbleached white, now brown, and now black. But it was not only by these details that he caused each variety to be recognised—but also by the *tout ensemble*, the general outline and character, in fact—for every variety has its own—well marked too. He perceived and expressed admirably the majesty of the man-of-war, the elegance of the frigate, the magnificence of the yacht, the agility of the brig, the coquetry of the schooner, and the coarseness of the lugger-boat.

His figures, too, were drawn with the highest talent, and yet with the most charming simplicity. This is one of the points in which he excels Backuysen. He had bestowed the closest attention upon everything relating to the sailor. He knew and could depict admirably his gestures, his attitudes, his dress, and that rolling gait which he insensibly acquires from the habit of walking on the heaving deck. But it was in painting the sea itself that Van de Velde rose to the full height of his genius. The sea was to him not a treacherous element, but an adored mistress; he loved and admired everything about it—its caprices, its fantastic movement, its smiles and caresses, its fury and thunder. His own temperament, however, made him prefer the calm. It was while in a state of rest that he imitated the waters of the ocean with most effect, whether in those light ripples, that feeble undulation, which the Dutch call *kabbeling*, and which dies out with a low noise on the fine sand of the beach, or when in greater agitation they throw up fringes of foam, which fly back in pearly clouds from the dark sides of the ships. His water, truthful and transparent, does not possess the hard tint of green and blue, such as is seen in the Mediterranean; it is yellowish and light, like the seas of the north; the tinge is in general cold, unless when warmed by a ray of the setting sun.

* Let us add that these fine sea pieces of Van de Velde are crowned by brilliant skies, light, silvery, and separated from the eye by boundless plains of atmosphere. The clouds, which play so prominent a part in all paintings of this kind,—because on the form which the painter gives them depends the disposition of the lines and their agreeable variety,—in Van de Velde's works possess rare beauty. Not only is the grouping happy and skilfully contrasted, not only is the outline well chosen, and never meaningless, but they possess admirable lightness. They appear to move like those which traverse the landscapes of Ruysdael, and their edges illuminated by the sun, rise off the blue ground, we can hardly help believing that this ground is disappearing at one point to appear at another. But what constant and assiduous observation, and what painstaking industry, it must have required to attain to such perfection! "Nobody," says Gilpin, "knew better the effects of sky, or had studied them with more attention, than Van de Velde the younger. Not many years ago, an old waterman of the Thames was still living who had often

carried him in his boat to different parts of the river to observe the varied appearance of the heaven. This man related that Van de Velde went out in every sort of weather, fine or wet, and that he took with him large sheets of blue paper which he covered with black and white. An artist will easily perceive the object of this proceeding. Van de Velde called these expeditions in his Dutch, *going a-showing*, going to make a review of the sky.*

Horace Walpole, in "Anecdotes of Painting," informs us that the pension given by Charles II. to William Van de Velde the younger, amounted, like that of his father, to £100 sterling. Mr. Riwalson, an antiquary, found in the last century the original of the patent which conferred these pensions both on father and son, and communicated this valuable document to Mr. Vertue, who collected the materials for Walpole's work. From it we learn that William Van de Velde, senior, was employed in designing naval battles for the king's private use, and to his son was committed the task of colouring these same drawings. The terms of the letters patent,† granting their pensions, seem to imply that the son was occupied only in the colouring of his father's drawings; but perhaps we should interpret the expression "putting into colours" to mean more than this, and make them refer to the son's talent for painting sea-pieces when the father could only draw them. It was in the year 1675 that this double pension was bestowed on the Van de Veldes, and the date is valuable as it enables us to fix the precise period, or nearly so, at which the painter left Amsterdam to settle in London. He was then forty-two years of age.

The residence that both chose at London was peculiarly well adapted to the requirements of their profession as well as to their own tastes. They lodged at Greenwich, and had the continual movement of ships and boats, which is always going on in that part of the river, constantly under their eyes. Hence their profound knowledge of all nautical usages, of the smallest and most minute formalities of the sea, if we may use the expression; hence, too, their exactness in all the details. What is said of Ruysdael with regard to trees, might be said of Van de Velde with regard to ships. As the great landscape painter never put oak leaves on the branches of a lime tree, so the marine painter never fastened the sails of a brig to the masts of a schooner. To study the works of Van de Velde is almost to study a course of navigation.

Here is a "Frigate about to set sail." The wind appears to freshen, but the sea, although a little agitated, still reveals in the distance its tranquillizing horizon. A three-decker is at anchor. In the background an armed frigate, with all her sails shaken out, is making ready to gain the offing. The sun has just risen, and a boat full of passengers is rowing towards her, and she is only awaiting its arrival to set sail. In the distance are various ships of different sizes gradually fading from the sight. The frigate, however, is the principal object of the picture, and is drawn and painted with extraordinary care, even in its minutest details. And this minuteness, which in painting a storm would be wholly out of place, here becomes a charm; for if you, like the painter, are

one of the spectators on shore, and have no friend on board, or no personal interest in the departure of the vessel, it is but natural that you should admire all her beauties, the carving which adorns its bows, the order and neatness which reign throughout, the polish of the masts, the tautness of the rigging, and, in short, all the harness of this steed of wood and iron, which is about to walk the wide waters, and is brushed up before its departure.

There is a superb Admiralty yacht, bearing the arms of Amsterdam sculptured upon her, and carrying the admiral's flag at her stern. She is passing between two ships of war, which salute her, and she returns it. Van de Velde has imitated perfectly the white smoke of the cannon; we see it glide over the level surface of the water, in great round masses, which contrast admirably with the straight line of the sea. Fine clouds moving slowly along the sky, cast huge shadows on the ocean, and create splendid contrasts; all the artifices of chiaroscuro lend animation to a scene in which all is tranquillity; the eye is pleased and the attention is awakened, and yet the spectator is not withdrawn from the profound emotions with which the painter has endeavoured to inspire him.

But suddenly the sky is overcast; the sea, so peaceful a minute ago, begins to growl; the wind whistles sharply, and already a long belt of dark clouds seem to unite the sky and water; a furious gale sets in from the north-west. We are at the entrance of the Texel; ships great and small are struggling against the storm, in the attempt to reach the port. Amongst them passes a packet-boat lighted by a solitary gleam of sunshine, and splashed by the rising foam. Another ray of light flickering out through an opening in the clouds shows us the coast of Holland, whose grey and delicate tone contrasts well with the sombre colours of the rest of the picture, and in this the touch of the painter accords admirably with the nature of his subject. Here is no longer the complacent and brilliant execution of the paintings which represent calms, but the broader and freer pencil which tears open the clouds, whitens the sails, and boldly expresses the form of the waves, and is as much agitated as the sea itself.

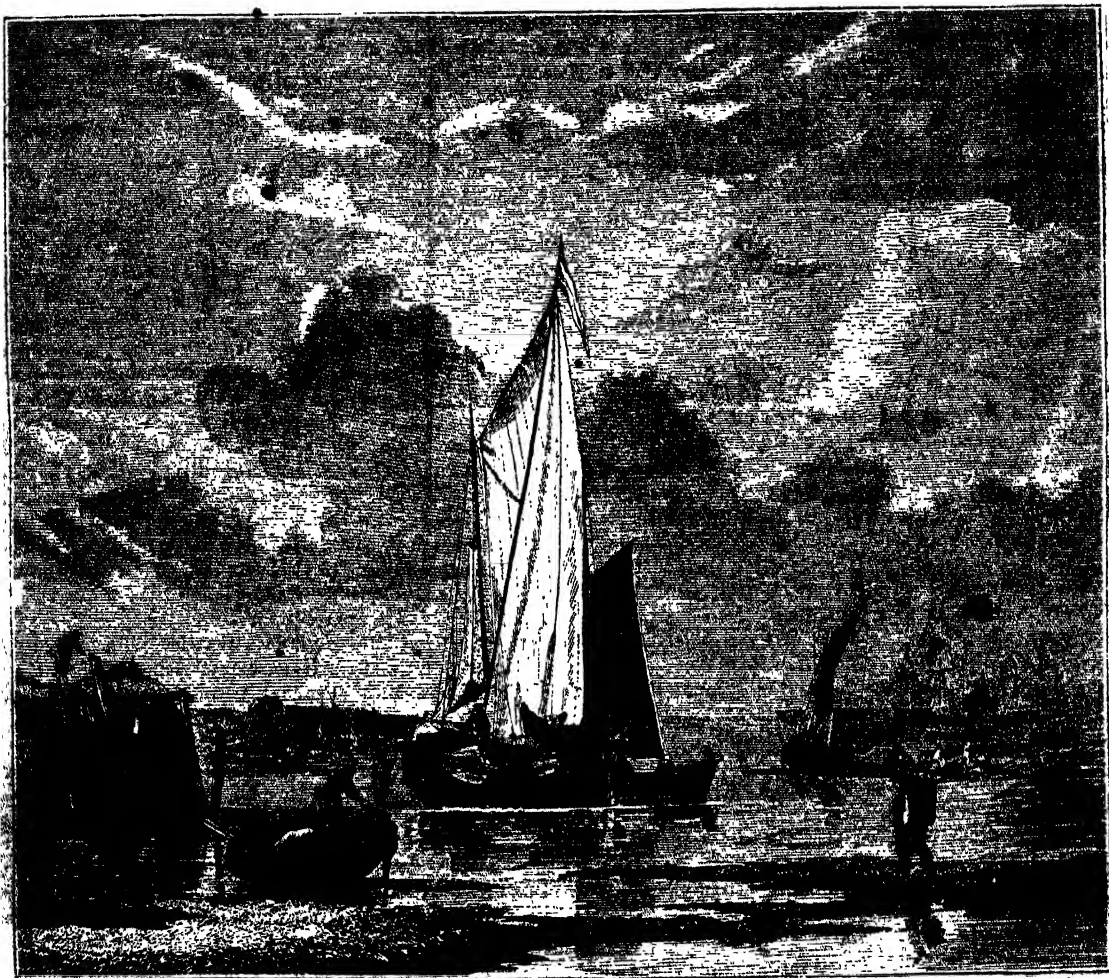
We must remark, nevertheless, that for William Van de Velde to paint a storm is an exceptional case. What we have just now been describing is rather the approach of the storm than the storm itself; and perhaps indeed this is the most poetic course to follow, for the imagination of the spectator is then becoming heated, and is becoming impatient for the termination of the scene. Thus, in the eight pictures in Sir Robert Peel's collection, we see a heavy rolling sea, and over it a cloud hanging very low down casts a dark shadow, which threatens the poor fishermen's barks terribly, and which, as M. Waagen remarks, strongly reminds us of Homer's line; "And from the height of the heavens light plunged upon the earth." We can hardly shut out some feeling of anxiety from our breasts on seeing these frail boats tossed between the descending clouds and the uprising waves. But Van de Velde departs from his natural course when he depicts storms: he is more at home in painting the sea at rest. It is over these tranquil plains that he can best put in motion the few and simple elements of which his great effects are made up—the line of the horizon, the clouds forming like chains of mountains, and the rigging of the boats. Others have endeavoured in their compositions to fill space; Van de Velde seeks to paint it. To open up immensity on the canvas, to roll out infinity upon a flat surface, such has been his preoccupation, or rather his genius. For this he passed his life upon the water; he made open boats his studio, and went a considerable distance in this way to see De Ruyter's ship caulked, and went down the Thames in the same manner nearly every day to pay a visit to his old and familiar friends—the ocean waves. In Van de Velde's eyes the sea was not the classic and conventional personage represented by a venerable god with a slimy beard—but ocean such as nature has made it—endowed with all the passions of an animated, all the irritability of a blind monster, and with the same appearance of life.

* William Gilpin's "Three Essays upon the Beautiful, Picturesque, &c.," a rare but excellent work.

† It may be interesting to give the exact terms of it. "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c. Whereas we have thought fit to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the elder, for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the younger, for putting the said draughts into colours, for our particular use; our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and future establishment of the said salaries, to the aforesaid W. Van de Velde the younger, to be paid unto one or other of them during our pleasure, and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under our privy seal at our palace of Westminster, the 20th day of February, in the 26th year of our reign."—*Anecdotes of Painting in England*. Charles II. dated his sign from the year in which his father was beheaded, 1649; so that the twenty-sixth year of which he speaks must be 1675.

However, the title and the pension which he had received from Charles II. compelled him, from time to time, to paint official pictures, if we may use the expression—fleets not ranged so as to please the eye, but according to the rules of tactics or the caprices of the admiral—vessels which, to secure historical accuracy, should fulfil a certain duty, or be sketched at a certain moment. Many of these compositions may still be seen at Hampton Court. Horace Walpole informs us that at Buckingham Palace there was one representing the Battle of Solebay, which Van de Velde the elder painted from nature, or perhaps we should rather say *ad vivum*, having attended the engagement in a light sloop by order of the Duke of

well adapted for the display of their genius. Van de Velde painted, at one time, the united French and English fleets in the place where Charles II. went to see them. The king is represented in the picture in the act of stepping on board his yacht. Horace Walpole informs us, "that two commissioners of the Admiralty agreed to beg it of the king, to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture, and concealed it till the king's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch, the printseller (from whom Vertue had the story), for fourscore pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and returning to the purchase, found the picture sold for 130 guineas." After-



A CALM.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

York.* Weisbrod,† Captain Baillie, and several English engravers, have preserved some of these compositions, belonging both to the father and the son, though none of them were

* "Several are at Hampton Court, and at Hinchinbrook. At Buckingham House was a view of Solebay fight, with a long inscription. Van de Velde, by order of the Duke of York, attended the engagement in a small vessel."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*.

† Charles Weisbrod, designer and engraver, was born at Ham-
burgh in 1754, and came very young to Paris, for the purpose not
of learning to engrave, for he had already acquired the art, but to
perfect himself in it under the tuition of John George Wille, who
was the master *par excellence*. His great talent lay in seizing on
the spirit of a painting, and rendering it in a lively and vigorous
manner in a rapid etching. He was, therefore, admirably fitted
for executing those free and hasty engravings, which lend value to
the original, though they make no pretensions to translate it.

wards it was in possession of Mr. Stowe, a merchant retired into Oxfordshire."

William Van de Velde died in London in 1707, as stated in the following inscription:—

Gulielmus Van de Velde, junior,
Navium et prospectuum marinarum pictor,
Et ob singularem in illa arte peritiam,
A Carolo et Jacobo Secundo Magnæ Britannię regebus
Annus mercede donatus.
Obiit 6 April, A.D. 1707,
Ætatis sue, 74.

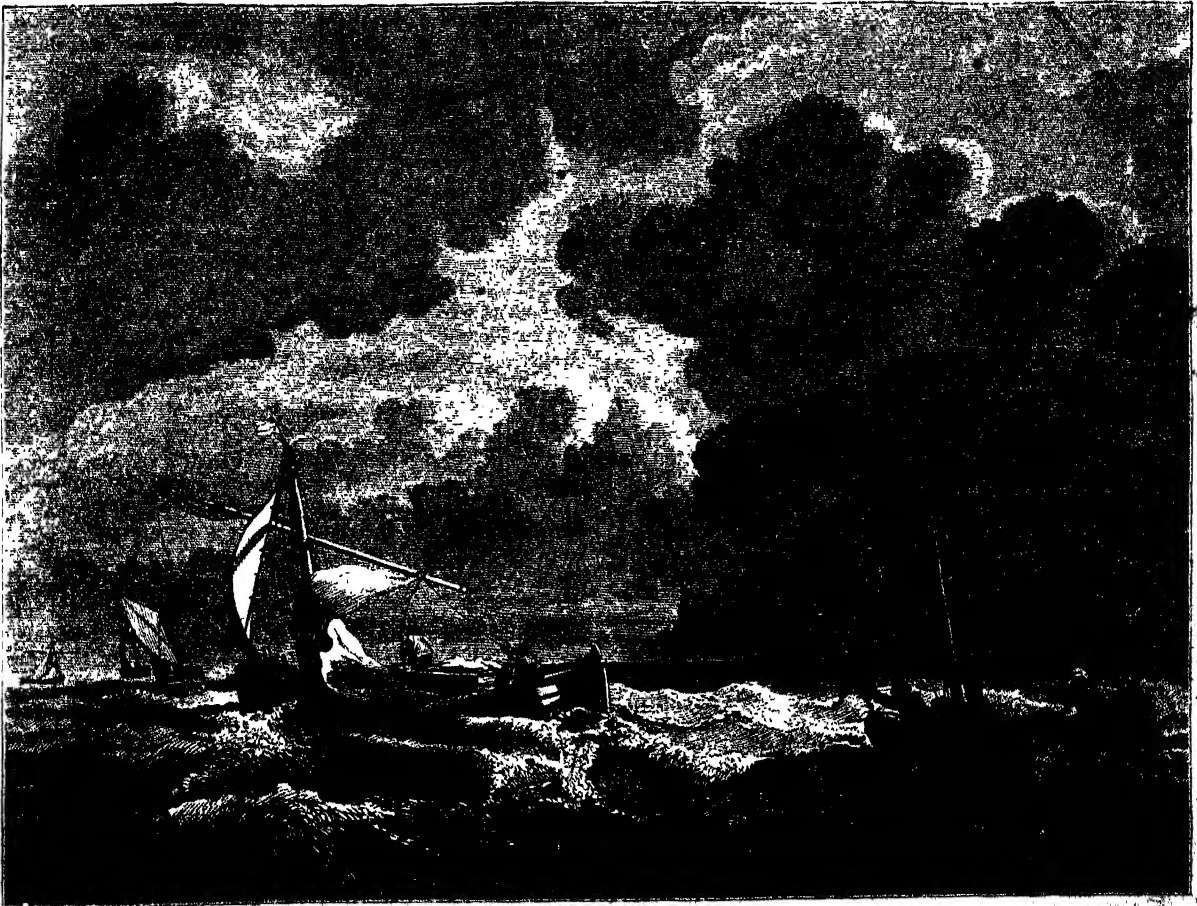
"What we esteem in this painter," says Lebrun, "is the transparency of his colouring, which is agreeable and vigorous;

Weisbrod was fond of these, and excelled in them. In the Chateau collection his and those of Dunkerque are by far the best of their kind. He engraved, for instance, the two landscapes, designed by

his vessels are drawn with precision; his small figures are sketched with spirit and judgment; his skies are clear; his clouds are varied, and seem to roll in the air." We might add here that the clouds of William Van de Velde are like those of Ruysdael: they have the same beautiful forms, the same agreeable masses, picturesque and contrasted without any affectation of singularity. They have also the same motion and lightness; they even seem charged with rain, but are never heavy, and we almost fancy we can see them blown along by the wind. "William Van de Velde," continues Lebrun, "is the first who rendered calm waters naturally, the sky, the fishing-boats, the vessels, and all other spectacles

are as rare as they are valuable." Van de Velde, in his old age, painted many historical battles in England, which have a reddish tone, and are not much thought of; hence they are distinguished in Holland by the epithet of "*English maps*."

In England, the admiration of the younger Van de Velde has for a long period known no bounds. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when president of the Royal Academy, said, in speaking of him, that another Raphael might be born, but not another Van de Velde. The very exaggeration of this sentiment would have been sufficient to immortalize him of whom it was uttered, even if his works had not really possessed surpassing excellence. More complete than Backhuysen, as delicate and as allvery



ROUGH WEATHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

which the sea offers to our view. He is a disheartening model for those who wish to practise his branch of art. His pictures

Adrian Van de Velde, "Pastoral Scenes" as they were then called, in an able manner, though a little too delicately, perhaps. Ruysdael, Karl Dujardin, Pynaker, Weirter—all the landscape painters, and, above all, those who had an eye to the picturesque—have been rendered by him with great felicity. He is liable to censure, however, for not having given greater size to the objects in the foreground, so as to enable us to distinguish the relative distances of the objects in the rear more readily.

More precise than St. Non, Weisbrod leaves less to the chances of crispness; his graver seems to take in at once the forms over which it has to run. His broken lines, short and waved in appearance, but in reality directed by a steady and skilful hand, are admirably adapted to the expression of broken down walls, disjointed and moss-covered stones, creeping plants, and in general all the expressions of ruin. In proof of this, we may refer to his engraving after Alex. Kierling, to be found in Newman's "Catalogue of Drawings," printed in 1793.

Weisbrod's were also well fitted for the

as Dubbels, more brilliant and more powerful than Van Goyen, far superior in every way to Bonaventura, William Van de

reproduction of wild rustic scenes, and rugged, undulating ground—the chalky hills, and unclothed soil of a Huysman—the brushwood of a Waterloo—the irregular and gnarled trunks of Ruysdael's old oaks, studded with tufts of foliage—the huge plants which flourish in the foreground of Pynaker's landscapes—and last of all those sandy hillocks, half-covered by flint and grass, which Wynants, and after him Adrian Van de Velde, painted with so much grace and devotion. Weisbrod bestowed great care on the management of the transition from black to white, so as to softness to those changes which are formed in nature by tall grass springing from a sandy soil.

In general, Weisbrod's great defect is his not putting a variety on the sizes of his lines. It has also been remarked, his masses of trees sometimes resemble the decorations in a theatre, which appear on the sky in flat silhouette; we mean that as much relief is desirable in the middle as there is of precision and delicacy in the outlines. Weisbrod has also engraved several small plates after Paul Potter, which never fail to render perfect the phy-

Veldo is the painter of the sea. When gazing on his canyvas, and on his alone, we can almost fancy we feel the spray on our faces, and snuff in the strong odour of the tar.

Mr. John Smith, in his catalogue of the works of the most eminent painters, sets down the number of works known as William Van de Veldo's at 262, seven-eighths of which are in private collections in England, the painter's adopted country. In enumerating the pictures, we shall follow a different method of classification. First we shall take a run through the public galleries.

Hampton Court, so rich in the works of masters of every school, contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings:—a sea-piece in his Majesty's Gallery; in the Queen's Presence Chamber—two sea-fights between the English and Dutch; a calm sea; three burning fleets; the English fleet attacking the Dutch fleet in a harbour.

The famous Dulwich Gallery, near London, contains four—three calms, and one fresh breeze.

The Pinacotheca at Munich contains two—a calm and a storm.

The Museum at the Hague—two calms.

The Amsterdam Museum contains six—the capture of the English vessel, "the Royal Prince;" that of four ships of the line; these two paintings are pendants, and are considered some of the most finished of his works. "View of Amsterdam," a very fine production; two calms, and a stormy sea with vessels in full sail.

The gallery of the Louvre contains only one—a calm; but many deny the authenticity of this altogether, and attribute it to Van de Velde's master, Simon de Vlieger.

These are almost all that are to be met with in the public galleries. In the private collections they are more numerous, above all in England, where Van de Velde was held in such high estimation.

The Duke of Devonshire has one at Chatsworth—a calm; and at his villa at Chiswick, a stormy sea covered with ships—a painting warmly lighted, and possessing very striking effects.

Sir Robert Peel's collection contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings—a sea covered with ships of war, barks in the back ground, and a coaster in the foreground, a fine painting, dated 1657; a calm sea, in the foreground a lighter, and two frigates in the distance—this picture is valued at £300; a coast with large vessels and figures—this bears the name of the artist, it is dated 1661, and cost £500; the coast of Schevelingen while the sea is slightly agitated—this contains a great number of figures by Adrian Van de Velde; it is one of the finest of the Dutch school, and cost £800; the coast of Holland, fishing-boat in the offing—a delicate, silvery painting, one of the most carefully-finished of the master; a view of Texel during rain, the sea violently agitated, bad weather—a work full of variety, and displaying very striking effect.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains six of Van de Velde's works—a view of the entrance of the Texel during a violent gale, a magnificent specimen, full of poetry and truth; a shipwreck; view of a coast during a dead calm; sea-fight—the "Prince Royal" surrendering to the Dutch fleet,—this pos-

signomy of the beasts, and are true and faithful expressions of the original.

Weisbrod retired to Hamburg towards the year 1780, if we may judge from the date which appears upon his engravings, and there engraved several landscapes of his own composition, but he could not avoid imitating the masters whose works he had reproduced. He arranged his ruins in the style of Breenberg, and his pastoral scenes in the manner of Berghem; but one could not say of his compositions what was said of Huber and Rost, that he led one to expect more from his talents. Weisbrod could never complete an engraving; Dandet, Deguevanvilliers, and the celebrated Lebas, gave the finishing touches with the burin to many of his etchings, particularly the "Flight into Egypt" after Teniers; the landscapes after Ruysdael and Fynaker, and two "Views in the environs of Meinen," of his own composition. He died, most probably, at Hamburg, towards the close of the last century.

sesses great vigour of touch; and the capture of the "Prince Royal."

The collection of Sir Abraham Hume contains a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in a slight breeze.

Lord Ashburton's collection contains "The Flotilla," from the Talleyrand collection, celebrated for the great number of vessels of every variety which are crowded into it upon a sea smooth as glass.

Mr. J. H. Hope's collection contains two "Agitated Seas."

There are great numbers of them in other private collections in various parts of England, but to enumerate them would be tedious, if it were not useless. They are nearly all heirlooms, that pass and have passed for generations, from father to son, and are in some sense as much fixtures as the houses that cover them. It is a matter of more interest to learn the value which Van de Velde's works have borne at some of the principal picture sales on the Continent.

M. Julienne's sale, 1767. "A sea piece," price 1,039 livres; another, 300 livres.

Duke de Choiseul's sale, 1772. Three paintings of Van de Velde: "A Calm," with several vessels under sail, valued at 879 livres; another, "A Calm Sea," in the background some ships, in the foreground near the sand some fishermen's boats, 759 livres; "Calm water," in the middle of which appears a large barque under full sail, and in the background several boats in the roadstead; in the foreground a jetty, below which was a boat with several sailors; price 1,700 livres.

The Blondel de Gagny sale, 1776. "A calm Sea," on which are several fishermen's boats and vessels under sail, price 470 livres.

Prince de Conti's sale, 1777. "A Calm Sea," with vessels under sail and small boats filled with figures, 3,151 livres; "A Sea piece," with several boats, 1,260 livres; another, a pendant to the above, also representing a sea piece—several fishing-boats, with sailors walking in the water, 861 livres.

The Randon de Boisset sale, 1777. "Calm Sea," with vessels and boats containing a great number of figures, price 8,051 livres; "A Coast"—a man walking on the sand, vessels under sail, and a boat, price 5,600 livres.

The Partlet sale, 1783. "View of Texel;" several boats containing the chief magistrates of the states in Holland; in the background, a great number of boats and barques; price 2,400 livres.

The Lenglier sale, 1788. "View of a great extent of Sea," in which vessels of all sizes are to be seen; in the foreground a barque afloat, and two men caulking her sides; farther on three sailors going on board a three-masted vessel which is firing a signal-gun for departure; price 1,400 livres.

Duke de Praslin's sale, 1793. "View of a Calm Sea," covered with a fleet of more than forty vessels, barques, yachts, and long-boats, £280.

Robil's sale, 1801. "View of Texel;" same as the former one; £120.

Van Leyden sale, 1804. "View of a Calm Sea"—boats, merchant vessels, and passenger-boats, with more than fifty figures, whose action is admirable, £32.

Solirenc sale, 1812. "View of Texel," the sea covered with ships and lighters; a sequel to the two former views of the same place; £120.

The Clos sale, 1812. "Great expanse of Sea in calm weather," covered by a large fleet; to the right, in the foreground, a man-of-war is firing a gun, and some naval officers are directing their course in a four-oared boat towards other vessels, to which a trumpet announces their arrival; £500.

Laperrière sale, 1817. "View of a Calm Sea," valued at £360.

Laperrière sale, 1823. "A Sea piece," with a large vessel, some merchant-vessels, and fishing-boats, £186.

The Chevalier Brard's sale, 1832, "View of the Zuider Zee"—calm weather—several large East Indiamen have just entered the bay, and are preparing to cast anchor; in the back ground a two-decker, and sailors exercising themselves in boarding; price £800. Three other paintings of this master figured in this sale: "A Dutch Fleet" of twelve vessels, £100; "A Calm

Sea," covered with ships of war, merchantmen, elegant yachts, barques, long-boats, and light gigs; £200; "A Shore in Holland," low water; the ebb of the tide has left a boat stranded on the beach, which some fishermen are striving to launch; two fishermen on the shore, a dog barking, and a man dragging a piece of wood which has been thrown up by the sea; £60.

The Duke de Berri's sale, 1837. "The Sea in a Calm;" several boats, one of them with a great number of men on board setting out for the herring fishery, a ship of war, fishermen launching a boat; £92 10s.

Heris de Bruxelles sale, 1841. "A Calm;" a group of boats in the Zuider Zee—a frigate at anchor, a small boat with fishermen, and a boat sailing towards the other vessels scattered along the coast; £390. "The Zuider Zee;" a calm, a frigate setting sail, and making towards the offing; two fishermen near a boat preparing to draw their nets; in the back ground a three-decker at anchor; £235.

Count Peregaux's sale, 1841. "A Sea fight;" three fleets,

the English, French, and Dutch engaged; sailors in one place hauling at the ropes or shifting the sails, men in the water struggling for life, a boat rowing towards the admiral's vessel; on some of the decks the combatants are engaged hand to hand, smoke and shot are issuing from the port-holes, and some of the vessels are on fire. This is one of Van de Velde's finest works. It was sold for £800.

Tordien and Heris sale, 1843. "A Fleet Setting Sail;" the sea covered with ships, vessels of war, merchantmen, boats, &c.; £340. "A Calm;" two ships and a boat—the sailors on deck variously occupied; to the right two fishing-boats near the shore, two ships of war, and sails in the distance; £400.

Van de Velde never engraved, but he has left several drawings executed with great skill, both with the pen and with wash,—outlines sufficient to show him the state of the sea, the shape of a ship, or the appearance of the clouds. There are two of them in the Louvre.

JEAN JOUVENET.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, a painter and sculptor, presumed to have come originally from Italy, took up his abode at Rouen. He was the ancestor of several generations of distinguished artists, and the grandfather of Jean Jouvenet, who was born at Rouen in 1644.

Jean received his first lessons in art in his father's house, and was then sent to study at Paris under Lebrun, who was at that time in his glory. Poussin had yielded the palm to him, and Le Sueur was dead.

Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis XIV.," speaks of Jouvenet's first attempts in Lebrun's studio thus: "Jouvenet is not, as Affenville says, an artist without a master, rough hewn by the first lessons of Laurent his father. I believe even that he acquired a taste for the great machines of Lebrun, since he laboured with him for twenty years, with several intervals, from 1661 to 1680. But he not disquieted regarding the originality of his genius and the future of his style. He will take from his master, who is doubtless an able practitioner as well as an inventive composer, nothing but breadth and ease in execution, knowledge of technical processes, and the details of arrangement in complicated subjects."

While painting from models in the Academy or in the studio of Lebrun, Jouvenet often aided his master in the ceilings of Versailles, for he had learnt his trade right speedily. There is hardly a doubt that he could paint from his very childhood, and that he never thought of anything else. Real painters receive their education from a palette and a few books, from conversing with men and contemplating nature. Jouvenet, however, gave no evidence of individuality in his style till about the year 1672. In 1673, when twenty-nine years of age, he carried off the Academy's second prize; and in the same year he executed the "May painting" for the Goldsmiths' Company of Paris, so called because during the whole of that month it was exhibited in the portico of the church of Notre Dame. The goldsmiths presented it to the cathedral, where, fortunately, it may still be seen,—*"The Healing of the Paralytic,"*—in the choir above the statues.

The May painting met with immense success amongst the public, and from this time the young artist's popularity was beyond doubt. Vermeulen asked permission to engrave his works, and Lebrun begged of him anew to labour at the Versailles decorations. In 1675, he was elected a member of the academy.

It is most probable that it was about this period that he married. The name of his wife has not reached us. He was soon afterwards offered apartments by the king in the Palais des Quatre Nations. And he joyfully took possession of them. In these immense galleries he had ample room for the pursuit of his profession, and he determined that his first achievement should be worthy of them, at least in size.

Upon canvas 30 feet long, and 28 feet broad, he painted his "Jesus healing the Sick," a work which contains all Jouvenet's defects as well as all his excellences. The shadows are thrown rather angularly, the figures are lively—a little vulgar in form perhaps, but full of warmth and motion. It would have been impossible to have shown a larger amount of knowledge in the drawing, more animation in the action, or more fire in the execution. The arrangement is picturesque, and the effects of the light and shade are broad and well contrasted. The five years following he was occupied in executing his celebrated works,—*"Isaac blessing Jacob,"* for the Museum of Rouen; *"The Nunc Dimittis,"* for the Jesuits; *"The Family of Darius;"* *"Louis XIV. healing the King's Evil."* The latter was painted in competition with Antony Coyvel, Halle, and the brothers Boullongue, but the gold medal was awarded to Jouvenet by the judge, the Abbé de St. Riquier. Lebrun died at the age of seventy-one, in 1690, and Jouvenet at once assumed the position of head of the French school. Louis XIV. to mark his sense of his merits, conferred upon him a pension of two hundred livres per annum, and after he had finished the paintings in the Chapel of Versailles, it was increased to five hundred. He also determined to send the artist to Italy at the expense of the state, but, whether owing to illness or negligence, Jouvenet never availed himself of the offer.

The "Resurrection of Lazarus" is one of Jouvenet's finest paintings. "Jouvenet," says the quaint historian Monteil, "so closely applied himself to the reading of the gospel, that it would have been marvellous if he had not lighted upon its most picturesque page. This page never ceases to delight him; he never ceases to sketch it in thought, to colour it, to enlarge it, to embellish it. At last he is suddenly impelled to take up his brushes and paint. What has he seen? Lazarus has been dead many days; his body lies buried in a sepulchre hewn in the rock; Jesus appears in the neighbourhood; the sister of Lazarus, beautiful from her age, her paleness, her tears, comes to Jesus to ask him to restore her brother to life,—and here is the most touching of scenes. Jesus stands in the midst, taller than those around him; his face shining with almighty power; Son of the Author of Nature—he is about to suspend its laws. He advances, he bows slightly; he stretches out his arms towards the base of the rock; he calls Lazarus, 'Lazarus, arise!' The men who had entered the sepulchre with torches, to open the shroud, fall back stupified, not at the sight of the dead, but at the sight of the living. Lazarus breathes through livid lips, and looks out from glassy eyes. He has awakened in a body fading into dissolution. The fright, the terror of the men, under whose eyes, under whose hands, the miracle has taken place; the lively admiration of the people contrast with the calm figures of the

apostles, who are accustomed to the wonderful works of their divine master. If it be not here, where is the skill of a great painting?"

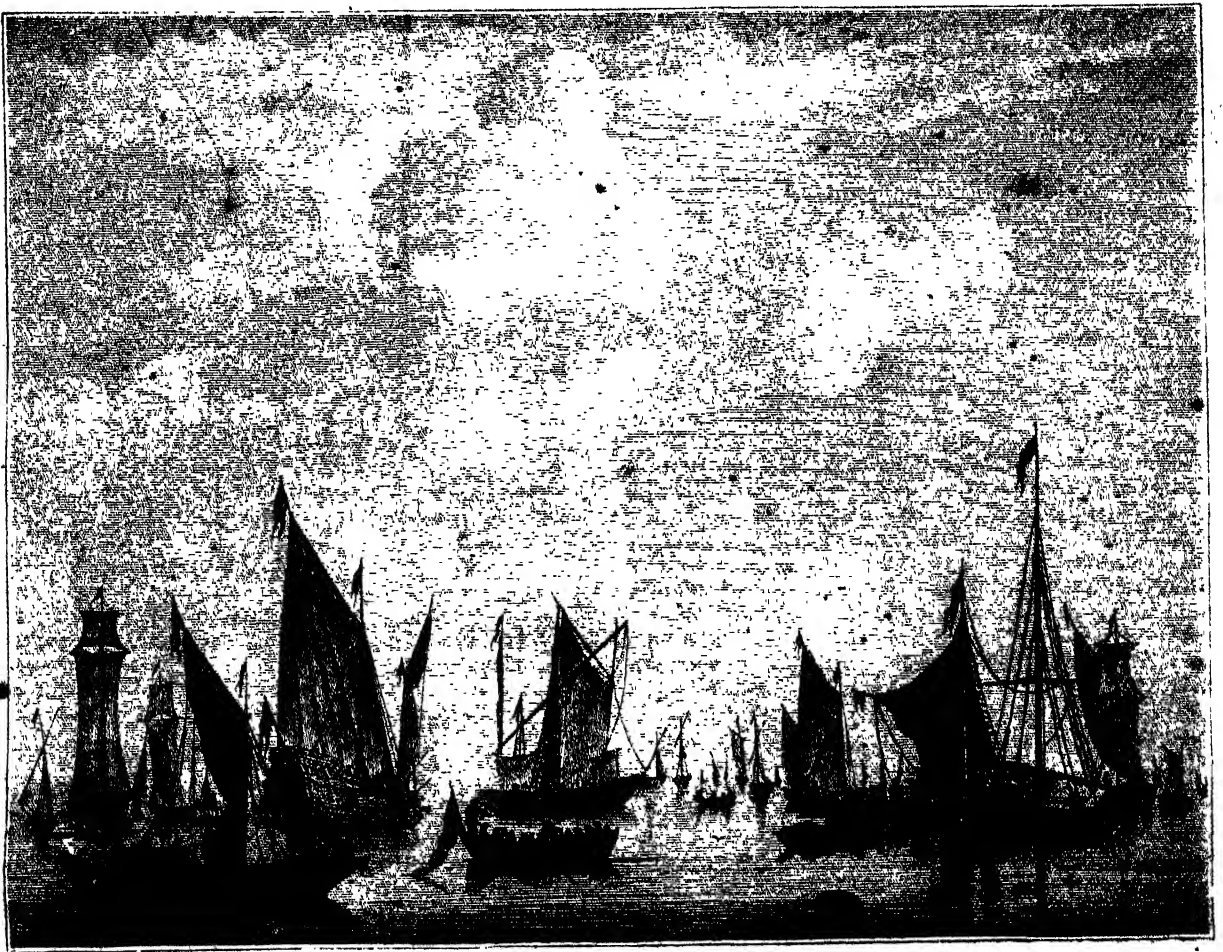
It is in this picture, which Duchange and many others have engraved, that Jouvenet has painted his own portrait and those of his daughters, between two columns to the right, and amidst the spectators. The painting of "The Money Changers driven from the Temple" was the first of the series, which, by the king's order, was completed in 1702, with "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." In order to represent the fisherman and his crew naturally, Jouvenet made a journey to Dieppe, and brought back the fine studies which are found in the work. When Louis XIV. saw these splendid paintings he was in ecstasies, and caused them to be reproduced in tapestry at the Gobelins.

In 1709 we find Jouvenet still labouring at Versailles with all the perseverance and energy of youth. But his sanguine

almost as much dexterity as ever had been possessed by the other. The painting which he thus finished with his left hand is "The Death of St. Francis," at present in the Museum of Rouen. Holbein, we believe, is the only other artist who was thus able to paint with both hands.

Jouvenet now resumed his work, and with his left hand executed several compositions—amongst others the decorations of the ceiling of the Second Chamber of Inquests of the Parliament of Rouen. He was in the habit of signing these works *J. J., deficiente dextrâ, sinistrâ pinxit.*

All this made a great noise, and the regent himself came to see Jouvenet in his studio at the Quatre Nations. Sebastian Ricci, during his travels in France, also visited him. The courtiers and foreigners of distinction vied with each other in bestowing on him marks of favour and admiration. But his disease advanced apace, and in April 1717 he died in the arms of his sister and his son Francis. His last work was the



A FLOTILLA.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE (SEE PAGE 54).

temperament proved too much for his health, and in 1713 he was seized with paralysis of the whole of the right side of his body. Despite his age, sixty-nine years, he had retained all the sickness of imagination, and the impetuous desire to be at work, which had characterized his earlier years, when he found himself thus struck powerless. His impatience under such an affliction may be imagined.

He was in his studio some time after, superintending the labours of Restout, his nephew and pupil, who was engaged upon a large painting. Jouvenet seized the brush in his right hand, in order to give more expression to a head; but the disabled limb refused to do its office. He then transferred the brush to his left, and was surprised to find that in it there was

"Magnificat," or "Visitation," which still adorns the chancel of Notre Dame.

The Italians have called Jouvenet the French Carracci. There is some truth in the comparison. For he, like the Carracci, had a profound knowledge of his art; his drawing was firm and assured, his ability marvellous; like them, also, he was the connecting link between two schools; but he was more original than the Carracci, than the eclectics who mingled the school of Rome with the school of Parma, Raphael with Correggio, and took their subjects and their figures from every quarter.

What gives Jouvenet his best claim to celebrity, is his originality in the midst of his contemporaries. He was a

maker of novelties, as all great men are. In fact, for a man to be great, it is essential that he should see farther and higher than his own time.

Almost all writers who have spoken of Jouvenet have spoken favourably. He has not had to undergo those thermometric risings and fallings in public estimation like more capricious talents. Dorgenville highly appreciates him; Voltaire places high value on him also, though he rates him below Lebrun; Saillasson says he is to Poussin what Crebillon was to Corneille. Other critics believe him to have filled in the French school the place occupied by Rembrandt in the Dutch. We do not agree with Voltaire as to Lebrun's superiority. Without doubt he was a great machinist, a powerful orderer; but Jouvenet, with more energy, if not equal method, is perfect master of an immense scene, and has the merit of invention in his groups, in the outline and drawing of his figures. His drawing was very skilful, strongly marked,

and free from all hesitation. The action, which was his forte, sometimes leads him into exaggeration, a gymnastic manner, if we may use the expression, which became a vice in the school of the eighteenth century. Often, those of his figures that belong to the lower classes, such as the fisherman seen from behind, and the man who is drawing the nets, in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," have a robust grandeur and a proud gait. Jouvenet's colouring is not of the first order, although it has been frequently vaunted by his admirers. It is reddish, bounded, and not very agreeable as to locality; but it is saved by the skill displayed in the great effects of light and shade, and their resolute expression. Of all his paintings, the most complete, the most vigorous, the grandest, the richest in colouring, is "The Descent from the Cross," in the Paris Museum. It may be seen at all times surrounded by a throng of copyists, who admire its masterly drawing, its energetic *tonnure*, its strong colour, and its powerful *chiaro-scuro*.



A FRESH BREEZE.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE (SEE PAGE 54).

FRAGONARD.

It is not yet fifty years since Fragonard died, and yet such is the wonderful revolution which France has undergone since the period in which he flourished, that few know anything about him at the present; and even the famous "Biographie Universelle," which so seldom passes over the merits of a Frenchman, let them be ever so small, has made a blunder in giving his very name. No one, down to the present, has written much about him save Diderot; and even he in terms of condemnation oftener than of praise. The cause of this oblivion is obvious. Fragonard rose into celebrity in an order

of things, and in a state of society, which happily exist no longer. His talents, great as they undoubtedly were, were prostituted to pander to the vices, follies, and frivolities of the old regime, and when the revolution came, and with it the affectation of Roman simplicity and antique grace, the heroes and demigods of David, and the other artists of the warlike school which flourished under the empire, with their bronze casques and coats of mail, threw the shepherdesses and lovers, with their flowers and light robes, completely into the shade. And yet this was not as it should be. There was nothing

national, nothing thoroughly French, in the mawkish allegories which filled the salons during the empire, and consequently there was little in them worthy of admiration. To be truly great, a painter must be true to his early prejudices, sympathies, and associations. He must find his subjects in the men and women, and frailties and virtues, of his own time, and in the hills, and valleys, and plains, and rivers of his native land. This did Fragonard, whatever else he left undone. We are not about to stand up in defence of the scenes upon which he, in many cases, employed his pencil; but this has nothing to do with the value of his painting itself, any more than the immorality of a poem has to do with its excellence. Byron has described the loves of Haidée and Juan with as much pathos, and fervour, and beauty as if they had been the most virtuous pair who ever stood before the altar and received the blessings of the church. Pity that it should be so, but so it is. Fragonard found a certain state of manners about him, and, like Boucher, he has delineated them with a fidelity, imagination, force, and brilliancy which leave much to be regretted, but nothing to be desired. It is his paintings that we are concerned about, and not his morality; and this may serve as a general excuse for not pouring out a greater amount of virtuous indignation upon him than we shall exhibit in the course of the following notice.

Fragonard came into the world in the nick of time. He was born in 1732, just when Chardin, Louthembourg, Hubert Robert, and Greuze were in the prime of their career. He had the benefit of their example, and the prospect of succeeding them. He was eighteen years of age before he displayed his *penchant* for art, by employing the pen which should have been engrossing deeds in a notary's office in sketching designs upon paper. His mother saw them, and instantly took him to Boucher, with the view of placing him under his tuition. But Boucher was too much absorbed in his own pursuits and pleasures, to devote any portion of his time and attention to the education of youth. His pupils were the ballet girls of the opera, and the graceful, but shameless, beauties of the court, who loved to see his pencil employed in delineating their charms. He was then taken to Chardin, who at once received him. Diderot speaks in the highest terms of Chardin's method of instruction, and adds that no one discoursed of art more ably and more eloquently than he. "By means of colour and of effect," he would often say to his young pupil, "interest may be thrown round the most vulgar subjects, and a *chef-d'œuvre* be made of a pot and some fruit. But how? You endeavour, you scratch out, you rub, you glaze, you paint over again, and when you have caught that, I don't know what to call it, which pleases so much, the painting is finished."

After spending six months with Chardin, he went back to Boucher, who finding him so wonderfully improved, received him into his studio without the payment of any fee. Boucher was at this time the painter of voluptuousness, and the delight of the court, and we may reasonably presume that from him Fragonard contracted the taste which fixed the style of the majority of his works. After six months stay with Boucher, he started for Italy at the age of twenty. While there, he copied the greater part of the celebrated pictures of all the great schools, of Michael Angelo, of Da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Titian, Corregio, the Caracchi, Guido, Domenichino, and of Ribera, and this splendid collection of drawings in red chalk, made in company with Hubert Robert, testifies his desire to assimilate every variety of style and practice. But, nevertheless, they are all in the style of the eighteenth century.

His first picture after his return from Rome was his "Callirhoe," which caused him to be elected into the Academy by acclamation, and was exhibited in the Salon of 1765. It was copied in tapestry at the Gobelins manufactory. It is still to be seen at the Louvre, though it has neither number, nor name nor a place in the catalogue, just as a great many others, through whose negligence or mismanagement we know not. It represents the great priest Coresius sacrificing himself to save Callirhoe, and is a theatrical-looking composition

about fifteen feet long. The scene is the interior of a temple; Callirhoe is fainting, her lover is slaying himself, and around stands a crowd of women, old men, and children. The whole appears very skilfully executed, and the colouring in some parts is very beautiful—the young Callirhoe is charming; but still it is not the Fragonard that we admire, who appears here.

In the Salon, 1765, the painting of the new academician created a general sensation, but after the first tribute of eulogy had been paid to the artist, and the first round of acclamations, the public began to get bolder. Diderot pretended that he had not seen the picture, and in a pretended vision, entitled "The Cave of Plato," he recounts the history of Coresus, and describes Fragonard's works in detail; Grimm comes into the dialogue, and exclaims, "You had a beautiful dream, and he has painted it. When we lose sight of the picture for a moment even, we fear still that the canvas will fold itself up as yours has done, and that these engaging fantasies will disappear like those of the night."

Nevertheless, the praise of the critics was loud and long, and none spoke more highly of it afterwards than Diderot. In his "Essay on Painting," he cites the "Callirhoe" as a model "of effect of light—true, forcible, and piquant." "It is a splendid thing," says he, "and I don't believe there is a painter in Europe capable of imagining such another."

Fragonard exhibited two other paintings in the Salon of 1765; a landscape with a shepherd standing upon a knoll or rising ground, and the "Profiting by the Father's and Mother's Absence," a little familiar composition, representing the interior of a cottage, in which a young man is kissing a young girl, while the children are playing round a table. It is well planned, and, on the whole, effective and well coloured; though we know not, however, where the light comes from.

Fragonard never exhibited his works but on these two occasions, and this explains the absence of all further mention of him in Diderot's subsequent notices of works of art. Although belonging to the Academy, he was never appointed one of the professors in the school, as he had quarrelled with some of the members almost immediately after his entrance; some were jealous of him, and others were offended by his freedom and fantasies. Besides, during the superintendence of M. de Marigny, the brother of Madame Pompadour, who was entirely devoted to Boucher, he experienced great difficulty regarding the sale and payment for his "Coresus," which he had allowed to be numbered amongst the paintings, "by command." The favour of the public, however, amply recompensed him for the loss and annoyance he thus sustained. He became as fashionable as Boucher, who was now old. His paintings were greatly sought after, and all the amateurs were anxious to have one of his works in their collections. He executed, about this period, a "Visitation" for the Duke de Grammont, and a great number of graceful works, which bore sufficient evidence that his style was already formed.

Some time after this he resolved upon making another tour in Italy, a country to which he was devotedly attached, in company with a friend of his, a rich financier, who offered to bear all the expenses of the journey. Fragonard now thoroughly explored Italy, and made an immense number of drawings of the scenery in various parts. It was about this time that, in 1759, the Abbé St. Non came into Italy, and formed an intimate friendship with Fragonard and Robert. He took them to Naples and Herculaneum, and to Pompeii; they made an ascent of Vesuvius, and visited Italy and the coast of Sicily together, taking views, and sketching all the ruins and picturesque scenes; and St. Non, after his return to Paris in 1762, engraved them in a magnificent folio.* When they

* Jean Claude Richard, Abbé St. Non, was son of a receiver-general of finances; he belonged to the family of Boullongue, painters to the king. As he had a decided taste for the arts, he was pressed to engage in the study of theology and law. He was sub-deacon and counsellor clerk. Fortunately, during some of the political troubles in France, he was sent to Poitiers by a *lettre de cachet*, and ordered to remain there. He devoted himself now to

returned to Paris, he was surprised to find that his fellow-traveller had no thought of returning his drawings, which had remained in his possession. Upon making application to him for them, he signified his intention of retaining them to compensate him for Fragonard's expenses on the journey. The matter was brought before a court of law, and judgment was given against the financier, who was ordered to restore the drawings or pay 30,000 francs. He chose the latter. This may serve to give an idea of the estimation in which the artist's works were at that time held. He was then, in fact, in his glory. Boucher had just died; the greater part of the young painters, forgetful of the lessons they had received, were trying to assume a graver manner—a prelude of the revolution which was soon to follow, not in art only, but in politics. But Fragonard was not the man to repudiate his old idols, and stepped into the place which Boucher had left vacant, as the only one, in fact, who was fit to fill it. When, in 1772, Madame Dubarry, the mistress of Louis XV., so famous for her beauty, her wickedness, and her terrible end, in 1793, was building the pavilion of Luciennes, it was upon Fragonard that she fixed to decorate it. Accordingly he there painted, *à la galante*, from large panels on which were represented, in the midst of allegorical ornaments, the "Loves of the Shepherds." Madame was satisfied, and forthwith Fragonard found himself more than ever surrounded by noblemen, caressed by the ladies, and visited by "distinguished foreigners." In 1773 he was decorating a boudoir for Mademoiselle Guimard, and he and she differed regarding some part of the work, and separated in "a tiff," the lady declaring that she would bring all the gentlemen of her acquaintance to look at the painting and decide between them. The ceiling, which contained representations of the gods, was already almost finished, and that Mademoiselle herself, the goddess of the opera in her day, figured as Terpsichore upon the principal panel. Fragonard felt deeply insulted at any one being brought to pass judgment upon his work, and accordingly revenged himself by changing the light and graceful figure of Terpsichore into a hideous fury, but without altering the resemblance of the portrait. The lady arrived with a swarm of her friends; when she saw the alteration she flew into a violent passion; but her companions declared coolly that Fragonard was a great physiognomist. Mademoiselle, however, never forgave him; and it was David who finished the work.

Fragonard was now entering in right earnest upon what was clearly his legitimate sphere, the painter of the tender passion in all its phases and its details. His scenes, it is true, were often warm, often indecorous, but many of them are conceived in a vein of passing tenderness and purity. Witness the "Stolen Kiss" (*le Baiser à la Derobée*), and the "Fountain of Love," in which all the ardour of the passion is glowingly depicted without the least admixture of its grossness. What power in the colouring, what sentiment in the drawing of the two young lovers, who in the flush of youth bend eagerly over the basin into which the enchanted waters of love are flowing!

Fragonard, in making use of allegory, succeeded in combining reality and symbol with the happiest effect. By means of a well-timed boldness, he took away the coldness natural to symbolical compositions, and made life palpitate under the

wings of thought. Lesuer, Charles Lebrun, and most other great painters, who have clothed their meaning in allegory, have hardly ever got out of the domains of poetical allusion, that is to say, their characters are nearly always gods. Raphael mingled history with it; he brought well-known heroes and historical personages, such as Marie de Medici and Henry IV., into contact with the divinities of mythology. Fragonard has done more than this; he has brought human figures and living symbols upon the scene; he was the first, we believe, to express one sentiment, or rather sensation, as it was then called, by painting another. We mean, that instead of putting allegory in the persons he has put it in the action. The "Fountain of Love," of which we have been speaking, is an admirable example of this. The waters are flowing fast over the edge of the basin which surrounds the fountain, and as it falls, groups of cupids rise from its spray. On the brink a youth and maiden in light and flowing drapery are seen flying towards it with eager and longing eyes. Here the loves are but accessories, and the ardour of passion is painted in lines of fire in the movements made by the two lovers to besprinkle themselves with the enchanted liquid which intoxicates the senses and lulls the heart into happiness and repose.

Fragonard, as we have already said, has been accused of descending in search of subjects to regions where art should never enter. But allowing that there is some truth in the accusation, there is an immense deal of exaggeration in it. It was in vain that Diderot counselled the artists of his time to choose themes of an honourable and decorous character. For pupils of Boucher, it was no very easy matter to follow his advice. What would have been said, had Fragonard suddenly falsified his antecedents, and returned to the paths of virtue? Why, this at that time would have caused awful scandal. To effect such a change in the artist would have required nothing less than a remodelling of the whole of French society. So on he went in his old way, and painted "La Gimblette;" the "Milk-pot," and many other works of the same stamp. He married a woman of great talent, who painted miniatures, and they lived together very happily at the Louvre, with a tolerably large family. Here he had a studio furnished in a style that gratified all his caprices. Curious and fantastic drawings were suspended round the walls; in the corner was a swing or hammock in which he generally placed his models, and it was by this airy staircase, that his daughter, a fine girl who died at the early age of eighteen, descended from her apartment on the upper floor. In the furniture and the general arrangement of the room, everything recalled the fairy scenes which he so often depicted in his paintings; here and there garlands of flowers, shrubs, and even *jets d'eau*, splendid carpets, and gorgeous drapery.

The voluptuous scenes he painted at this period of his career brought almost fabulous prices. He was the idol of fashion—the lion of the *salons*. Women crowded to caress him who daily held woman up to the eyes of the world in degradation and guilt—a mere animal; and the men were happy to see their vices and escapades so gloriously veiled and even transformed by the painter's genius. But their hour was come, and the destroyer was at hand. A change was insensibly coming over the French people. The philosophers had not sneered and denounced in vain. The nation was gradually rising to a sense of its true dignity and glory, and was beginning to think it foul scorn that a knot of dissolute courtiers and shameless women should stand forth as the representatives of all the courage, hope, and capability that lay slumbering in its mighty heart. For the first time, the real people, the *roturiers*, rose up into the view of the world after a thousand years of oppression, and declared their wrongs before high heaven. Fragonard saw the change, and had the sagacity to conform himself to it. He abandoned the painting of the follies and crimes of gallantry, and set himself to the nobler task of delineating the condition, the wants, the virtues, and sufferings of the poor, as did most of the other artists of the day. It was a vast and hitherto unexplored field which was now opening up. The works of Chardin and Greuze had furnished faint glimpses of it, but never before

drawing and engraving, and met with extraordinary success. In 1769 he broke away from his imprisonment, and after a tour through England, he went to Italy, where he met, as we have stated above, with Robert and Fragonard, whose works he engraved. His style was a rapid sketching, which was admirably adapted for the expression of ruins, &c. On his return to France, he commenced the publication of his great work, "Voyage de Naples et Sicile," upon a grand scale, which no private resources could have carried out. He was for a while sustained by rich capitalists; but they at last became tired of the expense, and withdrew their aid. He carried it on for a while longer, by sacrificing the whole of his brother's fortune and his own; and though he was able only to publish a part of it, it was one of the finest offerings ever made at the shrine of art. He was an honorary member of the French Academy of Painting. He died in November, 1791.

had it seized upon the imagination and attention of the public. Fragonard's successes in the new walk were so many proofs that he was capable of better things than he had yet attempted, and resulted in most of the paintings which have since been multiplied by engraving: "The Happy Mother," "A Family Scene," and "The Cradle," were all executed at this period. In none of them has allegory any part; the sentiment is always pure, and often touching.

The "Family Scene" seems a reflection of Greuze's manner. Fragonard has in it painted a mother surrounded by her children, playing with one of them, while the others, older, are following their humour in various childish amusements. The husband is looking in through an open window upon this scene of quiet happiness. A fine taste is visible in

gratitude and admiration of mankind. But even this was too ponderous a subject for Fragonard's training and temperament. Familiar scenes suited him better, and when the revolution broke out, he paid a tribute to it by dedicating the "Happy Mother" to his country. Fragonard grown wise and grave and decorous,—what a surprise this must have been for the good old dame, who, years before, was the famous Made-moiselle Guimard!

By the revolution he lost two-thirds of his fortune, which had been invested in the funds, but was still left a modest competency. His fine drawings, illustrating "Orlando Furioso," and "Don Quixote," did not sell at as high a price as they would have brought in former times. M. Devon possessed the greater part of the latter; from him they were



A FAMILY SCENE.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRAGONARD.

the drawing of all the figures, and in the expression which he has given them. The children, too, are charming.

There cannot be a doubt that when Fragonard returned to the idyl also, it was in obedience to influences which then acted upon him from every quarter. Is it not a curious circumstance that the amorous painter of Dubarry's boudoir, and of the temple of Terpsichore, should afterwards have been inspired by the noble figure of Franklin? And yet nothing is more true. When the American patriarch paid a visit to France, Fragonard sketched in Indian ink, and afterwards engraved, a large composition, in his honour. Turgot's line, since become so famous

"*Empuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis,*"

explains the design of the work, in which the artist has endeavoured to set forth the old patriot's double claim to the

bought by an eccentric Englishman, who caused the "Don Quixote" to be printed in folio, struck off but one magnificent copy, and bound up Fragonard's drawings in it.

Fragonard died at Paris in 1806. He treated every possible variety of subject; historical, religious, mythological, familiar scenes, pastorals, decoration, landscapes, vignettes, in crayon, in water-colours, water body colour, Chinese ink, red chalk, black lead, beautiful miniatures; and engravings of etchings of exquisite delicacy. Some of his paintings remind us of Rembrandt by the effect and judgment of their light; of Rubens, by the splendour of the flesh and the harmony of the colouring; of Ruysdael, in some of the finished and vigorous landscapes; Chardin, and even Watteau, in the fancy figures; and Reynolds, by the vivacity of some of his sketches. Among the poets, he has illustrated La Fontaine, Boccaccio, and Ariosto. Grace and elegance reign in all his compositions.

His figures, his heads, and his hands of women are skilfully drawn. His children have a coquettish simplicity about them. His landscapes are luminous, and his skies magical. Of all the painters of the eighteenth century, Fragonard is the one whose works give an exact idea of French history during that period—commencing with pastorals and ending with terrorism. Watteau has told us of all the follies of the regency, and speaks

of love, while love had still some poetry in it; Boucher paints not love, but pleasure, or rather debauchery. Chardin tells us of the virtues of the *tiers état*. Greuze takes up the pencil of philosophy and preaches morality. Fragonard has done all these—fetes like Watteau's, intrigues and gallantries like Boucher's, interiors like Chardin's, sermons like Greuze's. His earliest works are dedicated to love; his latest to France.

BURNET.

We have on more than one occasion remarked upon the effect that pictures are at once expressions of the thought of the artist and appeals to the feelings of the spectator. And yet a

ness; but only suggests it, and leaves all the rest to our own imagination. Let us see what it tells us.

There has been a long and severe storm on one of our



MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOUVENET (SEE PAGE 56).

picture does not fulfil its office when it leaves nothing untold. If there remains nothing for the imagination to shadow forth for itself, nothing for the mind to ponder over, it is little better than mere imitation. It is one of the highest triumphs of genius to convey all its meaning while expressing only a part of it. How successfully this has been done by many of our own great artists we need not say. Wilkie has taught many a solemn lesson, and written many a piece of humour rich, and pathos deep upon his canvas. There may not be any great variety of detail in the scene he pictures,—it may be one of humble life,—but there is a moral in every line, that he who runs may read. What a sermon lies in his "Young Postboy!" What warning, instruction, and tenderness in the confusion of the lad, and the anxious look of his grandmother!

The picture, an engraving of which is before us, is another of those which suggest its meaning with beautiful distinct-

coasts. For days the sea has been fretting itself against the rocks in impotent fury. Seaward, a sierra of foaming waves, black clouds, and driving rain. At intervals, vessels have been seen in the offing, tearing madly through the storm under doubly reefed topsails, and those on board must have been bold hearts if they did not shudder as they looked towards the land, that loomed upon them so frowningly, so sternly. All along the grassy brow of the cliffs, white wreaths of foam lie like woolpacks, or are swept inland to disappear on some flooded field. Great bundles of sea-weed are found on all the paths by the shore, lying where the sea cast them from it in its fury. The eagle, whose nest is in the cliff, screams hoarsely and savagely as she leaves it in the morning, and more savagely as she returns at night, for this tempest is even more than she can enjoy. There is nobody stirring abroad, the fishing-boats are hauled up high, though not dry, upon the beach; every house in the village has its door shut

ast, and blazing fires of wreckwood make the inmates comfortable.

But down in one rude cabin near the shore, matters have not been so cozy. Every blast has made the old smoky rafters shake and tremble; the rain has penetrated the thatch at a hundred places, and falls in regular and constant drops on the floor; it oozes in, too, by the crevices in the badly-joined casement of the window. The thunder roars distantly at intervals, and the lightning sends occasional flashes through the gloom. The youngsters are frightened, and crouch round their mother; but she, good woman, heard not the raging of the storm, or the dash of the rain. Her heart is light within her, and she sings gaily as she goes about her household duties; for her husband is not at sea, but snug at home, mending his nets and smoking his pipe, and waiting patiently for the return of fair weather. She remembers what fearful nights of watching and anxiety she has passed when a gale had caught him far from land; how her heart throbbed and her limbs trembled, when the boom of the minute guns of a vessel in distress has come dimly on the blast, and the hoarse dash of the remorseless surge was mingled with the melancholy whistling of the wind through the chinks of the old door. She remembers how, breathlessly, she listened for his footstep; and she remembers with what anguish she watched the morning dawning on the stormy sky, and the troubled sea, and still no Dermot returned, and she is happy in contrasting her present quiet with her past alarms. And yet, even now, she has cause for sorrow and vexation. Before evening the storm has cleared off, but it has left many a trace behind it. The thatch, the straw for which cost them so much but six months ago, has been torn off their cabin; the potatoes on which they relied for subsistence during a considerable part of the year, have had their stalks broken by the wind, and many of them are blasted by the lightning; the woodbine and the rose-tree, which had twined so gracefully round the door, are battered and torn, and bent and bruised; the little plot of flowers, sheltered from the sea breeze by a thick hedge, which was her pride and the delight of the children, is covered with pieces of stone and rubbish, and the flowers, the gay, pleasant, and sweet-scented flowers, are lying dead. The children are roaming about outside, lamenting over the ruin and desolation which meets their view; when, lo and behold, in a great lump of thatch which the wind has swept off the roof, they find a nest, lined with down and hay carefully interwoven, and in it lay three fledglings; but, alas! the cold and wet had killed two of them, and one alone survived, to gape feebly for food at the sound of a chirp. But its mother, poor thing, has fled away towards the blue sky, with sorrow in her heart, and will never, never more return. The children nurse the little orphan and carry it in. Their mother prepares a little warm feather bed for it by the fire, where it can rest snugly, secure from danger; and the rough fisherman himself, whose heart is soft and tender as a maiden's, has made a little skewer to offer it bread and milk upon; and to the delight of the two boys it arouses itself, eats, and is merry. The family are present at all its meals; are enchanted to see it extend its little beak for more, and to flap its half-clothed wings.

In two or three days the thatch is repaired, the garden is cleared of the rubbish, and the flowers resown; the potatoes begin to revive; the rose and the woodbine are once more nailed to the wall, and once more begin to smile as they "were wont to smile." All the damage is repaired, and the storm is forgotten, but the fisherman has not forgotten to point out to his children the moral of it all—to remind them each time they rejoice over their pet that it was the storm which brought it them, with all the pleasure it gives; and that God never fails to infuse some leaven of happiness into the worst calamities he sees fit to inflict upon his creatures.

Art has its early victims, as well as poetry. Chatterton and Kirke White gave no greater promise of excellence in verse, than did Bunington and Livermore in painting. To these names we may add that of James Burnet, a young landscape painter of no common powers. He was born at Mus-

selburgh in the year 1788, and was the fourth son of George Burnet, general surveyor of excise in Scotland, a man of probity and talent, and Anne Cruikshank his wife, sister to the eminent anatomist, the friend and associate of John Hunter. Others of his house have attained distinction: his brother John Burnet is as widely known for his talents in original composition with the pencil as for his almost matchless skill with the graver. The family came originally from Aberdeen.

The instruction which Burnet received at school during the day was excellently followed up in the evening by that of his mother, a devout and prudent woman. There are few of his countrymen who derive not as much of their knowledge from their father's fireside as from the public schools. His mind took an early turn towards art; during his leisure hours he loved to walk into the studio of Scott, the landscape engraver, with whom his brother John was a pupil; nor was he long in lifting the pencil; the result of his attempts was, that he was put under the care of Liddel to learn wood carving, at that time a profession both lucrative and popular. This branch of art, indeed, is now nearly extinct; a love of what is plain has come upon the country, and carved chairs, couches, and cabinets, are expelled from parlour and drawing-room; our cornices and architraves are no longer ornamented, and festoons and flowers flourish no more on our walls.

During his apprenticeship, Burnet studied at the Trustees' Academy, under Graham, where he was noticed for the natural truth of his delineations. As his skill of hand increased, he began to perceive the limited nature of the art of carving in wood. He sent some of his compositions to his brother John, who had removed to London; expressed a wish to follow and devote his time to painting; and without waiting for a letter of encouragement, which was on the way, he left Edinburgh, and arrived in London in the year 1810, in the twenty-second year of his age. He found his brother busied on his fine engraving of Wilkie's inimitable 'Blind Fiddler.' He stood and looked earnestly and long on the picture; he had seen nothing so full of character, or so finished in all its details, during his studies in the North. A new light, he said, broke upon him, and from that moment he resolved to alter his style of drawing. In this resolution he was confirmed by examining the works of the best Dutch masters in the British Gallery. In them he perceived much of what he admired in Wilkie: he lost no time in making attempts in what ought to be called the natural, rather than the Dutch style. 'So convinced was he,' said one who knew him intimately, 'of the little progress he had made in colouring, and the other essentials which are everything in the department of the art he had chosen, that he may be said to have only then commenced his studies; so little applicable is an academical education to the humbler and picturesque walks of art.'

In Wilkie and the Dutch masters he perceived something entirely after his own heart: he loved the vivid human character in the former; and of the latter, Potter and Cuyt became his favourites. He desired to unite their qualities; and while he studied their mode of handling their subjects, and endeavoured to look on nature with their eyes, he was perfectly aware that nothing short of originality of conception would lead him to distinction. He had sought what he wanted in the Academy, but found it not; he therefore determined, like Gainsborough, to make nature his academy; and with a sketch-book and pencil he might be seen wandering about the fields around London, noting down scenes which caught his fancy, and peopling them with men pursuing their avocations, and with cattle of all colours, and in all positions. Of these sketches I have seen a vast number; some are rude and ill arranged; others display bits of great beauty and character; the greater number are such as he probably intended to paint pictures from; for the scenes are generally well depicted, and the sentiment plainly expressed. Of cattle he seems to have been particularly fond, and has represented them in all possible postures, and of all hues—'The ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted.' He also seems to have been a judge. Some of our cattle painters, imagining that the more flesh cows have the

more milk they will give, have plumped them up into a condition for the butcher, but not for the milk-pail. Burnet knew that a moderately lean cow produced most milk, and in this way he drew them. But in all that he did he desired to tell a story. This he knew would give interest to his works, and produce at the same time action, expression, and variety. Nor did he confine his studies to the fields alone: he made himself familiar with the indoor as well as outdoor economy of a farmer's household during seed-time, summer, harvest, and winter; he left no implement of husbandry unsketched, and scarcely any employment of the husbandman without delineation.

The first fruit of all this preparation was his picture of 'Cattle going out in the Morning.' There is a dewy freshness in the air; and the cattle, released from their stalls, seemed to snuff the richness of the distant pastures, and acknowledge the loveliness of the day. His next picture was superior even to this: in his 'Cattle returning Home in a Shower,' purchased by Sir Thomas Baring, 'he has introduced,' says an excellent judge, 'everything that could in any way characterise the scene. The rainbow in the sky, the glittering of the rain upon the leaves; the dripping poultry under the hedge, the reflections of the cattle on the road, and the girl with her gown over her shoulders, all tend with equal force to illustrate his subject.' This picture placed him in the first rank as a pastoral painter. Others followed of equal or superior truth and beauty: such as his—1. 'Key of the Byre'; 2. 'Crossing the Brook'; 3. 'Cowboys and Cattle'; 4. 'Breaking the Ice'; 5. 'Milking'; 6. 'Crossing the Bridge'; 7. 'Inside of a Cow-house'; 8. 'Going to Market'; 9. 'Cattle by a Pool in Summer'; 10. 'Boy with Cows.' Some of these are in the collections of the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Egremont, and the Marquis Camden: others are in the possession of the painter's relatives. A very fine one, 'The Boy with the Cows,' belongs to James Wadmore, Esq., and hangs worthily with the Waikes and the Turners, and other masters of the calling.

I have said that he sketched and studied much in the fields. He felt that the excellence which he coveted could not be obtained on more moderate conditions. It was also his practice to write down on the spot his own observations regarding the future handling of the picture in oil: these are both curious and numerous, but their scope and aim are so interwoven with the landscape to which they relate, that few of them will be understood separate. I find the following memoranda regarding distances:—'Extreme distance ought generally to be of the same tint as the sky with which it unites; and as it approaches the middle ground, the strata appear interspersed with touches of light and dark, such as the lights upon the tops of houses with their shadows. Be particular in marking the buildings with a firmer line than the trees: never admit colour into your distance when in the direction of the light; scumble a little with purple and grey at the bottom of your objects, losing their forms at the base. In a side light, the objects are coloured where the light shines upon them, while the shadows are all of one tint: even red is grey in the shadow; but when the light is behind you, every object is made out with its proper colour.' The same clear, simple mode of instruction distinguishes all he says regarding the treatment of that unattractive element, water. 'To paint water well, it ought, if possible, to be painted at once with a full pencil and a quantity of vehicle: the colours reflected in water appear more pleasing from their possessing a rich pulpy substance, and also from their sweetly melting into each other. In painting water, particular attention should be paid to the place and distance, as it alters much according to the situation. Objects near the fore ground raise their reflections strong when they touch aught, but are often lost when they come to the bottom of the picture; while, on the contrary, objects in the distance show their reflections stronger as they approach towards you. This arises from the waves conveying the reflection being larger and less under the influence of perspective than when they touch the distant object.'

Burnet is equally plain and explicit on the subject of 'sky,' as his remarks are the offspring of his own observa-

tions, I shall give the student all the advantage which can be derived from them. 'The sky being of a receding character, all those points which contribute to give it such character should be the study of the painter. Mere white, for example, will seldom keep its place in a sky, but it ought to be used in foreground objects for the purpose of giving a retiring quality to the whites in the sky and distance. Softness of form also aids in giving the sky a retiring character, although it is necessary to give a little sharpness to prevent the sky appearing what is termed woolly; yet very little is sufficient to give firmness to the whole. Clouds are much more opaque in the north than in the south, as the light shines upon them in the one situation and through them in the other. Their form alters much, too, according to the time of day: at noon they are round, and more like those of Wouvermans; in the evening they are more like those of Cuyp or Both, especially about an hour before the sun goes down.' Besides remarks originating in the contemplation of nature, there are, in his school-books, observations on some of the landscapes of our greatest masters. Under the date of May, 1814, I find the following memoranda concerning the pictures of Richard Wilson in the British Institution:—'I observed some pictures more pleasing than others; those which seemed most so were light pictures with warm foregrounds falling into a cool sky and a distance, the middle ground mostly in shadow of a purple grey, with yellow and green touches through it; a piece of blue drapery in the foreground gives great value. Of all things, Wilson seems careful to keep a proper balance of hot and cold colour, and of light and shade, with very little positive colour, and little of black or white, but always some of each.'

But whilst this young painter was noting the excellence of Wilson, or watching the shifting colours of the sky and the changing hues of nature, he was sensible that a disease which flatters while it destroys was gradually gaining upon him as ice upon the stream, and robbing him of his vigour, bodily and mental. He still continued his excursions among the fields; the consumption from which he was a sufferer made him feel the beauty more deeply of solitary places: he was to be found often in secluded nooks; and the beautiful churchyard of Lee, in Kent, near which he, in his latter days, resided, was a place where he frequently wandered. But change of air and scene brought no improvement to his health; his looks began to fade; he could scarcely take his customary walk in the fields, or use his note-book and pencil. He is still remembered about Lewisham and Lee as one who was to be found in lonely walks making sketches. His cheerfulness never forsook him; he loved to talk with his friends concerning art; and at times, when he forgot that his days could be but few, he spoke of landscapes which he had planned and resolved to execute. On finding that death was near, he desired his brother John to bury him in the village church of Lee, which forms the background of several of his studies, and resigned himself calmly to his fate. He died on the 27th of July, 1816, aged 28 years. His dying request could not, it seems, be complied with; parochial etiquette forbade the burial of a stranger, even of genius, in the church of Lee, and he was interred in the churchyard of Lewisham.

James Burnet had a fine eye, and an equally fine feeling, for the beauties of landscape: his knowledge of nature was extensive and minute; he had watched the outgoings and incomings of shepherds and husbandmen; had studied flocks and herds; and, as the memoranda which we have quoted show, had made himself intimate with much that lends lustre to landscape. It was his custom, in country places, to watch the cows going to pasture or returning home; to look to the manners and practices of the cowherds; nor did he sometimes hesitate to loiter amongst the cottages, and observe through the lighted up windows the employments or amusements of the peasantry. To such feeling for the rural and picturesque, he added an excellent eye for colour; he could employ at will either the bold deep tones of Rembrandt, or the silvery and luminous tones of Cuyp. To those who know the difficulty of guiding the eye from one extreme to another, this will be

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

deserved great praise. He had considerable poetic feeling: there is nothing coarse or common in his scenes: his trees are finely grouped; his cows are all beautiful; they have the sense to know where the sweetest grass grows; his milkmaids

who are acquainted with country scenes, and with flocks and herds, may smile at some of these remarks. Under a fat cow a milkmaid will think it nearly labour lost to place her pail; and sheep which graze among briars and thorns cannot fail



THE ORPHAN BIRD.—FROM A PAINTING BY BURNET.

have an air of natural elegance about them, and his cowboys are not without grace.

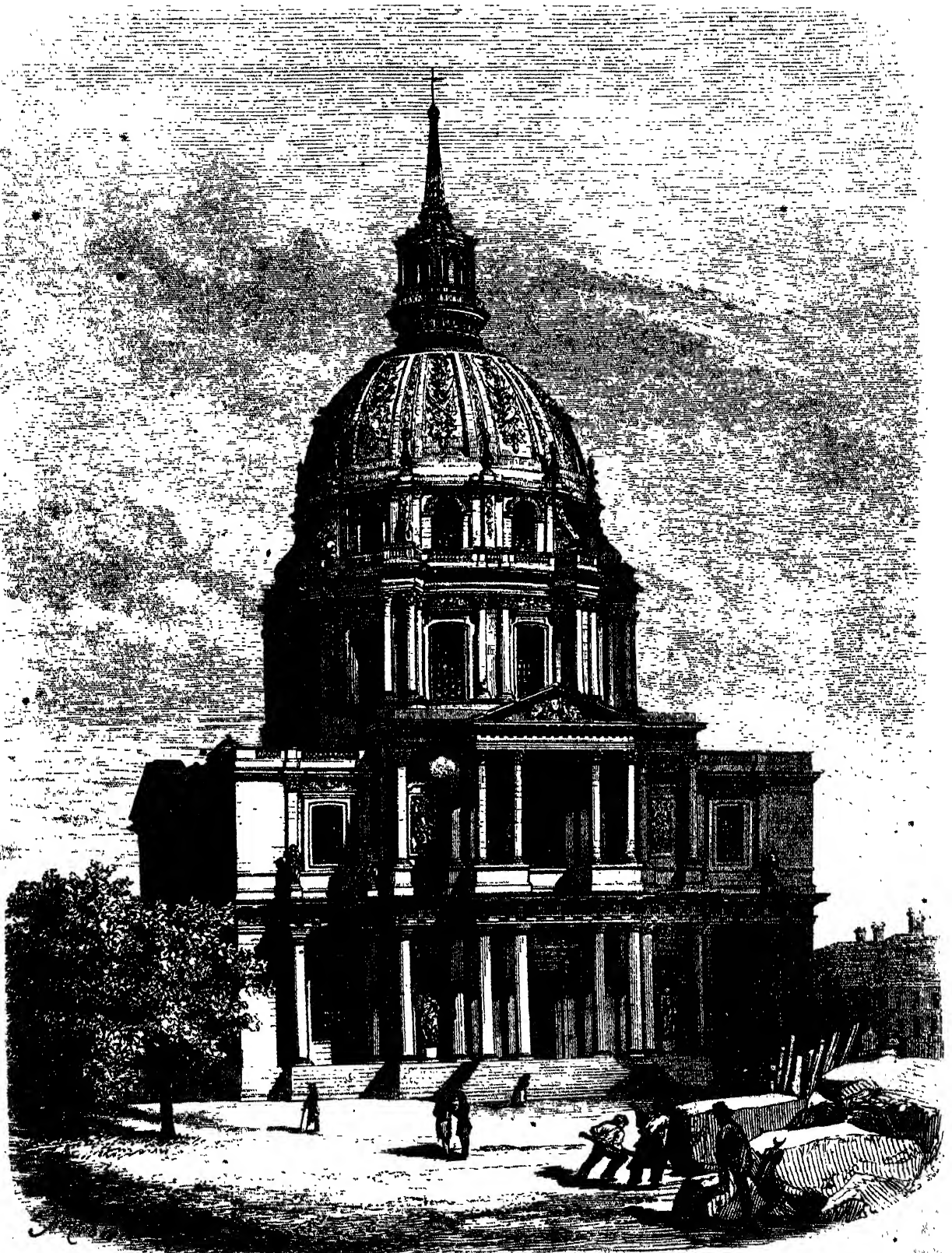
Of his defects the critics of his day spoke; they called his cows lean, his shadows too dark, and said his sheep with their torn fleeces seemed creatures dying of the rot. Those

to show dishevelled fleeces. No doubt he had defects; but what were they compared to the great natural truth and beauty of his delineations?

* Cunningham's Lives of British Artists.

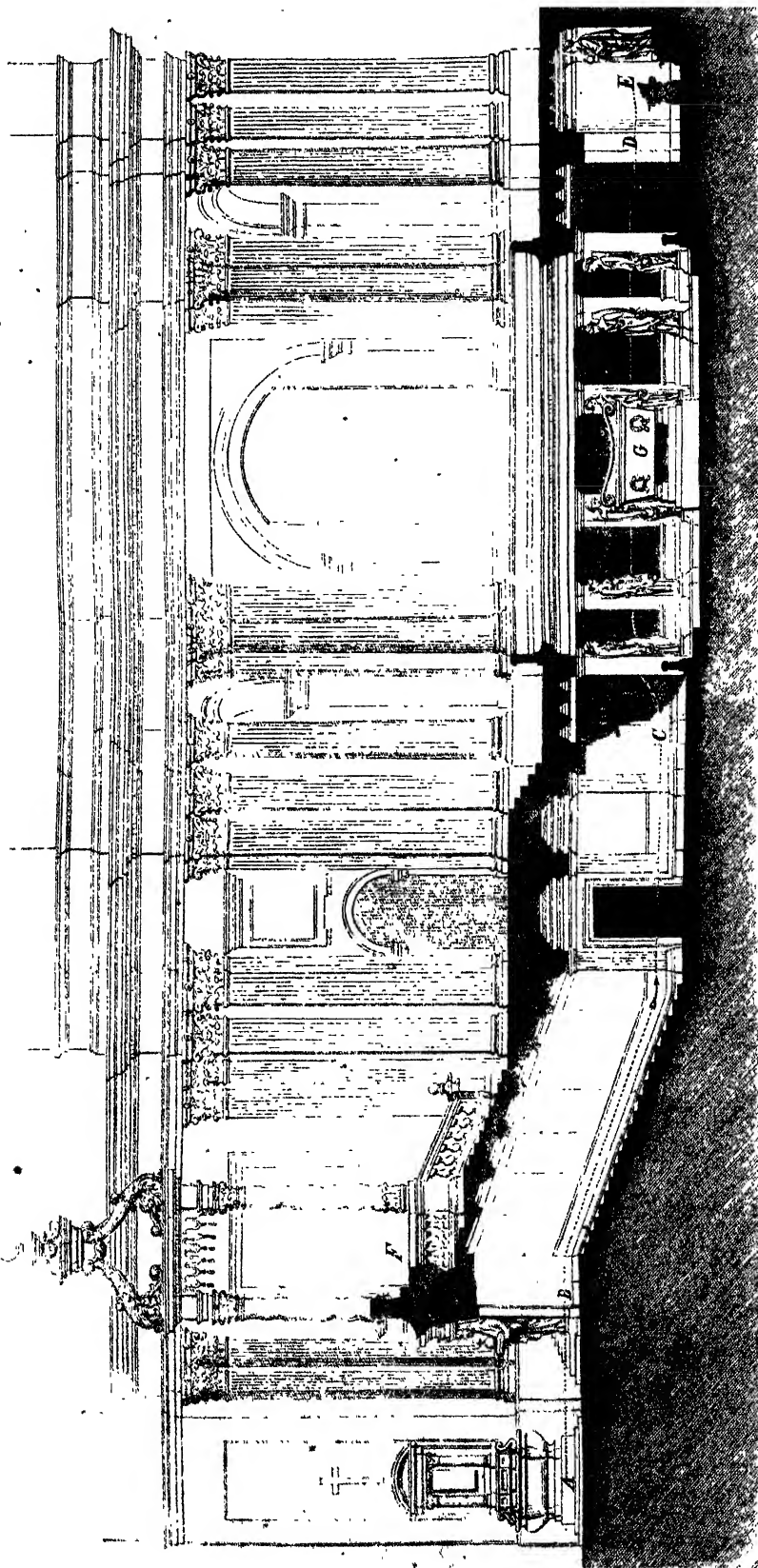
THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

NAPOLÉON'S TOMB.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE DOME-CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

In our prospectus to the present publication we said: "The Works of Eminent Masters will include specimens of the in painting, sculpture, architecture, or decorative art." Hitherto, however, we have confined ourselves mostly to



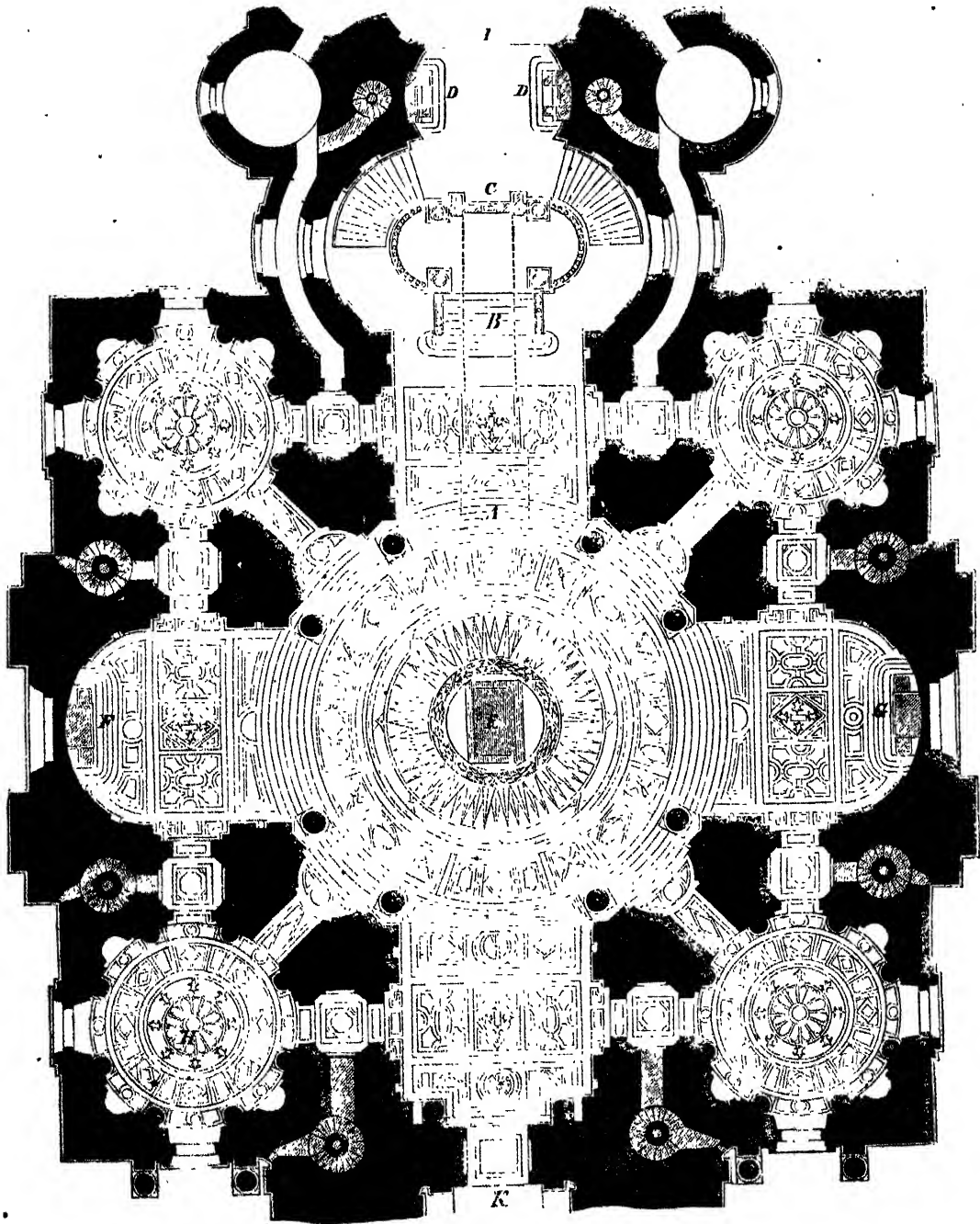
SECTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, THE DOME, THE CRYPT, AND THE TOMB.

performances of those who, at different periods, and in various countries, have distinguished themselves as masters, whether the productions of those who followed the same glorious vocation as Raphael and Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and

Velasquez; but in the present instance we shall have occasion to extend our plan, and treat of the representatives of every art mentioned in the above lines quoted from our prospectus. Not only shall we speak of painters, but also, and more particularly, of those who wield the chisel and not the pencil, and whose skill endows the cold, hard marble with the glowing semblance of life, compelling it to assume some of the loveliest forms that ever mortal eye beheld or enraptured poet's

obliged to depart somewhat from our rule, and, in describing a single work, to bring together a considerable number of the greatest artists which France ever produced; but then the work in question is no ordinary painting, no every-day piece of sculpture: it is a national monument, it is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We shall, also, in another particular, allow ourselves greater latitude than usual. We shall introduce many facts



GROUND PLAN OF THE DOME.

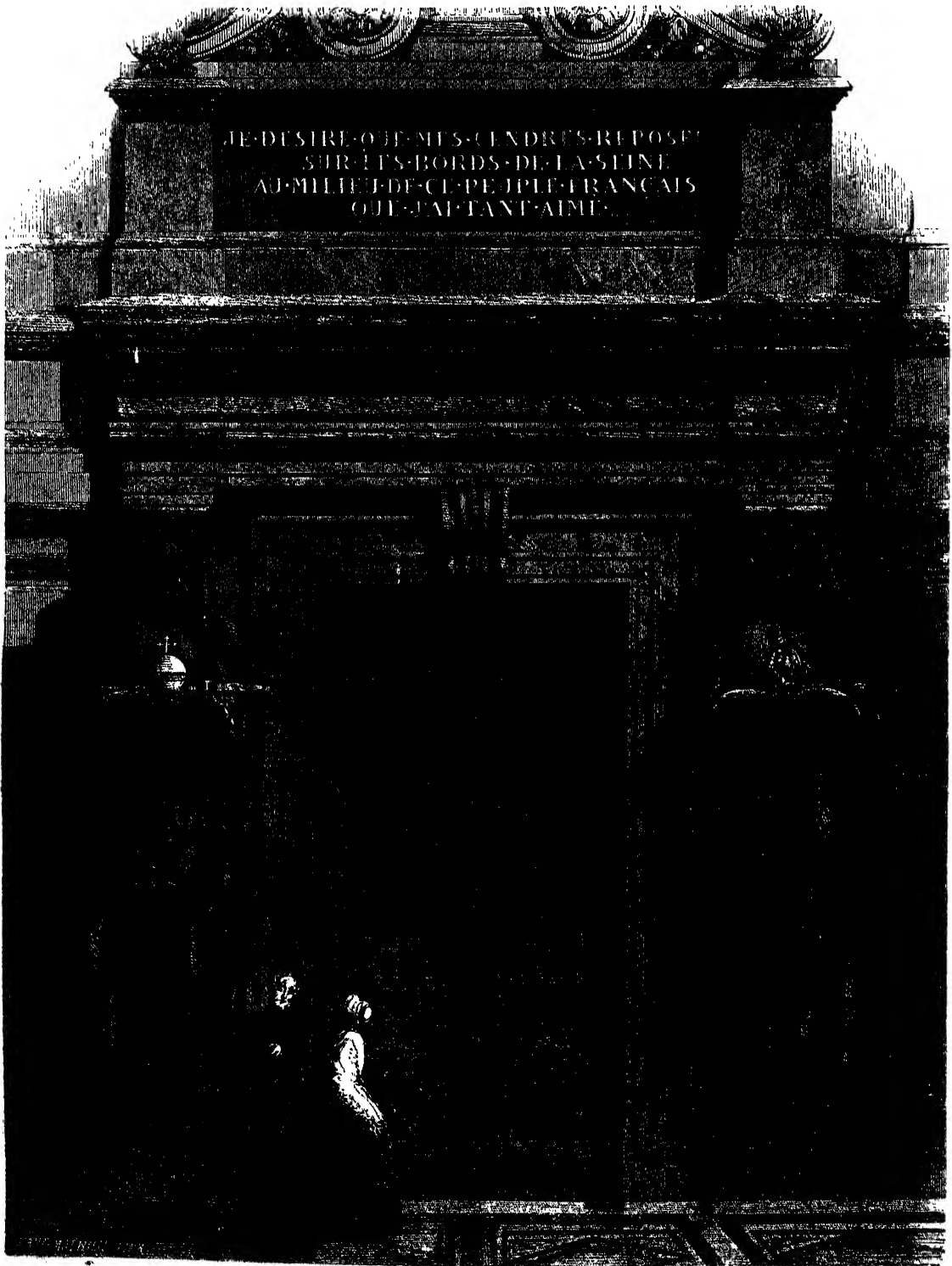
mind imagined. At the same time, too, we shall have an opportunity of introducing to our readers the sister art—Architecture, grave, solemn, and awful, standing in all the dread magnificence of woe upon a mighty pedestal erected for her by the gratitude of a great nation bewailing the loss of one of her mightiest sons. Each of our former notices was confined to the works of one man; in the present account we are

which certainly do not belong to the arts abstractedly, but which not only belong to them in the present instance, but lend them much of their value, in so far as they are connected with Napoleon's tomb. The design of the tomb is, undoubtedly, magnificent, and the execution something which strikes the spectator with the deepest admiration and respect, but does not the whole pile gain in interest from the fact that it is

raised to the memory of one whose name will live as an object of blind admiration, or as equally blind hate, in the hearts of most men, as long as the pages of History shall not be sealed to human inquiry; and will not each detail, will not each bas-

ingly diadem, simply from its bringing to mind the memory of things long since past, of vows, perhaps, long since broken, of hopes long since dead.

In order not to interrupt the continuity of the account of



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB, WITH THE TWO FUNERAL GENII.

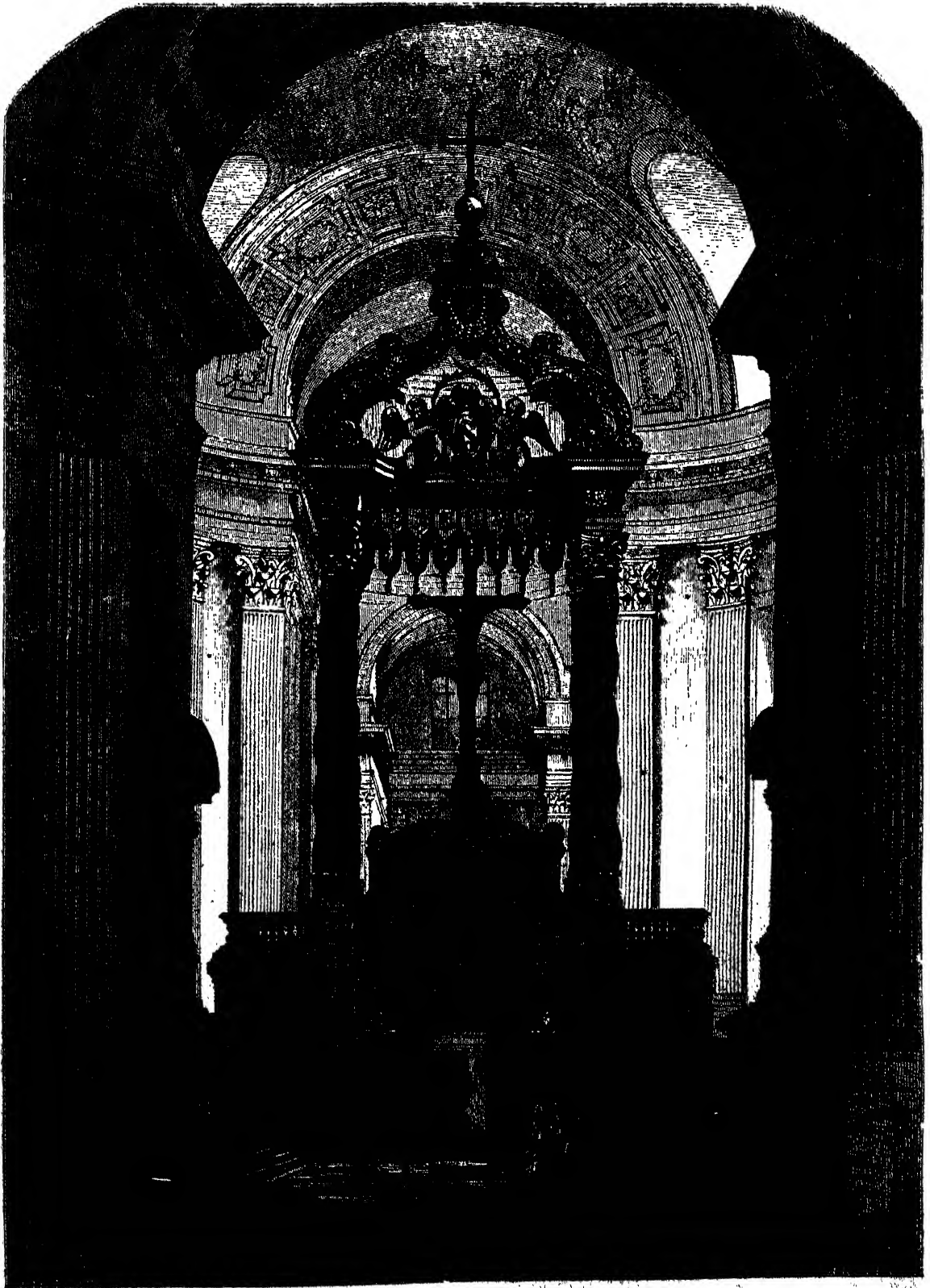
relief, each mosaic, each ornament, also gain from a comprehensive account of the facts it is meant to represent, of the deeds it is intended to typify? Most certainly it will, as surely as a withered flower or a faded ribbon sometimes becomes worth more than the most brilliant jewel that ever sparkled in a

the tomb, we shall place at the conclusion of our narrative the biographical notices of the various artists, whether painters, architects, or sculptors, whose works we mention.

After the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon had been transported from St. Helena to Paris, in the year 1840, they

were provisionally placed in a chapel of the dome-church of St. Louis des Invalides. At present, they repose in the monumental crypt which has been constructed and decorated

to receive them at an immense expense, and which is situated under the centre of the celebrated gilt cupola, that, for the future, borrowing fresh importance from the grand object to



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE CRYPT, AND OF THE TOMB, WITH THE TOMBS OF DUROC AND BERTRAND ON EITHER SIDE.

which it is now devoted, will be remembered and renowned chiefly in conjunction with the fact of its being the vault that stretches over the imperial mausoleum.

All communication between the space beneath the dome and the other parts of the church, as well as the Hôtel des Invalides itself, has been cut off, and, at present, it is not possible to enter the funeral sanctuary by any other way than the grand southern portico, which looks upon the Place Vauban. Access is gained to this portico by traversing a large open space in front of the dome, enclosed by a ditch

colonnade of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is easy to imagine the magnificence that the execution of this project would have imparted to an architectural composition, whose various details are already so admirably calculated to produce a striking effect.

A number of fine statues tend to increase still more the richness of this fine specimen of architectural skill; some of them are not at all out of keeping with the new destination of the dome.

The façade of the dome is composed of two orders of



RAILING SEPARATING THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES FROM THE CHURCH.

and iron gate. On each side of the latter is a pavilion, serving the purpose of a guardhouse.

Immediately the visitor reaches the Place Vauban, he obtains a full view of the church of the dome, constructed according to the plans of Jules Hardouin Mansart, superintendent of royal buildings, and nephew of François Mansart, architect of the Val-de-Grâce, and inventor of the windows which are still called after him. The Hôtel des Invalides, properly so called, was constructed by Libéral Bruant.

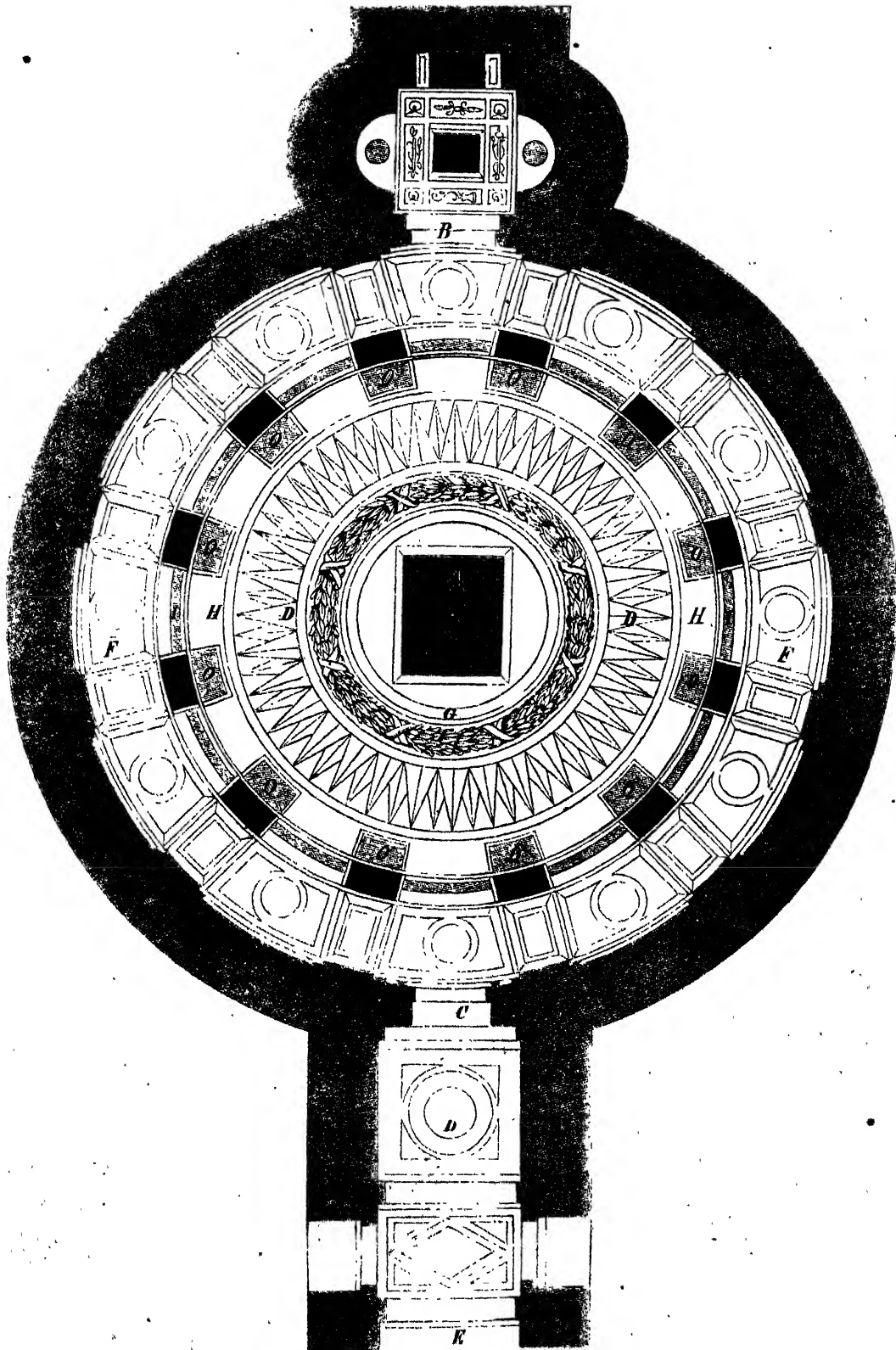
At the time of his death, in 1708, Mansart entertained the idea of adding to the beautiful façade a grand colonnade, with four pavilions rising above it, in the style of the admirable

architecture, superposed and ornamented with columns and pilasters, the Doric being below and the Corinthian above. The two sides of the first story are formed of a simple attic, ornamented with pilasters, and surmounted by stone groups, placed two and two, representing eight of the fathers of the Greek and Latin churches.

Access to the portico, which juts out from the body of the church, is gained by a grand flight of fifteen steps, ornamented by six fine Doric columns, behind which are an equal number of pilasters. Four of these columns are placed on the top of the steps, while the two others are situated near the door. There are also four more pillars, which are less

advanced than those we have just mentioned, and are placed on each side of two niches, more than thirteen feet high, containing marble statues, representing St. Louis and the

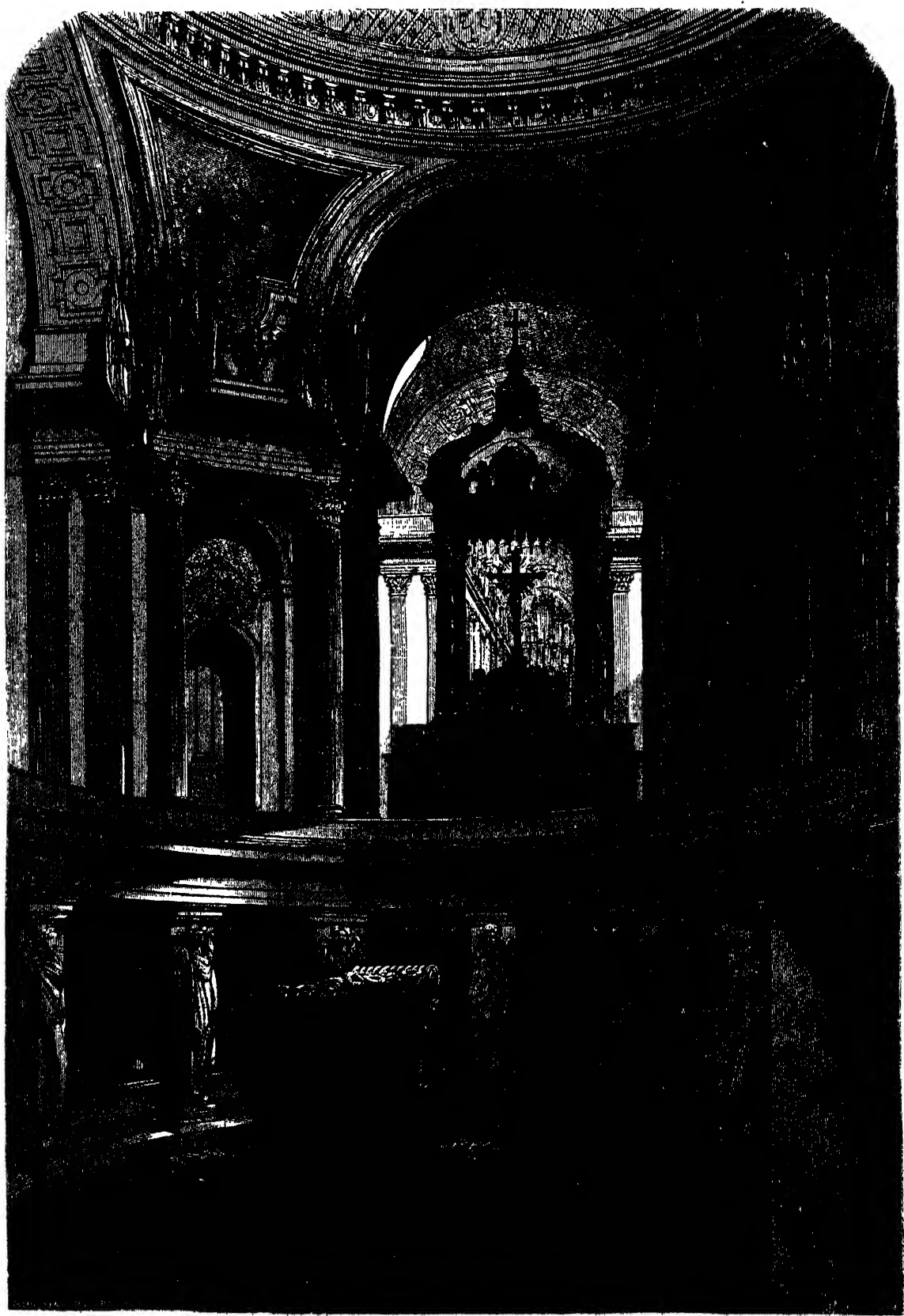
These two figures, as well as those of which we have still to speak, and which complete the sculptural decoration of the dome, in accordance with the religious signification which



GENERAL GROUND PLAN OF THE CRYPT AND RELIQUARY.

Emperor Charlemagne, sculptured by two celebrated masters, Coustou, senr. and Coysevox.

Hardouin Mansart desired to impart to his work, do not at all clash with the present destination of the edifice.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CRYPT AND OF THE TOMB.

Above the Doric entablature, is, as we have before said, a number of columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order, corresponding with those of the order beneath. Before the pilasters of the attic, which terminate on each side this

portion of the façade, are four sculptured figures, representing respectively, and counting from left to right: Force, Temperance, Justice, and Prudence.

This projecting portion of the building is surmounted by a

pediment, terminated by a cross, and bearing the arms of France. On each side of the cross is a seated statue: one is Faith and the other Charity. These statues are each attended respectively by two of four others, in a standing posture, and

Above the two orders which we have now described, rises the dome properly so called. It is decorated with a system of forty columns of composite order, artistically combined so as to strengthen the construction, and at the same time to



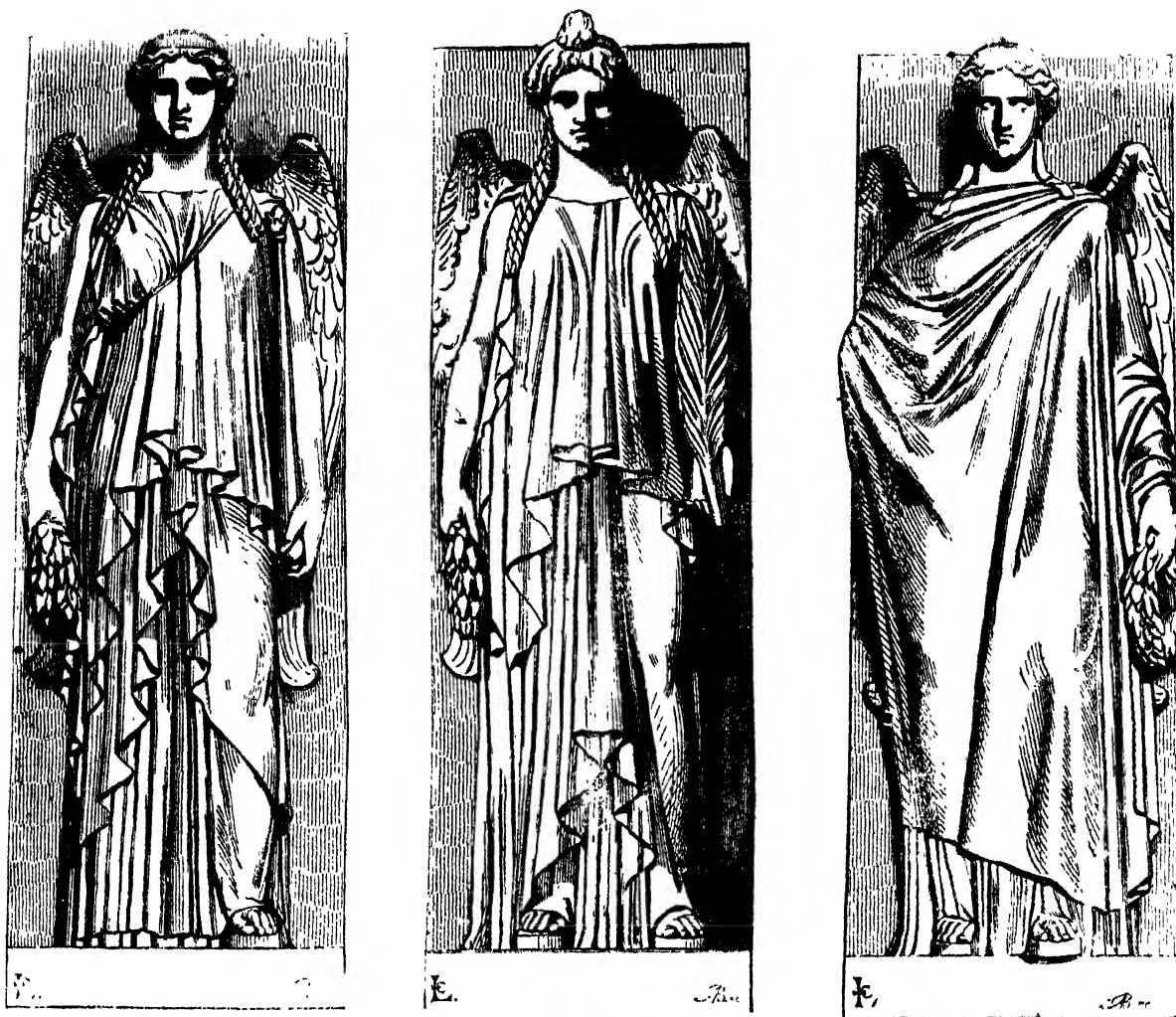
MOAIC IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.



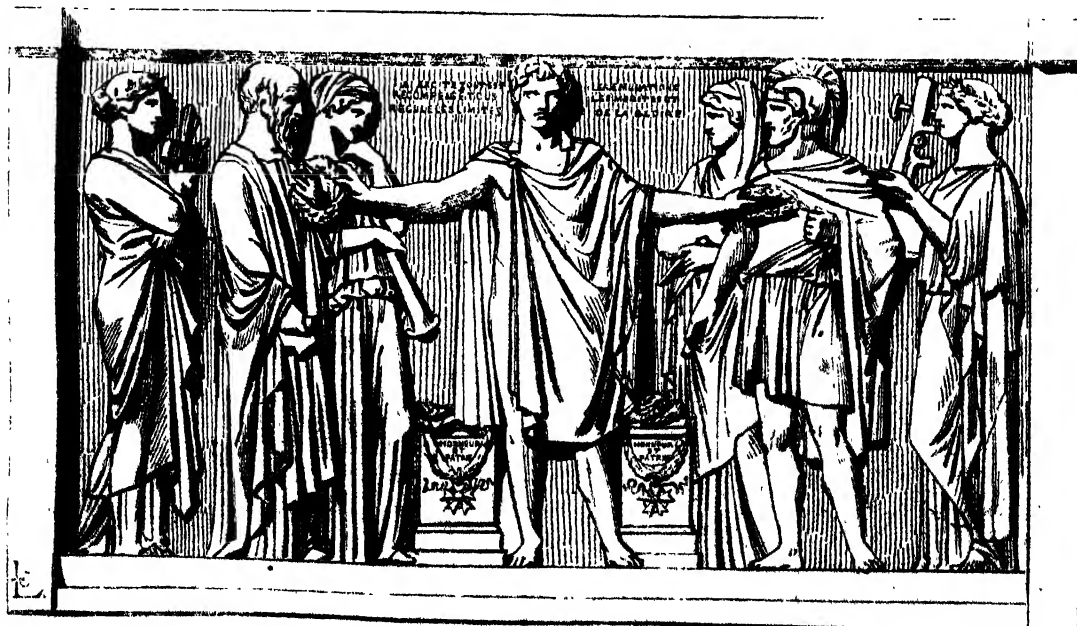
MOAICS IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.

representing, in the following order, Constancy, Humility, Confidence, and Magnanimity.

conceal all the means employed for the solidity of the building.



CARYATIDES.



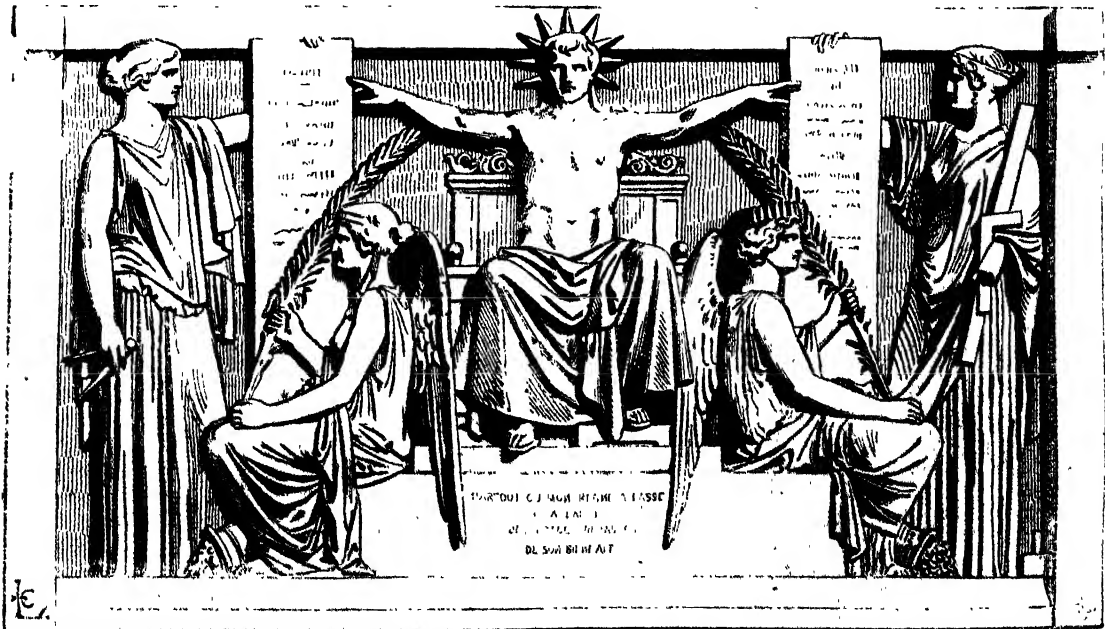
BAS-RELIEF—CREATION OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

This arrangement is a grave fault against the rules of architecture, which require the parts corresponding with the

principal axes to present voids, and not the contrary. It has been often criticised, and the learned Blondel has pointed out



CARYATIDES.



BAS-RELIEF—GREAT PUBLIC WORKS.

ts defects, observing, however, at the same time, that there are certain deviations from the established rule, whose bad

effect is lost in the harmony of the mass. He adds the following important critical maxim, of which we shall have

to avail ourselves in the course of the present article :—"We ought never to judge of an architectural work, without having first penetrated the reasons which induced the architect to select one particular plan of operation in preference to every other."

Thirty-two of these columns are employed in cantionning eight masses of masonry, which serve as so many buttresses, while the eight others are placed two by two in front of the piers at the extremities of the four axes of the building.

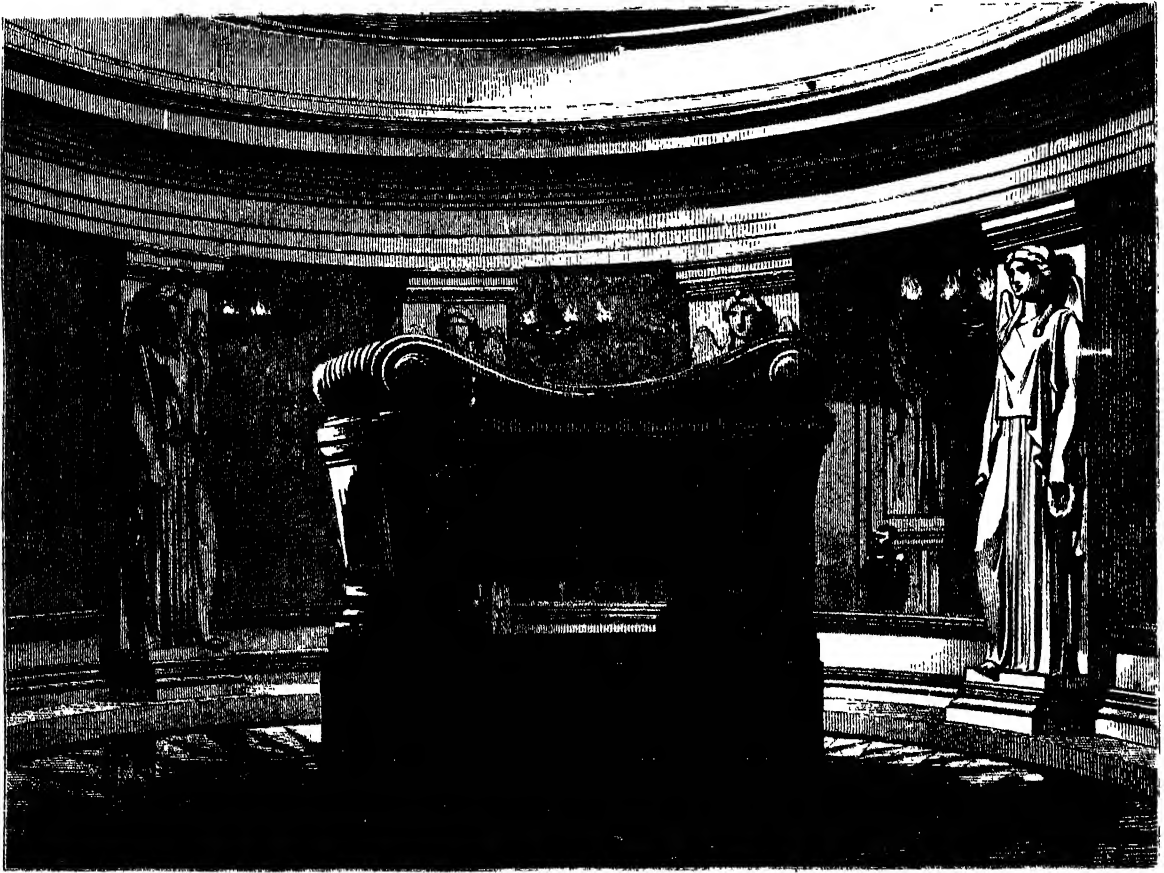
Above the Composite order is an attic with twelve semi-circular windows and eight large consoles, each of which is ornamented at the base with two figures of saints or apostles.

Above the Attic commences the arch of the dome, terminated by a circular platform with four arches and twelve columns,

These chapels are about sixty-five feet in height and forty-two in depth, and contain the mausoleum of Turenne, sculptured by Girardon, and that of Vauban only lately finished by Mons. Antoine Etex.

The four circular chapels are consecrated respectively to St. Jérôme, St. Grégoire, St. Ambroise, and St. Augustin. They are about eighty-two feet in height and fifteen in diameter. They are perfectly symmetrical, and all four decorated in precisely the same manner. In the intervals between eight engaged Corinthian columns raised upon pedestals at equal distances, are three arches, three niches, and two windows; the columns support an entablature, below which is a kind of pedestal or attic from which rises the springer of the vault.

Some fine statues as well as some bas-reliefs, due to the



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

the four more prominent columns supporting four Virtues. The whole is crowned with an obelisk surmounted by a cross.

The height of the building is something more than three hundred and thirty feet.

INTERIOR OF THE DOME.

The visitor enters the dome by a richly sculptured and gilt door, the work of Bondi and Louis Arnaud, surmounted by two angels, serving as supporters to the escutcheon of France.

The church of the dome is shaped like a Greek cross, in the centre of which is the dome itself, supported by four systems of pillars with openings leading to four circular chapels, constructed in the four corners. The pilasters and columns of these supports are of the Corinthian order, fluted and carved with a degree of perfection not to be surpassed by any other edifice of the same period.

On entering the space beneath the dome, the visitor immediately perceives in face of him the baldachin, which we shall describe further on, while to his left and right, respectively, are the chapels of the Holy Virgin and of Sainte Thérèse.

chisels of some of the great masters of the reign of Louis XIV., such as Coysevox, Pigal, William and Nicolas Coustou, Sigisbert Adam, Espingola, and others, ornament the chapels and command our admiration in every portion of the edifice, where sculpture can advantageously be employed in assisting her sister, architecture. The original plans, from which all these various details were executed, are due to Girardon.

The cupola of each of the chapels, as well as that of the dome, is covered with paintings relating to various traits in the lives of the four fathers of the church, under whose patronage the chapels were raised, and are reckoned among the finest productions of Michel Corneille, Bon Boullongne, and Louis Boullongne.

If we now return to the space beneath the dome, we shall be struck with admiration at the splendid sight presented by the general view of the edifice.

The whole vault of the sanctuary is either painted or gilt; Noël Coypel has represented on it the Trinity and the Assumption.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

The roof of the four different portions of the nave is painted by Charles de la Fosse, and represents the Evangelists.

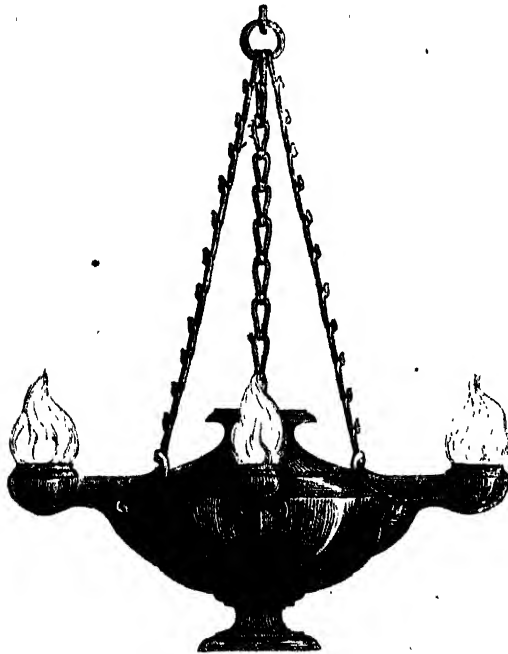
Jouvenet has painted twelve pictures of the twelve Apostles, placed between the principal arches, above the windows of the cupola.

But it is the ceiling of the upper dome which offers to our view the finest portion of this splendid specimen of the painter's skill: it represents Saint Louis received into Heaven, and is the greatest work of Charles de la Fosse.

In the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. divine service used to be solemnly celebrated here, in presence of the king, at certain fixed periods of the year.

On the pavement beneath the dome is yet to be seen the rich marble mosaic laid down in the time of Louis XIV., and in the ornaments of which are still to be traced, at each division of the design, the intertwined L's with the royal crown and the fleur-de-lys.

The dominant idea which presided over the conception of the plans for the emperor's tomb completely interdicted, as we have before said, every modification of a nature to change the primitive and historical character of the dome.



THE SEPULCHRAL LAMP.

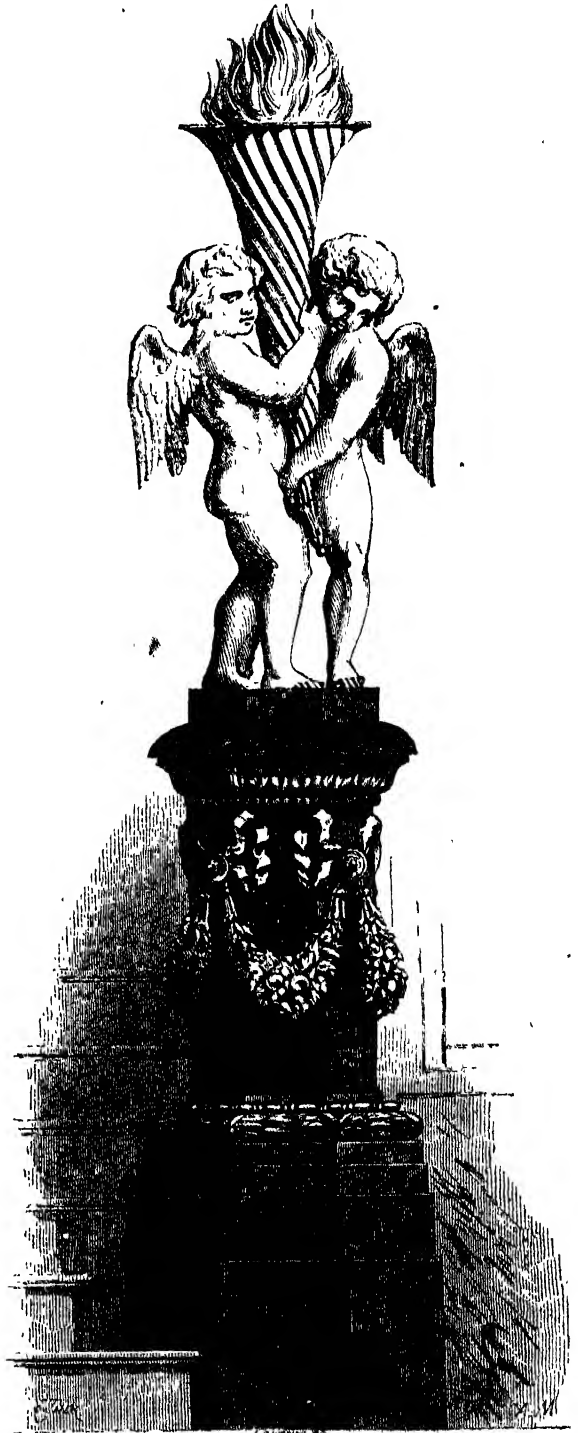
It was in obedience to this idea, formally expressed in a programme from which the architect could not depart under any pretext whatever, that Mons. Visconti excavated the crypt, the opening to which, under the very centre of the dome, attracts the attention of the spectator immediately he enters the temple. It is surrounded by a balustrade of white marble breast-high, over which the spectator can look down into the interior of the crypt, and perceive all its various details at one glance.

We must not omit this opportunity of mentioning the beautiful finish of the sculptures ornamenting the balustrade. They consist of a system of coffers alternately filled up with laurel branches and separated by roses in the same style as the masks of the dome.

The windows of the cupola as well as those of the chapels are at present filled with violet-coloured glass, and allow only a dim mild light to penetrate into the interior of the dome. The appearance of mystery in which this envelops the edifice, and the aspect of solemn grandeur that seems to be a natural consequence of it, add another and deeper tinge of poetry to the impression which the visitor involuntarily feels in this last resting-place of a man who once filled the whole world

with his power and his glory, as he now serves to show by his tomb the vanity and emptiness of all earthly things.

From the opening of the crypt, which is so situated that the cupola of the church itself serves as the roof of the tomb, the spectator's glance falls on the altar before which the clergy will officiate at all the religious ceremonies that may be insti-



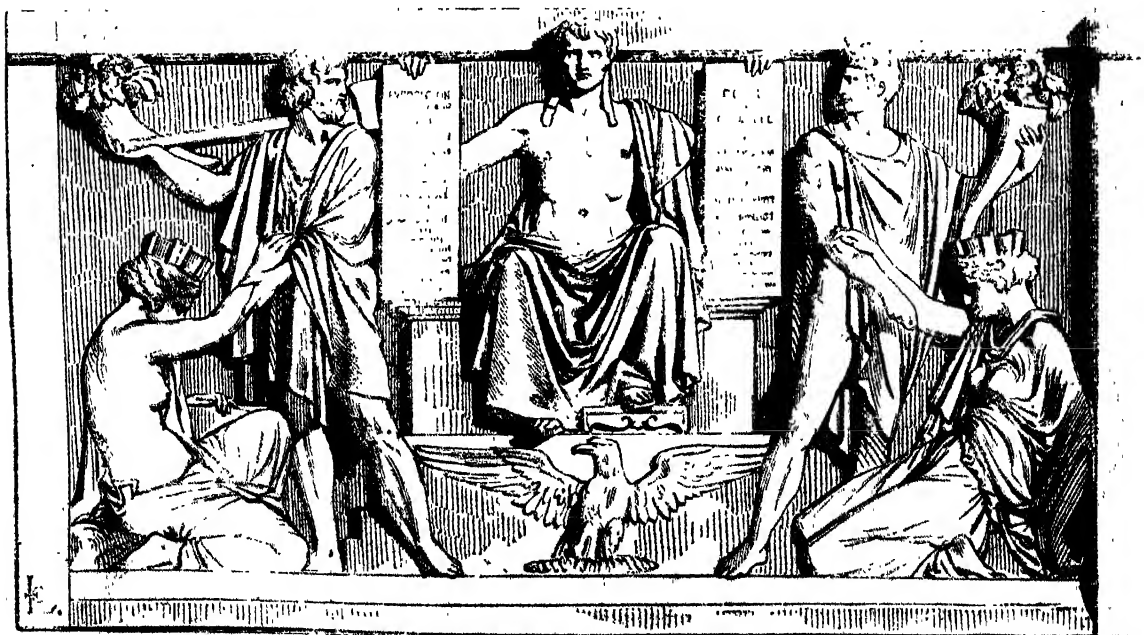
TORCH OF THE BALDAQUIN.

tuted in memory of the emperor. It is reached by seven steps twenty-three feet broad, hewn out of three blocks of Carrara marble, and is surmounted by a rich baldaquin of gilt wood, sculptured in the general style of the edifice, and supported by four beautiful spiral columns, twenty-three feet high, formed of black marble from the Pyrenees.

The baldaquin, which is in very pure taste and of a very



CARYATIDES.

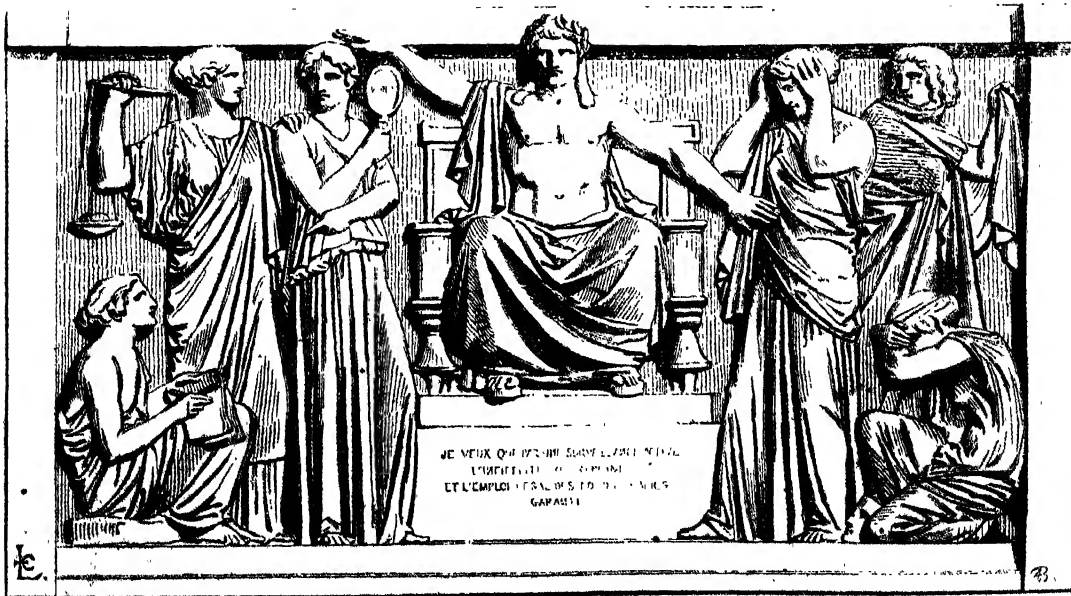


BAS-RELIEF—PROTECTION OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

elegant design, was planned by Mons. Visconti to replace that which formerly covered the altar, and which was considered too poor both in its material and style of ornament to harmonize with the magnificence of the tomb.



CARVATI. ES.



BAS-RELIEF—THE COUR DES COMPTES.

A bronze figure of Christ, cast after a model executed by Mons. Triquetti, is placed over the tabernacle, the richness

and delicate workmanship of which are also worthy of remark. The altar, the balustrade surrounding it, the hand-rail, and

the pedestals which support the torches, are formed of black marble from the Pyrenees and green marble from the Alps.

The torches, placed on each side the altar-steps on the pillars that sustain the hand-rail, are supported by groups of angels in gilt-bronze, very well executed and most elegantly designed.

A grand flight of seventeen marble steps sweeps down from

large sum, Mons. Calla, an ironfounder, undertook to execute it so carefully by a process peculiar to himself, as to give it the same look, and, so to speak, the same value as if it had been wrought. The skilful artist did not fail to fulfil his engagement or realize his expectations; the most finished chasing could hardly produce a more delicate specimen of workmanship. It is a masterpiece which seems destined to open a new path to the founder's skill, and to promise, if



CARYATIDES WITH THEIR ENTABLATURES.

each side of the baldaquin to the lower pavement of the nave, which is arranged in such a manner as to serve as a vestibule to the tomb. It was formerly the sanctuary of the Chapelle des Invalides, at the time when the altar with the double table was common to the two churches. It is separated from the present church by a magnificent cast iron railing.

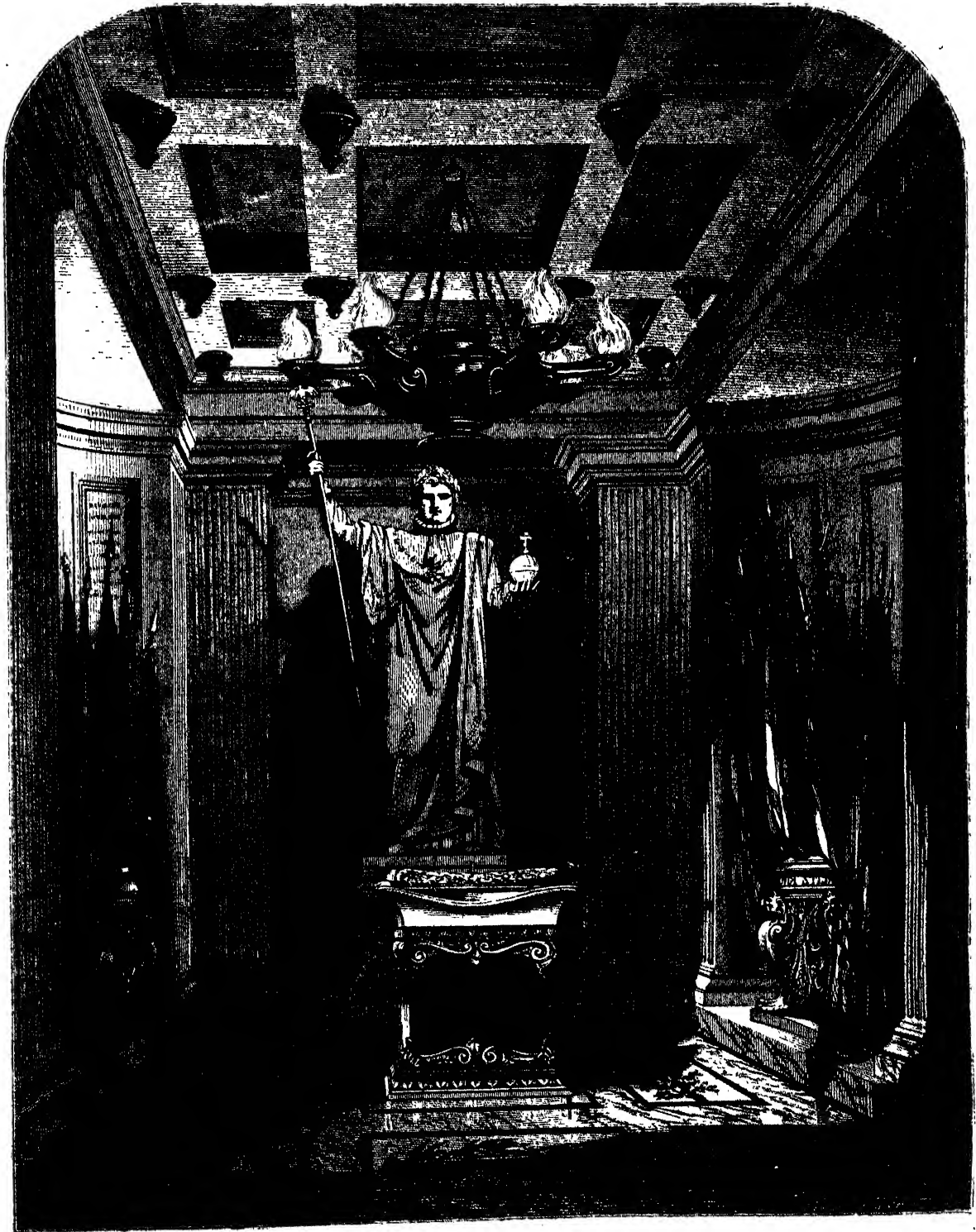
At first there was some idea of forging this railing in steel, but independently of the fact that this would have cost a very

we compare the price of a piece of sculpture thus cast and that of an ornament executed by the hammer, productions worthy of the most flourishing periods of art. The elegant and airy style of ornament adopted in this railing consists of an ingenious combination of interlacings of the Corinthian order, and branches of laurels, the emblems of military glory.

Both professional men and connoisseurs admire the precision with which all the delicate details of the model and the

truly antique rigidity of the lines have been preserved in the casting. We must observe, too, that the chaser's chisel has added nothing to the purity of the design; the iron is pre-

railing consists of an ingenious combination of interlacings of the Corinthian order, and branches of laurels, the emblems of military glory.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE RELIQUARY.

sent to us exactly as it left the moulds, having merely been scraped in order to get rid of the seams caused by the joins. The elegant and airy style of ornament adopted in this Vol. I.

TOMBS OF DUBOIS AND BERTRAND. The vestibule of the crypt, between the railing of separation and the gates of the tomb, has been selected as the

resting-place of Marshal Duroc, Duc de Frioul, and General Bertrand, who were, in turn, the emperor's dearest and most intimate friends.

Duroc was born in 1772, at Pont-à-Mousson, and killed by a stray ball at the combat of Wurschen, the 22nd May, 1813. From the 18th Brumaire until his death he was constantly attached to the person of Napoleon. He was named Grand Marshal of the Palace in 1804. He lingered twelve hours after having received his death-wound, and during this long agony received a visit from the emperor. "My whole life has been devoted to you," said the dying man; "and I only regret that I am about to lose it, because it might still be of service to you." "Duroc," replied Napoleon, "there is another world after this, and there it is that we shall one day meet again." A striking proof of the profound feeling of friendship which united these two men, in spite of the distance which a throne placed between them, is to be found in the fact of the idea entertained by Napoleon, in 1815, of asking permission to reside in England under the name of Colonel Duroc.

General Foy has characterised in the following manner the relations which existed between the Emperor and his Grand Marshal of the palace: "No other person was ever the depositary of so many and such important political secrets. The peculiar turn of his mind, remarkable rather for the justice of its views than for their comprehensiveness, his irreproachable demeanour, and, more than all, the force of habit, had placed him on a footing of confidential intimacy. Had a prince of Napoleon's character been capable of having a favourite, the relations subsisting between him and Duroc would have been looked upon in a very different light."

Bertrand was born at Châteauroux, and first served in the engineers, in which corps he obtained all his grades up to that of general of brigade. In 1805, he was named aide-de-camp to the emperor, and became Grand Marshal of the palace after Duroc's death. He followed Napoleon to the island of Elba, and subsequently to St. Helena, where he performed the sad duties of closing his eyes for ever.

These reasons are most decidedly sufficient to justify the honour which France has shown these two faithful servants by laying their ashes near those of the great man whom they loved so well. Thus do the two Grand Marshals of the palace, who, during their lifetime, watched over the safety of the emperor's person, appear even after their death to be entrusted with the care of guarding his tomb.

It is in the masonry supporting the altar and the baldachin, already described, and at the foot of the two flights of stairs leading from the dome to the vestibule, that the doorway opens into the crypt. It is closed by bronze gates, as simple in their style as they are severe. The ornaments consist of three superposed coffers of unequal size. The one nearest the bottom contains the imperial N. The smallest, in the middle, displays the thunderbolt, while the largest, occupying the upper portion of the gate, represents the victorious standard, twined with laurels, and surmounted by the eagle and the crown.

Two funeral genii of damasked bronze, the one bearing the globe, and the other the imperial crown, support the architrave of the door, on the pediment of which are sculptured the following words, contained in Napoleon's will:—

JE DESIRE QUE MES CENDRES REPOSENT
SUR LES BORDS DE LA SEINE

AU MILIEU DE CE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS QUE J'AI TANT AIMÉ.*

The two genii, modelled by Mons. Duret, are not deficient in style, but the gilding with which they are covered detracts greatly from their characteristic appearance.

THE CRYPT.

After passing the doorway, guarded by the two genii enveloped in their funeral crape, we arrive at a large flight of twenty-six granite steps. Before the first step, in the pave-

* I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I loved so well.

ment, is a mosaic rosette, whose centre is occupied by the imperial N. Two other mosaics, representing the eagle and the star of the legion of honour, are let into the flag-stones of the passage which extends from the last step to the opening of the crypt.

The obscurity which reigns in this vast corridor, the sepulchral silence, and even the feeling of cold which seizes on every one beneath these massive vaults, announce most plainly to the visitor, already greatly moved, that an imposing sight awaits him beyond the last doorway.

A dim, uncertain light, admirably adapted for pious reflection, envelopes the sarcophagus in a veil of faint violet colour, the rays of which being caught in their passage by the slightest projection in the sculptures, tinge the marble of the caryatides with warm and mellow tints. This artificial light is obtained by means of the violet muslin curtains worked with silver, with which the windows of the cupola have been hung until such time as coloured glass can be substituted for that at present in use.

The crypt consists of a circular gallery, about six or seven feet broad, and of a round central space formed by twelve arches with a marble balustrade, breast-high, connecting them with each other, and separated by twelve caryatides about fifteen feet high. Lastly, there is a small funeral apartment intended for a reliquary, and opening into the gallery by a bronze door. The sarcophagus occupies the middle of the crypt, its extremities being turned towards the two doors.

THE GALLERY.

The gallery is paved with marble mosaics of various colours.

The outer wall is divided into twelve compartments, each of which corresponds to one of the arches. The door of the crypt and that of the reliquary occupy two of these compartments; the ten others contain ten marble bas-reliefs. Twelve bronze lamps, suspended from the ceiling of the gallery in such a manner, that a straight line drawn through the centre of one of the arches would likewise traverse the centre of the lamp hung opposite to it, are intended for the illumination of the tomb during the celebration of all religious ceremonies.

THE BAS-RELIEFS.

The ten bas-reliefs, due to the chisel of Mons. Simard, are destined to perpetuate, under the form of allegories, the remembrance of the grand institutions and of the most important acts of the Emperor Napoleon's reign. Counting them from the entrance, and commencing at the right hand, they represent, in the following order: The Institution of the Legion of Honour, Public Works, Encouragement of Commerce and Industry; Establishment of the Cour des Comptes; Foundation of the University; the Concordat; Promulgation of the Civil Code; Foundation of the Council of State; Organisation of Public Administration; and Pacification of Civil Troubles.

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

The general arrangement and dignity of composition displayed in this bas-relief, are in perfect keeping with the character of the subject. According to the idea which presided at its establishment, the Legion of Honour was an essentially democratic institution, although it seemed to confer a kind of aristocratic privilege, and form, as it were, the base of a new order of nobility. It consecrated the principle of the equality of all in the eyes of national gratitude, and the fitness of every citizen to earn for himself a splendid reputation by the brilliancy of his merit and the services he might have rendered his country.

It is this idea which the artist has endeavoured to embody. Napoleon, standing up, crowned with laurels, and having merely an antique peplum thrown over his shoulders, is distributing recompences to the magistrates, scholars, artists, and warriors, who are crowding round him in attitudes at once noble and modest. A legend let into the stone at the bottom of the bas-relief has these words, taken from the *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*:

* Audit Office.

"J'ai excité toutes les émulations, récompensé tous les mérites et reculés les limites de la gloire." *

PUBLIC WORKS.

"Partout où mon règne a passé, il a laissé des traces durables de son bienfait." †

Such are the words which serve as an inscription, and which have furnished the subject for this bas-relief.

Napoleon, who is seated, and whose head is surrounded by a crown of rays, is stretching forth his two arms towards tablets bearing the names and purposes of the various monuments and works of public utility executed during his reign and by his order. Architecture and Civil Engineering, with their attributes, the compass and square, are holding the tablets. Two Glories are seated on the steps of the throne to the right and to the left.

In endeavouring to give his composition a monumental character in accordance with the idea suggested by the subject, the artist may, perhaps, with some justice, be accused of being rather heavy and obscure.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Napoleon, seated upon a throne in an attitude full of calm majesty, is resting his hands upon two tablets, which bear the names of two grand institutions—the Code of Commerce, and the Quinquennial Exposition of the Products of French Industry—founded expressly to protect commercial transactions, and give a greater impetus to industry.

Vulcan personifying Industry, and Mercury as the god of Commerce, each bearing his respective attribute, the hammer and the caduceus, are raising up and supporting two towns, Paris and Lyons, kneeling at the foot of the throne.

There is a great deal of grandeur about this composition, which is, at the same time, both simple and elegant.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE COUR DES COMPTES.

Napoleon is seated on his throne, his body is naked, his legs only being covered with long drapery. His physiognomy is severe and his look implacable. He is stretching a protecting hand over Truth, Justice, and Order, who are placed on his right. The figure of Truth is simple, and the expression of her features one of candour; she is presenting her mirror with mild assurance. Justice is impassible, whilst Order, represented as a beautiful young female, at the foot of the throne, is inscribing in a book, with arithmetical impartiality, the sum of the expenses and of the receipts. The emperor is repelling with his left hand, and with a gesture of indignation, the affrighted figures of Illegality and Péculation, while Falsehood, whose mask has fallen off, is kneeling down terror-stricken, with her head bent and her face concealed by her two hands.

This bas-relief is the best conceived and the finest of all the ten. The dramatic movement of the composition and the happy opposition of the two groups impart to it a character of grandeur which is not met with to so great an extent in the other subjects, although several of them are very remarkable, and display the most extraordinary talent. At the bottom of the bas-relief are the following words, which sum up, in a clear and concise manner, the end and the utility of the institution it commemorates: "Cour des Comptes, décret du 16 Septembre, 1807.—Je veux que par une surveillance active, l'infidélité soit réprimée et l'emploi légal des fonds publics garanti." ‡

The Cour des Comptes was founded in virtue of the law of the 16th September, 1807.

The first article of this law runs thus: "The national accounts are kept by a Cour des Comptes."

In 1786, there were in France ten provincial audit offices (*chambres des comptes*) in various parts of the kingdom,

* I have excited every kind of emulation, recompensed every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory.

† Wherever my reign has passed, it has left permanent marks of its beneficial influence.

‡ Audit Office, decree of the 16th September, 1807.—It is my will that unfaithfulness shall be suppressed and the legal employment of the public monies guaranteed by a system of active supervision.

namely, at Dijon, Gr-noble, Nantes, Montpellier, Rouen, Pau, Metz, in the sovereignty of Lorraine, and that of Bar.

The unity introduced into the administration of government by the National Assembly was naturally followed by the foundation of a single audit office. However great a nation is, its affairs ought to be, and may be, administered with as much simplicity and regularity as those of an ordinary mercantile firm.

The first thing done was to create an account office (*Bureau de Comptabilité*), the National Assembly, however, reserving the right of scrutinising the accounts, which could only pass after they had been sanctioned by that body.

Under the Constitution of the Year Eight of the Republic, a decree of the consuls enlarged the field of action of this institution, which was definitively simplified and organised by the law of the 16th September, 1807. Subsequently, fresh laws and decrees introduced other changes, which are all summed up in the ordonnance of the 31st May, 1838, headed, "General regulations concerning the public accounts."

It is the duty of the *Cours des Comptes* to verify the statements of the public expenditure and receipts presented to it by the receivers-general of finance, the paymasters of the public treasury, the registrars of stamps and public domains, the receivers of the excise, the accountant-directors of the post-office, the directors of the mint, the central cashier of the public treasury, and the responsible agent of the *Virements des Comptes*. It likewise audits the annual accounts of the colonial treasurers, of the general treasurer of the naval pensioners, of the bursars of the public colleges, of the commissioners of powder and saltpetre, of the accountant charged with the transfer of the *Rentes* inscribed in the ledger of the public debt, of the accountant of the funds and pensions, of the cashier of the sinking fund and also of the suitors' fund, of the royal printing-office, of the administration of the salt works of the East, and of the receivers of the poor-houses, hospitals, and other charitable institutions, whose incomes attain the sum fixed by the laws and regulations on the subject.

The Cour des Comptes ranks immediately after the Cour de Cassation.

FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The following words are inscribed upon the legend of this bas-relief:—

"Décret du 10 Mai, 1806.—Il sera formé, sous le nom d'Université Impériale, un corps chargé exclusivement de l'enseignement et de l'éducation publiques dans tout l'empire." *

The artist has treated this subject in the following manner: he has represented Napoleon seated in an attitude expressing the natural solicitude of the father of a family as well as the wise forethought of the sovereign. In his right hand he holds the sceptre, while with his left he is drawing towards him a youth who is nestling against his body as if to seek a refuge there. The five Faculties, each bearing the attributes peculiar to her, surround the throne, over which tower the busts of Aristotle and Plutarch.

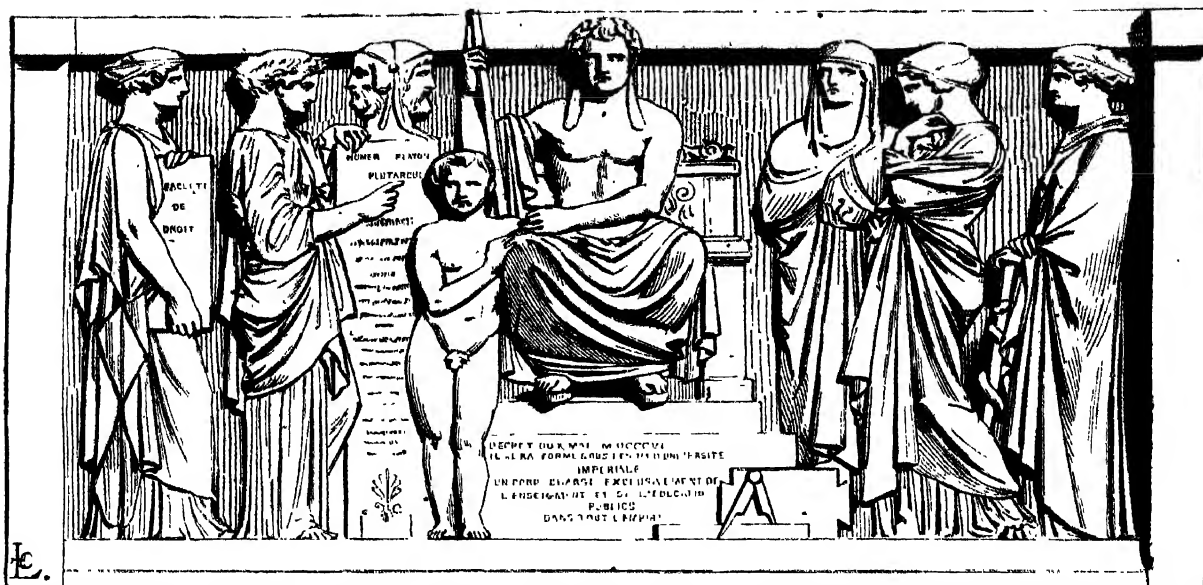
This bas-relief is one of the most mediocre, both as regards its ordonnance and execution. The figure of Science, however is very fine, and of truly antique elegance.

The law of the 10th May, 1806, first decreed the formation, under the name of University, of a body exclusively charged with the education and instruction of all classes throughout the kingdom.

This law was further developed in the decree of the 17th March, 1808, of which the following are the first provisions:

"Public instruction, throughout the whole kingdom, is confided to the University. No school or any kind of establishment whatever for imparting instruction can be formed independent of the University, and without the authorisation of its head. No one can open a school or teach publicly, without being a member of the University, and having graduated in one of its faculties. The course of instruction in

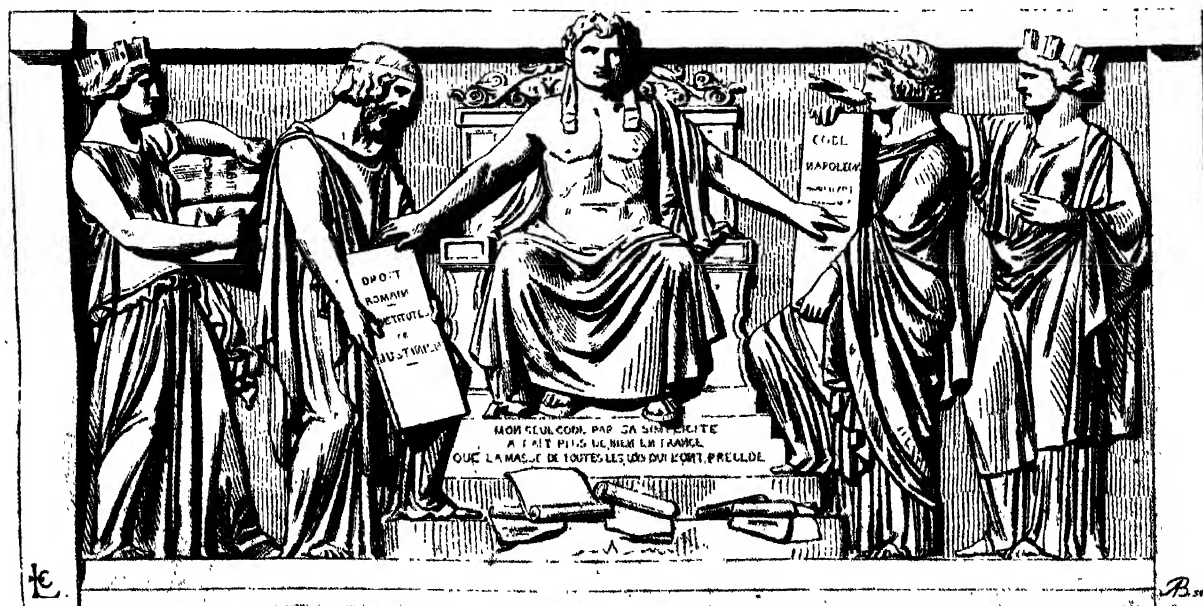
* Decree of the 10th May, 1806.—A body will be formed, under the name of the Imperial University, charged exclusively with public education and instruction throughout the empire.



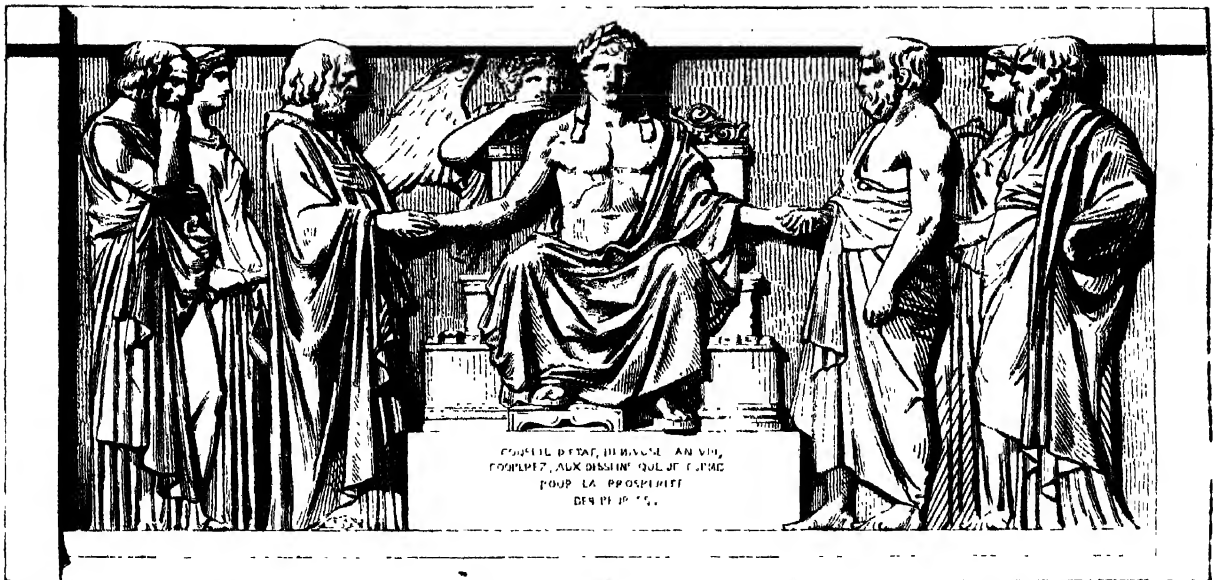
HAS-RELIEF—THE UNIVERSITY.



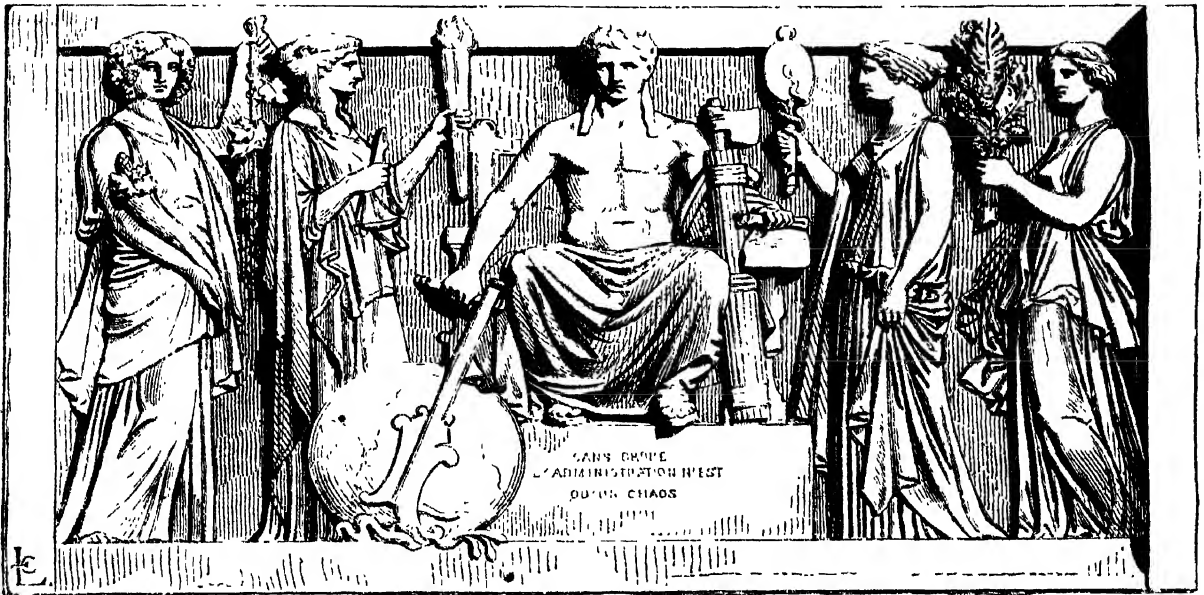
HAS-RELIEF—THE CONCORDAT.



HAS-RELIEF—THE CODE NAPOLEON.



BAS-RELIEF—INSTITUTION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.



BAS-RELIEF—ORGANISATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.



BAS-RELIEF—PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.

the clerical seminaries, however, is under the direction of the archbishops and bishops, each in his diocese, who have the power of naming and dismissing the professors. The University will be composed of as many academies as there are Cours d'Appel. The schools belonging to each academy will be placed in the following order:—1st, the faculties for the abstruse sciences and the conferring of degrees; 2ndly, the lycées for ancient languages, history, rhetoric, logic, and the elements of mathematics and physics; 3rdly, the colleges and parish schools of the second class, for the elements of ancient languages and the first principles of history and of the sciences; 4thly, the larger schools kept by private individuals, but in which the course of instruction is very similar to that pursued in the colleges; 5thly, the boarding-schools belonging to private masters, and devoted to a less solid course of study than that of the large schools; and 6thly, the small primary schools where the pupils are simply taught reading and writing, with the first notions of arithmetic."

These provisions have continued, up to the present day, to be the basis of the course of public instruction in France; although it is true that several very important modifications have since been introduced into the constitution of the University by the laws of 1850 and 1852. The circumscriptions are now modified, there being a rector to each department.

The difference of principle which separates the imperial law from that of the 15th March, 1850, is, however, very great. The first is based upon the idea that the state possesses in a greater degree than any private individual, or any collection of individuals, the tradition of the general spirit of the country, and is more deeply interested than any one else in directing each successive generation to the goal assigned by Providence to the nation. The second is founded on the directly opposite opinion, that, allowing the impulsion and direction of everything relating to the material interests of the country ought to flow from government, such should not be the case in what relates to its moral interests (Report of the Committee, 6th October, 1850). In 1817, M. Royer-Collard said:—"The University enjoys the monopoly of instruction in nearly the same manner that the courts of law enjoy that of justice, and the army that of the public defence. The University is nothing more or less than government applied to the universal direction of public instruction, to the municipal colleges as well as to those of the state, to private schools as well as to the colleges, and to country schools in the same manner as to the Faculties themselves." In 1850, M. Beugnot, the reporter of the new law, expressed himself in these terms:—"Whenever liberty shall be triumphant, and competition with the government schools allowed and encouraged, the state, as guardian of the rights and interests of the community at large, will no longer be able to identify itself with these schools. If it continues to support public educational establishments, it will do so for the sake of assisting and not crushing competition, and in order to contribute, according to its own notions, to the general improvement of education; but it will not defend the rights of its own particular establishments more warmly than those of establishments founded by private enterprise, for it is bound to show an equal interest in both, since it has exchanged its office of sole educator of the nation for that of overseer and protector of any person undertaking, in the name of the law, to bestow on youth the boon of education. If the external facts happen to remain the same, the right is changed."

THE CONCORDAT.

"L'Eglise gallicane renaît par les lumières et la concorde."* Such is the motto of this bas-relief, in which the artist has been tolerably felicitous. Napoleon, standing up, dressed like a Roman emperor, is drawing Catholicism and France towards one another, and obliging them to grasp each other's hand. Around the principal group the people are represented as praying and raising the cross from the ground where it has been suffered to lie.

* The Church of France springs into life again by intelligence and concord

The name "Concordat" was given to a convention concluded the 15th July, 1801, between the pope, Pius VII., and the French government. By this convention the First Consul restored to the Roman Catholic church a portion of the authority which it had lost in France since the year 1789.

The Constituent Assembly had adopted as a principle that the administration of the church ought to be assimilated to that of the state. It had, in consequence, established ecclesiastical districts on the same plan as the administrative districts, and erected each department into a diocese. It caused the bishops to be elected by the Faithful in the same way as the civil and judicial magistrates were named by their fellow-citizens. Lastly, it had suppressed the canonical institution, that is to say, the confirmation of the bishops by the pope.

In abolishing this system of the Constituent Assembly, the First Consul had to overcome numerous obstacles both at Paris and Rome. Most of the men by whom he was surrounded, whether ministers, generals, legislators, or councillors of state, manifested a spirit of opposition towards his endeavours to bring about what he called the reconciliation of the church of Rome with the Republic. Some entreated him not to mix himself up in matters of religion; others wished him to found a French church independent of Rome, and of which he, as first magistrate, would have been the head; while others strongly advised him to draw France over to Protestantism by himself abjuring the Roman Catholic faith. He rejected the advice of all these persons, braved the disapprobation of his companions in arms, and likewise resisted the efforts made by those at Rome to obtain more concessions from him than he had resolved to accord.

It was only after a series of long and difficult negotiations that both parties were enabled to come to an agreement. The following is the entire text of the Concordat, which people so often cite without ever having had the opportunity of reading, and which is still, with the exception of a few unimportant modifications, the basis of the legislation of France in matters concerning the Roman Catholic religion.

Convention between the French Government and His Holiness Pius VII.

"The government of the French Republic acknowledges the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion to be that of the great majority of the French people.

"His Holiness, on his part, acknowledges that this religion has already derived, and still expects, the greatest advantages and most brilliant results from the establishment of the Roman Catholic ritual in France, and from the especial fact of the consuls of the Republic professing it.

"Therefore, as a consequence of this mutual acknowledgment, both for the good of religion and the maintenance of the internal tranquillity of the Republic, they have agreed to the following Articles:—

"1. The Apostolic Roman Catholic religion will be freely followed in France; its rites will be publicly celebrated in conformity with the police regulations which the government may judge necessary for the public tranquillity.

"2. The Holy See, in conjunction with the government, will proceed to a new circumscription of the French dioceses.

"3. His Holiness will declare to the titularies of the French bishoprics that he expects from them, with the most entire confidence, for the sake of peace and unity, every kind of sacrifice, including even the resignation of their sees.

"After this exhortation, if they should refuse to make the sacrifice enjoined for the good of the Church (a refusal, however, which his Holiness does not expect), the government of the circumscription will be confided to other titularies in the following manner:—

"4. The first consul of the Republic will, in the course of the three months following the publication of his Holiness's bull, appoint persons to the archbishoprics and bishoprics of the new circumscription. His Holiness, in conformity with the forms established for France previous to the change of government, will institute canonically the persons thus appointed.

"5. The nominations to the bishoprics which may subsequently fall vacant, will also be made by the first consul, and the persons appointed will be canonically instituted by the Holy See in conformity with the preceding article.

"6. Before entering on their office, the bishops will, in the presence of the first consul himself, take the oaths of fidelity in use before the change of government and expressed in the following terms: 'I swear and promise to God, upon the Holy Evangelists, obedience and fidelity to the government established by the constitution of the French Republic. I likewise promise to have no communications, to take part in no council, and to enter into no league, either at home or abroad, inimical to the public tranquillity; and if I learn that, either in my diocese or elsewhere, there is any plot prejudicial to the state, I will make the government acquainted with the fact.'

"7. The ecclesiastics of the second class will take the same oaths in the presence of the civil authorities named for that purpose by the government.

"8. The following form of prayer will be recited at the conclusion of Divine worship in all the Roman Catholic churches of France (here follows the form of prayer).

"9. The bishops will make a new circumscription of the parishes of their dioceses, but this new circumscription will only be put into effect after having received the consent of government.

"10. The bishops will nominate persons to the various livings. They will only be allowed to choose persons approved of by the government.

"11. The bishops may have a chapter in their cathedral and a seminary in their diocese, but the government does not engage to endow them.

"12. All metropolitan, cathedral, parish, and other churches, not already alienated, and necessary for the celebration of public worship, will be placed at the disposal of the bishops.

"13. For the sake of tranquillity and the happy re-establishment of religion, his Holiness declares that neither he nor his successors will in any way disturb the persons who have acquired alienated ecclesiastical estates, and that consequently the right to the said estates, together with the privileges and revenues attached to them, shall remain incommutable in their possession or that of their assigns.

"14. The government engages to make a suitable provision for the bishops and cures whose dioceses and parishes shall be contained within the limits of the new circumscription.

"15. The government will also take measures to enable French Roman Catholics, if they choose, to make endowments in favour of the Church.

"16. His Holiness recognises in the first consul of the French Republic the same rights and prerogatives enjoyed at the Papal Court by the former government.

"17. It is agreed by the contracting parties that in the case of any one of the successors of the first consul not being a Roman Catholic, the rights and prerogatives mentioned in the preceding article, as well as the power of nominating the bishops, will, as far as such successor is concerned, be regulated by a new convention.

"This convention will be ratified at Paris, by the two contracting parties, within the space of forty days.

"Done at Paris, the 26th Messidor, year 11."

Some years afterwards, on the occasion of his coronation, Napoleon addressed the following words to a Protestant deputation, which had been admitted to an interview:—

"I wish it to be distinctly understood, that it is my intention and fixed resolution to maintain full liberty of religion. The empire of the law finishes where the indefinite empire of the conscience begins; neither the law nor the reigning sovereign can effect anything against this kind of liberty: such are my principles and those of the nation."

THE CODE NAPOLEON.

In none of his bas-reliefs has Mons. Simard succeeded in investing the figure of the Emperor with a nobler and better conceived air of grandeur than in this one. The figure is indeed that of a legislator, animated solely by the sentiment

of right and justice. Napoleon is stretching his hands over tablets borne by figures personifying the common law and the Roman law, as if he would seize, and then unite in one vast whole, the laws destined to form the code which bears his name, and which a nobly imagined figure is bearing proudly beside him. Underneath his feet is the following inscription:—"Mon seul code, par sa simplicité, a fait plus de bien en France que la masse de toutes les lois qui l'ont précédé."*

It is well known in what a state of confusion French legislation was previous to 1789. In spite of the admirable labours of several of the first lawyers of the time, the multiplicity of ordinances, regulations, precedents, and jurisdictions, presented to the mind a very labyrinth of confusion.

The Constitution of 1791 had announced that a civil code, destined to be employed in all parts of the French territory, was in course of compilation.

On the 9th of April, 1793, Cambacérès presented to the assembly a project of codification, which the assembly threw out. This did not discourage Cambacérès, who returned to the charge, and presented his colleagues with two other codes, that of the 23rd Fructidor of the year 2, and that of the 24th Prairial of the year 4; but he was not more fortunate in these last two instances than he had been in the first.

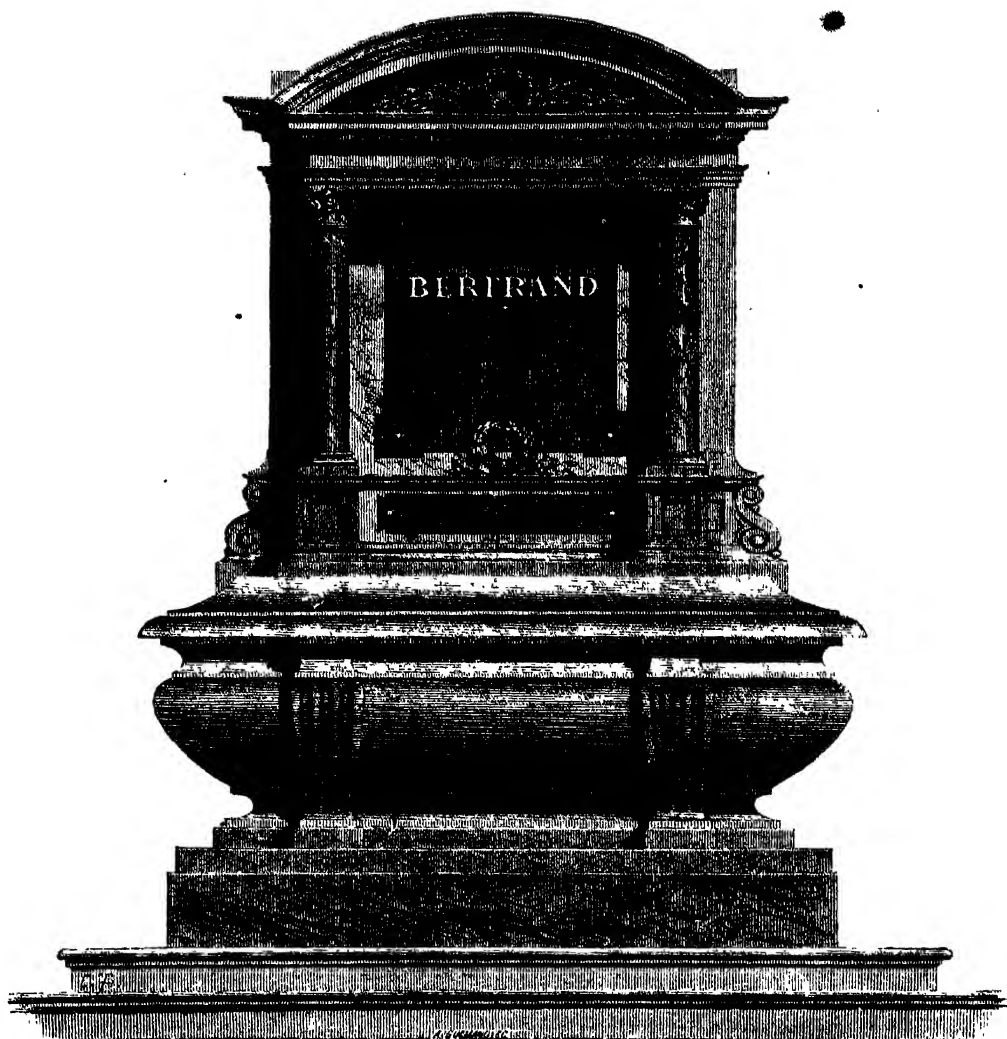
On the 12th of August, 1800 (21 Thermidor, year 8), the consuls named a commission, charged with examining the measures taken, up to that time, for realising the wish of the Constitution of 1791, as well as with drawing up a plan and with discussing and preparing the various elements of a new code. This commission was composed of Messrs. Bigot-Prémencu, Tronchet, Portalis, and Malleville.

In four months their plan was drawn up, and submitted to the *Tribunal de Cassation* and to the *Tribunaux d'appel*. It was then discussed in the legislative section of the Council of State, and also in the general assembly of the same body. Lastly, in conformity with the prescriptions of the Constitution of the year 8, it was taken to the Legislative Body and the Tribunal.

The various laws composing the code civil, to the number of fifty-six, after having been first decreed one by one, and separately rendered executory, were collected into one whole, under the title of *Code Civil des Français*, by the law of the 30th Ventôse, year 12.

At the present day, the Code Civil is considered, and with justice, as one of the greatest things ever accomplished by the French Revolution and the consulate; but this important work was, at first, far from being received with enthusiasm or even approbation. For instance, the plan of the Code Civil was sharply criticised in the Tribunal. Among the members who opposed its adoption with the greatest warmth were Messrs. Andrieux, Benjamin Constant, Chénier, Giuguené, Thiessé, Favard, and Siméon. It was reproachfully stigmatised as being a mere hurried compilation of the Roman or common law, of the institutes of Justinian, of Donat, of Pothier, and others. Persons obstinately refused to see in it a great and new creation, peculiar to French society. Mons. Portalis and his colleagues in the work replied, according to Mons. Thiers:—"That, in the matter of legislation, originality was not so important as clearness, justness, and wisdom; that they had not to create a new system of society, like Moses or Lycurgus, but to reform an old one in some few points, and restore it in many others; that French law had been in operation for centuries; that it was the result of Roman learning, of the feudal system, of monarchy, and of the spirit of modern times, all combined and acting in concert during a long series of years upon French manners; that the civil law of France, resulting from these various sources, ought to be rendered suitable to a state of society which had ceased to be aristocratic and become democratic; that it was necessary, for instance, to modify the old laws on marriage, on paternal authority, and on inheritance, in order to free them from all that was repugnant to the present age; that it was necessary to purge the laws relating to property of everything like

* My code has, from its simplicity, effected more good in France than the whole mass of laws which preceded it.



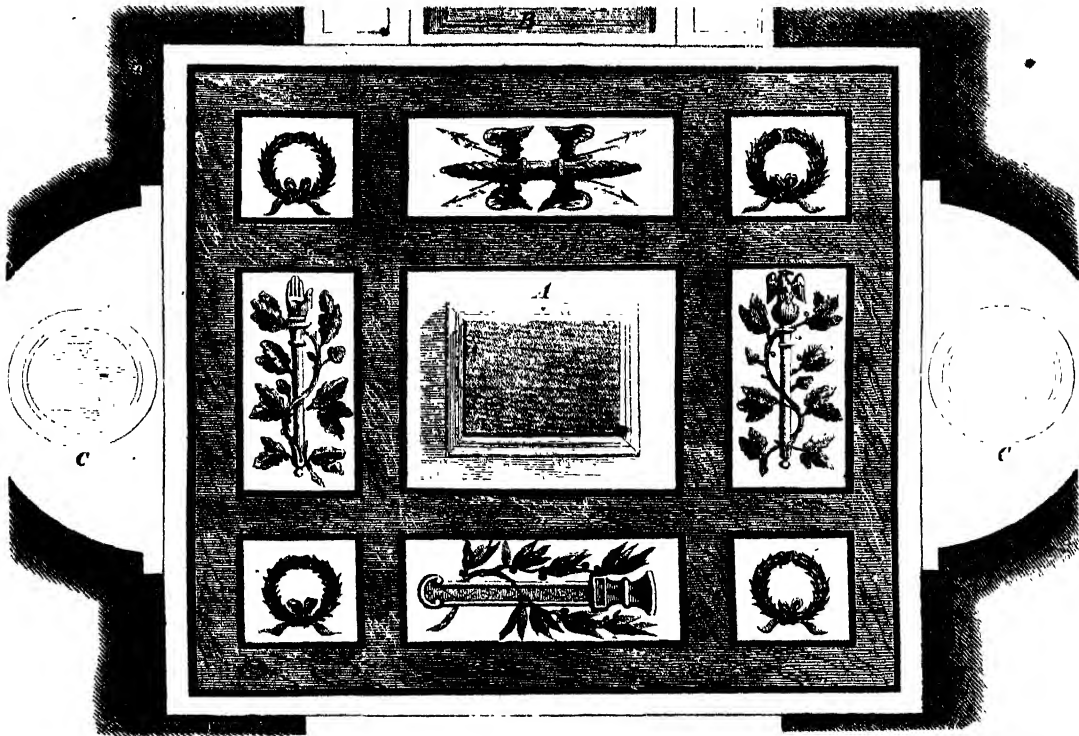
TOMB OF BERTRAND.



TRIPOD SUPPORTING THE FLAGS.

feudal servitude; to draw up the whole body of prescriptions in clear and precise words, that would no longer afford scope

ment they had to raise." In spite of these remarks, the first portions of the code were rejected by the Tribunate, and the



MOSAIC OF THE RELIQUARY.



THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

for ambiguity and interminable disputes, and to arrange them in a convenient order; this," they said, "was the only monu-

government withdrew the bill. But in June, 1802, Napoleon, who was then first consul, caused the drawing up of the Code

Civil to be resumed. A section of the Council of State and a section of the Tribunal used to meet daily for the purpose of carrying out the work, at the house of the Consul Cambacérés. Opposition was now out of the question, and the will of the first consul no longer met with any obstacle to thwart it.

It is well known that Napoleon himself assisted at the discussion of the code in the Council of State (towards the end of 1801). "Present at each of the sittings," says his historian, "he displayed, as president, an amount of methodical arrangement and clearness, and oftentimes views so profound, as to prove matter of astonishment to every one. Having been accustomed to direct armies and govern conquered provinces, no one had been surprised at finding him to be a good administrator, for every good general must necessarily be so; but it certainly was allowable to wonder that he was a good legislator. His education, in this branch of knowledge, had been quickly completed. Taking an interest in everything because he understood everything, he had asked the Consul Cambacérés for some books on law, and particularly for the materials prepared in the time of the Convention for the purpose of drawing up the Code Civil. He actually devoured them. Shortly afterwards, classifying in his head the general principles of the civil law, and adding to these few notions rapidly picked up his profound knowledge of mankind, and his extraordinary clearness of perception, he was enabled to direct in person a work of such importance, and to enrich the discussion with a large number of just, new, and profound ideas. Sometimes a superficial knowledge of the matter rendered him liable to defend strange notions, but he readily allowed himself to be led back to the right path by the learned professional men around him, and invariably proved himself superior to them all whenever it was necessary to draw from the conflict of contrary opinions the most natural and most reasonable conclusion. The principal service rendered by the first consul was his contributing to the completion of this grand monument a strong will, and the most determined resolution to work, by which he was enabled to overcome the two difficulties under which all previous efforts had succumbed, namely, the infinite diversity of opinions and the impossibility of working with anything like a continuance, in the midst of the agitated state of matters at that time. Whenever the discussion, as was often the case, had been long, diffuse, and obstinate, the first consul knew how to sum it up and decide it by a single word; and, besides this, he obliged every one to work, by working himself for days together. The reports of these remarkable sittings were published, but before sending them to the *Moniteur* the Consul Cambacérés always carefully revised them and suppressed what he deemed inexpedient to publish, either because the first consul sometimes gave utterance to singular opinions, or treated questions of morality with a familiarity of language which was not intended to go beyond the limits of a confidential sitting. All, therefore, that remained in the reports were the ideas, sometimes rectified, often discoloured, but always striking, of the first consul."

As we already know, the collection of laws adopted in these sittings was promulgated in the year 12 of the Republic, under the title of the *Code Civil des Français*. On the 3rd. September, 1807, there was a decree commanding a new edition of them to be drawn up under the name of the *Code Napoléon*.

"Our Code Civil," said Mons. de Golbéry, in 1843, "still governs Belgium, a large portion of Germany, and several of the Italian states; it is once more being received in Sardinia, where it had been abolished, and is on the point of becoming, in conjunction with the Roman law, the basis of a new system of legislation in that country. Our commercial code is imitated and perfected in Spain and Portugal. Our penal code became the model of that of Sicily in 1819, of that of Parma in 1820, and of that of Rome in 1832, and this great work, the subject of such frequent accusations, throws its rays as far as over the code of the Brazils. Bavaria is establishing in regenerated Greece our judicial organisation and our criminal law. England herself is abandoning the uncertainties of her common and statute law, and banishing from her system the cruel but inefficacious disregard of human life. We are

enabled to applaud the reform, undertaken in 1825, thanks to the efforts of Peel and Lambdowne, and ardently carried out by the recent acts of parliament. We shall observe the same movement in the States of the American Union. Holland and Denmark are enriching themselves with new laws, and Russia itself, not being able to codify its ancient ukases, turns them into pandectes."

THE FOUNDATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

Napoleon, seated in all the calm and serenity of his immense power, is drawing towards him scholars, philosophers, and magistrates, to whom he says:—"Coopérez aux desseins que je forme pour la prospérité des peuples." *

Behind the throne, a winged figure, his familiar genius doubtless, is whispering something into his ear and appears to be advising him. This personage, that has no equivalent in the symmetry of the composition, produces a strange effect, and injures the equilibrium of the general outline, which is in other respects remarkable for its character of grandeur and elevated style.

"Previous to 1789," says a well-known writer, "the Council of State reflected, as in a mirror, the confusion that reigned in the various branches of the administration of public affairs. It took part in government and politics by its intervention in foreign affairs, financial questions, and commerce; in the execution of the law, by its regulations concerning the judges, its evocations and its annulment of judgments; and in the public administration, by the jurisdiction it exercised over the ordinances of the Intendants, and the decisions of the *Cour des Aides*, and the *Cour des Comptes*. But if it encroached upon the dominion of Justice, Justice, in her turn, disputed with it the possession of its own powers, and while she deprived it of any share in contestations purely judicial, obtained for herself, by means of the decrees of the parliaments, a share in matters of administration. What, at that period, composed the Council of State, was nothing but the union of five separate councils, forming as many distinct bodies. The law, the church, the army, and finance were all collected there.

During the French revolution, various laws weakened or changed the Council of State.

A consular decree of the 6th Nivôse, in the year 8, regulated the organisation of the Council of State, and confided to it the task: 1stly, of developing the signification of the laws on their being submitted to its judgment by the consuls; and 2ndly, of deciding in all disputes which might arise between the administrative and judicial authorities, and on all subjects of contention which had previously been sent to the ministers for decision.

These functions were successively extended by various decrees and *senatus-consulta*.

Under the consulate and the empire, the Council of State became a constitutional power. It drew up the laws, discussed them when brought before the Legislative Body, and interpreted them when passed. Functionaries of the highest rank, summoned before the committees chosen from among its members, were called upon to render an account of their conduct; the various persons connected with it, from the councillors of state themselves down to the simple auditors, were charged with the most important missions, administering the affairs of conquered countries, organising their finances and drawing up their codes. Men of the greatest consideration were summoned to take part in its deliberations, and esteemed themselves honoured by belonging to it. Subjected to the superior authority of this powerful body, exposed to its censure and almost entirely under its control, the ministers occupied only the second rank in the administrative hierarchy.

The Council of State ranked after the Senate and before the Legislative Body. It held its sittings in the palace of the Tuileries, near the Emperor's own cabinet. "There," says the author of "*Questions Administratives*," "appeared, in all their splendour, Cambacérés, the most didactic of legislators

* Lend me your co-operation to carry out the designs I form for the prosperity of nations.

and the most able of presidents; Tronchet, the most learned of European jurists; Treillard, the most nervous dialectician of the council; Portalis, celebrated for his eloquence; Ségur, for his graceful turn of thought; Zangiacomi, for the sharp conciseness of his words; Allent, for the depth of his attainments; Dudon, for his erudition in all the matters of administration; Chauvelin, sparkling with unexpected sallies; Cuvier, famous for his strong reason and universal knowledge; Pasquier, who was so mild; Boulay, so judicious; Béranger, so cutting, so close in his reasoning, and so witty; Berlier, so profound and so copious; De Gérando, so skilled in the science of administrative law; and Andréossy, in engineering; Saint-Cyr, in military strategy; Regnault de Saint-d'Angely, that brilliant orator, consummate publicist, and indefatigable worker; Bernadotte, at present King of Sweden; and Jourdan, the conqueror of Fleurus."

ORGANIZATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

On this bas-relief is the following inscription: "Sans l'ordre l'administration n'est qu'un chaos." *

It is a difficult task to explain the manner in which the artist has endeavoured to express this idea. If his other compositions speak plainly to the eyes, this one appears lost in an allegory as incomplete in its execution as it is obscure in its conception.

Napoleon, seated in his unvarying and rather monotonous attitude, holds in one hand the helm of state, and in the other the fasces of empire. He is summoning to him Justice, armed with a torch and a pair of scales, Truth bearing her mirror, and Plenty, her distinctive attribute. But these figures, grouped somewhat at hazard, do not strike us as in any way connected with the subject intended to be represented.

Before 1789 the administration of affairs in France was one of the most complicated description. Through the immense multitude of functionaries, or agents, and the great variety of administrative divisions into which the country was parcelled out, it was almost impossible to discern any kind of unity either in the plan or actions of the government; France was divided, in what regarded its ecclesiastical constitution, into eighteen archbishoprics; financially, into thirty-two intendancies and generalities; politically, into sixteen parliamentary districts and other sovereign courts; and militarily, into forty general provincial governments.

The councils, in which the great affairs of state were discussed, were: the King's Council, the Council of the Despatches, the Royal Council of Finance, the Royal Council of Commerce, the Private Council of State, or *des Parties*, and the Grand Chancellery of France.

In ordinary matters, justice was administered in the castellanies, provostships, viguierhips, and other royal and seigniorial courts, forming the inferior class; and in the *bailliwick*, *sénéchals'* courts, and *presidials*, which were the middling or intermediate courts. Lastly, important matters were carried before the parliaments, or royal councils, and other superior tribunals. In 1789, there were in the kingdom thirteen parliaments holding their sittings in Paris, Toulouse, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Dijon, Rouen, Aix, Rennes, Pau, Metz, Douay, Besançon, and Nancy. To these we must add other institutions possessing the same authority as the parliaments, such as the Provincial Council of Artois, and the Sovereign Councils of Alsace, at Colmar, and of Roussillon, at Perpignan. The Parliament of Paris was composed of six chambers. Lastly, above all these magistracies, there were still two other tribunals; the Grand Council, and the Provostship of the King's Household. Several branches of the administration had separate tribunals; for instance, in the matter of taxes, there were the tribunals of the Treasurers of France, the *Cour des Aides* for the aids, tallies, and gabelles, besides many others.

The administrative and judicial organisation adopted by the French Revolution is as simple as that which it succeeded was complex and diffuse. France, divided into departments and *arrondissements*, is administered according to the same

system by a number of agents, all corresponding, through their various ranks, with one another, and with the centre, where a few ministers, at the head of the administration, are grouped in council around the head of the state, who, at every instant, is immediately informed of everything which takes place through the whole length and breadth of the country, and who, so to speak, from the cabinet in which he works, sees all the superior and subordinate administrative authorities, from the capital to the frontiers, performing their various tasks with almost mathematical regularity. Such is the plan traced out and perfected by the republican assemblies, and more especially brought into practice by the first consul. This plan has been compared to that of the spider's web, where the slightest shock given to one of the threads, even the most remote, is communicated to the centre with electric rapidity. There is no doubt that so beautiful and harmonious a system is open to abuses; but such perfect regularity does not necessarily exclude the possibility of real independence in each separate part of this kind of network, and on no hypothesis can a state of confusion and disorder, where it is lawful for the subordinate agents of the administration to turn to the profit of their own passions and interests the kind of veil which conceals them from the eye of the superior authorities, be considered as tending less to favour abuses.

PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.

This subject terminates the series, and closes the train of ideas by which art has undertaken the mission of expressing the dominant characteristics of the emperor's reign. Napoleon is crushing with his foot a man on the ground, who probably is intended to personify Anarchy; while, in obedience to the emperor's voice, France returns her sword to its scabbard, Religion resumes her rights, and Youth returns to the arms of Wisdom. The execution of this composition is heavy, and the figures are altogether deficient in character and grandeur.

THE CARYATIDES.

Twelve marble pillars, enormous blocks of stone, brought at a great expense from Carrara, support the crypt. Out of these blocks twelve caryatides, each about sixteen feet high, were sculptured by Mons. Pradier.

Caryatides are generally draped female statues, placed as supports or ornaments beneath the architraves of buildings. The following is their origin, according to Vitruvius: Caria, in the Peloponnesus, having been taken and ruined by the other Greeks, conquerors of the Persians, with whom the Carians had formed a league, the men were put to the edge of the sword, and the women carried away into slavery, in which state the most noble among them were compelled still to wear their long robes and ornaments. At a later period, in order to perpetuate the recollection of their treason and their punishment, the Grecian architects substituted, in several public edifices, figures of Carian women for the usual pilasters and columns.

In our modern architecture, caryatides do not always represent slaves; they are often, like those now before us, statues symbolical of the several sciences and arts, or of some divinity or other taken from the domain of Fable, but they have invariably preserved their original destination.

The caryatides of the Emperor's tomb represent figures of Victory bearing palm branches and wreaths. Two only, one on each side of the opening of the door, hold in their hands a bunch of keys; they are there as the guardians of the tomb, and their proud attitude forms a striking contrast with the calm and devotional repose of the ten others.

These caryatides are not all equally impressed with the marks of a large and grandiose style of execution. Two or three are very fine, and correspond with the grandeur of the subject and the majesty of the place, but some, on the other hand, are unworthy of their object and the fame of the artist who furnished the models. We must here mention that each caryatis, together with the pillar against which it is placed, consists of a single block. This circumstance, which cannot escape the observation of connoisseurs,

* Without order every system of administration is but a chaos.

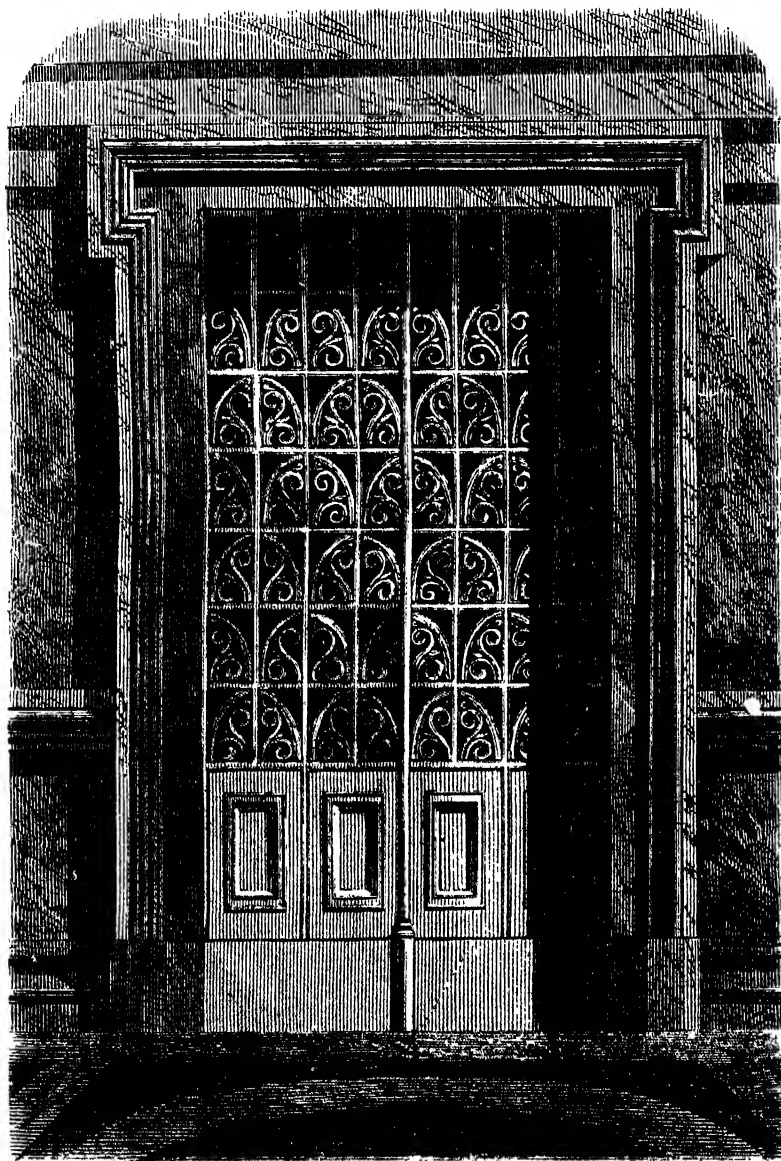
imparts an air of great magnificence to the mausoleum, and gives it that peculiar character of grandeur which is found in the gigantic constructions of Egypt and ancient Nineveh.

THE MOSAICS.

The whole space between the base of the caryatides and the foot of the sarcophagus is occupied by an admirable piece of mosaic, representing a system of rays of the colour of bright gold, which seem to spring from a colossal wreath of laurels. The inner circle of this mosaic forms a band, on which are incrustated the immortal names of Marengo, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Jena, Austerlitz, Friedland, and several other places.

tion, comes from the workshops of Messrs. Ciuli and Scagnoli.

We know that the origin of mosaics is very ancient; their great merit consists in their uniting brilliancy to solidity. The architects of Greece were constantly in the habit of employing them. Thanks to a marvellous kind of glaze called pouzzolane, made partly of lime and partly of a reddish volcanic earth found principally at Pouzzoles, the Italian artists have succeeded in imparting to their mosaics a degree of solidity which bids fair to defy the destructive effects of time.



ENTRANCE TO THE RELIQUARY.

In order to give the mosaic a brilliancy corresponding with the extraordinary splendour of the materials employed in the construction of the mausoleum, the richest enamels have been employed in its formation, so that we may justly affirm that it would be impossible to find, even among the precious relics of antiquity, anything displaying more brilliant and more intense colours. The wreath of laurels possesses all the vigour of a fine painting.

This beautiful specimen of an art which produced such marvels in the ingenious and able hands of the old Roman artists, and which offers such resources to modern decora-

THE SARCOPHAGUS.

Exactly in the centre of the mosaic stands the sarcophagus, composed of so-called Finland porphyry, placed upon a pedestal of Corsican granite. It is of the most imposing simplicity, and consists of the receptacle for the body and the cover, without any ornaments save rounded arrises and scrollwork of severe regularity. By the effect of contrast, the red tone of the porphyry stands out with majestic vigour on the bright green of the wreath of laurels.

The coffin containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon does not repose immediately within the sarcophagus



STATUE OF NAPOLEON.

itself; the first casing of tin is enclosed in a mahogany coffin, which is protected by two coverings of hard lead; these, in their turn, are placed within the ebony coffin that figured in the ceremony of the 15th December, 1840.

The sarcophagus is likewise lined with grey Corsican granite. Moved by a feeling of national susceptibility, the architect adopted this means to prevent the body of a French sovereign from reposing directly upon foreign marble.

The stone of which the sarcophagus is formed is not what is correctly termed porphyry; it is composed of quartzite grit-stone, which, although harder than real porphyry, will prove less durable. This stone, which was brought, by the greatest exertions, from the Schokisch quarries in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, did not cost less than £5,560 before it reached Paris. Its grain is so hard that a workman employed to saw it had not been enabled, at the end of ten months, to make an incision as deep as the blade of his saw. It was necessary to have recourse to greater power than that of the human arm; and Mons. Seguin, a skilful marble-worker, hit upon the idea of employing a steam-engine for sawing and polishing the colossal block.

The cover of the sarcophagus, formed of one slab of this rich stone, weighs about 32 tons.

Above the tomb is the large opening in the pavement of the church, through which the cupola appears with its admirable paintings, and its dim mysterious half-light which only reaches the spot where the spectator stands through the violet-coloured window-panes and their funeral crapes.

THE RELIQUARY OR SWORD ROOM.

Before leaving the gallery, we have yet to visit the sword room, which, on account of the pious mementoes collected there, has also been termed the reliquary.

It is a small chamber lined with white marble. At the farther end is raised a marble statue of Napoleon in his imperial costume, grasping his sceptre in one hand, and the globe in the other; these two distinctive signs of sovereign power, as likewise the embroidery of his mantle, are gilt. Before the statue, a small porphyry pedestal has been raised, and on it is a small bronze case made in the shape of a cushion. This contains a few objects which belonged to the emperor, namely, his little cocked hat of Austerlitz, his epaulettes, and his orders. The sword of Austerlitz and the crown of gold voted by the town of Cherbourg are placed upon the cushion.

To the right and left is a gilt bronze tripod surmounted by an eagle, also of bronze. These two tripods support the fifty-two flags saved at the Luxembourg by the patriotism of Mons. de Sémonville.

On the walls are inscribed the names of the battles which Napoleon commanded in person.

The pavement, which is inlaid with mosaic, contains four medallions representing the four principal attributes of imperial power, namely, the sceptre, the hand of justice, the sword, and the thunderbolt.

A bronze lamp burns night and day in the reliquary, into which no one will ever be allowed to enter, and whose details can only be viewed through the ornaments of the gilt bronze grating.

Every year, on the 5th of May, the anniversary of the Emperor Napoleon's death, a funeral mass will be celebrated at the altar of the dome church. On this occasion, all the lamps, on the stairs as well as in the crypt, will send forth violet flames.

This monument, raised to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon, astonishes the spectator by the prodigious magnificence of the materials employed in its construction. We have already said, when describing each object successively, that the columns of the baldachin are 23 feet high, and made out of one block of the black marble of the Pyrenees; that the steps up to the altar, ten in number and 23 feet broad, were hewn from no more than three blocks of white Carrara marble; that each of the twelve caryatides, together with the pillar against which it is placed, is composed of a single block of Carrara marble about 16 feet high, 6 feet broad, and

more than 3 feet thick. This great splendour imparts a most imposing appearance to the general aspect of the tomb, and prevents the eye from seizing, without an attentive examination, the defects of details and composition which we have pointed out in the bas-reliefs and the caryatides.

Not less than twelve years have been required for this great work.

In 1840, the Chamber of Deputies voted a grant of £40,000 for the purpose of transporting the mortal remains of the emperor to France. This sum having proved insufficient, a supplementary grant was voted by the law of the 26th June, 1841. In reply to the following words pronounced from the tribune, on the 12th of May, 1840, by Mons. Rémusat, minister of the interior—"Any monument France may raise in memory of the emperor should be simple in its beauty, grand in its form, and, in its appearance, of a solidity that nothing could ever disturb. Napoleon should have a monument as durable as the fame of his deeds"—the Chambers, by the same law of the 26th June, granted £20,000 for the construction of the tomb.

Artists were publicly solicited to send in plans; eighty-two did so. Mons. Visconti's idea of placing the sarcophagus below the level of the ground, in a crypt lighted from the dome, was the only one not conceived in opposition to the decided resolution of the government to reject every kind of external mausoleum which would have the effect of destroying the monumental character of the Dome-Church.

The plan was accepted; it overcame the greatest difficulty of the government programme, which imperiously insisted that the tomb should be placed beneath the dome; for we must not forget that this position had been irrevocably decided on by the Chambers, and M. Visconti's plan, while answering all the exigencies of the case, allowed the greatest scope to the architect, without in any way interfering with the aspect of the interior of the edifice such as it was conceived by Louis XIV.

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTS MENTIONED IN THIS NOTICE.

CHARLES HARDOUIN MANSART was born at Paris, in the year 1646. His father, also, was named Jules Hardouin, and had married a sister of the François Mansart whom we have had occasion to mention in the former portion of this notice, and who was first painter to his Majesty. The young Charles was placed under his uncle's care to learn his profession. He profited so well by the instruction he received, and was endowed with so delicate and agreeable a turn of mind, that he was fortunate enough to please the king, Louis XIV., who confided to him the most important architectural works undertaken during his reign. Proud of the favour of his sovereign, and naturally desirous of preserving it, Mansart succeeded in inspiring the king with that taste for building with which posterity has so often reproached him, and which was the cause of such vast sums of the public money being expended. Among Mansart's works may be mentioned the chateaus of Marly, the Grand Trianon, and Clagny,* the Maison de Saint-Cyr, the Place Vendôme, and the Place des Victoires, the church of Notre-Dame at Versailles, and the chateaus of Vanvre, of Dampierre, and of Luneville. But what most certainly set the seal upon his reputation was his erection of the Château de Versailles and the Dome-Church of the Hôtel des Invalides. It is very rarely that any architect has so many buildings of such immense importance confided to him. Mansart did not, however, always satisfy the expectations entertained of him. With regard to the Château de Versailles, however, for which he has been severely criticised, we must not reproach him with the choice of the situation, nor the aridity of the soil on which the palace stands; and if the various buildings which form the exterior of the edifice on the same side as the Cour de Marbre present a mean and disagreeable contrast with the mass of those around them, the necessity the architect was under of preserving that portion of the palace erected in the time of Louis XIII., may in some degree excuse him. On the garden side, however, he had nothing to shackle his ideas, and

* Built for Madame de Montespan, but no longer in existence.

therefore has no excuse. When viewed at a short distance only, the edifice produces an imposing effect by the immense extent of its lines; but when viewed from a long distance, its uniformity becomes fatiguing. It is a square building, flanked by two long wings, in a cramped style of architecture, full of projections, but without any contrast or opposition in its different parts, so that, at a certain distance, it resembles nothing more nor less than a long uniform wall. It is in the interior, however, that its defects are peculiarly apparent. The staircase is placed very far from the entrance, and in such an out-of-the-way corner that the visitor is obliged to employ a guide to point it out. At the top of the staircase there is no vestibule nor reception room; there are merely two or three small chambers conducting, at an angle, to an ante-room that is but half-lighted. There is no regular communication between the apartments, and in order to pass from one to the other, it is necessary to go first up and then down several small flights of stairs. Many of the details, however, are very beautiful, and among the buildings belonging to, although not actually forming part of, the palace itself, we may mention the orangery, an edifice ornamented with columns of the Tuscan order, grand and noble, yet, at the same time, extremely simple. If historians are to be believed, however, the plan is not due to Mansart. It is said that Louis XIV., being far from pleased with the plans which Mansart had submitted to him, asked Lenôtre for one. Lenôtre at first excused himself, on the plea that he was not at all familiar with this department of architecture; but his majesty having again pressed him, Lenôtre made a sketch which pleased the king extremely, and which Mansart was ordered to carry into execution, after having modified it in certain particulars. The chapel of Versailles, ornamented with isolated Corinthian columns, is very elegant and admirably planned, but the architect appears to have been cramped for space. It was his last work; in fact he did not live to complete it.

For constructing the dome-church of the Hôtel des Invalides, Mansart received the order of Saint Michael from Louis XIV., he and Lenôtre being the first artists thus honoured. The great works with which he was continually being entrusted, and the constant favour of Louis XIV., enabled him to amass a considerable fortune. It has been said that, in order to please the king, Mansart was in the habit of employing means that would have done honour to the most subtle courtier; for instance, in his plans he would leave such absurd mistakes that the king discovered them at the first glance, whereupon Mansart would go into ecstasies about the profundity of the king's knowledge of the subject, and with such an appearance of simple and innocent candour, that the king was completely his dupe.

Mansart had many enemies, who did all in their power to ruin him in the estimation of the king. At last, they thought that they had hit upon a plan which could not possibly fail. Mansart was acquainted with a female, who robbed him of an order for 50,000 francs which the king had given him for some of the royal works on which he was then employed. The order was taken to Louis XIV., with the remark that it was thus that his Superintendent of Buildings used the funds confided to him for very different purposes. Unable to believe Mansart guilty, Louis XIV. summoned him to his presence. The architect had already discovered his loss; he confessed the whole truth, and had not much difficulty in proving his innocence to the king, who, to show his confidence in him, gave him back the order that had been stolen, and caused another of the same value to be sent to him, so certain was he that the money would not be badly employed.

Mansart was endowed with a very prolific genius. His conceptions are generally full of nobleness and grandeur; but his style is not chaste: he very often allows himself a license which has not always the advantage of producing a beautiful result. He died rather suddenly at Marly, the 11th May, 1708. His body was transported to Paris, and buried in the church of St. Paul, which was also that of his parish. His tomb, sculptured by Coysevox, was, during the first French revolution, removed to one of the rooms of the Musée des

Monuments Français. In 1818, however, it was transferred to one of the churches of Paris.

ANTOINE COYSEVOX was born of Spanish parents, at Lyons, in the year 1641. Before he was seventeen, he had established his reputation in his native town by a statue of the Virgin which he executed. He then went to Paris, and worked under Lerambert and other masters, with whom he made the most rapid progress. He was scarcely twenty-seven when he was selected by the Cardinal de Fürstenberg to go to Alsatia, and decorate his palace at Saverne. This work occupied him for seven years, at the expiration of which period he returned to Paris. He first executed a pedestrian statue of Louis XIV., with the two bas-reliefs of the pedestal, for the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville, but they were all destroyed in the first Revolution. He then received an order from the States of Brittany for an equestrian bronze statue of the same king, fifteen feet high. In order to carry out this work with the same amount of perfection with which he had conceived it, he sent for sixteen or seventeen of the finest horses out of the royal stables, selected the best portions of each horse, and, after long studying their movements, imitated them. It is to this spirit of persevering industry that we owe most of Coysevox's finest productions. Our limits prevent our mentioning all his works; we will content ourselves with naming the tombs of Mazarin, Colbert, and Charles-Lebrun. Most of his works fell a sacrifice to the vandalism of the first revolution, but those we still possess are quite sufficient to ensure his fame. He died at Paris, the 10th October, 1720.

NOËL COYPEL was born at Paris, the 25th December, 1628. He learned the elements of his art from an obscure master of the name of Guillerié, under whom he made such rapid progress, that, at the early age of eighteen, he was selected to work on the scenes of "Orpheus," a piece brought out at the Grand Opera. From this time forward he was almost always employed in the royal palaces. In 1655, he executed several works for the Oratory and the king's chamber, and also ornamented with the productions of his pencil the apartment of Cardinal Mazarin. It was he, too, who, on the occasion of Louis XIV.'s marriage, painted the ceilings of the queen's apartment in the Louvre, several rooms in the Tuileries, and several in the palace of Fontainebleau. In 1663, he was received a member of the *Académie Royale de Peinture*, the picture he painted on that occasion being "The Death of Abel," which was greatly admired. After several years of untiring artistic activity, Coypel was named by the king Director of the Academy of Rome. During his directorship he painted four pictures, which for a long time formed the principal attraction of the guardroom of the queen's guards at Versailles. These pictures represent "Solon," "Trajan," "Alexander," "Severus," and "Ptolemy Philadelphos." The first was engraved by Duchange, and the three others by Charles Dupuis. Having been compelled by the disastrous wars of the latter part of his reign to limit the expenses of the crown, Louis XIV. abolished the office of First Painter to the King at Mignard's death, but to make some amends to Coypel for not bestowing the place on him, created him Perpetual Director of the Academy, with an annual pension of a thousand crowns. Coypel was seventy-seven years old when he painted his two grand pictures of the "Assumption," which are so greatly admired, over the altar of the church of the Hôtel des Invalides. He died two years afterwards, at Paris, on the 24th December, 1707. He was twice married, and had four children by his second wife.

Coypel was not always correct in the drawing of his figures, which he sometimes endowed with a somewhat too theatrical air, besides often being far from exact in matters of costume; but these faults are generally redeemed by his magnificent colouring and the vastness and grandeur of his composition, the style of which bears some similarity to that of Lebrun. He was equally at home in sacred and profane history, and had made an especial study of perspective and anatomy. To distinguish him from his sons, who were also painters, Coypel was commonly called by amateurs, Coypel le Romain. We possess some excellent works by him on the principles of

painting and colouring, and also his portrait, painted by himself, and engraved by J. Audran.

JEAN JOUVENET was born at Rouen, on the 21st August, 1647. He received the first lessons in his art from his father; but the latter, soon perceiving that he could teach him nothing more, sent him to Paris, where, alone and without a master, but with nature as his guide, he prosecuted his studies with the greatest ardour. His first efforts were successful; and this so mortified a jealous rival, that he wrote to Jovenet's parents to say that their son, instead of applying himself to his art, was losing his time, and ruining his health, in debauchery and vice. On this, Jovenet received a letter, ordering him instantly to return home. The young man was justly indignant; but, conscious of his innocence, sent, as answer, the last picture he had painted: this opened his father's eyes, and Jovenet was allowed to remain in Paris. Not long afterwards, he achieved a brilliant triumph by his picture of the "Curing of the Paralytic." He was hardly twenty-nine years old when he executed it; but the boldness of design, the vigour of touch, and the grandeur of composition displayed in it, revealed the finished artist. By the kindness and protection of Lebrun, Jovenet was received a member of the *Académie de Peinture*, in 1675; and from this moment his reputation was firmly established; indeed, he could scarcely find time to execute the different pictures required of him. Jovenet became a special favourite with Louis XIV., who granted him an annual pension, and loaded him with many other marks of his protection. In 1713, he became paralyzed, in consequence of a severe attack of apoplexy. Every remedy was tried in vain, and Jovenet was obliged to renounce his pencil. But his love for the art was as strong as ever; and, not being able to work himself, he took a pleasure in directing the efforts of his nephew and pupil, Restout. One day, the young painter could not clearly seize his uncle's idea, who wished him to correct the expression of a face he was painting. Jovenet takes the pencil, but in endeavouring, with his lame hand, to correct the head, spoils it. In a fit of despair, he endeavours to repair the accident with his left hand; and, to his great astonishment and unspeakable delight, perceives that it obeys, without the slightest effort, the dictates of his will. From this moment his illness is forgotten, and he sets to work again with increased ardour. There is no doubt that the pictures painted in this manner are not so fine as his former ones, but they still possess extraordinary merit. His last work was a "Visitation," known under the name of the "Magnicat," and executed for the choir of the cathedral of Notre Dame. Jovenet died on the 5th of April, 1717.

That which particularly distinguishes Jovenet from the other painters of his time, is the vast extent and grand effect of his compositions, the happy arrangements of his groups, and the boldness of his outlines. Although his colouring is wanting in truth, and has a yellowish tint, the knowledge he possessed of chiaro-oscuro imparts peculiar harmony and force to his pictures. His drawing is generally correct, but without revealing any knowledge of the antique; he is heavy, angular, and too often wanting in nobleness; his drapery is free and well-disposed, but it never allows the outline of the naked figure to be perceptible through its folds, and seems rather intended to hide than to cover the personage who wears it. His expression, too, is sometimes weak. In a word, as a general rule, his compositions have something theatrical and symmetrical about them, as if, while producing his effects, he was desirous to conceal from the observation of the spectator his defective knowledge of drawing and his ignorance of beauty of form. We have the more reason to be astonished at this, as it seems in direct contradiction to the principles which he himself professed, and regarding which he thus expressed himself: "Painting should resemble music, and, in order to be without fault, a picture should, by its arrangement and colouring, produce as perfect an accord on the eyes as a well-executed concert does on the ear." Perhaps the defects of this, that are not to be entirely attributed to his character and individual disposition, but to the fact of his never having quitted France.

CHARLES DE LAFOSSE was born in Paris, in the year 1640. His father was a jeweller, who placed him at an early age under Lebrun. His progress was so rapid that in a short time he obtained a pension from the king and the privilege of being sent to Italy. After studying correctness of drawing and grandeur of composition in the Roman school, he proceeded to Venice, where he perfected himself in colouring by meditating carefully and assiduously on the master-pieces of Paul Veronese and Titian. It was in Italy, too, that he learned the art of fresco-painting. On his return to France, whither his reputation had already preceded him, he received orders for various pictures from several persons of note, and among others from Louis XIV. himself, for whom he painted several pictures intended for the palaces of Trianon and Marli. In 1683, he was received into the *Académie de Peinture*, and, his reputation having extended to England, was invited over, some time afterwards, by Lord Montague, for whom he painted two ceilings in Montague House, which was subsequently known as the British Museum, but has since been pulled down to make room for the present building. These two ceilings represented the "Apotheosis of Isis," and the "Meeting of the Gods." The artist lavished on them all the riches of his genius, and particularly distinguished himself by the poetry of the composition, the magic of the colouring, and the beauty of the arrangement. King Charles II. was so struck with them that he endeavoured to persuade Lafosse to settle permanently in England, promising him considerable advantages and constant occupation in case he did so. But Lafosse refused every inducement held out to him, and hastened back to France, in the hopes of succeeding Lebrun, who was just dead, as First Painter to the King. Lafosse was a great friend of Mansart, in whose house he lived, and for whom he executed sketches of all the pictures for the church of the Hôtel des Invalides. Mansart, through whom he hoped to obtain the office in question and the task of executing all the pictures, happening to die before the matter was decided, Lafosse was not appointed, and was charged with the execution of a part only of the paintings. After Mansart's death, Lafosse took up his abode in the house of an intimate friend of his, Mons. Crezat, for whom he painted, on the ceiling of his gallery, the "Birth of Minerva." He painted, also, a great number of other pieces, and died at Paris, in 1716, without issue.

NICOLAS COUSTOU was born at Lyons, the 9th January, 1658, and came to Paris, at the age of eighteen, to study the art of sculpture under Coysevox, his uncle. He was highly successful, and, after a sojourn in Italy of some time, returned to his native country, where he produced many most beautiful works, remarkable for their purity of form and happiness of conception. His principal defect was a certain want of grandeur. This artist worked at his profession until the age of seventy-six years, and the last of his works, which death did not allow him to finish, is esteemed one of his very best. It is a medallion bearing a bas-relief of the "Passage of the Rhine." Coustou terminated his laborious career on the 1st May, 1733.

WILLIAM COUSTOU, who was even more celebrated than his brother Nicolas, was born at Lyons, in 1678. Like his brother, he studied under Coysevox, and, also, for some time in Italy, and, on his return, was received a member of the *Académie Royale*. Among his works may be mentioned "Hercules on the Funeral Pile," the figures of the Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Rhone, and also the pediment of the Château d'Eau opposite the Palais Royal. The last, and, perhaps, the finest of his productions, are the two groups now at the entrance to the Champs Elysées. Each group represents a horse rearing up with a man holding it. William Coustou died at Paris, the 22nd February, 1746.

Monsieur VISCONTI, who is one of the first French architects of the present day, has been charged with the completion of the palace of the Louvre. He has also been appointed imperial architect.

For a notice of Mons. PRADIER, we refer the reader to THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i., p. 280.

NICHOLAS LANCRET.



There came a time in France, when Madame Tallien took the place of Madame de Pompadour, when the *petits maîtres* and



jolly abbés of the court, who had been swept away by the revolutionary storm, reappeared in the shape of gay fops; and the gentlemen, instead of close coats and red heel-pieces, Vol. I.

walked about in Paris with box coats, cravats, and whiskers trimmed *à la Barras*. Thenceforward Lancret was no longer talked of. Alas! to fling this amiable painter into oblivion, there was no need of the three *Horaces*, and of *Brutus*, and some of Carlo Vernet's *Incroyables*. Watteau might bid defiance to death, when it came, for Watteau was the creator of a branch of painting, the founder of a school. Watteau, in the time of Louis XIV., was a phenomenon; but Lancret, his pupil, who had not altogether the same claims to immortality, was shipwrecked with the old society, whose manners, whose attitudes, and whose graces—sometimes insipid to the verge of the ridiculous—he had faithfully sketched. It would require the advent of an era of eclecticism, like our own, to enable Lancret to shake off the dust of garrets, and to take possession of the drawing-rooms once more. At the present day, there would be no objection made to what we see figuring in a boudoir of the time of Louis XV., over chairs with rounded arms and bedecked with roses—the swing in which Madame la Presidente de B—— perches herself in Lancret's gardens.

It would be hard to find a painter who has more faithfully portrayed the features of his own time than Lancret. He entered more fully into its conventionalities, manners, and customs than Watteau, and more fully too than Pater, between which two we shall place him. A clever prose writer, speaking of Watteau, has told us in bad verse, that Dame Nature brought forth the painter of fashionable gaieties for the express purpose of admiring her own portrait in French dress; but he has overlooked the fact, that Watteau had a positive horror of

French costume—a horror which it was quite pardonable to entertain, even with regard to the fashions which prevailed in the first half of the seventeenth century—and that this able master always borrows from the wardrobe of the Italian comedy, the garments with which he fits out *Messino* and *Pantalon*, and adorns the inscrutable folly of *Gille*. Lanceret stands on the boundary between real life and the stage; he verges close upon the vaudeville. Watteau, with his immortal types, and his gay landscapes, paints eclogues, travestied certainly, but still eclogues; he keeps sufficiently within the region of fiction to reach poetry. Lanceret, without removing too far from reality, manages to throw a theatrical air around his works.

Certainly Lanceret is not a poet, but he is an elegant prose writer. His ideal, for he was not altogether without one, is a drawing-room ideal; his fancy never rises above the conventional distinctions and the refinements of the fashionable world. His characters are all "persons of quality"—their figures graceful, their eyebrows arched haughtily, their mien defiant. We need not expect to see them rambling along wild fields; the painter introduces them into a conventional landscape, in the midst of masses of trees and shrubs, clipped into the form of arcades or gothic arches, in those artificial retreats which were then called *cabinets de verdure*. There he makes them keep time to the music of the *monaco*, or the slow cadence of the minuet. The cavaliers screw up their mouths, and wear beauty spots on their faces; the ladies appear in lackadaisical attitudes—one arm hangs gracefully over the skirt, the other holds a fan in such a position as to conceal only one half of the face, and leave full scope for the manoeuvres of their killing eyes. The little marquis, he is all grace; he smiles with an assuming air, and executes triumphant pirouettes. In truth, the Saxon porcelain makers, who executed for the furniture of the great those enamelled gentlemen, most unpolitely called "maggots," never invented anything so splendidly droll, so delightfully affected.

And yet such was the world at that time; such were the postures, and such was the turn of mind; it might be said even—if the human race is modified by the times and the manners—such were the men also. They carried their eyes on a level with the head; they assumed distorted attitudes and sly airs, and consulted "The Laws of Good Breeding." As to the women, their beauty was delicate, no doubt, but it was "got up." We must not forget that it was in Lanceret's time that Froissac becomes Richelieu, and the regent exhausts the very springs of his life. We find ourselves in the interval between the regency and Louis XV., and in this point of view Lanceret's works are an admirable study, not merely for the connoisseur, but for the historian, who believes it to be his duty to make himself acquainted with the outside of things, the fashions, the cut of the coats, and even the make of the furniture.

Nicholas Lanceret was at first intended for a mould engraver, but as he showed an inclination for painting, he was put to study under Peter d'Ulin, a professor of the Academy. Having acquired the rudiments from him, he chose, as the department to which he intended to devote himself, the *fêtes galantes*, picnics, gipsy parties, &c., which Watteau had at that time made very fashionable. He made such progress under this new master, that Watteau, it is said, became jealous of him. Some of young Lanceret's paintings having been exhibited in public, were taken for Watteau's by some amateurs who piqued themselves upon their powers of discernment. Watteau, who was excessively sensitive, became more jealous than ever when he heard this; and all intercourse between the two painters was completely broken off. Lanceret's reputation, however, became greater every day. People began to run after his works, which now found a place in the choicest collections. An amateur having ordered four at a certain fixed price, was so pleased with the first two, that he offered to pay a larger sum for the remainder. Lanceret displayed great talent in those storied ornaments which were then employed so freely in the decoration of apartments. M. de Boulogne, Intendant des Ordres du Roi, instructed him to paint an entire hall in this style, and he executed the task to

perfection. The king hearing of it sent for the painter to Versailles, and commissioned him to paint for the dining-room of the small apartments, "a Collation served up in a Garden," some rural subjects above the gate of the Apelle Gallery, and a "Leopard Hunt," in which the painter represents the animal attacked by naked men.

D'Argenville, who was the contemporary of Lanceret, and who was certainly acquainted with him, furnishes us with several interesting details regarding him. He declares him to have been a man of upright character and affable disposition. He gained the good-will of all honourable men by his gentleness, and won their esteem by his integrity. A broker, perceiving that Lanceret's pencil could render him good service, by giving a delicate retouching to valuable pictures, proposed to him to undertake this sort of work, at the same time offering him a large salary. "I prefer running the risk of executing bad paintings," was the reply, "to spoiling good ones." The soundness of his judgment kept him on his guard against prejudices and hasty decision, and he often said—in reference to old paintings, which were praised and admired beyond measure simply for their antiquity—"You offer incense to idols." He often visited the great collections of the princes with the celebrated Lemoine, the only one of his brother artists with whom he kept up close intercourse. There everything was discussed, examined, criticised, and rated at its just value. It was in this way that Lanceret acquired his great familiarity with the works of the ancient masters. Regarding these his glance even was infallible. An amateur, one day, wishing to test his skill, substituted a copy of a Virgin of Rembrandt in the place of the original, and in the same frame. As soon as Lanceret had examined it, he exclaimed to a friend who was with him, "They are deceiving us. This is not the original that I have seen here so often." His friend inquired how he was able to tell, and the painter in reply pointed out some false touches in the arms of the child and of the Virgin. The original was then brought in, and proved the correctness of his statement.*

With this rare accuracy Lanceret united an inexhaustible imagination, and a fertility bordering on enthusiasm, to use the words of his biographer. What variety he has introduced into subjects so trite and hackneyed as "The Elements," "The Seasons," "The Four Quarters of the World," "The Hours of the Day," "The Twelve Months of the Year," "The Five Senses!" Some of them he has treated two or three times, and always in different ways. He was one of the most industrious of artists; underwent an enormous amount of labour, and yet never repeated himself. He passes for a painter who has wholly practised on a conventional type, created by Gillot and Watteau; and yet he never drew one line with his pencil without consulting nature. In the salons, in the streets, in the promenade, everywhere, he was constantly studying, watching the attitudes, the dress, and the gestures with the eye of a painter. The ladies whom he met with at the Tuilleries were his models; the alley along which he had seen them trailing the skirts of their silk dresses with huge flounces, was, in his eyes, only the background of the painting in which he should introduce them. Sometimes the rustle of one of these robes, the passing vision of a fair marchioness, accompanied, as if for a pretext, by two pretty little children, would make such an impression upon him that he would leave his friends, on the moment, and go aside to sketch what had pleased him so much. Some time before his death he conceived the idea of painting a Savoyard in the act of exhibiting some little curiosity which he hawked about the streets. So he brought all the boys and girls whom he met with in the squares exhibiting live marmots, and arranged them in picturesque groups, or rather suffered them to arrange themselves, in his studio, so that he might observe at his ease their countenances and the varied expressions of their physiognomy. Just as he was preparing to sketch them thus, one

* D'Argenville, "Abrégé de la Vie des plus Fameux Peintres," tome iv., p. 439. Paris 1762.

of his friends entered suddenly, and surprised him in the act of putting into practice his own constant advice, to others, to paint from nature. This, in fact, in relation to his art, was his habitual thought. "Men," he said, "were not angels, and could not guess what was not always before their eyes. If you abandon nature too soon you will become false and affected; so that, when you wish to consult her again, you will look upon her with prejudiced eyes, and will render her in your usual style." Who would believe that it was Lancret who spoke thus—he who was himself so affected, the pupil and imitator of Antoine Watteau? How shall we reconcile these classical precepts with painting which borders closely on decline? The explanation of this apparent inconsistency lies in the fact that for seeing nature aright eyes alone are not sufficient; there must be also principles and a tradition—a key to translate her, to interpret her language; for she does not make herself intelligible to everybody. In the eighteenth century there existed a strong perception of reality, but the real sentiment of nature had disappeared. It was wanting in the poets, as well as in the literary men and the painters. With the exception of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and more recently of Bernardin St. Pierre, no writer possessed it—at least not in the degree in which a man must have it before he can be called an artist. French painters laid it down as a rule that nature should be studied, and yet never were they so far from her as when they were studying her. Boucher never painted the nude female figure without having a model before him; and yet his flesh was like wadding, his bones were broken, the sinews were softened down, and nature placed in subjection to the orthopedy of art; and this was because he saw with the eyes of his age. Lancret, also, faithful to his professions, never took up a brush without having nature before him; but still, in spite of himself, he remained an imitator. Educated in the imaginary parks of Watteau, in the midst of his nymphs, bedecked with ribands, and his shepherds clothed in satin, the little tinge of reality that he mixed up with his remembrances of his master, only weakens his work; for, when one imitates Watteau, it is not worth while going to the trouble of improving him, and it is as well, we think, to remain in the regions of fancy. Lancret wished to systematise Watteau, but he deceived himself. One does not reason upon fancy. Consequently, beside the poetry of this charming artist, the prose of the pupil, elegant though it be, is, after all, nothing but prose.

Lancret's painting appeared excellent to his contemporaries. In his twenty-ninth year he was elected a member of the Academy, under the title of *Peintre des Fêtes Galantes*, which had already been given to his master; and in 1735 he was raised to the rank of councillor. The two pictures which he presented at his admission, and which adorned the halls of the building, were amongst those which were most highly thought of, and most readily pointed out to visitors. One of these represented "Country Pleasures," or "The Agreeable Conversation," of which Jacques Philippe Lebas executed so brilliant and so delicate an engraving. With regard to this, an occurrence took place which is worthy of record, as showing the high esteem in which Lancret was held by his *confrères*. It was the custom, whenever an engraver was received into the Academy, for him to engrave the portrait of one or two of the members as his reception piece. When Lebas was elected, the Academy thought proper slightly to depart from the established usage; and as Lebas had already engraved the portrait of one of the academicians named Caze, he was now requested to engrave Lancret's picture, "The Agreeable Conversation." The fame of the picture was by this greatly increased, for, as Lancret was inferior to Watteau in delicacy, the softness of Lebas' inimitable style supplied the defect, and placed him on a level with his master.

Like a true Parisian, Lancret always possessed in a high degree that sentiment of propriety, and that worldly tact, by which he introduced himself into notice at a very early period of his career. He had that sort of education which is known as "good breeding" in a far greater degree than his Flemish rivals, Watteau and Pater. Watteau was brusque, irritable,

stiff, and caustic; while Lancret was polite, affable, and pliable. The one was but too familiar with the road to the public-house; the only resorts frequented by the other were the great houses in the fashionable quarters of the city. He presents himself before Madame la Marquise de B—— when she is receiving none but her intimate friends; he is present at breakfast, at luncheon, he reads with her; and even when M. le Duc is "not at home" to most callers, he is admitted at his levee. He owed to this sort of life the privilege which he enjoyed of composing upon canvas those familiar memoirs from which materials for a history of his age might readily be drawn.

Certainly Lancret is a little cold, but he is amiable; he has not the luxuriant palette of his master; he has not his lively expressions, which Watteau found more readily in his imagination than in reminiscences of the Italian comedy; he has not that brilliant and masterly pencil which makes painters beyond comparison, but he atones for these defects by agreeable accuracy. If he is wanting in fire, he at least sees correctly; and his observation, full of keenness, has this singular merit, that he reproduces most truthfully whatever is artificial in life. His people of quality, for example, have their armorial bearings and ensigns perfectly regular; they are not strolling mountebanks, accustomed to make grimaces before crowds at a fair for bad pay. Lancret neither liked nor was acquainted with any theatricals, except those of French comedy, of which he never missed a single play. There everything was conducted with decency and order; the daughters of high families did not suffer those little head-dresses then in fashion, and so like nightcaps, to be crumpled or ruffled by any one but their *femmes de chambre*. Lancret's assiduity in attending the theatre was the means of producing one of his best works—the closing scene in the "Glorieux" of Destouches. The painting is indeed a masterpiece.

It is easy to mark out the sphere in which each of the three French painters of fêtes moved. To Watteau belonged the poetry, the ideality, the heroism of *genre*; to Pater, the people, or the reality of scenes in low life; to Lancret, the elegant manners, the conventionalities of fashion, of society, and of the world. A distinguished German connoisseur, Hagedorn, has classed Lancret amongst painters of conversational pieces; and, in reality, this is his real distinction. And who will deny the importance of these charming artists? Is there anything, after all, more useful than the agreeable? We can understand why the paintings of the old great masters are placed beside ancestral portraits in the impressive gloom of a gallery in which the thoughtful seek to meditate solemnly, or the poet seeks inspiration and ecstasy. We can understand also why a dining-room should be decorated by Oudry or Landseer when Sneyders is no longer in existence. But how would you decorate a drawing-room, the scene of so much frivolous chit-chat, of so much caressing, trifling, and flirtation? What would you hang over a sofa, occupied all day long by readers of the last new novel? Would you place "The Death of Patroclus," "The Adventures of Ulysses," "The Greek Agora with Agamemnon presiding," in the midst of this scene of interminable gossip and babble? Conversational pieces are the only ones which will not clash with the overwrought refinement and delicacy of the place. The generation to which Necker and Rochambeau belonged, although already a little quakerish, nevertheless made use of the cameos of Boucher and his imitators; that of Richelieu hung Lancret's works above their doors.

The Marquis de Beringhen, wishing to decorate his splendid chateau at Jouy, commissioned Lancret to paint the Four Elements in the salon. Like a man of genius, Lancret eschewed dull allegory, and commonplace attributes. The age of Louis XIV. did not lose itself in symbols. "Water" was represented by a bath scene; "Fire" by a flirtation under the wide mantelpiece; but what, think you, did he paint in the panel set apart for the "Air"? Why, a marchioness in a swing abandoning her satin skirt to the indiscreet caprices of the element! Despite the want of mechanical facility displayed in Lancret's paintings, he must have been a laborious

man, and not less assiduous at his easel than in his attendance at the theatre. The works that are known to be his are very

the regency, his models the rivals of Madame de Prié, his ideal good breeding?



THE FALCON (STORY BY LA FONTAINE). FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

numerous, and none can tell how many of those pieræ and door pieces are his which are discovered in Paris every day at the demolition of old houses. Although in painting he was Watteau's son, he was, nevertheless, his contemporary. Like the painter of Valenciennes, he had studied in the studio of Gillot. He left it to rejoin Watteau, just as the latter had obtained the brevet rank of *Peintres des Fêtes Galantes*. Without following in the track of this great artist, Lancret followed him in a more modest side-path, which led equally to the Academy. He was received there, as we have already said, under the same title as the founder of his school. He did not marry till he was fifty-two years of age. The object of his choice was the daughter of the poet Boursault, the author of "Esop at Court;" but he died two years after the union, on the 14th of September, 1743. In spite of the tortures which he inflicted upon the straight line, Lancret will live even for his defects. He was another Watteau, colder and more diminutive perhaps than the original; but agreeable, civilised, and historical. How can he perish when his theme was gallantry, his contemporaries the madcaps of

With Lancret the French school of painters, whose pencils were dedicated to love and gallantry, may be said to have expired.

Those who came after him were too gross to entitle them to a place in the same category with him and Watteau. When he died, the sentiment of old France died with him, and the debauchery, unrelieved by one ray of taste or elegance, which ended in the revolution, except we allow it to have received a temporary blow from the amiable and unfortunate Louis XV., began to have free course. The painter of this latter period was Boucher; but how great the contrast between his creations and those of the amiable painter of the *fêtes galantes*. He admired him, studied him, copied and engraved him; it is true, and perhaps displayed no less talent; but he had fallen on a more evil time. The one belonged to an age in which vice was compelled at least to veil itself, and be pastoral and Arcadian; but the other, to an age in which decency was outraged to the last degree.

In the works of Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher, we have a full history of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. We see in them follies,



gaieties, weaknesses, and virtues of the old regime. The picture is a sad one, no doubt; but there is a vast difference between the frailty of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and the licentiousness of Pompadour and Dubarry. No one can ever read the story of the first without some touch of admiration and regret; but no one ever mentions the two last without regret. The simplicity, constancy, and truthfulness of La Vallière, her sorrowful and repentant end, are all full of an interest which the *blasé* weariness of Pompadour, or the horrible death of Dubarry, can never afford. The two last were the goddesses of Boucher, while Lancret was inspired by the elegance of De Prie, and the beauty and grace, rather than the license, of the court of the Grand Monarque. Lan-

grown stones, picturesquely disposed, perhaps, but nothing more: he saw the moss which time had planted on them, but was blind to the halo with which history had enveloped them; and gladly did he take leave of the former abodes of the illustrious dead, in order once more to indulge in the light, frivolous, and profligate amusements of a generation of powdered triflers, who knew not the real value of life till they heard it from the lips of death itself, at the outbreak of that terrible revolution which their vices had had so great a share in bringing about.

But supposing what we say as to the picture of the old regime presented by these three painters being a true and faithful one being correct, what a horrible picture it is, refine



THE ARCHERS FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

cret, we know, was an enthusiastic admirer of the old masters, and could, when he pleased, infuse into his conventional formalism some portion of admiration for stirring reminiscences, great names, or ennobling memories. But it was not so with Boucher. When he went to Rome, he found nothing to interest him there. For him the ruins of the imperial city—for him the streets through which the mighty Cæsar once swept along, in all the pride and pomp of a Roman triumph, to the capitol—for him the Forum, in which Cicero once held his hearers fascinated as by an irresistible spell—for him the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and all the other monuments of a sovereign race now passed away for ever, possessed no charms, nor caused any other sensation in his breast than what would be produced by mere heaps of moss-

or gloss over it as we may! What astonishment should we not feel at the blind stupidity which deplores the revolution as a calamity for the human race—at the shortsightedness of the great orator who saw in it the destruction of chivalry and of manly sentiment. Even if all we hear and know of the miseries of the people, of the reckless waste of the public money, of the corruption which reigned in every department of the administration, were totally untrue, the downfall of a society in which such manners prevailed in private was a blessing and a cause for rejoicing.

"Lancret, Boucher, and Carle Vanloo," says Gault de St. Germain, "were the three artists who furnished most abundant materials to the Tremblins and the Bascots—picture-dealers, who lived in the houses formerly covering the Pont

Nôtre Dame. These dealers were famous for the quantity of rubbish which they got manufactured after the designs of Lancret and Boucher to go over doors, or over mirrors, and after those of Carle Vanloo for country churches. The traced outline adopted in these establishments, and which the unhappy artists, who got their bread by working there, were obliged to follow, was filled up in a colouring raw and bright, laid on smoothly and without any sign of touch or execution. The word daub (*crôte*) was supplanted by that of 'Pont Nôtre Dame,' more expressive at that time, since it recalled the bad taste which prevailed there, and which some artists, who commenced in these shops, afterwards carried into the Academy."

In the first volume of the "Archives of French Art," published at Paris in 1852, there is a curious fragment, which we extract, relative to this painter. The precise period to which it refers has been ascertained by M. Mantz.

"During the queen's journey, a great many accidents took place, particularly between Provins and Montereau, where the second of the ladies' carriages stuck fast in the mud to such a degree that it could not be extricated.

"Six of the court ladies were therefore obliged to get into a cart filled with straw, though they were in full costume, and had their hair dressed; the six ladies must be represented as grotesquely as possible, in the style in which calves are carried to market, and the attendants must be made as ragged as possible.

"There must be another lady upon a cart-horse, harnessed in the usual way, but very lean and tired; and another across another cart-horse, like a sack, her hoop raised so high above the panniers that you may see her garters; all accompanied by some cavaliers who have been upset in the mud, and tater-damions holding lighted wisps of straw as torches.

"The carriage must be seen in the distance, stuck in the mud; and the whole scene must have as much grotesqueness and absurdity as the painter can put into it."

In the margin the following appears, in the handwriting of the eighteenth century:—"Copied from the original sent by the Duke d'Antin to the Sieur Lancret, who has executed the drawing." From this, however, M. Mantz has managed to extract conclusions, of the accuracy of which there can hardly be any doubt. The fragment relates to the journey made by Maria Leczinaska, in 1725, for the purpose of joining her future husband, Louis XV., at the Tuileries. The Duke d'Antin was then Superintendent of Buildings, and it would have fallen within the sphere of his duty to order Lancret to execute a painting for the amusement of the young king and the court ladies. The heroines of the episode were the *élite* of the nobility—Tallard, Bethune, D'Epéron, De Prie, De Matignon, De Nesle—and to have seen them all in this plight, marchionesses, duchesses, and all, stuck in the mud, their hair dishevelled, their hoops raised, and their legs displayed, assisted by boors and lighted with straw, must have given a very lively turn to the wedding gossip, and furnished subject matter for merriment even to the ladies themselves, who, having started from Chantilly in the royal carriages, little expected to come back in carts, "in the way in which calves are carried to market."

It is Lancret's good fortune to have been reproduced by engravers as able as himself, and who, moreover, rendered immortal the splendid works of his master. Jacques Philippe Lebas, Cochin, De Larmessin, Consinet, George F. Schmidt, of Berlin, have engraved Lancret's finest works, and we might almost say that he loses nothing by the transition. The principal engravings after him are:—

"The Agreeable Conversation," by Jacques Philippe Lebas. This was the name given to Lancret's reception piece at the Academy. It was previously known as "Country Amusements."

"The Italian Repast," by the same.

"The Game at Blind Man's Buff," by G. N. Cochin.

"Mendicant Sales and Camargo, executing part in a

Garden, surrounded by Musicians," by De Larmessin. This is one of the painter's best works, and is a real picture, though he only intended to make a portrait of it.

"One should never consider," by the same engraver.

"The Gascon Punished," "The Maid-servant Justified,"

"The Five Senses," by the same.

"The Amorous Turk," by G. F. Schmidt, of Berlin.

"The Beautiful Greek," by the same.

"The Mill of Quinquengrogne," by Elizabeth Crasinet.

"The Ages and the Elements," by Desplaces, Tardieu senior, Benoit Audran, jun.

Lancret's drawings are very like those of Watteau, but they display greater finish; and for that very reason, perhaps, have less freedom and warmth. "His figures," says Argenville, "are not wanting in length; and in this he has surpassed Watteau." He shows, however, correctness, lightness of touch, and gracefulness. His love for his art caused him to enter into the minutest details. The style of his paintings may serve to indicate that of his drawings.

The works of Lancret, in forty-six pieces—a far greater number is counted at the present day—were sold for only about £2 10s. at the Lorangère sale, under the direction of Gersaint, in 1744, a year after the painter's death. At the present day, these same engravings would bring four or five times that sum.

At that same sale, two of Lancret's paintings, one representing thieves plundering a traveller, only reached about £3 6s.; but it is right to add, that "The Chateau of Teniers," one of Teniers' works, sold, on the same occasion, for only about £8 16s.

At the Lalive de Jully sale, in 1770, a "A Pic-nic," engraved by Moitte, reached little more than £8.

Like those of Watteau, which at the same time were hardly any dearer, Lancret's paintings were for a long time sold as screens for fire-places.

In 1845, at the Vasserot sale, "The Pleasures of Angling" sold for £52, and "The Archers" for £18.

In the same year, at the Cypierre sale, three of Lancret's paintings were sold:—1. "A Fancy Ball in the Rotunda at Trianon," £120; 2. "A Ball in the Garden at Trianon," £146; 3. "A Young Shepherdess," life size, in a landscape, £20.

PRACTICAL AND ORNAMENTAL ART.

ONE prominent effect of the Great Exhibition was that of showing more clearly than before, that in the arts of ornamentation and design England was far behind her continental neighbours, and that she might learn much even from the study of ornamental works produced by the rice-fed and half-naked Indian artisan. Englishmen saw—not without regret—that though pre-eminent as manufacturers, and famous all over the world for cheapness and good workmanship, they were no match for other countries in point of elegance and taste; and that, unless some great effort was made with a view to improvement in these respects, they would, at no distant period, be in danger of losing their proud position as manufacturers for the rest of mankind. Thinking men perceived this, journalists were not slow to make the fact patent in print, capitalists and employers of labour saw it, government also observed it, and took the only course left open to them, which was to raise up and educate, in the true principles of decorative art, an army of young men and women, so that, in a few years, England might regain the ground it had lost, and once more go into the markets of the world with not only the cheapest but the best of goods.

It was thus that the Museum of Practical and Ornamental Art came to be formed. A parliamentary grant of £5,000 was placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade for the purchase of articles from the Great Exhibition; a committee of taste, consisting of Mr. Pugin, the architect (since deceased), Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Rodgrave, R.A., and Mr. Cole, C.B., was formed, with power to select and purchase from the Exhibition

such articles as they considered necessary to form the nucleus of an Art Museum; and Marlborough House, which had been vacant since the death of the Queen Dowager, was appropriated to the reception of the objects purchased. On Monday, the 6th day of September, 1852, the museum, rendered as perfect as possible by the gift or loan of many valuable articles illustrative of the decorative arts, in addition to the £5,000 worth of purchases, was opened to the public. On Mondays and Tuesdays, and during Easter and Christmas weeks, the public are admitted free; on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, persons not students are admitted on payment of sixpence each, with liberty to copy any article on payment of an additional sixpence; and manufacturers may, by payment of a guinea annually, obtain a transferable ticket for any of their several firms or any person employed by them. Besides all this, classes for art education were speedily brought into active operation, and schools of design were formed all over the kingdom.

The objects which the promoters of this department of art have in view are threefold:—First, to bring together such specimens as will best serve to illustrate the history of various manufactures; secondly, to show, by examples selected from numerous sources and belonging to separate periods and countries, an approximation to the true principles of art in decoration, form, and colour; and thirdly, to teach in classes, by means of lectures and the employment of efficient masters, the following arts:—1, woven fabrics of all kinds, including embroidery, lace, and paper-staining; 2, the principles and practice of ornamental art applied to furniture, metals, jewellery, and enamels; 3, pottery and its kindred manufactures; 4, painting on porcelain; 5, instruction in the art of engraving on wood; 6, chromo-lithography; 7, the study of artistic anatomy, including drawing, painting, and modelling the human figure, with practical demonstrations; 8, architectural details and practical construction; and 9, practice in the various processes of casting and moulding. All these classes are open to both male and female students, except those for teaching wood engraving and chromo-lithography, which are at present confined to females. In a word, the instruction afforded at Marlborough House consists, briefly, of—the study and examination of the finest specimens of ornamental art; attendance at lectures, &c., on the principles and practice of art; and the study and practice of those special processes of manufacture which govern the character of design and lead to its production. This very comprehensive course is conducted by the most efficient teachers, assisted by a museum and library expressly formed for such students, who are permitted to study any one or more of the arts on payment of a very moderate scale of fees. In each of the classes, it is the aim of the teacher to render the most efficient service to the pupil, so as to fit him to go at once into the world, properly qualified for whatever branch of manufacture or art he may select.

To show, for instance, the methods pursued in these classes, we may extract so much of the prospectus issued by the council as relates to pictorial anatomy (No. 7), which is under the superintendence of J. Walsh, Esq.:—"The study of artistic anatomy, with practical demonstrations in drawing, painting, and modelling, are conducted in the following groups:—

"1. Drawing in chalk or charcoal, with a view to the correct study of structure through light and shadow. The study of the antique and of nature will, therefore, be prosecuted step by step, in careful comparison with the bony and muscular framework, from casts, prints, &c.

"2. Modelling in clay and in wax. In this class the principles of relief are taught, and the study from the round, whether of original figures, or from fine examples, is carried on with constant reference to the text of anatomy. In both the above classes, the method of analysis is adopted, so that, according to the occasion, the drawing or model, or selected portions of it, are anatomically rendered.

"3. The Painting class comprehends the various methods of painting in water colour, tempera, oil, or fresco; commencing with

monochrome painting from plaster casts, and advancing to the study of coloured examples, with occasional reference to the living model."

The Art Museum at Marlborough House, which is thus thrown open for the instruction of the studious of both sexes and the public, is considered as yet far from perfect; but even now it contains a larger number of objects having a directly educational tendency than any collection hitherto brought together.

"The great sources of error," says Mr. Redgrave, in his essay on design, affixed to the Reports of the Jurors of the Exhibition of 1851, "in designing for garment fabrics are over ornamentation. The designs are too large for the fabric, or the colours are too violent, or the taste in the choice of both is questionable. . . . The 'up-and-down' patterns best suit the motion of the wearers, while the horizontal direction of pronounced forms quarrels with all the motions of the human figure, as well as with the long folds in the skirts of the garment. For this reason, large and pronounced checks, however fashionable, are often in very bad taste, and interfere with the graceful arrangement of any material as drapery." So, likewise, those cross-barred cloths so much worn by gentlemen are ungraceful and outré, because their horizontal lines interfere with the motions and form of the wearer. "If we look at the details of Indian patterns we shall be surprised at their extreme simplicity, and be led to wonder at their rich and satisfactory effect. It will soon be evident, however, that their beauty results from adherence to the true principles of decoration. The parts themselves are often poor, ill-drawn, and common-place; yet, from the knowledge of the design, due attention to the just ornamentation of the fabric, and the refined delicacy evident in the selection of the quantity and the choice of tints, both for the ground and the ornamental forms, the fabrics, individually and as a whole, are lessons to our designers and manufacturers, given by those from whom we least expected it."

Of the £5,000 placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade, £2,075 was expended on articles exhibited on the foreign side of the building; £893 on articles from the British side; and £1,501 on objects from the Indian collection. The apportionment of the sum may be thus epitomised:—Mixed fabrics, £1,080; metal works, £1,426; enamels, £844; porcelain, £348; and wood carvings, furniture, &c., £771; leaving a small portion of the parliamentary grant in hand for expenses. In the museum all these articles are catalogued and arranged for exhibition and study. Here are works in the precious and other metals—in pottery, glass, wood, and woven fabrics "chosen for qualities which illustrate true principles of design or display high excellence in workmanship." These are arranged in the several rooms and passages in such a manner as to best display their several excellences. Thus, on the staircase are carpets from India, tapestry from Hampton Court (lent by her Majesty), copies of Raphael's arabesques from the Vatican, and wall tiles from the manufactory of Messrs. Minton, of Stoke-upon-Trent; and in the gallery are casts of celebrated antique sculpture and ancient ornament, together (in the hall) with a collection of examples illustrating the stages of studies pursued in the schools of design in London and the provinces.

In addition to the statues, statuettes, friezes, basso-relievs, busts, &c., &c., in various parts of the building, there are arranged in the council room, for the use of the students, a large and valuable collection of prints and drawings, illustrative of the styles of the old and modern masters, the architecture of the most famous buildings of ancient times, and illustrations of the various uses of colours in decoration. A library of works on art is also rapidly approaching a degree of excellence worthy the institution; and in specimens of lace-work, embroidery, patterns for garments, and kindred articles of manufacture, the collection may already be said to be unrivalled.

In our small space, it is impossible to do more than indicate the principal sources of attraction in this noble museum, and our hope is, that it may become the first school of ornamental

art in the world. Suffice it to say, that both the materials collected, and the manner in which they are arranged, are

institution. Every enlightened lover of his country must feel an interest in whatever tends to the advancement of its manu-



"LA CONVERSATION GALANTE." FROM A PAINTING BY LANCELOTI.

admirably adapted to promote the excellent objects contemplated in the formation and support of this valuable

institutions, which are the chief sources of its prosperity in the present day.

JEAN BAPTISTE MONNOYER.

There are two kinds of flower-painters. Some paint them for the love of the flowers themselves, others for love of the painting. The former see nothing in a bouquet, except a happy mixture of striking hues, which surprise and delight the eye. If the rose sheds its sweet colours on their canvas, if the carnation opens out its dazzling mosaic, if the drooping peony displays its large carmine petals, or the tulip exhibits its

whiteness of porcelain, and descending in the scabious to dark violet. Each flower is thus a sharp note, soft or deep, in this music of hues, and if the painter succeeds in pleasing the spectator he is content.

In the latter, on the other hand, the artist is lost sight of in the botanist. The individuality of each species strikes them and absorbs their attention. They must learn to smooth



HYACINTH, NARCISSUS, CLEMATIS, ANEMONE, TUBEROSE, PRIMROSE, TULIP, AND HONEYSUCKLE. FROM A PAINTING BY MONNOYER.

golden rays, it is not so much for the purpose of delighting the botanist, or calling to his recollection all the beauties that crowd the genus or species to which they belong, but to give the artist an opportunity of entering into competition with nature for the production of striking effects. The flowers serve as a sort of excuse or pretext for the execution of a painting containing a glittering gamut of chosen colours rising in the hyacinth to the hue of ivory, or in the lily to the

the rose-leaves, to draw the flower delicately, to touch the stamens lightly. They want to reproduce accurately the beautiful hair that hangs round the corolla of the anemone, or the down that softens the vermillion of the peach; they wish to trace with the pencil the anatomy of their graceful models, to sketch the minutest petal that droops or falls, to take away none of the elegance of the attitude, to mark upon each the exact locality of the tone; and thus, being so

intent upon the parts, they lose sight of the whole. In their passionate worship of each flower, they can sacrifice nothing, or at least nothing save what the modesty of some flowers renders necessary.

Monnoyer may be classed among the first of these. He belonged to the age of Louis XIV., and possessed rather the instinct of decoration than the sentiment of nature. The French school of painting was at that time a good deal under the influence of the new school of philosophy. It wanted love for reality. With it a landscape was but a garden for heroes to amuse themselves in; all nature wore the hue of history; flowers were not looked upon as a branch of art in themselves, and were never seen except in books, and such beautiful collections of plants as those painted on vellum by order of Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. Those quaint and painstaking artists, who embellished the manuscripts of the middle ages with their brilliant illuminations, had entirely disappeared. It was the last of them who, at the commencement of the revival, so beautifully illustrated the primer of Anne of Bretagne. It was reserved for the eighteenth century, led back to nature by Jean Jacques Rousseau, to restore the painting of realities, to do for flowers what Chardin was doing for the spinning-wheel—that is, to load them with as much poetry as he had thrown around the household utensils of a decent and well-ordered dwelling. In the reign of Louis XIV. flowers were painted in France as part of a system of decoration, as ornaments for the sake of their rich colouring; but not as objects worthy of an artist's love and admiration. No one ever thought of prizing them as the Dutch protestants prized tulips. It is in protestant countries, above all, where the love of the people for quiet pleasures is developed by a calm, contemplative, and serious life, that the passion for flowers is found in its full vigour—in Holland, in parts of Germany, and in England. In these countries every villa, every cottage even, is surrounded with them as far as the owners' means will permit. Antiquity is dead beyond restoration. The swans have abandoned the Eurotas, and now build their nests on the banks of the Thames; Arcadia is no longer in the Peloponnesus, but in Holland and Germany.

Monnoyer was born at Lille, the capital of French Flanders, and studied in Paris. Who his master was is not known, and in fact but very little information of any kind has come down to us regarding his early life. At the age of thirty, in 1665, he presented himself for admission to the Academy and was elected. He painted, for his reception, a flower and fruit-piece, which met with immense praise. The branch he followed, however, was not recognised by the Academy, and he, consequently, did not obtain a professorship, but he was elevated to the council in 1679. He obtained a high reputation very rapidly, all the more so because he was at that time the only flower painter in France. His free manner recommended him to the designers of the decorations of the royal palaces which Louis XIV. had ordered, and his bouquets were consequently soon seen upon the panels of Trianon and Marly. He seized upon everything with delight that could extend his sphere, and serve as an accompaniment to his bunches of carnation and jasmine, his orris branches, and the stems of his poppies, or roses, or campanulas. The richness and pomp which Lebrun put in his historical paintings, and Rigaud in his portraits, he put into his flowers. Splendid carpets, thick and fringed with gold, were introduced to set off the main subject of the piece, which stood majestically upon tables of porphyry or marble. Large and beautiful vases, embossed with masks of silver and small figures, rested on rugs, lest they should, even to the eye, grate upon the polished surface of the stone. Stems of all shapes and sizes hung over in apparent confusion, but were mingled with such art, that instead of bewildering the sight, they delighted it. Sometimes japan porcelain was placed upon a piedouche of copper inlaid with gold; and then the delicacy and splendour of the colouring rivalled that of the flowers themselves, which appeared to be repeated on the enamel of the vase. At others the painter introduced an embossed cuirass, or helmet, to

counterbalance by its brightness the principal lights of the picture; but these rude images, though they contribute something towards the optical effect, break in upon the harmony of the impression. The eye cannot habituate itself to these combinations; on the contrary they offend it. The softness of a jonquil, or the austere melancholy of the tuberosa, cannot consort with the iron of armour.

Monnoyer's reputation spread daily. The admiration of him begetting familiarity, the connoisseurs began to call him Baptiste simply; and under this appellation his fame passed the sea, and reached the ears of the Duke of Montagu, a passionate lover of art, who, in his pursuit of it, entirely overlooked national distinction. English, French, or Dutch mattered not; if a man could paint well, he found in him a munificent patron and a firm friend. Nor did he confine his attention to one branch of art. He was equally fond of the historical, the marine, landscape, dead nature, animals, and flowers. At this time, he was engaged in the construction of a magnificent mansion in London, which he intended to decorate with paintings, and for this purpose invited a great number of artists from all parts of Europe, but particularly from France, in which country he had resided for a length of time. The painters he chose in it were all academicians, or men of the highest standing in their respective departments—La Fosse, famous for his historical compositions; Rousseau, for his perspective; and Monnoyer, for flowers and decoration generally. The three arrived in London in 1690, and each of them executed the part assigned to him with admirable skill. Rousseau opened up imposing perspectives upon the walls, repeated the balustrades of the staircase, or continued the rows of pillars, thus creating an illusive grandeur and extent. La Fosse painted on the ceiling the Apotheosis of Isis, and the Assembly of the Gods; and Monnoyer scattered here and there his flowers, his gorgeous draperies, his vases of silver, or japan porcelain, full of orris, or poppies, or gilliflowers. Sometimes he introduced amongst these inanimate objects a bird of some southern clime, with luxuriant plumage; but it only appeared for the purpose of lending to the composition the glowing hues which flashed from its feathers—the bright scarlet, the lively emerald, or the deep azure. These colours are employed now to lend warmth to the painting, when the tints of the other objects have thrown an air of coldness round it; such as those of the lilac, or the white daisy; and again, to subdue the brilliancy of the peony.

When D'Argenville states, however, in speaking of Baptiste's flowers, that "these beautiful flowers wanted nothing except the odour which they seemed to exhale;" he gives the reins wholly to his fancy, and disregards facts. And Levesque, in his notices in the "Encyclopedia," grossly exaggerates when he says, speaking also of Baptiste, "He gave flowers the charm and freshness, and beautiful tints of nature; his pencil moistened them with morning dew." The fact is, that if Baptiste be compared to his rivals, he will be found on these points by no means their superior, but the reverse. He is full of truth, without doubt, but it is a bare, naked truth, which wants a veil to make it agreeable. Paradoxical as it may seem, a large amount of falsehood is necessary to reach that truth which captivates us, to call up that appearance of reality, the charm which is given to flowers by the surrounding atmosphere, by the caresses of the dew, and the kisses of the sun. We speak here not only of the large flowers painted upon the panels of apartments in the decorative style, such as we see at the Louvre and at Trianon, but those splendid bouquets in which he strove to give the roses all their honour, and the anemones all their glory, which he executed only at rare intervals, when he wished to captivate the gaze of some captious botanist. One of these, which is in his happiest style, may be seen in the collection of Messrs. Claude of Paris. It is not merely to the effect of the picture that the artist has looked; we might almost say, without being guilty of a pun, that each of these bouquets is the flower of the painting. The touch is skilful and varied, and it contributes, as well as the management of the chiaro-scuro, to the general truthfulness of the whole. We do not speak of that truth which shows

itself in minor details, and is the result of minute observation of nature, but of that which appears in the general harmony and beauty of tone, as much as in the manner in which the pencil shows by its handling the character of the flower. The glossy surface of the lily is rendered by an oily impasting apparently without thickness, and skilfully laid on. The delicate stems are treated with charming lightness, as the myosotis of the marsh, and the full-blown periwinkle. The double anemone, as also the live petals of the white hyacinth, are emphasised with a firm touch, thick and amplified. The brush, on the contrary, becomes softer in the light tints of the blue hyacinths, which serve as a transition to a united background of a neutral tint. The practice here is excellent, and may be cited as a model. His colours are laid on at the first effort, and with so much confidence, that the painter must have known by heart the form and outline of his copy.

Monnoyer has made one singular mistake, and one which has since been extensively copied—the mingling of spring flowers with autumn fruits. No better proof than this can be afforded of the assertion we made at the commencement of this article, that flower painting with him was simply a means of decoration. The eye is offended by seeing snowdrops, which appear in April, side by side with bunches of grapes, nuts, and apples. But it must be confessed that the fruit is treated with a master hand—not certainly with the delicate taste and with the light glazing of the Dutch, but with full paste, like the Italians, who knew no other way of painting fruits than in the style of Michael Angelo's battles.

Baptiste was so well treated by Lord Montagu, that he took up his abode in London for the remainder of his life. Kneller was then in his glory, and it was his custom to paint only the head himself, and leave the figure and drapery to inferior artists, so that he might accomplish a greater amount of work. The same motive induced him to seek the aid of Monnoyer, so that the portraits of persons of quality now began to appear with bouquets in their hands, or wandering in a garden, plucking roses or watering geraniums, &c.; and it is needless to add that these graceful adjuncts doubled the price of the picture.

Monnoyer was a clever and dexterous engraver, and his works in this department will probably live fully as long as his paintings, which, as we have said, have now lost much of the brilliancy and finish that were at first their greatest charm. In some of the chronicles of French art, we find descriptions of thirty-four of his etchings, divided into several series of small and large baskets of flowers, crowns, garlands, and opaque and transparent vases. It is from these that the designers of commerce, the artists who scatter flowers upon stuffs that veil the figures of the fair sex, the damask coverings of their furniture, the silk of their dresses, and the chintz of their curtains, derive their inspiration. It is at Lyons, above all, the great seat of the silk manufacture, that Baptiste is most worshipped. There he is the master *par excellence*. The thousand combinations of colour and form that may be created in a single bouquet, are a rich mine for the designers of the manufacturers. As to the painter himself, his works are easily recognised, with some few exceptions, by the splendour of effect and bold manner of their treatment. When you take a run over to Paris—and who now-a-days does not?—and are devoting your mornings to the study of the fine arts, if you enter any of those good old hotels of the departed nobility, built in the Mansard style, and belonging to the age of Louis XIV., which crowd the Faubourg St. Germain, but are abundant above all at Versailles,—if you see a large bouquet fitted in the wainscoting, relieved with gold; and if it stands in a vase adorned with lions, with satyrs, loves, bacchantes, and is composed of the largest and most gorgeous flowers, poppies, peonies and turnsoles, and is set off by splendid carpets, silken tassels; and if peacocks and golden pheasants perch upon the edge, so that the whole is brilliant, striking, and luxuriant in the highest degree; you must not say, "that is by Van Huysum, or Mignon, or Daniel Seghers;" but "that is by Monnoyer."

Monnoyer has left behind him a great number of pictures, and they are to be met with everywhere—among the dealers and amateurs, in the public galleries, and many in private collections in England, where he lived so long and so happily. He executed sixty for the chateaux of Trianon, Marly, and Meudon. As they were mostly intended to decorate the upper part of doors, or fill very large spaces, they are usually rough sketches; but the execution is broad, the arrangement good, and the touch skilful and masculine. Some of them are, however, so delicate and finely drawn, that they equal any of the works of the Dutch painters in this department.

The Louvre is very rich in Monnoyer's works. It is to be regretted, however, that their restoration was not confided to abler hands; the back-grounds, which have been almost entirely re-executed, are heavy, black, and without transparency, and the flowers, however beautiful they may be, exhibit the effects of this ugly bordering. We have already alluded to his engravings. Under the name "Little Bouquets," he has engraved a series of four pieces; under that of "Transparent Vases," nine; under that of "Middle-sized Baskets," four; "Large Baskets" in height, three; "Large Baskets" in breadth, four. Lastly, under the name of "The Coronets," two. To none of these engravings is there either cipher or monogram. Underneath is written, *J. Baptiste, sculpt. et ex. cum privileg. regis*. Some amateurs also attribute to him a book of every sort of flowers from nature, composed of twelve sketches, folio size in length, and bearing a cipher at the left hand side at the bottom. But this series was engraved by Vanquer, his pupil.

In the engravings of this painter may be found the following flowers:—Roses, stems of the tuberoses, poppies, anemones, lilies, carnations, periwinkles, orris, orange blossoms, hyacinths, tulips, auriculas, jasmynes, columbines, pomegranates, snowdrops, ranunculi, peonies, and campanulas.

At the Lalive de July sale, in 1770, two were sold for £10; at the Prince of Conty's sale, in 1777, two pendants, representing very beautiful flowers in vases, brought by auction £14; two others only reached £5; two others, representing peaches and grapes, £1 16s.; and, lastly, a splendid garland of flowers, in the midst of which Stella had painted the Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, reached £18 10s.

These particulars, in the absence of a detailed description of the paintings—no very easy matter when flowers are the subject—may serve to show, if not demonstrably prove, that the works of Monnoyer, though good enough to be found in the best collections, yet have never risen to an exorbitant price;—£6, £8, or £12 will purchase one of his paintings, of greater or less dimensions and greater or less finish. If we compare the splendid paintings of Baptiste with those of Mignon, of Rachel Ruysch, of Sighers, of Van Huysum, we are surprised to find so great a difference in the price, considering there is so little between the talents of the artists. The real explanation lies in the low estimate formed by the French of the capabilities of their own artists—an absurdity common to all European nations except, we believe, the Italians. Baptiste never affixed any signature to his paintings. His etchings only bear his Christian name, *J. Baptiste*.

One of this artist's celebrated works is a looking-glass in Kensington Palace, decorated by him with a garland of flowers for Queen Mary II., who sat by him, it is said, the whole time he was doing it. He also painted six pictures of East Indian birds from nature, in water colours, on vellum, for the Duke of Ormond. They are elaborate productions, displaying exquisite skill and delicacy of touch.

Baptiste had two sons and one daughter. The latter was married to Blain de Fontenoy, the disciple and imitator of his father-in-law. Of the sons, one, Antoine, inherited his father's talent, and was elected a member of the Academy in 1704. The other travelled in Italy, where he became a Dominican monk, and adorned the walls of his monastery with tolerably good pictures, representing scenes in the life of St. Dominic. This is all we know of Baptiste or his family. He died in London in 1699.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.

JOSEPH WRIGHT was called "Wright of Derby," to distinguish him from Richard Wright, of Liverpool, another artist, who acquired some celebrity in his day. He was the son of an attorney, and was born in September, 1734. He was sent to London, at the age of seventeen, to study under a painter named Hudson, as his father was led to believe, from his great love of mechanics and great power of observation, that he would eventually succeed as an artist. Hudson was at that time the chief portrait painter of the metropolis. He had formidable competitors in Vanloo and Liotard; but his thoroughly English style, and the air of bluff *bonhomie* that he was able to throw into his faces, made him a great favourite with the country gentlemen of the old school. He flourished

made the best possible use of his time, and became an enthusiastic admirer of the old masters, particularly of Michael Angelo, on whom he always lavished the highest expressions of admiration. His modesty, on his return to England, made him retire to Bath and Derby, his native town, instead of seeking the wider field for his talents which would have been afforded by residence in the metropolis; for such was his skill in portrait painting, that there can be no doubt he would have soon stood at the top of the ladder had he pursued it as his vocation. Rome had given him a higher idea of the artist's vocation, and he speedily abandoned portraits for history and landscape. He had the good fortune, during his stay in Italy, to witness an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; and the curious



LESSON IN ASTRONOMY. FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

in great splendour till Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of his own pupils, made his appearance on the scene; and then he had the good sense to perceive that his occupation was gone; so he retired to his villa at Twickenham, and died rich and happy.

He would, in all probability, be never heard of now, if it were not that it was his good fortune to turn out a greater number of pupils who afterwards rose to distinction than any other man whose own abilities were so poor. One of those was Wright, whose custom it was to bemoan his misfortune in having so stupid a master; but it would seem without just cause; for some of his earliest pieces bear evidence of careful instruction. He paid a visit to Rome in 1773, and during his stay of two years journeyed over most parts of Italy. He

phenomena of light and shade caused by the conflagration inspired him with an extraordinary desire to paint subjects in which these could be displayed to the greatest advantage. In firelight scenes, therefore, he was extraordinarily successful. Nor did he display less ability in historical subjects: "The Dead Soldier," "The Destruction of the Floating Batteries at Gibraltar," "Edwin at the Tomb of his Ancestor," "Belshazzar's Feast," "Hero and Leander," "The Lady in Comus," and "The Storm Scene in Milton's Comus," all display the highest ability.

Wright was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, but was so disgusted by Garvey's reception as a member before him that he resigned. He continued, however, to send pictures to the exhibition, occasionally afterwards.

THE CRETAN BULL.

ANCIENT mythology has furnished a rich store of materials to our artists. It would be hard to find a fable or adventure recorded in the Greek or Roman classics which has not been illustrated or adorned by painter or poet. It was, in fact, only at a very late period that modern fiction or history was thought worthy of an artist's notice. They have recently, however, received a due share of attention from painters, but it is rarely that sculptors think anything belonging to their own time a proper subject for their genius to exercise itself upon, unless when they receive an order from an enthusiastic corporation, or a knot of "admirers" for the statue of some lamented great man, or it may be a very little man indeed. There have of course been some exceptions to this rule, as for instance, the "Oliver Twist," which was exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851; but they are few in number. Many that seem exceptions are not so in reality. The "Greek Slave" has nothing peculiarly modern about it.

One of the most remarkable of the personages who figure in the legends of Grecian mythology is Hercules, the personification of irresistible strength. According to one of these legends, Hercules was the son of Jupiter; and when the day of his birth arrived, Jupiter imprudently boasted, in the hearing of his jealous wife Juno, that on that day a son of his was about to be born to whom all others should be subject. Juno at once called upon him to confirm this declaration with an oath; and as soon as he had done so, she prematurely hastened the birth of Eurystheus, another of Jupiter's offspring. The consequence was, that Eurystheus was invested with dominion over Hercules, which he exercised in a very tyrannical way, by imposing upon him a series of most difficult and dangerous tasks, usually styled the twelve labours of Hercules. It is one of these labours—the capture of the Cretan bull—that is represented in our engraving, which is taken from a zinc cast from Berlin, now in the Dublin



THE CRETAN BULL. FROM A ZINC CAST AT BERLIN.

But for the chain it might be a Venus or Diana, or any one of a thousand nymphs. The same may be said of most others.

This is not a thing to be wondered at; nor should sculptors on this account come in for any share of patriotic indignation. The fact is, up to the present time modern civilisation has progressed in a great measure independently of the beautiful. It has been intensely rude in regard to externals, intensely fond of the practical and useful. That of ancient Greece was precisely the reverse. The prime and chief element in it was the beautiful. The keen perception of it was the leading characteristic of the Greek mind. It, therefore, showed itself at the very earliest periods in their poetry and mythology. They had hardly a single superstition which was not artistic; hardly one which was not graceful in whatever way expressed, on canvas, in stone, or in poetry. That modern art should look back to it as the Golden Age, and even seek a return to it, need, therefore, cause us no surprise.

Exhibition. This bull was said by some to have been that which carried Europa across the sea; but according to others, it was sent out of the sea by Poseidon, that Minos, the king of Crete, might sacrifice it to him. The monarch, however, was so charmed with its beauty, that he kept it, and sacrificed another in its stead. This so enraged the god, that he made it mad; and it committed terrible havoc in the island, till Hercules was sent by Eurystheus to capture it. This he did—took it by the horns, and carried it home on his shoulders; but then set it free again. We afterwards meet with the animal in the stories of the exploits of Theseus.

The work is at present attracting great attention in the Exhibition. The idea of "irresistible might," of which Hercules was the personification in ancient legend, is admirably displayed in the muscular development of the hero; but it seems to us, that the bull scarcely throws as much force and energy into his struggles for escape, as an animal of his size ought, in such a predicament, to display.

BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.

LONDON is not so destitute in point of art-exhibitions as might at first sight appear. For, to say nothing of the National Gallery, and the fine Dutch and Flemish pictures at Dulwich, open to all comers, there are plenty of art-treasures to be seen in London. In fact, the very best pictures in England—the most genuine and undoubted “old masters,” and the most famous specimens of the modern English and French schools—are in the galleries and houses of private collectors and purchasers. Just to mention a few of these:—there is first, her Majesty's private gallery at Buckingham-palace—a noble collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, formed at a great expense by George IV., with some good portraits of Sir Peter Lely and Reynolds, Wilkie's celebrated “Penny Wedding” and “Blind Man's Buff;” and Sir William Allan's “Orphan,” representing Annie Scott standing near the vacant chair of her father, Sir Walter. Admission to view these may be obtained from the Lord Chamberlain, during the absence of the court, by written application, enclosing a stamped envelope for an answer. Then there is the Grosvenor collection, at Grosvenor-house, formed by Richard, first earl of Grosvenor; the Vandyckes at the Earl de Grey's in St. James's-square; the collection of the poet Rogers, at 22, St. James's-place; the Hogarths and the Canaletti at the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields; the three fine Reynolds' at the Thatched-house Tavern, St. James's-street; the Duke of Sutherland's Murillos; the Holbein at Barber-Surgeons'-hall; Mr. Neeld's collection, at 6, Grosvenor-square; Sir Robert Peel's Dutch pictures, at Whitehall; the fine collections at Northumberland-house and Apsley-house; Lady Garvagh's Raphael, at 26, Portman-square; Lord Ward's collection; the portraits, &c., at the Herald's-college, Doctor's-commons; the splendid gallery of pictures collected by Henry Hope, Esq., at the corner of Dover-street, Piccadilly; Baron Rothschild's collection; Mr. Holford's gallery; Lord Ward's pictures; the English collection of Mr. Sheepshanks; and Lord Normanton's private gallery; to say nothing of the Vandycke pictures at Windsor, and the Raphael “Cartoons” at Hampton-court. All these, with the exception of the two last, which are open to the public, may be seen by written application to their several owners.

But what we wish now to bring before our readers is—the superb collection of pictures, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, known as the Bridgewater Gallery. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission to the gallery—every Wednesday during the earl's stay in town, which may generally be considered to last through the London season, or the session of parliament rather, being set apart for the reception of visitors. The house, which stands in Cleveland-square, with a front towards St. James's-park, was built by Francis, the present earl of Ellesmere, from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., the architect of the new palace at Westminster. Though commenced in 1847, it is even now unfinished, as far as the interior is concerned. It stands on the site of what was formerly called Berkshire-house, the town-house of the Howards, earls of Berkshire. It was purchased by Charles II., and presented by him to the beautiful Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and Cleveland, whose portrait by Sir Peter Lely is in Hampton-court Palace, with the rest of the court beauties. It then changed its name to Cleveland-house; the Earl of Castlemaine lived here in 1668, and the countess, alone, in 1669. Lord Clarendon was a resident in it for a short time after the Great Fire, after which it had several tenants. In 1691 it belonged to the Earl of Nottingham. The house was eventually bought by the great Duke of Bridgewater, the collector of the picture-gallery which bears his name, who altered and re-faced the front, and called it Bridgewater-house. The earl dying in 1803, left his pictures, then valued at £150,000, to his nephew, the first Duke of Sutherland (then Marquess of Stafford), with remainder to the marquess' second son, Francis, the present Earl of Ellesmere. The last noble possessor pulled down the old house, and erected the present structure in its place.

The Earl of Ellesmere, who appears to have inherited all his ancestor's love of art, has added numerous fine paintings to the original collection, which now consists of about 320 pictures, besides 150 original drawings by the celebrated Italian painters Ludovico, Agostino, and Annibale Caracci, who flourished in the sixteenth century; and eighty large paper drawings by Guilo Romano, which he purchased at the sale of the Lawrence collection, in 1836. Forty-seven of the finest of the pictures originally belonged to the celebrated Orleans collection. The contents of the present gallery may be thus epitomised:—Italian, Spanish, and French pictures, 127; Flemish, Dutch, and German pictures, 158; English and doubtful pictures, 35.

Mrs. Jameson, in her “Handbook to the Picture-Galleries,” remarks, that the Bridgewater Gallery is deficient in examples of early Italian pictures; but that the series, since Raffaele, is the most complete of any existing as a private collection, not even excepting the Lichtenstein Gallery at Vienna. Since that remark was made, however, the earl has purchased a “Tantalus” illustrative of the school of Bologna; a “Holy Family,” by Andrew Del Sarto, who was contemporary with the great Italian, and one or two others. There is also a fine “Head of a Girl,” by Leonardo da Vinci, who was born about the year 1450, more than thirty years before Raffaele, and died in 1519, only one year before his great contemporary.

The first object in the great Hall, on entering from the door in Cleveland-square, is, the beautiful marble group of “Ino Nursing the Infant Bacchus,” by Foley; a subject which has been extremely popular in engravings, and has been successfully reduced in Parian by John Bell. This may be really considered the most poetical, if not the finest, marble produced in the British school of sculpture. See how delicately round, and yet how full and soft, the flesh of the child is, and how the mother's fingers press into its little sides. It is really an exquisite piece of work. The marble is unpolished, and the prism-cut glass in the roof throws down a kind of glory upon the group.

The Picture-gallery is a noble apartment, lighted from the roof as a matter of course. The pictures are ranged in something like chronological order; the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish pictures in the places of honour. There are four Raffaeles. They are all of one character—“Holy Families,” the Virgin and Child, with infant St. Johns and adoring St. Josephs in all but one, in which the Virgin, a pure Italian maiden with a sunny face, is holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Then there is that celebrated picture which once belonged to the Marquis d'Aumont, and is known as “La Sainte Famille au palmier.” It is in a circle about four feet high; and the head of Joseph, which is that of a fine old man, with a good, reverent expression, is said to be a portrait of Bramante, the architect. The marquis sold it to M. Delanoul, whence it found its way into the Orleans gallery, and thence into the possession of the Duke of Bridgewater. It has been well transferred from panel to canvas, and is by many considered the gem of the collection. In another “Holy Family,” the Virgin is lifting the drapery from the sleeping figure of the infant Jesus with all a mother's care; and in another, St. John is paying him homage. In all of them there is the same exquisite expression of love and reverence. These Raffaeles are engraved in the well-known “Crozat-gallery.”

We pass on to the Claudes. Claude Lorraine was born in the year 1600, and died full of years in 1682. Another kind of enthralment comes over the gazer's mind. Deep shadowy landscape scenery, with here and there a figure; in the foreground a noble pile of buildings, with Corinthian pillars and porticoes, and, in the distance, great blue mountains, or dark, thought-provoking, deeply-flowing waters, which stretch into dim mist, and seem miles and miles away! Look at that “Demosthenes on the Sea-shore.” The orator is pacing the sand-bank near the ruins of a beautiful Grecian portico, studying, perhaps, some thrilling Philippic to hurl at the head of the arch-enemy of his country. A couple of ships lie at anchor in the still waters, and a wide expanse of blue stretches itself away and mingles in the distance with the sky. This

picture belonged, during the life of the painter, to M. de Bourlemont, and afterwards to Mr. Clarke and the Hon. Edward Bouverie; from the latter of whom it was purchased by the duke. It is engraved in the *Liber Veritatis*, No. 171, and also in the Stafford Gallery. Many engraved copies have been made of this true picture, which is fully described in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné."

There are in this collection five specimens of Rembrandt's skill,—a group representing Samuel and Eli, and four portrait studies. One, the head of a burgomaster, an old white-bearded man, seated in an arm-chair, attracts us very much. It is painted in exactly the manner which we have been taught to consider the Dutchman's best style—full of colour, deep, grave, harmonious, and without those ugly misshapen outlines so frequently seen in the pictures of this master. Rembrandt (born 1606, died 1674) appears to have paid greater attention to colour than to form; but as a portrait painter he was unrivalled in his day.

Then, these four Titians, all good, but dimmed and yellowed here and there with age, especially in the flesh-tints of his nude figures. The "Diana and her Nymphs interrupted at the Bath by the Hunter Acteon," a picture nearly eight feet square, with six female figures in various attitudes of surprise and shame, is a gem. It was formerly in the Orleans collection, and has been engraved in the works known as the *Galerie du Palais Royale* and the Stafford Gallery; as are also the "Venus rising from the Sea," a single half-length naked figure, and the "Diana and Calisto," a companion to the "Diana and Acteon," painted on a canvas of the same size. These two pictures were painted, Varsari informs us in his "Historica Pittorica," for Philip the Second of Spain. They afterwards came into the possession of our first Charles, whence they found their way into the Orleans Gallery, and from it to their place upon these walls. They are distinguished by all the peculiarities of this great master (born 1477, died 1576), who may be said to have been the founder of the Venetian School, the painters in which usually drew their figures direct from the living model, without first preparing a cartoon, or paper drawing. Thus we find, as in the Venus, both the beauties and the blemishes of the actual figures transferred to the canvas. "An Allegory of the Three Ages of Life," an undoubted original by the same master, is not so successful as those we have mentioned, three children gathered together in a group in one corner, being mere bags of flesh colour. The same subject has been several times chosen by Titian, one treatment of it being in the Borghese Palace at Rome, and another in the Manfrini Gallery at Venice. The one before us was painted for Giovanni de Castelli; and subsequently passed through the collections of the Cardinal of Augsburg, the Queen of Sweden, and the Duke of Orleans.

One picture, "The Entombment," by Sebastian del Piombo (born 1485, died 1537), is supposed to have been designed by the celebrated painter, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, from whose pencil no example is to be found in the Bridgewater Gallery. "A Female Head," by Luini, also in the style of Michael Angelo, is very fine.

There are here four specimens of Tintoretto (born 1512, died 1594), one a portrait of a Venetian councillor, "The Presentation in the Temple," a small sketch from the Orleans Gallery, and two Portraits of Gentlemen. Velasquez (born 1594, died 1660) is also represented in this gallery by three portraits; but to judge of what this noble Spaniard is really capable, the connoisseur should see his "Boar Hunt in the Prado," in the National Gallery, a work which, though injured by time and bad cleaning, has been pronounced by no less an authority than Sir Edwin Landseer, as one of the best in the collection.

Salvator Rosa (born 1615, died 1673), Guido Reni (born 1575, died 1642), and Murillo (born 1618, died 1685), are each well represented in the Bridgewater Gallery. The first by two fine landscapes, one of which, from the collection of the Duc de Praslin, was known as "Les Augures," or "The Soothsayers." It is a very fine picture of bold mountainous

scenery, the principal feature of which is a large overhanging rock at the mouth of the Tagus, and known by the sailors as the rock of Lisbon. Guido is here seen to perfection in an "Assumption," after the manner of, and almost as fine as, that famous picture of Murillo's which was purchased by Louis Napoleon, at the sale of Marshal Soult's pictures, for £22,000. This beautiful picture was purchased by the Earl of Ellesmere from Messrs. Smith of Bond-street, into whose possession it came at the dispersion of Mr. Watson Taylor's collection at Earlstoke in 1832. By the latter gentleman it was bought of M. de la Haute, who purchased it in Paris of General Sebastiani, and he obtained it from the Cathedral at Seville. Its pedigree, therefore, is perfect. The pure, beautiful, star-crowned virgin, surrounded by angels, who bear her up into heaven, was never more simply or enchantingly rendered. This picture is a perfect gem, and, in point of colour and preservation, is far before the "Venus Attired by the Graces," by the same master, in the National Gallery. It has lately been well engraved by Mr. H. Watt. The Murillo is a recent acquisition by the Earl. The subject is the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. It is a fine, spirited painting.

Domenichino, of whom there are five examples here, and Guido, were the most celebrated pupils and followers of the Carracci school of paintings. Nowhere, says Mrs. Jameson, can the Carracci style be so well studied as in the Bridgewater Gallery. And, in truth, the thirteen specimens of Ludovico and Annibale may be said to be unapproachable for beauty and perfect preservation. They are all religious subjects, altar-pieces, except the Danae of the latter painter—a fine painting, eight feet by five, from the Orleans collection.

Seven pictures called "The Sacraments," painted at Rome by Nicolo Poussin (born 1613, died 1675) for M. Ghantelow, occupy the centre of the right wall of the gallery. They are fine specimens of the Frenchman's manner, but the colours appear to have "gone in," probably from some peculiarity in their composition, so that the outlines of some of the figures can scarcely be seen through the darkness. The picture, called "Penance," represents Mary washing the feet of Jesus, and is extremely full of figures; and that, called "Ordination," shows Our Saviour giving the keys to Peter. They are very fine compositions.

Other pictures—by Correggio, Paul Veronese, Emanuel De Witt, F. Millé, Palma Vecchio, Parmigiano, Carlo Cignani, Valentin, Schiavone;—two, full of figures, representing a procession in front of St. Peter's, and the interior of a picture gallery, by Giovanni Panini (born 1691, died 1768), and a fine copy of Murillo, by Grimoux, representing the Youthful Saviour as a shepherd, with his hand on the head of a lamb—the original of which is in the National Gallery—will attract the visitors' attention.

But we must hasten into the inner rooms, which are devoted to the Flemish, Dutch, French, and English schools. Here are so many fine pictures that to notice a tithe of them would swell our sketch to too great a length.

There is, in the front gallery, a Vandervelde, which is considered by many the most famous specimen of the master. It is a grand sea view, with stormy weather, and a rolling sea. In the front is a Dutch packet with the sea breaking over her bows, and stretching back is a long perspective of water, painted with great truth and force. In the Dutch room, in so bad a light as only to be seen, and that imperfectly, from one point of view, is a companion to this Vandervelde, by our countryman Turner. They are much the same size, and the Englishman's picture is painted in the same style as the Dutchman's, and represents squally weather, rolling sea, grand distance, fishing boats in front. Comparing one with the other, it is difficult to say which is the finest picture. They are both excellent.

We must not conclude without a brief mention of Paul de la Roche's celebrated picture of Charles I. in the guard-house, which represents the soldiers insulting the unhappy king with their coarse jibes, and drinking and smoking. It is unquestionably one of the finest specimens in the gallery.

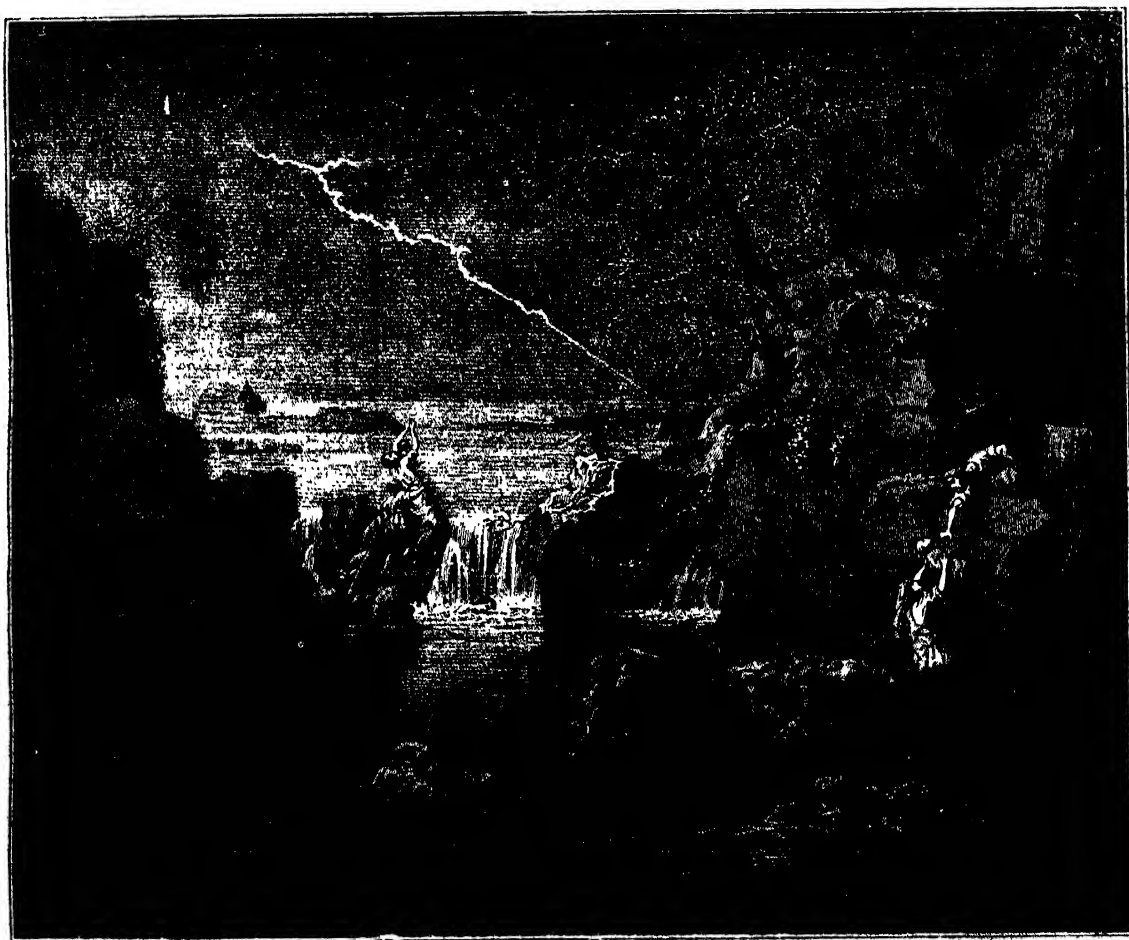
THE DELUGE," BY POUSSIN.

POUSSIN has, in this celebrated picture, rendered the threat of the Almighty, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, in the most striking form of which it is capable. The fountains of the great deep are broken up. The waters have rushed forth, have covered the plains, and are rising towards the mountain tops. The scene is half hidden by a hazy damp atmosphere, a great waste of waters has blotted out green fields and pleasant valleys, towns and cities, and all that made earth beautiful; and have surprised men eating and drinking and making merry. All that is yet living is to be found on the summits of the hills, but the mist and opaqueness of the clouds tell but too clearly that this last refuge will also soon be destroyed.

the waters are at the very moment crumbling them away beneath his feet. Death stares them in the face whichever way they look.

Poussin knows how both to sympathise and furnish food for thought. In reproducing these terrible scenes, he at once recalls their origin and surrounds them with an air of religious grandeur. In the foreground of the picture upon a bare rock, he shows us the serpent crawling from the rising waters, and thus connects the memory of Adam's fall with the calamity which is engulfing the world. He seems to struggle against impending death, and to be resolved to perish only with the last of the race which he has ruined and betrayed.

In reference to this, St. Pierre tells an interesting anecdote

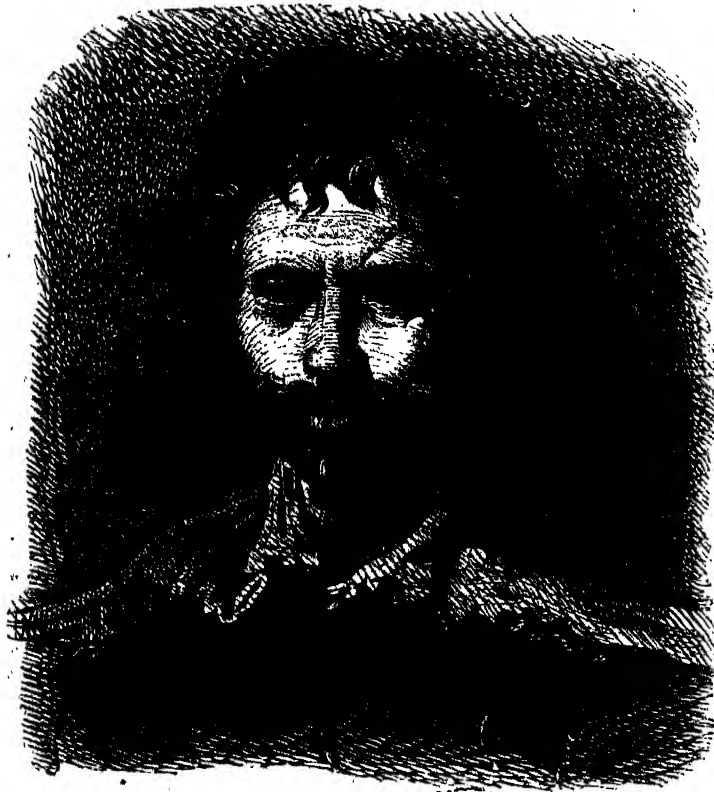


THE DELUGE. FROM A PAINTING BY POUSSIN.

In the midst of this wide-spread desolation man appears standing at bay with death. The painter has, with admirable skill, detailed the universal disaster which has befallen the species, and, still more, has represented the different stages of it without doing any violence to the general unity and harmony of the whole composition. In the prow of the boat which has been upset, an old man, standing up and in view of impending death, makes a last appeal to heaven, while his younger and more vigorous companion seems still disposed to struggle against fate. Another boat is just touching the land, impelled by a pole which a man pushes in the stern. Another on the bank is leaning over to lay hold of his child, which his wife hands up to him, in the hope that they may all find shelter from the torrents upon the rocks behind him, though

of Jean Jacques Rousseau. "One day," says he, "when we were speaking of Poussin's 'Deluge,' Rousseau sought to fix my attention upon the serpent creeping up the rock for the purpose of avoiding the water, with which the earth was everywhere covered. After having heard what he had to say, I replied, 'It seems to me that in this sublime painting there is a still more striking feature—the infant which the mother is handing to its father upon the rock; the child aids their efforts with its little legs. The spirit is struck in the midst of all the crimes and follies of earth, by the spectacle of innocence, subjected to the same law as crime, and of maternal love more powerful than the love of life.' He then said to me, 'Oh, yes—it's the child, there can be no doubt that it's the child which forms the principal object.'"

DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ.



ONE day, as Velasquez had just finished the portrait of the Grand Admiral of Castile, Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, Philip IV. entered the studio of his principal painter, and, perceiving the admiral's portrait, addressed it in the following terms: "What are you doing there? Is it thus that you execute my orders? Is it not to you that I have confided the honour of

most flattering tribute which could be paid to the genius of Velasquez, a genius of a high and haughty order, which looked upon painting only as a means of recommencing the task of creation.

Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez was, according to the testimony of the Spanish writers, born at Seville in 1599, and not in 1594, as so many of his biographers have stated. His family, which was noble, and, indeed, claimed to be descended from the ancient kings of Alba Longa, was originally Portuguese, but, being reduced by adverse circumstances, left Portugal and established itself in Spain. His father and mother were far from being rich; they were not able to give their son wealth, but they resolved that he should, at least, enjoy the advantage of a liberal education, and they accordingly placed him under the care of the most learned preceptors. During his literary studies, Velasquez evinced great talent for drawing, and his parents determined that he should follow the bent of his inclination. His first master was Francesco Herrera, commonly surnamed *The Old*, a man of horrible temper and indomitable roughness of behaviour, who had formed for himself a style of painting in harmony with his natural character. He was a contemporary of Caravaggio, and possessed that artist's sombre humour, as well as his savage boldness and spirited touch. But he treated his pupils and his family in the same fashion that he painted his pictures,—that is to say, with a sort of savage fury. The consequence was that he estranged every one from him; and Velasquez was soon obliged to quit the school of a master who was abandoned by even his own children. Velasquez's stay with Herrera the Old was, however, of use to him. He contracted a taste for a free, energetic, and spirited style of execution, which formed a favourable contrast with the timid manner of the former painters of Andalusia; and, by dint of seeing his master succeed through his audacity, he accustomed himself to a mode of painting that was full of freedom and vigour.

At this period there lived at Seville a fellow-disciple of Herrera the Old, namely, Francesco Pacheco, who was as quiet



my flag?" The fact is, that on entering the dimly-lighted room, the monarch at first supposed the portrait to be the admiral himself; perceiving his mistake, however, he turned towards Velasquez and said: "My son, you completely deceived me." * This was, without the slightest doubt, the

* "Os aseguro que me engañe." Palomino Velasco, "Las Vidas de los Pintores Espanoles," in vol. iii. of the "Museo historico y Escala optica." Madrid, 1724.

and moderate as Herrera was impetuous. On quitting the studio of Herrera for that of Pacheco, Velasquez found in his second master not only a good painter, especially in fresco, but also a clever author and a poet, whose house, says Palomino, was the golden prison of painting,—*el carcel dorado del Arte*. Around him used to be collected all the literary celebrities that inhabited Seville, or merely passed through it, and, among others, Herrera, *The Divine*, author of a treatise on painting; Francisco Quevedo de Villegas, an ingenious poet; and the immortal author of "*Don Quixote de la Mancha*," Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. How charming is the history of art! It is she who raises certain portions of the hangings which the political historian has never touched; it is she who introduces us unexpectedly through a secret door into the abodes of painters, showing us personages whom we never expected to meet, and who have come there to spend the pleasantest hours of life, namely, those that are passed among philosophers, artists, and dreamers. What a piece of good fortune for a young painter to grow up in the company of such men, and to benefit his mind with the rich treasures of their conversation! We can easily imagine that in this studio, where two ardent young students, Alonzo Cano and Velasquez, might be seen at work, the days must have glided very quickly by, and that every moment must have been well filled up, either while Pacheco was drawing the portrait of Cervantes in red and black chalks,* or the portrait was inspiring Quevedo with a number of pleasing verses, or lastly, while, the illustrious novelist was recounting the prowess of the last of the knights-errant, or opening a door to the imagination of his auditors through which they might look out upon that rugged landscape of the Sierra-Morena, which resembles no other in the world.†

Although, from the portrait, painted by himself, it might be supposed that Velasquez was a man of violent temper, he was, on the contrary, sociable and mild. Pacheco, seeing him already so skilful, and so attentive to the noble conversation of his visitors, took a particular liking to him. He showed him all the pictures which at that period were sent to Seville from Rome, Naples, Venice, and even the Low Countries, and procured for him permission to study and copy them. But none of these numerous works possessed the same charm for Velasquez as the pictures of his compatriot Luis Tristan de Toledo, whom he admired for his fine colouring and vivid conception. This was, without a doubt, because these qualities agreed best with his own peculiar ideas; for, as a general rule, what artists admire in others is a portion of themselves. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that Velasquez, thereby proving that he was a painter born, had succeeded in appreciating his two masters at their proper value, and appropriating what struck him as the best points in each of them. He detested the natural savageness of Herrera the Old, but he borrowed his vigorous and bold style; he admired Pacheco's cultivated taste, but he could not adopt that learned professor's chaste and quiet manner; so that he formed his palette from the one and his mind from the other. It was at the conclusion of this double course of education, when he was about twenty years of age, that Velasquez married his master's daughter, Dona Juanna, as Pacheco has told us in his "*Treatise on Painting*."‡

As we all know, the *ideal* was never the domain of the Spanish painters. By *ideal* we mean the grand style. The lot of this vigorous school was to express passion, to seize on reality, and represent subjects palpitating with life. In this sense Don Diego Velasquez was the most Spanish painter of all the painters of Spain. He must be followed and observed step by step, in the path conducting to that kind of perfection which he was destined to attain. His favourite master, that

ster whom he placed above Pacheco and Herrera the Old, nature. He consulted nature every moment of the day. His first sketches were taken from everyday life, and represented the personages he met in the streets and *pasadas* of his native city. They are peculiarly valuable for the true picture they afford us of the manners and characteristics of the lower classes in Spain at the period in which he lived. They also exhibit a great luxuriancy of still life. When his friends reproached him with not selecting higher subjects, Velasquez was accustomed to reply, that the foundation of his art must be strength; delicacy might follow afterwards as the superstructure. In these first productions of his pencil he coloured in the style of Caravaggio, but he altered his style after having seen some pictures by Lanfranc, Guido, and Pomerancio. His model for heads was Domenico, surnamed *el Greco*, a most strange and extravagant artist, who would have been much greater than he was, but from an absurd apprehension of being taken for a copyist of Titian, under whom he is said to have studied. But Velasquez never copied Domenico servilely, observing, that "what this master did well was the best of all things, and that what he did ill was bad in the extreme." He had taken into his service a young peasant, who never left him.* He used to study his slightest gestures, and place his body in a thousand different positions, carefully noting in his physiognomy the expressions of gaiety or sadness, of attention or indifference, of pleasure or fear, produced by the events of everyday life. There was, in a word, no nice delicacy, no difficulty of drawing, no case of foreshortening that he avoided. In this manner did he study humanity in one man, and endeavour to seize in this model, always the same and yet always changing, not only the trace of the ordinary emotions of the soul, but every advantage which painting can derive from the different attitudes of the human body. He studied upon this peasant's face the furrows caused by smiles as well as those produced by tears—furrows which, according to the remark of a certain philosopher, serve to express joy as well as grief. Nor, while Velasquez was thus indefatigable in the actual use of his pencil, did he neglect the theoretical part of his art, but read every author of credit who could form his judgment or expand his mind.

So great was the confidence of Velasquez in the rich variety of nature, that whenever he drew upon her inexhaustible treasury, he almost invariably did so at hazard, being very certain that he should everywhere meet with beauty, and that he should be able to represent it to others. Setting out from this principle, he, at first, had no other end in view than a scrupulous imitation of the form and tone of every object, finishing each portion of it with the same care, and imparting to it all the vigour which he thought he saw in it. Is it not to this that naturalism must inevitably lead its votaries, at least at the commencement? If we consider art as a mere counter-impression of nature, everything in the latter immediately enchants us. Exclusively absorbed by the wish to render our copy a faithful one, we attach the same importance to the accessories as to the principal parts; taking each detail separately, we begin by working on it with passion and energy, without consenting to sacrifice a single one. The consequence of this is, that the various plans, which we should have distinguished from each other, are all confounded together, the relative value of the tones escapes us, and, from our very desire to obtain accent and relief everywhere, we inevitably become harsh. This is exactly what happened to Velasquez in the first trial of strength that he made with nature. His celebrated picture of "*The Water Carrier of Seville*" (p. 116) belongs to this style. The truthfulness of this picture is, however, so striking that it actually causes the spectator's throat to feel parched, for he beholds a man of the lower classes drinking so eagerly and with such evident enjoyment out of the water-carrier's jug, that he himself would willingly suffer thirst for a long time in order to revel in the pleasure of

* Quilliet, "*Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols*," 1816.

† See the life of Francisco Pacheco, in Quilliet's "*Dictionnaire*." This work is a useful compilation from Palomino, Cean Bermudez, and the best Spanish books on painting.

‡ "*El Arte de la Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas*." En Sevilla, 1649.

* "... Le servia de modelo en diversas acciones y posturas, ya llorando, ya riendo . . . &c." Pacheco, "*El Arte de la Pintura*." En Sevilla, 1649.

quenching it in a similar manner. An "Adoration of the Shepherds," once in the possession of the Count de l'Aguila, and the same which formerly made so magnificent an appearance in the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre, at Paris, must have been executed at the same period of rigorous imitation, as well as the familiar scenes and interiors which Velasquez painted in the style of David Teniers; such, for example, as the piece of Bacchanalian buffoonery known by the name of "Los Bebedores," or "The Drinkers" (p. 125). This picture represents the reception of a new member in a sort of low masonic lodge, where a drunken fat president, with a polished skin, almost naked, and crowned with vine leaves, is initiating the novice into the mysteries of gourmandising and generous wine, while, ranged around the cask on which the jolly-faced monarch sits enthroned, five or six other rascals in rags are filling and emptying their cups, or laughing boisterously, in a manner which is supremely trivial it is true, but which is also so hearty, frank, and catching, that it almost makes the spectator wish to join in it, just as the "Water Carrier" inspires him with a desire to drink.

In the spring of the year 1622, Pacheco's son-in-law set out from Seville to Madrid, where the canon Fonseca, his fellow-townsmen, who held a situation in the palace, procured him the means of visiting the galleries of the Prado and the Escorial, and of seeing and copying there whatever he chose. Being anxious to patronise a young man whose high destiny he foresaw, Juan de Fonseca busied himself in procuring Velasquez more powerful patrons than he himself was, and succeeded so well that the painter, who had been recalled to Seville, received there, together with fifty gold ducats, a letter from the Count-Duke d'Olivares, Minister of State, and favourite of Philip IV., inviting him to set out once more for Madrid. This time, Pacheco accompanied Velasquez, in order, as he said, to be a witness of his son-in-law's glory. All that was necessary to enable Velasquez to assume his proper rank was, that he should paint and exhibit his works. The canon Fonseca, who had received the artist in his own house, asked him to paint his portrait, and hardly was it completed ere he hastened to the palace, where he exposed to the view of the king and the courtiers his protégé's production—a sterling, highly-coloured work, full of life, in which the canon's head seemed to be reflected as in a mirror. The very same day Velasquez was admitted at court, and Philip IV. expressed a wish to have his own portrait taken by so great an artist. To obtain the favours of fortune, the Spanish painter had done violence to her.

Attacking boldly one of the greatest difficulties of the painter's art, Velasquez represented the King of Spain encased in armour, and mounted on a magnificent charger, that he had to depict rearing up in the air, in the midst of an apparently boundless landscape. His success was marvellous. He received permission to exhibit the picture in a public street of the city, near the steps of San Felipe. The court was in ecstasies with it, and the poets celebrated it in commendatory verses. "In spite of his bold neglect of all the artificial resources of the art," says Monsieur Louis Viardot, "has not Velasquez attained the utmost possible limits of illusion? Has he not placed upon the canvas all the characteristics of life? How perfectly natural is the posture and accordance of the limbs, as well as the general appearance of the body? Is not the hair agitated by the wind? Does not the blood circulate underneath the white and living flesh? Are not the eyes gifted with sight? Is not the mouth about to open and speak?"

Meanwhile the rare talent possessed by Velasquez had increased. The scrupulous exactitude which he had at first preserved in his imitations had led him to adopt a style which, as we have said, was not free from dryness. He corrected this, however, from remarking that distance renders the forms of all objects undecided, and alters their appearance. His touch became more easy and æthereal, and he imitated nature not as she is, but as she appears to be.

* Les Musées d'Espagne, d'Angleterre et de Belgique. Paris, Paulin, 1843.

Having been created painter to his majesty, *pintor de camara*, Velasquez was overwhelmed with presents and gold ducats. Great things were now expected from him, and Velasquez determined to gratify the wishes of his admirers by producing some grand work, which should stamp him at once as one of the first artists in Spain. His competitors for public favour, Caxes, Carducho, and Nardi, had each painted the "Expulsion of the Moors from Spain." Velasquez selected the same subject. This was a bold step, but the success fully proved that Velasquez had not mistaken his powers. He completely distanced his rivals, and the king's delight was so great, that he increased his stipend, and made him usher of the royal chamber. In this picture, Spain is represented as a noble matron, in Roman armour, standing near a portion of a stately edifice. At her feet is this inscription:—"Philippo III., Hispan. Regi Cathal. Regum pietissimo, Belgico, Germ. Afric. pacis et justitie cultori, publicæ quietis assertori, ob eliminatos felicitates Mauros Philippus IV. robore ac virtute magnus, in magnis maximus, animo ad majora nato propter antiq. tanti parentis et pietatis observantisque ergo tropæum hoc erigit, anno 1627." Besides this inscription, there is also the following at the bottom of the picture:—"Didacus Velasquez Hispanensis Philip IV. Regis Hispan. pictor ipsius jussu fecit, anno 1627." Philip IV. was not a great king, although he every day heard himself compared to the sun; but he cherished literature and painting, the former in the person of an illustrious poet, Calderon, and the latter in that of an excellent painter, Velasquez. Both of these great men were admitted into the royal intimacy, and were, so to say, regular visitors at the palace. They were members of the King's household, and honoured him with their friendship. In their company he forgot the gradual dismemberment of the monarchy of Charles V.; and when this *nonchalant* prince received the news that he had lost Portugal, that he had lost Roussillon, or that he had lost Flanders, he was found listening to some charming comedy, *de cape et d'épée*, or leaning on the shoulder of Velasquez, and immersed in the contemplation of some landscape that represented the vast and verdant plains of his kingdom.

Velasquez was no landscape-painter after the fashion of the Dutch artists; that is to say, he was not elaborate like Karel Dujardin, careful in the nice details of the ground like Wynants, finished like Van de Velde, or pleasing like Poelenburg; he painted landscapes with a rough freedom of touch, and treated them in that broad summary manner which appears natural to historical painters, and which was that followed by Rubens. In the works of the Spanish artist, it is not the landscape itself which forms the principal object; it merely serves as a ground for the animated episodes which the artist has imagined with the intention of bringing them out in strong relief. The "View of the Prado" is made subservient to a boar-hunt, in which the movement of the dogs, the horses, and the huntsmen, interests us quite as much as the savage character of the site, and the aspect of the wood. The "View of Aranjuez" represents a gravelled avenue, celebrated in Spain under the name of the Queen's Walk (*la Calle de la Reyna*), and seems merely a pretext for introducing to us a promenade of the ladies of the court, in company with the most accomplished cavaliers of the day, under the shady foliage of an earthly paradise. As regards the execution, these landscapes, which, like most of the best works of Velasquez, belong to the *Museo del Rey*, are painted in a bold rough manner, and must be viewed from a distance. If we examine them nearly, we shall be shocked by the carelessness of the touch, the crudity with which certain objects are brought together, and the vague manner in which the trees, ground, and sky, are massed, and, apparently, confounded; but let us contemplate these pictures from a distance, and all this confusion ceases, all the various objects harmonise with one another, each element in the painting assumes its proper place, each tone its proper value; the light shines forth, and nature and life appear before us with all the force of truth. To such a degree is the illusion carried, that we are tempted to draw near once again in order to penetrate the mystery of an effect

combined with such artistic skill, and obtained with such certainty.

We think we have discovered the secret of treating painting in this cavalier fashion, and why Velasquez succeeded so marvellously in it. He had commenced by painting objects in the order they presented themselves to his view : birds, fish, fruit, *frutas, aves, peces, y cosas inanimadas por el natural*, says Cean Bermudez,* and nothing is more capable of forming or perfecting a colourist than the severe study of what is called still

fascinate it. The eye of a painter making the round of a calville, for instance, would find pleasure in remarking the fine gradations which would lead him from a pale-yellow to a carnation. The goldfinch, again, with its red head and gold-tipped wings, presents the artist with a whole system of colouring. By imitating nature, and bringing together those colours alone which he felt were related to each other, Velasquez avoided the necessity of blending them. He was thus enabled to preserve their solidity and freshness, because,



THE WATER-CARRIER OF SEVILLE. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

life. By a course of study of this description we may penetrate some of the mysteries of creation, and learn some of the rules which govern its harmonious natural arrangements. The first objects taken at hazard, the stone on the high road or the wild flower of the fields, contain in themselves the principle of the alliance and the opposition of tones. Their contrast serves to excite our attention, and their harmony to

knowing that he could not possibly offend the eye by the juxtaposition of such colours as harmonised naturally with each other, he applied them boldly and surely, exactly where they were wanted, and thus was not under the necessity of working them up.

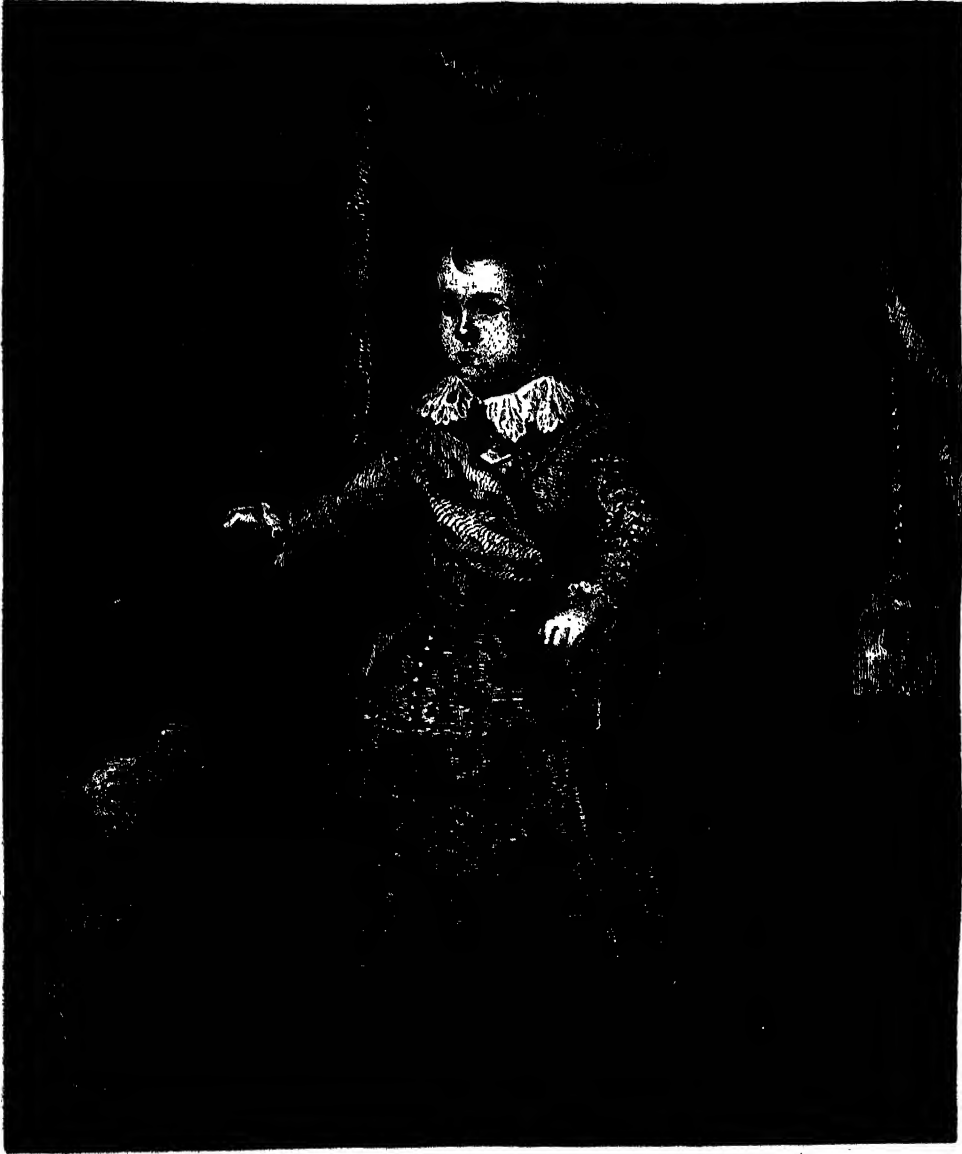
Meanwhile the news was spread about the Spanish court, that a celebrated painter, Peter Paul Rubens by name, had just arrived in Madrid. Rubens was the bearer of certain official presents from the Duke of Mantua. An hour was appointed for his introduction to Philip IV. ; and what hap-

* Diccionario de los mas illustres Profesores . . . &c. vol. vi. Madrid, 1800.

pened? The officer whom he meets at the door of the king's apartment, the king's intimate friend who is charged with the duty of introducing him, is no other than Velasquez! * The day that these two great painters beheld each other, for the first time, must indeed have been a happy one for them! How comes it that historians have mentioned nothing of this interview? Is it less interesting than that between Philip IV. and Louis XIV. in the Isle of the Conference? Were not these two illustrious princes, we mean Velasquez and Rubens, the most brilliant impersonifications of Spanish and

native originality, or of a spirit of nationality more easily recognised, than Velasquez and Rubens.

However this may be, Velasquez, with the permission of the king, who with difficulty parted from him, embarked at Barcelona the 10th August, 1629, on board the vessel of the Marquis de Spinola.† Touching at Venice, he immediately hastened to visit the pictures there. Titian appeared to him as grand as Rubens predicted he would. Veronese enchanted, and Tintoretto captivated him. He copied the "Calvary" and the "Communion of the Apostles" of the latter spirited



THE INFANT. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

Flemish art, respectively? Who would ever have believed it? It was Rubens who inspired the painter of the Spanish monarch with the desire to see Italy; Rubens, whom neither the ideal school of Florence nor the Sixtine Chapel had been able to change; Rubens, who had beheld and copied the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci with the eyes and the pencil of a master of the Flemish school? Never, perhaps, did nature create two men endowed with a greater degree of

master, with the intention of offering the two paintings to his friend Philip IV. At Ferrara, at Bologna, at Rome, Velasquez everywhere met with an honourable reception—thanks to the orders sent by the Duke of Olivares to all the representatives of Spain in Italy. The pope, Urban VIII, lodged the artist in the Vatican, and ordered the keys of those apartments which contained paintings to be given to him.‡ Velas-

* Velasquez then held the post of gentleman-usher, *Usher de Camara*. At a later period he was created chamberlain, *Aposentador*.

† Pacheco, "Arte de la Pintura, su Antigüedad y Grandezas," libro primero, p. 103.

‡ Ibid., p. 104.

quez made chalk drawings of the "Last Judgment," the "Prophets and Sybils of the Sixtine Chapel," the "School of Athens," "Parnassus," and the "Incendio del Borgo." So intense, indeed, was his application to study, so incessant were his endeavours to improve himself in his deeply-cherished art, that his physical powers gave way, and he became so ill that he was obliged to move to a more airy and salubrious spot. No sooner had he recovered, however, than he resumed his former course of life, and devoted himself to the study of the antique, every moment of his time being so taken up, that he had scarcely any leisure left to execute two original compositions, "Joseph's Garment," one of his most famous pictures, and "Vulcan's Forge." Both these paintings are *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way.

We say "in their way," because there are certain qualities which we must not look for in Velasquez; these are, elevated style, traditional convention, as it was understood by Nicolas Poussin, and that nobleness in the choice of the contour, which, surpassing mere correctness, actually goes so far as to substitute for the forms presented by nature the refinements invented by genius or by taste. Velasquez never pays, save in the coin of Spain; that is to say, he reduces the heroes and the scenes of the most elevated description to types of a kind of trivial haughtiness. In his eyes, the gods of Olympus are merely men, and, for him, a man is the first comer, whether he be the muleteer who passes along whistling as he goes, or yonder beggar majestically draped in his tattered cloak. We must not, therefore, expect to find in "Vulcan's Forge" that slim and elegant Apollo whom the ancient sculptor produced from the marble, radiant with grace, beauty, and youth, and gliding lightly over the ground with the step of a god. No - in the picture painted by Velasquez, Latona's son, when he comes to inform Vulcan of the infidelity of Venus, is merely a young blacksmith's apprentice, who would be very much surprised could he see the aureola of splendour with which his head is encircled. In spite of the laurel branch which crowns this apprentice, disguised as the God of Art, the scene is one of the most common description, and takes place in some village inn, or, we may say, blacksmith's shed, where Velasquez once, perhaps, saw the mules of the Spanish king being shod, for, most assuredly, neither the shield of Achilles nor the armour of Æneas was ever forged in such a place. But, on the other hand, if we once accept the vulgar treatment of the subject, what an assemblage of brilliant qualities must we not acknowledge! How simple, how forcible is the expression, both in the pantomime of Vulcan, more astonished than he should be at the infidelity of Venus, as well as in the naive looks of the three assistant smiths, who have temporarily interrupted the measured blows of their hammers, and left the anvil to repose! All that a French painter would have sought in poetic inspiration, Velasquez seeks in simple reality. In place of the contrast of the two natures, the divine and the human, it is the contrast of the two lights, the fire of the brazier and the light of heaven. How correct is the anatomy of those superb bodies illuminated by the sun, of those supple and nervous arms, so well set and so admirably foreshortened? Why should the artist divorce himself from nature, when he can espouse her with so much passion and when she is so fruitful?

Velasquez returned from Italy as much a Spaniard, as much Velasquez as ever. The study of the antique had not elevated his style to the height of the ideal. His destiny was to reign exclusively in the domain of reality. If he did not possess wings to soar into the clouds and seize there the expression of superhuman nature, he was, perhaps, the greatest of all those whose feet touch the earth. From its strongly-marked character, his painting became sublime, and frequently, when seeking merely truth, he found poetry. He would imbue a simple portrait with more poetry than others would throw into a sacred or historical composition. But then what painter ever had more splendid models from which his genius might draw inspiration? The models copied by Velasquez were not of that heavy, thick, and fleshy nature that were to be found in the painting-rooms of the Flemish and Dutch

painters, but specimens of Spanish individuality, exuberant with life and passion, and full of courage, devotion, and pride. When he was placed before one of these chivalrous beings, whose countenance was as haughty as his own, his model increased in importance as he worked, till the moment arrived when the portrait became transformed into a historical picture!

The portrait of the Count-Duke of Olivares, his patron, is an example of this. Velasquez represented him encased in a suit of armour inlaid with gold, with a hat surmounted by a flowing plume, and with the staff of a commander in his hand. He is mounted on an Andalusian charger of the finest breed, flying to the fight, while his face appears bathed in perspiration from fatigue and the weight of his arms. In the background we perceive the shock of two bodies of cavalry meeting. Never was any one more successful in rendering the movement and beauty of the horses as well as the ardour and truthfulness of action. Palomino Velasco,* who has written with such care the lives of the Spanish painters, is unable to repress his emotion when speaking of this picture. "We see," he says, "the thick clouds of dust and smoke rolling before our eyes; we hear the clash of weapons; we are present at the carnage."†

In instances like this, Velasquez becomes the equal of Titian and Vandyck. No one is better acquainted than he is with the build, the motions, the skeleton, and the appearance of the horse. Vandyck has, perhaps, made his horses more elegant, but Velasquez has succeeded in bringing out their various muscles more prominently, and imbuing them with more fire, especially their heads, which possess a rare amount of nobleness and beauty. Nothing can be more dignified and more manly than that cavalier, with his mustachios twisted up, who, with his face turned towards the spectator, while his horse is carrying him off into the midst of the action, is ordering the charge, and appears to command not only in virtue of his rank, but in virtue of his courage as well. Was it not this picture which inspired the French painter with the idea of his "Capitaine des Guides?" Was it not the recollection of the heroic picture painted by Velasquez which caused Géricault to hit upon another manner of becoming sublime?

We recollect visiting, in 1836, the gallery of the Prince of Orange, since King of Holland, at Brussels. After admiring a great number of *chefs-d'œuvre*, and among others an astonishing landscape by Rubens, in which the barking of the dogs in a boar-hunt was, so to speak, audible, some figures by Perugino, and some admirable heads by Francisco Penni, urnamed *Il Fattore*, we were introduced into an empty room, no one side of which was hung the "Belle Anversoise," by Vandyck, and the portrait of a Burgomaster clad in black, and wearing a fine collar with small plaits, while, on the other side, were suspended the portraits of the Count-Duke d'Olivares and of Philip IV. by Velasquez. Never did any pictures produce a more profound sensation on any young and ardent admirer of art. Those who were visiting the gallery with us having gone on, we remained alone for some moments in presence of these four full-length figures that stood drawn up before us. The gravity of their fixed expressions inspired us with respect, and involuntarily we assumed their noble attitude. Wavering, however, between these two grand painters, and dazzled by both, we felt our enthusiasm pass from Vandyck to Velasquez, and from Velasquez to Vandyck, while each, in turn, obtained the preference. The skilful and rich pencil of the pupil of Rubens had not more fascination for us than the frank, vigorous, and sober style of the Spanish painter. The one caused us to admire Art, while the other concealed it, and showed us merely Nature.

Philip IV. had awaited the return of Velasquez with impatience. The painter's society was a necessity for him, for

* "Museo Pictórico y Escala Óptica." Madrid, 1724.

† "Pare que se vi el polvo, se mira el humo, se oye el estruendo, y se teme el estrago." "Las Vidas de los Pintores Españoles," vol. iii. p. 333, of the "Museo Pictórico."

Velasquez was one of those intimate friends who were styled, in the language of the court, *privados del Rey*. During his absence, Philip IV. would not sit to any other painter, although he had in his service such men as Caxes, Carducho, and Nardi. Being a passionate admirer of art, and delighted that it lay in his power to discover, at all hours, its naïve manifestations, its various stages, and its different secrets, the king caused a painting-room to be constructed for his favourite in the gallery del Cierzo, keeping for himself a second key, with the right of entering whenever he chose, of surprising the artist's ideas in all their crudity, and of amusing himself by following the development of each thought, and the progress of each picture, from the moment that it appeared only as a confused and shapeless sketch, until it had received the highest finish of execution. It was to the family of Philip IV. that Velasquez first devoted himself on his return. He painted, in succession, the *Infants and Infantas*. In the museum of the Louvre, at Paris, before the heirs of the ex-king, Louis Philippe, had them removed, there might be seen some specimens of this series of paintings, too sincere and free to be the work of a courtier. Mounted upon their high heels, or tied to long rapiers, these little princely personages, no higher than their spaniel, presented us with a picture of quasi-royal solemnity, which was not without its charm, namely, that of historical truth.

In the museum at Madrid are preserved the large equestrian and the full-length portraits of the Infant Don Balthazar Carlos. In the latter (p. 120), Velasquez has represented him holding his carbine in his hand with a bold dashing air, surrounded by his dogs, with his small hat placed knowingly off his head, and standing in the midst of one of those undulating landscapes which, we believe, are to be found nowhere else but in the works of Collantes; in the former, he has depicted him on an Andalusian horse, which seems as if it were about to spring out from the canvas at full gallop. Nothing can be more interesting than this embryo cavalier, with his large black eyes, who is seated so calmly, so naïvely, and so much at his ease, on his fiery steed, with his legs encased in large leather boots as becomes a hunter already a first-rate adept in equitation.*

Velasquez attacks without the slightest hesitation, and reproduces without the least difficulty, all the varied effects of nature observed at hazard, and all the phenomena of light, from the intensity of a mid-day sun to the most transient and doubtful gleam. Nothing embarrasses, nothing astonishes this great master, as long as there is no question of idealising his model. It is as easy for him to group a number of persons in the penumbra, as to dash off a single individual in the midst of an open country. If he happens to visit a manufactory of tapestry, where he sees a number of women working half-naked, on account of the excessive heat, in a light deadened by the external hangings, he will be struck by the charm of this *chiaro-oscuro*, and represent the spinners, "*Las Hilanderas*," carelessly exposing their naked forms to the half-light, while ladies more completely dressed, and bargaining for tapestry that is ready for sale, are merely placed there as objects which the painter makes use of to exhibit the miracles which his incomparable pencil is capable of producing, to augment the illusion of the perspective, and to afford scope for the effects of a subdued and carefully-managed light. Were we actually to go, and, through some secret opening, look into the interior of a manufactory of this description—were we to surprise a number of half-dressed workwomen, listlessly engaged at their work, while the mild daylight is caressing their shoulders, which appear bathed in the warm air of the south—we should behold nothing more nor less than the very fac-simile of the Spanish painter's picture. This was felt by Raphael Mengs, who, when speaking of this particular work, and of the portraits painted by Velasquez, exclaims, "It seems as if his hand had had no share in the

execution of his paintings, but that everything about them was created by a simple act of volition."†

For some time Philip IV. had entertained the project of establishing a public academy of fine arts at Madrid; but to do this it was necessary to possess some models. The king commissioned Velasquez to travel through Italy, and to select, at the cost of the Spanish Government, whatever might strike him as worth being purchased.‡ In obedience to the royal command, the painter left Madrid in the month of November, 1648, and embarked at Malaga, in company with the Duke de Naxera, who was charged to proceed to Trent and receive the Queen Maria-Anne of Austria. But Velasquez was so impatient to revisit Venice, whither he was attracted by his old recollections and by so many marvellous colourists, that he would not await the arrival of the queen. This second voyage of Velasquez was one which proved highly beneficial to his native land. Whenever he heard of any fine pictures to be sold, he bought them for the king; whenever he met with any celebrated fresco-painters, such, for instance, as Colonna, or the Metelli, of Bologna, he represented to them that Spain was a country where they would find a glorious and profitable field for the exercise of their talent. At Florence, Velasquez feasted his eyes on the masterpieces of Andreas del Sarto, and at Parma on those of Correggio. At Modena he was received with great distinction by the duke, who remembered that when he was at Madrid he had once sat to our painter. Fatigued, however, with the honours that were everywhere paid to the agent of Philip IV., he proceeded incognito to Rome, and thence to Naples, where he was to concert measures with the Viceroy, who had orders to supply the *pintor de camera* with all he required. At this period, Ribera was a person of great importance at Naples. Velasquez was naturally desirous of meeting his illustrious countryman. He was able really and truly to admire the works of this great master, being made to inspire jealousy in others, but never giving way to it himself.

Velasquez was compelled, however, to return to Rome, where the Pope Innocent X. received him in a most magnificent manner, which was immediately imitated by the Cardinal, his nephew, and the rest of the Sacred College. The Cavalier Bernin, l'Algarde, and Pietro de Cortona, paid the Spanish artist every possible mark of respect, which was changed into enthusiasm as soon as he had painted the pope's portrait. It was one of the prodigies of art, and its success was most triumphant. It was carried with great pomp in procession, and had the honour of being crowned. It renewed the illusion formerly produced by the famous portraits painted by Raphael and Titian, those of Leon X. and Paul III. respectively. That priest with the ruddy face, clad in a red cassail, seated in a red arm-chair, and standing out from the red hangings, was in reality the sovereign pontiff himself. A hem of ermine round the purple cap, and a few touches boldly dashed in on the luminous points of the nose, the cheek-bone, and the forehead, had been sufficient to effect this surprising feat of artistic strength, and imbue the picture with relief, roundness, accent, and life. The Pope presented him with a medal, and the academicians of Saint Luke elected him a member of their body, and forwarded his diploma after him to Spain.

During this time, Philip IV. was suffering impatiently the absence of Velasquez. He missed the daily presence and conversation of the artist, for, as we have said, he liked to see him at work in the silence of his studio of the Cierzo, into which he, Philip, could alone enter at all hours, as Charles V. used to do into that of Titian. The monarch's uneasiness was remarked by a courtier, Don Fernand Ruiz de Contreras, who wrote to Velasquez on the subject. Before setting out to return to Madrid, however, the intelligent missionary of art remembered that, on the occasion of his first journey, he had ordered a picture of each of the twelve best painters of Italy, and that he had to carry back with him to Madrid these

* The amateur may obtain an idea of these portraits by consulting the "*Collección litográfica de Cuadros del Rey de España*," Madrid, 1826, vol. i. This work is incomplete in the print-room of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris.

† Raphael Mengs, "*Description des principaux Tableaux qui sont dans le Palais des Rois, à Madrid*," Vol. II. of his works.

‡ Gullet, "*Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols*," p. 376.

twelve rival productions. Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranc, Joachim Sandrat, were the twelve painters to whom fame then assigned the first rank. Is it not a curious fact, that at



THE INFANT DON RALHAZAR CARLOS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

Guercino, Valentin Colombo,* Andreas Sacchi, Poussin, the Chevalier Massimo (Stanzioni), Horace Gentileschi, and

* There is no doubt that this artist, who is mentioned in the works of Bermudez and Palomino, is none other than Valentin de Coulommiers, who, as we know, was still living in 1636, at the period when Velasquez first visited Italy. He enjoyed a great

the present day we acknowledge the justice of the judgment pronounced on these masters by the Italians of their own

reputation at Rome. Besides this, one of his best productions, "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," which must have been one of the twelve pictures brought back by Velasquez, is in the Museum at Madrid.

time, and that we find them occupying very nearly the same position in public opinion which they did two centuries ago?

The war which Mazarin was then waging against Spain prevented Velasquez from traversing France and visiting Paris. He re-crossed the sea with his rich store of statues,

and art, and with the king of Spain at his side, seventeen years of his life had glided so quickly by. Possessing a straightforward character and an honest open heart, the Andalusian painter was not one of those courtiers who await the signal of their master before they dare entertain a single



THE INFANT DON CARLOS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

busts, and pictures, and was accompanied by Jerome Ferrer, caster in bronze, as well as by the sculptor, Dominic de Rioja. Philip rewarded Velasquez by conferring on him the title of Grand Chamberlain of the Palace, *Aposentador Mayor*; his salary was increased to a thousand ducats a year, and he once more returned to that studio where, in company with nature

thought. The Duke d'Olivares having fallen into disgrace, Velasquez hastened to give his old protector fresh proofs of his gratitude, a feeling which others would have reckoned it dangerous to manifest. Velasquez had known the Marquis de Spinola, who had taken him on board his vessel when he embarked at Barcelona. Our artist consecrated one of his

greatest pictures, a masterpiece, to the glory of the illustrious commander. "The Surrender of Breda," called in Spain the "Picture of the Lances," represents the Marquis landing in front of his troops to receive, with all the grace and dignity of a generous conqueror, the keys of the fortress from the hands of the vanquished general. On one side are drawn up the light-haired, well-fed Flemings, with their open, ruddy countenances; on the other stand the grave, pale, bilious-looking Spaniards, slight in form, but with a natural haughtiness peering through their attitude. Among them, under a large slouched hat, in one corner of the picture, may be seen a noble and manly face, which is that of Velasquez himself. Between the two armies lies an apparently boundless landscape. We appear to feel the very breeze that fans it; we seem as if we could step in it, walk in it, breathe in it!

The only poetry, the sole Muse acknowledged by Velasquez, was Truth! He never troubles himself with embellishing Nature, he lets her do that herself. Whatever crosses his imagination is but a part of his recollections; he only invents what he has seen. But then, what an eye is his! How it embraces every object both in its fullest extent and in its minutest details! How he penetrates to the very core of all things—how he touches them! How he seizes the positive, the exact, or rather the apparent tone of everything, for that is the only correct one! Nothing escapes his piercing reason and his unflinching certainty of execution! He measures the distance of the various bodies by the degree of intensity alone which is given to the colours by the interposition of the ambient air! Nothing can deceive the eye of Velasquez; but, on the contrary, it is he who deceives that of everyone else!

On traversing the Palace of Madrid, the visitor will meet Velasquez, and go up and speak to him, for he is there in person standing at his easel painting the Infanta Marie-Marguerite of Austria. Decked out in black lace, and lost in a gown of light silk, which bulges out at the bottom like a bell, the blonde Infanta, with her chubby cheeks and round eyes, is in the act of taking in her little hand a little cup of Japan china, that is, doubtless to amuse her, offered by a maid of honour. At the side of the future empress are two dwarfs, very celebrated in the annals of the ante-chamber, Marie Barbola and Nicolas Pertusano. The latter, who is dressed exactly like a Knave of Spades, is worrying a large dog that is lying down motionless in the foreground. Before the spectator extends a long gallery, and, at its extreme end, there is a door which opens on the gardens, letting in the rays of the sun, and showing, on a flight of steps beyond, the gentleman who has just opened it. Near this door, through which the sun penetrates with dazzling splendour, there is a glass in which the reflection of the figures of Philip IV. and his wife announces the neighbourhood of those royal personages. Never has a human pencil, either before or afterwards, obtained such a degree of magical illusion. As far as simple imitation is concerned, this picture is the *ne plus ultra* of art, and, if it were not for the frame which surrounds it, we should with difficulty believe it to be a painting. "It seems," says Francesco Preziado, director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, "that we are in the same room with this group of children and dwarfs, and that they are all alive." * We know that when Charles II. showed this family picture to Luca Giordano, who had recently come to Spain, the Italian painter exclaimed enthusiastically: "*It is the Theology of Painting!*" thus placing the work of Velasquez in the same rank that theology holds amongst the sciences.

The picture still preserves the name bestowed on it by Luca Giordano. After Velasquez had finished it, he presented it to his friend the king, and asked him whether there was anything wanting. "Yes, one thing," said Philip IV., taking the palette from the painter's hands, and drawing upon the

breast of the artist, who is represented in the picture, the cross of the order of Santiago. The cross has remained up to the present day exactly as it was painted by the royal hand. This is a charming trait on the part of the Spanish king, and proves that he possessed the delicacy and good taste of a true gentleman. Velasquez was not regularly invested with the order until some time afterwards. When the president, according to the usual custom observed on the reception of a new knight, was about to investigate our artist's family pretensions, and asked for his genealogical papers, Philip IV., who was present, said with a smile: "Give him the order, for I know his noble birth and the right he has to it." In order to afford a still more convincing proof how high Velasquez stood in the estimation of his royal patron, the investiture took place in full court, on the festival of San Prospero, amidst general rejoicing, festivity, and magnificence.

A great and important ceremony now brought the Grand Chamberlain, *Aposentador Mayor* of Philip IV., conspicuously into public notice. The Treaty of the Pyrenees, signed the 7th of November, 1659, put an end to the war between France and Spain. Louis XIV. was to marry the Infanta, Maria Theresa, and it was agreed that the princess should be delivered, at Irun by Philip IV., into the hands of the young king's representatives. Velasquez, in virtue of his office, set out in the month of March, 1660, to prepare lodgings for the Court, and it was he who arranged the tent in which the two monarchs met, in the Isle of Pheasants, since called the Isle of the Conference. Charles Lebrun has chosen this ceremony as the subject of a grand picture in the Museum of Versailles. Velasquez figures in it among the other personages, for the French artist has taken care not to omit him. The Spanish painter is represented as old and harassed, for he was no longer what he once was when he painted the admirable portrait of himself, which Monsieur Taylor succeeded in obtaining for the Spanish gallery of the Louvre at Paris. How often have we stood wrapped in contemplation before this head, which is one of the marvels of the painter's art! The glance is so searching that it penetrates into our very souls! It is altogether a priceless work, in which, by a rare combination, firmness of touch is united to the most beautiful softness. The form is distinct, and yet it is impossible to distinguish the outline. The model is most perfectly exact, and stands out in astonishing relief, and yet we are totally unable to say where the light finishes, and where the shade begins. It contains a whole theory of painting.

It is but too true that, in 1660, Velasquez had aged quite as much as he is represented to have done in Lebrun's picture. The fatigue incidental to his office and travels had weakened a constitution that, in spite of the energy of his face, was naturally delicate, as we may see by the peculiar fineness of the skin. On his return to Madrid, his family were afflicted by the alteration visible in his features. Philip IV., on hearing of the state of his friend's health, lost no time in sending the royal physicians to attend upon him, but Velasquez survived a few days only; he breathed his last on the 7th August, 1660. The grandees of Spain, the court, and the knights of all the different orders, took part in his funeral. His widow died of grief at the expiration of a week, and was buried by his side in the Church of San Juan.

If painting were merely a second process of creation, Velasquez, without doubt, would be the greatest painter that ever lived. As portrait painters, Vandyck, Rubens, and Titian equalled, but did not excel him. His design was correct, his colouring true, even to sublimity; there was not a single illusion of physical nature which could escape his power of imitation. He began by merely reproducing his model upon the canvas dryly and crudely; he then took into account the phenomena of the visible world; he perceived that form is not abstract, but that it is modified by the presence of the atmosphere, and that the colour of all objects depends upon their distance, and the greater or less degree of light in which they are placed. He now painted nature as she appears to us, so as not to wound but please the view. At last, when he had reached the utmost limits of perfection, he suppressed all signs

* " . . . Che pare, a chi lo vede, di trovarsi in quella camera, e che tutto sia animato." "Raccolta di Lettere su la Pittura, Scultura, et Architettura," tomo sesto, p. 320. In Roma, 1708. Compare what is said by M. Viardot in his "Notices on the Aguado Gallery," folio edition.

of art, so that nature alone was all that remained upon the canvas. In the works of Velasquez, we must neither look for the profound thought of Poussin, the exquisite feeling of Le Sueur, the fine style of the antique, nor the idealism of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century. Velasquez saw in heaven only men, and in men he beheld merely Spaniards,—that is to say, so many beings moved by the empire of the passions, and existing around him. His works, consequently, are deficient in style; but, to make up for this, they are invariably remarkable for one great characteristic quality, and that is, Truth.

In order to form an exact idea of the genius of Velasquez, we must study it in the *Museo del Rey*, in presence of his sixty-four pictures there, for we may safely say that, with the exception of a few rare specimens which are to be found out of Spain—either from having been given away by the munificence of different kings, or from having been the spoil of victorious armies—all the works of this eminent artist are in the Museum at Madrid.

Velasquez attempted, and succeeded in, every branch of his art. He has painted sacred and profane history, historical and other landscapes, full-length as well as equestrian portraits of men and women, of extreme youth and of old age; hunting-scenes, battles, animals, interiors, flowers, and fruit.

Among his picturesque landscapes, the most celebrated are, "A View of the Prado" and "A View of Aranjuez." In the first of these two compositions he has represented a boar-hunt, with all its tumultuous and confused crowd of men, dogs, and horses; in the second, he has depicted "The Queen's Walk" (*la Calle de la Reyna*), which is still so celebrated. Among his historical landscapes, we must mention "The Visit of Saint Anthony to Saint Paul, the Hermit." The canvas in this picture is scarcely covered. The ground, trees, and sky, when looked at nearly, are all massed together without any apparent attention to the separate objects, but if we retire four steps, everything becomes clear and full of animation.

It is at Madrid that we find the portrait of Philip IV., on horseback, in the midst of a naked country. Its effect is perfectly bewildering; it is impossible for illusion to be carried further. The portraits of the queens, Elizabeth of France and Marianne of Austria, as well as of the Infanta, Margaret, and of the Infant, Balthazar, who at one time is represented galloping on an Andalusian charger, and at another, in the pose of a young king, excite our admiration in an equal degree. We must likewise mention the portrait of the Count-Duke d'Olivares, on horseback and armed for a campaign; the Marquis de Pescaire, the Alcaide Ronquillo, the Corsair, Barberossa, and, lastly, a little male dwarf and a monstrous female dwarf.

Among the sacred paintings, there are at Madrid only two painted by Velasquez: "The Martyrdom of Saint Stephen," and a "Christ upon the Cross."

His profane subjects are tolerably numerous. The Museum possesses five of the best: the one called "The Spinners (*las Hilanderas*)," representing the interior of a tapestry manufactory, is a most remarkable work on account of its perspective and the management of the light. Next comes "Vulcan's Forge (*la Fragua de Vulcano*)," a composition full of air and depth. We must also mention "The Surrender of Breda," commonly called "The picture of the Lances (*el Cuadro de las Lanças*)," and "The Drinkers (*los Bebedores or Borrachos*)," two very remarkable works, despite the different styles to which they belong. The one charms us by the grandeur and magnificence of its general arrangement, and the other by the astonishing truthfulness of the different personages and the disposition of the groups. The French Government, on the proposal made by M.^r Charles Blanc, who was then Director of Fine Arts, charged an artist of merit, M. Porion, with the task of copying these two pictures. The copies are at present exposed to view in the Palais des Beaux Arts.

As a mere imitation of nature, there is another picture still more remarkable, perhaps, than "The Drinkers;" this is the one which represents "The Family of Philip IV.," and in

which the artist has painted his own portrait. It is perhaps the most important work ever produced by Velasquez.

The old Spanish gallery in the Louvre at Paris, contained, as we all know, twelve pictures by Velasquez,—ten portraits, an "Exvoto," and the "Palace of the Escorial."

The Museum of the Louvre possesses three pictures by Velasquez; a three-quarter portrait of the "Infanta, Marguerite-Theresa," presumed to be the study for the painting representing the Family of Philip IV., and the last one mentioned as forming part of the collection of the Museum of Madrid; "The Portrait of a Monk," a well-printed picture, but one which the administration of the Museum need not have given themselves any trouble to acquire; and, lastly, a "Re-union of Artists" (p. 124), a well-grouped composition, full of atmospheric effect, but restored, and badly restored. The first is said to have cost £160, and the second, £600.

The Gallery of the Belvedere, at Vienna, prides itself on possessing six pictures by Velasquez: "A Countryman laughing, and holding a flower in his right hand," a half-length; "The Painter's Family," a composition of twelve figures, size of life, three-quarter length; "The Portrait of Philip IV.," three-quarter length; "The Portrait of the Infanta, Marguerite-Theresa," that of her sister, "Maria-Theresa," and that of "Don Balthazar Carlos."

The Pinakothek at Munich is said to contain an equal number: "The Portrait of the Artist," "A Beggar," "The Portrait of Cardinal Rospigliosi," and three other portraits.

In the Gallery at Dresden is preserved a "Portrait of the Duke d'Olivares," holding a paper in his hand.

At the Hermitage of St. Petersburg there are thirteen pictures which have the great name of Velasquez attached to them. We think, however, that the majority of them must be looked upon as apocryphal. The exceptions are the two famous portraits purchased by the emperor, in 1850, at the sale of the late William the Second, King of Holland; one of them is a full-length "Portrait of Philip IV.," and the other that of the "Count-Duke d'Olivares." The cost of the two, including the expense of the sale, was £3,542. We may also account as genuine three studies: "A Young Peasant laughing;" the first "Sketch for the Portrait of Innocent X.," the "Bust of the Count-Duke d'Olivares;" and, perhaps, the two views, one of "Saragossa," and one of "La Caraca."

The following are some of the works of Velasquez in England, as given by Bryan:—

"Lot and his Daughters;" formerly in the Orleans' collection, now at Cheltenham. Lord Northwick.

"The Finding of Moses;" at Castle Howard. Earl of Carlisle.

"The Virgin kneeling, with outstretched arms, supposed receiving the Annunciation;" at Leigh Court, Somersetshire, W. Miles, Esq.

"Head of John the Baptist in a charger." Lord Northwick.

"St. Francis Borgia arriving at the Jesuits' College," a composition of eight figures, life-size; Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"Los Borrachos," composition of six figures; the first study for the celebrated picture; at Heytesbury House, Wiltshire, Lord Heytesbury.

"Las Meninas, or the Maids of Honour," a finished sketch for the celebrated picture, by some considered to be a small repetition; at Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire. G. Banks, Esq.

"The Alcaide Ronquillo," called the Fighting Judge, who was sent to reduce Segovia in the war of the Comuneros in 1520. He is standing, in a dark dress, on a floor paved with brown and white marble, with his hand resting on a walking-stick. London. James Hall, Esq.

"El Aquador de Sevilla, the Water-carrier of Seville;" engraved by B. Amettler; at Apsley House. Duke of Wellington.

"The Signing of the Marriage Contract between the Infanta Margarita Maria, daughter of Philip IV., and the Emperor Leopold;" an unfinished picture, and probably the last from the hand of Velasquez. In the hands of a dealer,

Three small studies; "a Repast," "a Man with Dogs," and "an Equestrian Portrait of Philip IV." London. Lord Cowley.

"An incident in the life of St. Charles Borromeo;" a sketch. Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"A rocky Landscape, with figures on horseback asking their way of two beggars." Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"Two Landscapes, with equestrians and other figures." Bowood, Wiltshire. Marquis of Lansdowne.

"A Hunting Scene," probably at the Pardo. London, Piccadilly. Lord Ashburton.

"Two Landscapes with figures." "The Grange." Ditto.

"A Woodland Prospect," probably in the Chace at the Pardo. London. Earl of Clarendon.

"The old Almedor of Seville." London. Ditto.

"Philip IV.," an equestrian sketch. Leigh Court. W. Miles, Esq.

Ditto, in shooting dress, with dog and gun; full-length, life-size, unfinished. London. Col. H. Baillie.

Ditto, standing in a black dress, and holding a paper; sold in the Altamira collection by the editor in 1827. G. Bankes, Esq.

Ditto, standing, in a black dress trimmed with silver, holding in his hand a paper with the name of Velasquez. Hamilton Palace. Duke of Hamilton.

Ditto, small full-length figure. Earl of Ellesmere.

Ditto. Lord Northwick.

Ditto, bust, in crimson and ermine. Dulwich.

Ditto, bust, life-size, in a black dress. Lord Ashburton.

"The Cardinal Infant Don Ferdinand in shooting costume," unfinished, life-size. Col. H. Baillie.



REUNION OF ARTISTS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

"The Infant Don Balthazar Carlos on a pony;" a study. Dulwich.

Ditto, on a piebald pony, in the court of the manège, with attendants. Marquis of Westminster.

Ditto, on a black pony, a repetition of the foregoing, with variations. S. Rogers, Esq.

Ditto, standing, in a rich black dress ornamented with silver, his right hand resting on the back of a chair, his left on the hilt of his sword; full-length, life-size. Sold in the collection of W. Wells, Esq., of Redleaf, in May, 1848, for £682 10s.

Ditto, bust, life-size, in a black dress trimmed with silver. Col. H. Baillie.

"An Infant of Spain, supposed to be Don Prospero, son of Queen Mariana, who died in his fourth year," lying in a rich bed, the face only seen. Marquis of Lansdowne.

"Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Philip IV.," in a rich military dress. Lord Northwick.

"Boar-hunt at the Pardo;" formerly in the royal palace at Madrid; presented by Ferdinand VII. to Sir H. Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, and sold by him to the trustees of the National Gallery for £2,200. London. National Gallery.

A study of part of the preceding. Lord Northwick.

"Landscape, with a fortified place, and figures dancing." Apsley House. Duke of Wellington.

"A white Poodle smelling at a Bone." Earl of Elgin.

"Fish hanging by a string; Grapes and Citrons on branches; and a basket of Apples." Keir in Perthshire. W. Stirling, Esq.

"Chalice and other vessels, and Fruit;" doubtful. Ditto.

"A Boy standing with a plumed Cap in his hand;" a sketch in black crayons. Ditto.

"The Count-Duke of Olivares on a White Horse." Earl of Elgin.

We have now to mention the prices fetched by the pictures

of Velasquez at public sales. As the reader may easily suppose, their number is extremely limited.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, two pictures by Velasquez were put up to public competition; a *Danæ*, which was knocked down for £24, and "*Mars and Venus*," which fetched £44 12s. 6d. They were again brought to the hammer, at the sale of the Prince de Conty, when the former only fetched £18 8s. 4d., and the latter £24.

After this period, in order to obtain any trace of the pictures of Velasquez at public sales, we must go as far back as 1817. At M. Laperière's sale, a head of Philip IV. fetched £98, while that of a Cardinal was knocked down for only £18. In 1823, at a second sale of the same connoisseur, "A full-length Portrait of Philip IV. in a hunting dress" fetched £300; "another Portrait of the same Monarch, in a satin suit," £311; the "Portrait of the Duke d'Olivares," £461; "a Hunter," £40; and the "Portrait of a Young Princess," £5.

At M. Erard's sale, in 1832, a "Portrait of Don Diego Rodriguez de Citray" fetched £72.

At M. Dubois' sale, in 1840, "The Portrait of Philip IV." was knocked down for £94 8s. 4d.; that of the Queen, his Wife, for £114; and that of his Brother, for £206.

M. Aguado possessed seventeen pictures by Velasquez in his gallery. At the sale of his collection, in 1843, the following is a list of the prices obtained for the best ones: "The Young Girl and the Negro," £48; "The Lady with the Fan," which was engraved by Leroux, £582; the full-length "Portrait of a Corregidor," £64; and a "Scene of Beggars," £48 8s. 4d.

The only other pictures that we have to mention, are those possessed by the late King of Holland, William II., which were sold in 1850. We have already said that the portraits of Philip IV. and of the Duke d'Olivares were knocked down to the Emperor of Russia for the sum of £3,542. The Portrait of a Woman fetched only £53, and that of a Young Girl, £71.



THE BACCHANALIANS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

On January 25th, 1786, the father of the ill-fated artist, whose biography we propose briefly to sketch, enters in his diary which he seems to have kept as religiously as his more celebrated son, that "Sally was taken in labour, and at nine at night was delivered of a fine boy." This is the first entry we find concerning our hero, and the little circumstance here narrated appears to have taken place in Plymouth. Haydon's ancestors were loyal, public-spirited men. His father loved his church and king, believed England to be the only great country in the world, swore Napoleon won all his battles by bribery, did not believe there was poet, painter, musician, soldier, sailor, general, or statesman out of England, and at any time would have knocked down any man who dared to disbelieve him, or have been burnt in Smithfield for the glory of his principles. In time, these principles, with some very slight modifications, became the hereditary property of his son.

In common with most artists, young Haydon early displayed an overpowering love of art. Self-willed, passionate, in the moment of his wildest fury he was always pacified when his mother entered the room with a book of engravings in her hand. Soon he began to draw himself. One of his favourite studies was drawing the guillotine, with Louis taking leave of the people. His schoolmaster, Dr. Bidlake, encouraged his talent in this way. At thirteen Haydon was removed to Plympton grammar school, where Sir Joshua Reynolds was brought up. Here drawing was still pursued as usual, and here his classical schooling, which does not appear to have been very extensive, was completed. He was then sent to Exeter to study book-keeping, and at the end of six months was bound to his father for seven years. Young Haydon, of course, made a wretched tradesman. He insulted the customers: he hated the town and the people in it. He was determined to be an artist or nothing. His father remonstrated, his friends reasoned, his

mother wept—all was in vain; as usual, self-will won the day. Haydon collected his books and colours, packed up his things, and took his place in the mail for London, 13th May, 1804. He took lodgings at 342, Strand, and the next day was hard at work drawing from the round, studying Albinus, and breathing aspirations for high art. For nine months he saw nothing but his books, his casts, and his drawings. His enthusiasm was immense; his devotion to study that of a martyr. He rose when he woke at three, four, or five; drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from nine till one, and from half-past one till five; then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. Haydon had come up from Devonshire armed with an introduction to Prince Hoare, who introduced him to Northcote, Opie, and Fuseli; and the latter got him into the Academy of which he was keeper. Here he associated with Sachom and Wilkie, and by means of his intimacy with the former, got a commission from Lord Mulgrave for "Dentatus." By means of Wilkie, he became intimate with Sir G. Beaumont, who appears, according to Haydon's version, to have taken a pleasure in bringing geniuses out and leaving them to sink or swim. In reality, he seems to have acted the part of a kind and consistent friend. In 1807, Haydon's first picture of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt," appeared; and when the season opened the artist started as a fashionable man, lived at the Admiralty, attended routs, mingled in a circle of ministers and ladies, generals and lord chamberlains, men with genius and without. In 1808, he ventured upon taking a first floor at 41, Great Marlborough Street, and commenced his "Dentatus" in earnest. At this time also he first saw the Elgin marbles: the effect they produced on him was overpowering. "I felt the future," he writes in his memoirs, "I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth—that they would overturn the false beau ideal where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau ideal of which nature alone is the basis. I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind, and I knew they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness." The "Dentatus" finished, notwithstanding it was badly hung, Haydon's vanity grew greater than ever. "I walked about my room," he writes, "looked into the glass, anticipated what the foreign ambassadors would say, studied my French for a good accent, believed that all the sovereigns of Europe would hail an English youth with delight who could paint a heroic picture." His next work was a "Macbeth," for Sir G. Beaumont. His "Dentatus" had brought him a prize of one hundred guineas from the British Institution, and the "Macbeth" he was determined should win the three hundred guinea prize offered by the directors of the same institution; and truly he needed the money. His father had done all he could for him. He then commenced that system of getting into debt and borrowing which was the curse of his whole after-life. "Macbeth" did not get the prize, and Haydon relieved himself by quarrelling with the Academy, and painting "Solomon." His difficulties at this time were great—he traded, lived, and clothed himself on trust; yet he had friends, some of them equally talented and more fortunate than himself. His usual companions were Hazlitt, the Huuts, Barnes (of the *Times*), Wilkie, Jackson, C. Lamb, and John Scott (of the *Champion*). His "Solomon" achieved a temporary success. It was sold for six hundred guineas. It was praised by the nobility. The British Institution voted one hundred guineas to him as a mark of their admiration of it, and he was also presented with the freedom of his native town. Canova paid him a visit, and Wordsworth wrote sonnets in his praise. Haydon's painting room was attended by the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, and the academicians, whom he had beaten by his defence of the Elgin marbles, when he "met them at a conversazione or a rout, stood by pale and contemptible, holding out a finger as they passed." In 1820 the "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" was completed and exhibited. While the enthusiasm was at its height, a gentleman asked if a thousand pounds would buy it. "No," was the reply. Lord Ashburnham gave Haydon one

hundred pounds as an expression of his high esteem of so beautiful a picture. By exhibiting it in town he made a clear profit of £1,298. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, also, nearly another thousand pounds was raised. Haydon then returned to town to finish "Christ in the Garden," for which Sir G. Phillips had generously advanced the sum of five hundred guineas, and to sketch his "Lazarus," which he determined should be his grandest and largest work. But before the picture was completed he had much to go through. He was in love and unsettled, he was in debt and arrested. He managed to get free and get married. For a short time we find him happy—leading a more peaceful life, breathing a purer air. On the last day of 1821 he thus wrote: "I don't know how it is, but I get less reflective as I get older. I seem to take things as they come, without much care. In early life everything being new excites thought. As nothing is new when a man is thirty-five, one thinks less. Or, perhaps, being married to my dearest Mary, and having no longer anything to hope in love, I get more contented with my lot, which God knows is capacious beyond imagination. Here I sit sketching, with the loveliest face before me smiling and laughing, and solitude is not. Marriage has increased my happiness beyond expression. In the intervals of study, a few minutes' conversation with a creature one loves is the greatest of all reliefs. God bless us both. My pecuniary difficulties are still great; but my love is intense, my ambition intense, and my hope in God's protection cheering." Unhappily this sunshine lasted not long. Happy in his wife—in his aim—burning with noble aspirations for English art—thus twelve months passed away, and then Haydon's career again became stormy—antagonistic—darker and darker every year. No wonder that Haydon revelled in such philosophic formulae as these:—"Art long, time swift, life short, and law despotic."

In 1823, "Lazarus" was finished, and the proceeds of the exhibition did not this time keep the wolf from the door. In April we find him dating from the King's Bench. His friends rallied round him; Brougham presented his petition to the House of Commons. In July, he passed through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and got free to commence dunning ministerial ears with plans in favour of public employment for artists. In vain were ministerial replies, curt, cold, unsatisfactory—from the letters of Sir C. Long to Sir Robert Peel. Haydon persisted, and the result was the statues and frescoes and oil pictures in the new Houses of Parliament. Haydon now took to portrait-painting: had he taken to it more kindly he would have been a happier man. How much of degradation and dependence would he have missed. A Mr. Kearsey for a little time engages to allow Haydon £300, on condition that he sticks to that lucrative branch of art. But the agreement over, again Haydon plunged into difficulty and debt. In 1826, "Pharaoh" was finished, and "Venus appearing to Anchises" begun and finished; and "the finest subject on earth," "Alexander taming Bucephalus," begun. Lord Egremont gave him a commission for the work. In 1827, "Eucles" was painted, and, for a wonder, in cabinet size—"the darling size of England"—for which Lord Egremont again generously gave him a commission. Another arrest for debt also took place this year; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Lockhart, a public meeting was held at the "Crown and Anchor," Lord Francis Leveson Gower in the chair, "for the purpose of raising a subscription to restore Mr. Haydon to his family and pursuits, he having been imprisoned one month in consequence of embarrassments arising from an over-eagerness to pay off old debts, from which he was exonerated, and the want of employment for eight months." The result was Haydon's release. Also the "March Election," which was sold to George IV. next year, and the "March Charing," the net receipts from which two pictures, including the produce of the exhibition and the sale of drawings, amounted to £1,396—"a sum," observes Haydon, "which, in better circumstances, and less expensé, would have been a comfortable independence for the year." Truly many a better man than he has been compelled to manage to live with less. "Punch"

was painted in 1829. In 1830, another arrest takes place. Haydon begs and borrows, as usual; and gets an order from Sir R. Peel for a picture of Napoleon at St. Helena. He seems to have considered it unparadoxical that the Minister of England should have mistaken a fragment of the Elgin Marbles for the Torso of Apollonius. In 1831, Haydon was absorbed in politics, yet he painted "Walters" for the *Times*, and again had recourse to the pen. This paved the way for his picture of "The Reform Banquet" in Guildhall, for which he received a commission from Earl Grey. The occupation suited his taste, because he had access to the leaders of the reform movement, and felt himself one of them.

The destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire of course led to fresh activity on Haydon's part in pressing upon the ministry the propriety of some arrangement for art decoration in the new building; but to Haydon himself nothing seems to have brought pecuniary ease. He painted the Duke, Achilles, Cassandra; and began lecturing in 1835 at the Mechanics' Institution, in Southampton-buildings. The lecture was a success, and was speedily repeated at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere. Dr. Birkbeck said, as they went out, "You have succeeded; it is a hit." Haydon was delighted. At length an English community would do him justice, and English art would be reformed. But his hopes now were greater than his powers. He had become worn and weary. He had been wasted in the battle of life. Time was lost in hunting up money—in putting off creditors—in the fashions and gaieties of May Fair. His next ten years of life were a fearful struggle. In spite of his aspirations, his paintings were careless, unworthy of his fame—mere potboilers, to use a technical term, with which men of Haydon's class are but too familiar. Yet all was vain; for again we find him in the King's Bench. The year 1843 brought still heavier sorrow. It brought the consummation of what Haydon had so long wished for—a competition of native artists to prove their capability of executing great monumental and decorative works; but with this came his own bitter disappointment at not being among the competitors. His cartoons were not among those selected for reward. He professed to have been prepared for the disappointment; but it was great and terrible, nevertheless. It revived all the old horrors of arrest, execution, and debt. His beloved and loving wife felt the misery of the blow. When Haydon told her he was not included, her expression was a study, as she mournfully exclaimed, "We shall all be ruined!" In 1846 the curse came; the cloud grew darker—the anguish more intense. On Monday morning, the 22nd of June, Haydon wrote in his diary:—

"God forgive me! Amen.

Finis
of .

B. R. Haydon.

"Stretch me no longer on the rough world."—*Lear*.

End of twenty-sixth volume."

"Before eleven," says Mr. Taylor, "the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death." On the morning of that Monday Haydon rose early and went out, returning apparently fatigued at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton by her husband's especial desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead before the easel, on which stood his unfinished picture of "Alfred and the first British Jury;" his white hairs dabbled in blood, a half-open razor smeared with blood at his side, near it a small pistol recently discharged, in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a small easel facing his large picture. On a table near were his diary, open at the

page of that last entry, his watch, a prayer-book open at the gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, headed, "Last Thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten:—

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity. 'I create good—I create—I the Lord do these things. Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and I fear the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because when encouraged, I paid everybody. 'God forgive the evil for the sake of the good.' Amen." Besides this paper was his will, which began as follows: "In the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour, in the efficacy of whose atonement I firmly and conscientiously believe, I make my last will this day, June 22, 1846, being clear in my intellect, and decided in my resolution of purpose." The coroner's jury found that the self-destroyer was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act. The debts at death amounted to about £2,000, the assets were inconsiderable. The bereaved family and widow received little sympathy and help of friends, and especially of one whose private career seems to have been as much marked by generosity as his public was by patriotism. The reader will at once guess the honoured name of Peel. Many an unhappy child of genius has shared a similar bounty from the same liberal hand. Yet the world gave him little credit for it. Sir Robert did not his alms before men; his right hand knew not what his left hand did.

We have thus watched Haydon's career from his cradle to his grave. The great secret of Haydon's failure was pecuniary embarrassment. He was always in danger, always pestered by lawyers and arrests. He had a high notion of art; but it was not the highest—his idea was, that the nation should keep him, Robert Haydon; that if the nation would not keep him the nobility should; and that if neither the nobility nor the nation did their duty, he was to beg and borrow of whom he could. On half Haydon's income many a better man than he has lived. Barry lived on infinitely less; but Haydon must mix in high life. Hence he was always poor, and always in trouble.

As a man Haydon was self-willed, inordinately vain, unscrupulous in conduct, yet sometimes religious in feeling; that he did good none can deny. He lived to see his teaching sanctioned by the Academy and parliament, and his pupils—such as Eastlake and Landseer—rising up to honour and wealth. The "Judgment of Solomon" is his finest work as an artist. "His art," says Mr. G. F. Watts, "is defective in principle and wanting in attractiveness; not possessing those qualities of exact imitation which attract, amuse, give confidence, and even flatter, because they take the spectator into partnership and make him feel as if they were almost suggestions of his own. I cannot find that he strikes upon any chord that is the basis of a true harmony. To particularise—I should say that his touch is generally woolly and his surface disagreeable; that the dabs of white on the lights, and the dabs of red in the shadows are untrue and displeasing; that his draperies are deficient in richness and dignity, and his general effect much less good than one would expect from the goodness of parts, which, I think, arises principally from the coarseness of the handling; that his expressions of anatomy and general perception of form are the best by far that can be found in the English school, and I feel even a direction towards something that is only to be found in Phidias. But this is not true invariably; his proportion is very often defective, especially in the arms of his figures; and his hands and feet, though well understood, are often dandified and uncharacteristic." Haydon's fame as a theorist and lecturer will last longer than as a painter. His great historical works are already nearly forgotten by the public; but if the public and the government feel now what they never did before, that art is a national concern, and if art and its professors be benefited in consequence, the consummation is one almost attributable to Haydon alone.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

THE present King of Belgium is making praiseworthy efforts to foster the spirit of nationality in his prosperous kingdom, by reviving, in every way in his power, reminiscences of the past glories of old Flanders, and of the distinguished part it played in ancient times in all the great movements of the continent under the Dukes of Burgundy, so famous in war, and love, and romance. No one amongst them all was better worthy of a place in the midst of the capital than that grand old Fleming, Godfrey de Bouillon, so brave, so modest, so

mighty arm; how wisely he ruled over Jerusalem; what sagacity he displayed in the famous *Assises*, which he caused to be enacted for the government of his new kingdom; how piously he died, and how he was buried on Mount Calvary close to the tomb of Christ; and how the Christians all wept for him as a father, and friend, and strong deliverer, and the Mussulmans as a beneficent and just ruler? His very name recalls all the virtues and all the beauties of the heroic age in which he lived.



STATUE OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON AT BRUSSELS.

devout, the very type of chivalry, the model and predecessor of Bayard and Gaston de Foix? Who has not heard how, when sick unto death, he made a vow to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels, and when he recovered how he sold a large part of his dominions and his seigneurial rights to defray the expenses of the expedition; what discipline and order he preserved amongst his forces on the march; how he starved himself that the starving women of the camp might have food; what an enormous number of Saracen giants he slew; what visions from heaven appeared to him and encouraged him; what a commanding countenance he had, what a

The equestrian statue, represented in our engraving, was inaugurated in August, 1848. It stands in the Place Royale of Brussels, on the spot formerly occupied by that of Charles of Lorraine, which was erected by the States of Brabant, but which was destroyed by the French in 1794. It was cast in bronze by M. Soyer, of Paris, after a model by Eugene Simonis, which was one of the most striking objects in the Great Exhibition of 1851. The great crusader is represented holding the banner of the cross in his right hand, his left curbs his impatient charger, and his eyes are raised to heaven as if invoking the Divine benediction on his army.

FRANCIS MIERIS (THE ELDER).



GABRIEL METZU gives us glimpses into the interior of the houses of the wealthy middle classes of Holland. From him we learn the precise appearance of the morning *negligé* of the
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ladies, what dress they wore at noon, when about to take their lessons on the harpsichord, or receive the visits of the gallant officers or gay cavaliers who at that hour called upon them clothed in black from head to foot. Francis Mieris also shows us, as in a mirror, this same elegance, these same domestic comforts, the same carved furniture, the same polished lustres, the same splendid glasses glittering with golden liqueurs. He paints for us, in his own way, and with certain peculiarities of his own, manners in which he certainly did not partake. There was this singularity in Mieris, that while his pictures bore the expression of refined thoughts, his habits did not. His works, instead of revealing his life, concealed it.

This celebrated painter was the son of a lapidary. He was born at Leyden, on the 11th of April, 1635. "Perceiving his taste for painting," said Houbraken, "his father placed him under the tuition of Abraham Torenvliet, a famous painter on glass and a good designer. Thence he entered the school of Gerard Douw, where in a very short time he surpassed all his companions, and thus gained the affection of his master, who called him the prince of his scholars. After the lapse of some years, his father removed him to study under Abraham Van Tempel, an historical painter; but he did not remain long with him, as his natural inclination led him to adopt Gerard Douw's manner, which was extremely delicate, and required extraordinary care."

This Abraham Van Tempel was a man of large and powerful intellect, if we may judge from those of his paintings which we have seen at the Hague. His full-length portraits have a bold outline, and he was admirably calculated to inspire Mieris with a taste for historical painting; but the fact that the latter let

slip this opportunity of enlarging his style—and we were going to say his thoughts—proves beyond doubt that he perceived from the first that his true road to success lay in the track of his old master, Gerard Douw. He, therefore, returned to the studio of the latter, and continued to labour under his eye with all a pupil's modesty, often taking his advice when he was himself far more competent to judge. However, there were at Leyden several amateurs, who admired him greatly, and frequently expressed to him their surprise that he did not begin to work upon his own account and shake off the dust of the school, since he had already surpassed his master. As they were warm friends who held this language to him, he would probably have put it down to pardonable partiality, and have continued his old course, if one of them, Professor Silvius, had not volunteered, in proof of his sincerity, to purchase every painting that came from his pencil.

So flattering a proposal had the desired effect. Miéris left Gerard Douw, and began to work for himself, and, thanks to the friendship of Silvius, he was soon enabled to make a striking display of his talents. The archduke Leopold William was passionately fond of painting; Silvius persuaded him, without difficulty, to give Miéris an order, assuring him that he would receive a *chef-d'œuvre*. The artist did honour to his friend's recommendation. It was, in fact, upon this occasion that he executed the famous work so well known in Germany as "*Die Seidenhändlerinn*," *The Silk-mercer*. It is, in truth, a gem of art. In it Miéris put into practice everything that Gerard Douw had taught him; he was perfectly competent to render the rich fabrics in all their varieties of shade and hue, lustring, satin, and velvet; he knew how to arrange the light so as to throw out the figures and the most remarkable objects into strong relief, leaving all else buried in deep but transparent shade. By tricks of the brush he was able to render the nature of each substance evident at a glance—the down upon feathers, the polish of steel; it seems as if we could touch with our finger the silky hair of a spaniel, as well as the rich wool of a Turkey carpet. Miéris knew how, in short, to lend to the actors in a scene borrowed from ordinary life all the *finesse* of expression necessary to relieve the simplicity of such a subject, and gave piquancy to a matter of such slender interest.

The painting executed for the archduke represented a silk-mercer's shop, attended by a young woman of passing beauty. A nobleman, elegantly dressed, with feathers in his hat and a sword at his side, has entered, and, struck by the charms of the fair owner of the shop, cannot resist the temptation of touching her lightly under the chin with his fingers, with all the polite impertinence of a gay man of the world. The lady blushes, smiles, and continues to turn over the pieces of silk; but the gentleman is far less occupied with the richness of the articles he has come to purchase than the charms of her who shows them. At the further end of the shop, before a large fireplace, sits a man, most likely the jealous husband of the fair mercer. He has caught the stranger's movement with the corner of his eye, but not daring to give vent to his feelings before so dashing a customer, contents himself with shaking his finger ominously at his wife, as if threatening a certain lecture of no ordinary severity. The archduke was delighted. He paid Miéris a thousand florins, and offered him a pension of a thousand rix-dollars if he would consent to go to Vienna, and work there for the court, in which case his labours would be liberally recompensed. But the artist politely declined, alleging as an excuse the disinclination of his wife to leave her native country.

Henceforward the painter of Leyden found himself eagerly sought after by the amateurs. All strove which should have his works at any price. Cornelius Praats, whose son was alderman of the town of Leyden, and who had himself taken some lessons from Francis Miéris, entered into an agreement to pay him a ducat of gold for every hour it might take him to execute a painting representing the "*Swooning or a Young Girl*." Miéris discharged his task in Praat's house, and received not less than fifteen hundred florins. The grand duke of Tuscany having come to Leyden, on seeing this painting

was so charmed with it, that he offered Praats three thousand florins for it, but the latter would not part with it upon any terms, nor with a portrait of Madame Praats, painted also by Miéris. The same thing has probably never occurred with regard to any family portrait as with regard to this. Attempts were made to purchase it while the original was still living, as if the excellence of the work itself was sufficient to supply the want of any interest in the subject.

Not being able to meet with any amateur who would sell him a Miéris, the grand duke paid a visit to the painter himself, and amongst the works which he found in his studio in an unfinished state, was a very fine sketch, which he begged of him to complete "*An Assemblage of Ladies*." Houbraken somewhere calls Metzu a painter of fashions. This singular appellation might, in this instance at least, be applied to Francis Miéris, but not in a bad sense; though there is no doubt that here the dress, or the materials of which it is composed, has an undue importance given it. If his figures were not so handsome, we might imagine that they were but a pretext for making a gorgeous display of velvet jackets, of satin petticoats, and furs. In fact, every conceivable device of luxury, every grace and elegance of fashion, appear in this work. In the background, in a sort of gallery, magnificently decorated, appear a lady and cavalier promenading up and down, and evidently engaged in agreeable chit-chat. Here a young girl, in a rich mantle of purple velvet trimmed with fur, is raising to her head a glass of some delicate wine, while a page stands before her with a silver salver; there a lady in white satin stands up with a lute in her hand, as if about to play. Opposite these splendidly attired ladies, Miéris painted a young man, wearing a short cloak of black velvet. Splendid carpets, glittering plate, a dish of bombons, which a mischievous little monkey is eating by stealth, half-hidden under the folds of a curtain of lustring, complete the composition, which certainly displays no great depth of imagination; but the rendering of each object is marvellous, and if the hands had not been drawn in the style of Metzu and Vandyke, and had there been less distinction in the choice of the heads, one might have thought that Francis Miéris himself kept a silk-shop, like the pretty woman of his first painting, and that, unlike the gentleman in the same composition, he was more occupied with the beauties of dress than beauty of face or figure.

The search after the beautiful is one of the points in which Miéris distinguished himself, and it is upon this that his renown rests. Certainly the art of imitating dress, of polishing it by the aid of the pencil, is not sufficient to lend lustre to a painter's name, unless, indeed, he were to reach such a pitch of perfection in it as has never yet been witnessed. Paintings live only upon condition of being well executed and well touched, just as books live only on condition of being well written. But this mere excellence in form or outline is not sufficient; there must be food for the mind, and something to excite some emotion in the heart. Sometimes, we admit, when the form is exquisite, and the style of the book is piquant, though it treats of nothing—when the painter's touch is charming, and, if we may use the expression, intelligent, as in the case of a basket of strawberries, or a simple glass of water glittering with purity and freshness—it may happen that mere form will supply the want of other qualities. Thus Chardin and Metzu knew how to lend interest to the simplest scenes and incidents; but we must confess that their style is so charming, that the subtlest portion of their ability, the very essence of their character, seems to have passed into their painting; and it is in this sense that we may attribute to them great talent in execution. But if the artist has not reached this stage in his art, at which the most refined feelings of his heart drop from the point of his pencil, it is difficult for his works to survive him in the absence of some happy, animating thought. Why, then, are the works of Miéris valued as much and more at the present day than they were two hundred years ago? Because of that endeavour after the beautiful of which we just now spoke. Amongst so many Dutch painters who have chosen to copy nature at random, it is pleasant to find one who thought it not beneath him to

select models, and who, preferring grace to ugliness, has preferred painting handsome women, elegantly dressed, to sketching grotesque country wenches. This is the great secret of Miéris' success, as of that of Gaspar Netscher, of Schalken, and some others.

The grand duke of Tuscany gave a thousand rixdollars for "The Assembly of Ladies," but was not content with this alone. He wanted also, not his own portrait by Miéris, but that of Miéris by himself. The artist executed it with a good will. He painted himself showing one of his works, representing one of those subjects with which he was most familiar, "A young Girl taking her Lesson at the Harpsichord." This portrait of Miéris, which was in reality the mirror of his person and the coloured definition of his talent, was looked upon as an able work; but, according to Houbraken, the price was not this time proportioned to the value. The grand duke, at the instigation of some of his courtiers whom Miéris had offended, sent so small a sum, that the artist took umbrage at it, and refused to execute any works ever after for the Tuscan court.

Campo Weyermann relates, in the same way as Arnold Houbraken, the story of Miéris' rupture with the grand duke; but Gerard de Lairese, in his "Great Book of the Painters," explains it differently. He says, "He who has executed works on a large scale, may afterwards execute them on a small scale if he wish; whilst those who are always occupied with little things, cannot pass to great ones but with difficulty. Miéris, who was so justly celebrated for works on a small scale, has lost all the esteem in which the grand duke of Tuscany, his Mæcenas, held him, through attempting to paint portraits in life size; and it is the same with many others." It is not difficult to believe Gerard de Lairese in this matter, not only because he was a man of distinguished abilities, who made no assertion lightly, but because he was on terms of intimacy with Miéris. He had, in fact, undertaken the education of one of the artist's sons, John Miéris, who went to practise painting in Italy, where he died. By a fortunate, but curious contradiction in his character, Francis, whom the example of Jan Steen had led into habits of tippling, detested the vice in others. So Gerard de Lairese, grave and solemn in his looks, was a bit of a libertine in his manners, and for this reason Miéris removed his son from his care, lest his example should corrupt the youth's morals.

This contrast between their lives and their works is a comparatively rare feature in the history of painters. Miéris, who devoted his whole talents to search after beauty, or to the delineation of the interior of the luxurious abodes of the middle classes of Holland, then the richest and yet most austere in the world, was,—we are sorry to say it—a drunkard. He was on terms of close intimacy with a painter of Leyden, the famous Jan Steen, an amusing philosopher and a professed tippler. Steen's lively conversation, his jovial disposition, his witty sallies, his careless, joyous way of living without a thought of the morrow, had a seductive influence upon Miéris, who, at last, was so fascinated that he could never tear himself away from his company. Steen having become a tavern-keeper, Miéris became one of his best customers, and the two often passed the night drinking and carousing with John Lieveens, Ary de Voys, and some others. Steen was soon ruined and obliged to take down his sign, and then Miéris accompanied him to other taverns, and the two artists and their old comrades often protracted their revels far on in the night.

Houbraken tells a curious anecdote regarding one of these merry-makings. One night, after a very jovial meeting, Miéris set out to come home alone, and in crossing a narrow bridge fell off it into a deep drain. He was quite fuddled, and as it was not likely that there was any one near at such a late hour, there was every prospect of his career coming to an inglorious end. However, he roared lustily, and as good luck would have it, there was a cobbler living close at hand, and was still at work, singing and hammering away. His wife heard Miéris' cries, and having called her husband's attention to them, they both took a light and ran in the direction from which the sound came. There they found our painter, gor-

geously dressed, with gold buttons on his coat, stuck fast in the mud. They dragged him out, took him to their house, and, having dried his garments, sent him home. Miéris was thoroughly sobered by the time of his release, but was so much ashamed of the adventure that he concealed his name.

Being, however, very kind-hearted, the painter determined to reward the poor people for the kindness they had shown him, and what better token of gratitude could an artist bestow than one of his paintings. He, accordingly, set to work upon one, the subject of which has not reached us, but as he could only labour at it at intervals, it was not finished for two years. As soon as he had given it the last touch, he went one evening to the cobbler's, with his canvas concealed under his cloak. He found nobody there but the wife, and having entered into conversation with her, found that she really did not know the name of the man whom they had rescued. He then produced the picture and presented it to her, telling her to keep it as an acknowledgment of the service she had rendered him in getting him out of the drain. "But if," he added, "you would prefer money, take it to M. Praats." He then disappeared abruptly, without saying who he was. The woman showed the present to several of her neighbours, all of whom assured her it was very valuable. Her curiosity was at last thoroughly roused, and she took the picture to Jacob Vandermaas, burgo-master, residing in the Hooftgraaf, in whose house she had lived as a servant, who was surprised to see an article of such value in her possession, and at once recognised it as the work of Miéris, and valued it at one hundred ducatoons. "I would give that sum myself, but first go to so and so," said he, mentioning the names of some of the amateurs, "and ask eight hundred florins, and you will be sure to get them." She did as he directed, and was successful.

We have many times heard connoisseurs, in talking of painting, place Gabriel Metzua above Miéris. It seems to us that Miéris' touch is sometimes painful, and even scraped and dragged, when compared with the light and intellectual touch of Metzua. There is a picture of the former in the Dresden Gallery, which well illustrates the excellences of Miéris' style, and proves beyond doubt that the works of every artist, however great his genius, vary vastly in quality. In this, of which we present our readers with an engraving, (p. 136) a young girl, of light character, is listening to the proposals of an old matron. The subject is in itself rather gross, but the painter has treated it with great delicacy. The thought is clearly indicated, and yet there is nothing to shock us in the expression of it. The careless attitude of the young woman is so *distingué*, if we may be allowed the word, that it atones for the plainness of the meaning, and there is an indescribable air of voluptuous modesty about it, which interests us in the highest degree. Without showing her handsome face, except in profile, to save her the embarrassment which a little stretch of fancy will induce us to believe the full view of the spectator at such a moment would cause her, she leaves her beauty to our imagination, but lets us see her grace. The light falls upon her ear, and extends slightly upon her cheek, leaving the greater part of it in transparent shadow. Nothing can be more charming than the turn of her neck, and the knot in which her auburn hair is fastened, with pearls intermingled with the tresses. She wears a satin robe, and a sort of jacket, embroidered with gold. Her fine head leans languidly upon her left hand with a sort of lascivious indolence, the other falls gracefully over the back of the chair, and between her fingers she crumples a letter, which she has just been reading. Upon the table, on which her elbow is resting, we see a book and a mandolin. In the background appears the exterior of a palace, but within the apartment, a little to the left, may be seen a piece of furniture in the shape of an altar, on which is written the word *Amor*. The whole is finished with such exquisite delicacy, that one might fancy it was executed upon ivory. As it is considered very valuable, it is placed under glass, which gives it the appearance of a large miniature. No lover of painting could gaze on this picture without feeling the fascinating influence of female charms stealing over him.

Gerard de Lairese, in the chapter in which he speaks of painters on a small scale, and mainly of Miéris, has put several opinions upon record, which we feel it to be our duty to combat here, notwithstanding the weight they must have in coming from such a quarter. "We must remember," says he, "that objects painted on a small scale cannot be truth, nor even the appearance of truth; for there can be no doubt that paintings which represent objects thus should only be considered as nature seen from a distance, through a door or window, whether within or without a building, so that they ought to be painted in such wise that on being hung against a

artist who paints diminutive pieces, as Miéris, intends not to exhibit distant objects, but, on the contrary, to bring them nearer that they may be better seen; and if he diminishes their real size, it is in order that the spectator by approaching as closely to the picture as he pleases may be enabled to seize upon the minutest details. In the distance we see nothing but large masses; the various parts appear confused and undecided, the *contour* is lost; the angles are softened down, the precise shape of an object, and *a fortiori*, the small points in its physiognomy escape the eye completely. If, then, the painter executes his work under these conditions—that



MIERIS AND HIS WIFE. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

wall, they may not appear to be a panel or painted canvas, but that they should truly resemble a window, through which one really sees nature; a result which cannot be obtained by warm shadows or brilliant colouring, but by soft and feeble colouring, broken by the interposition of the surrounding air, according as it is serene or loaded with vapour."

To this "laying down of the law" we take exception, and, in our humble opinion, a painter, who acted upon such principles, would be sure to go astray. If it were admitted that a small painting should represent nature as she appears in the distance, the painter would plainly defeat his object. An

is, with that weakening of the tone which aerial perspective demands—what follows? Why, the spectator, by an inexplicable delusion, will see things close at hand which ought to be lost in the indistinctness of distance, and touch with his finger objects which, nevertheless, should escape him, being two hundred yards off. Is not this, then, a monstrous contradiction between the actual effect of a picture and its intention? Why does the amateur delight in the works of Gerard Douw, of Slengelandt, and Miéris? Because he wants to have in the narrow limits of his own abode an epitome of all the wonders of the pencil, an

entire gallery in a space twelve feet square. To satisfy him you must give him the incidents and characters of the outer world, condensed, as it were, into the smallest possible dimensions, the heroes of everyday life (some of them might readily be comprised within a frame of twelve inches square); and, if this be true, what becomes of Lairesse's theory? Would the fortunate owner of these masterpieces in miniature be content to see these figures, which he wished to have within easy eye-reach, fading dimly in the shifting hues of the atmosphere, and flying altogether from the tranquil but confined abode in which he wished to retain them, that he might feed his eyes

Molière, Richelieu, Louis XIII., and other "glasses of fashion" at that period. He has painted himself under various aspects—sometimes as a soldier, at others as a simple citizen. The Museum at the Hague exhibits him in the interior of his own house, in his everyday dress, leaning over his wife, and amusing himself by pulling the ears of a little spaniel that his wife holds upon her knees. (See our engraving, p. 132.) The Dresden Gallery contains not less than three pictures, in which Miérís has given his own portrait with great complaisance. In one we find him in his studio conversing with a handsome girl, of whom we, however, see



THE PHILOSOPHER. FROM A PAINTING BY MIÉRIS.

upon them? These observations of Gerard de Lairesse are all the more surprising as coming from the pen of a painter, for it would be impossible to execute a picture in accordance with them, since it would have no foreground except the frame. Think of a picture without a foreground! It must be confessed that if Miérís did not know how to execute works upon a large scale, Lairesse did not know how to talk of pictures on a small one.

If we may judge by the portraits which Miérís has left us of himself, he had a handsome face, gay-looking, but the expression slightly sensual, a brilliant eye, a prominent mouth, overhung by a soft moustache worn in the style adopted by

nothing but her back, who has come to sit for her portrait, but her face appears on the canvas as in a mirror. Both the painter and the model are dressed with a richness and coquettishness which happily the graver is able to render almost with as much accuracy as the colours of the master himself, as may be seen by the example which we furnish (p. 144). Miérís is dressed in black velvet, with tight silk breeches of bright blue, fastened below the knees with garters ornamented by rosettes, and ribbon shoe-ties. Nothing can be more elegant or *recherché* than his appearance. Stultz could not surpass it. While the model is resting, a servant is bringing in refreshments. In another Miérís has evidently made him-

self, rather the subject for a painting than the original of a portrait. It is evidently himself whom we see dressed as a trumpeter in the picture bearing that name. (See our engraving, p. 110.) This was, no doubt, executed to have the pleasure of painting himself in the magnificent uniform worn by the Spanish soldiers who were sent into the Low Countries to suppress the insurrection. The costume certainly is very picturesque. If the head were not in this instance full of life and vigour and intelligence, one would think that "The Trumpeter" was chosen merely for the display of a dashing uniform. A tight blue jacket, covered with trappings, and furnished with yellow sleeves, a mezzotint cap of the same colour as the jacket, green gaiters with golden fringes, and a sword with glittering hilt—such is the uniform. And whether Miéris exhibit himself in warlike panoply or by the side of his easel, he is still ever in the midst of luxury. All the objects which make up the learned confusion of a studio contend, we will not say for the spectator's attention, but for whatever of it he has to spare after having bestowed sufficient upon the principal figure. A violoncello resting against a piece of furniture, covered with a curtain, announces the fact, that the painter solaces his labours by occasional performances upon it.

One would imagine that if Miéris displayed in his house as much luxury and magnificence as he affects in his paintings, he would soon have been ruined, in spite of the high price which he put upon his works. Add to this, that owing to the extraordinary delicacy of finish which he bestowed upon all his pictures, he could execute comparatively a small number only, not to speak of the indolent habits which he acquired from his friend Steen. Accordingly we find in many works in which he is mentioned, and notably in the "Catalogue de L'orangère," by Gersaint, his conduct was anything but orderly. His habits were expensive, and involved him in a number of debts, for which he was several times put in prison. One of his creditors kept him there a long time, and when his friends urged him to paint something that would procure his release, he replied, "that the sight of the bar and the sound of the bolts rendered the imagination sterile." Gersaint travelled a good deal in Holland, and while there picked up much information regarding the painters; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that he learnt some of these details from Miéris' own friends. Certainly neither Houbraken nor Campo Weyermann make mention of this circumstance.

Francis Miéris died in 1681, at the age of forty-six, leaving two sons, John and William; the last of whom imitated his manner with considerable ability, and maintained the celebrity of the name. Francis exhausted life rapidly. As a painter his sentiment of the beautiful was lively; as a man he was ever tending towards the bad and degrading. He loved what was tasteful and distinguished, but lived in a public-house; he loved luxury and ruined himself by it. By dint of admiring Steen's wit, he came to imitate his joyous indolence, and his wicked and dishonest carelessness; laughing, glass in hand, at the amount of his debts. But in spite of this gross existence, Miéris always preserved enough love of the beautiful and elegant to impel him to the choice of fine features, delicate complexions, handsome heads, graceful attitudes, and tasteful dress, and those splendid fabrics which were indispensable in his painting, since he never dared to paint the naked figure.

It is not difficult to decide what rank Miéris should assume among painters of familiar scenes. The distinction between the various masters, Terburg, Metz, Gerard Douw, and Miéris, consists rather in shades of talent than degrees of merit. If we examine them closely, we shall find that Miéris is rather below his three rivals. As compared to his master, Gerard Douw, he has, without doubt, a more brilliant colouring, and is more delicate than he in the common features. His celebrated picture, "The Strolling Tinker" in the Dresden Gallery, proves, beyond doubt, that he was able to give great delicacy to the most vulgar physiognomies. It is not easy to forget, when once seen, the expression on the face of this tinker, as he raises a kettle between him and the light, to enable him to see the cracks, with an air worthy of a

learned antiquary who is trying to decipher a precious manuscript, or to verify the enamelling of a piece of old armour, while the woman who owns the article stands at the door of her tavern, shaded by a vine-branch, and awaits the result of the investigation with anxious impatience. But though delicate as Douw, Miéris has not the same nobility and elevation of mind. He could never have painted pictures so full of pathos and simple dignity as "The Dropsical Woman," and "The Reading of the Bible." His works, in short, always make us desire more sentiment and less satire.

Miéris always ably availed himself of the resources of *chiaro-scuro* to subordinate the accessories, and give full prominence to the principal objects. He could soften down unpleasant details by great masses of shadow. He was skilled also in the proprieties of *chiaro-scuro*, if we may be allowed the expression; as, for example, when he painted a facile nymph buried in sleep, her head resting on cushions, and disclosing through her open corset a bosom of snowy whiteness, at the farther end of the room an old duenna, who is receiving money from a cavalier, with his hat pulled down over his eyes; he reserves all the light for the sleeping beauty, and casts the act of the old woman into the shade, as if he saw some connexion between the *chiaro-scuro* of morality and of art. But as regards touch, Terburg and Metz seem to us superior to Miéris. Without doubt, the execution of the latter painter is valuable. He impresses his character on each object; he renders the flesh, the silk, the ermine, the velvet, the marble, the ebony, all the drapery, the substances, and it seems at first as if it was perfection itself. At the same time, if we compare Miéris with Terburg, and, above all, with Metz, we perceive all at once that there is still a degree above merit of this sort.

We have stated that Miéris was, *par excellence*, the painter of the Dutch middle classes. Accordingly, many of his subjects are drawn from scenes in their life, and illustrate their costume and manners. "The Lady with the Parrot" (p. 111), now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, is one of the best, and decidedly the most celebrated of this class. There is an air of pleasant and abstracted reverie about her face as she feeds her favourite. In the dress Miéris displays all his great powers of imitation. The painting first became celebrated as the "Red Corset."

In "The Philosopher," which we have engraved, Miéris gives evidence of a much higher kind of talent than he has displayed in his other works. In this the elaboration of details, though still carefully attended to, occupies only a secondary position. The main interest of the piece is centred in the principal figure. The old man's head is a fine expression of the idea of calm clear-headedness, of deep thought, and of a life far removed from the petty passions, tumults, and turmoil of the world without.

Finishing is not the great difficulty in painting, if we understand by this the mixing of colours, and the polish obtained by patience and a scraper, the extreme care bestowed upon all the details, and a certain propriety of pencil which never errs through negligence or oversight. Many Dutch masters have given what was then called the *fine finish*; but the real finish is that which is not perceptible, giving the work the final touches without suffering the trouble bestowed on it to be visible—those expressive touches, we mean, which lend it an air of freedom and boldness. Finishing, in the right acceptation of the word, is rubbing out by a light, graceful, and eloquent touch that wearisome propriety, that solemn uniformity, as fatiguing for the spectator to see as for the painter to create. To finish is to give character to a plan, shading to an outline, and to the essentials of a painting—to the flat parts of the face, for example, or the rendering of a hand—that last emphasis which is life.

Considering that he lived only forty-six years, and finished all his works with extraordinary care, it was impossible that Miéris could have produced a great number. Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French painters, enumerates one hundred and fifty-six works known to be Miéris'. We shall proceed to mention the

principal galleries and collections in Europe in which they are to be found.

In the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.—“A Sick Girl,” a doctor feeling her pulse. Small figures as far as the knees, signed Fransz Miéris, f. 1656.

“The Silkmercer”—of which we have previously spoken at length—a young woman exhibiting her wares, and a cavalier with his hand on her chin, signed F. Van Miéris, 1660. The Pinacotheca of Munich contains sixteen of Miéris’ works, amongst which may be seen his portrait, in which he represents himself wearing a red cap with ostrich feathers; “A Lady playing with her Parrot, and another Lady with her Dog;” “A Breakfast of Oysters;” and, last of all, the celebrated painting known as “The Sick Woman,” one of his masterpieces. It represents a lady fainting away in the presence of her physician. This was a favourite subject with Miéris, as well as that of the woman with the parrot and dog.

In the Dresden Gallery we find twelve of this master’s works. Of these we shall mention “Tempting Proposals,” a splendid work, to which we have already alluded at some length. This is sometimes called “The Teller of Good Fortune,” but from what we have said above it will be seen that this title is hardly appropriate. “The Tinker,” a composition containing several figures. “A Young Soldier smoking his Pipe,” “The Painter’s Studio” (p. 144): in this Miéris is represented with a young lady, whose portrait appears on the canvas. Another “Painter’s Studio:” in this the artist, with his palette in his hand, is standing beside a visitor showing him a picture which he has just commenced.

The Museum of Amsterdam.—“A Lady seated before a table writing, and a Servant awaiting her orders.” “A Lady playing the Guitar by lamplight.”

Royal Gallery at the Hague.—“The Painter and his Wife,” (p. 132). “Portrait of Horace Schuyl,” Professor of Botany at Leyden. “A Child blowing soap bubbles.”

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg.—“The Dutch Rising,” a lady rising and playing with her little dog.

The Leuchtenburg Gallery.—“A Woman holding a cage open upon the table, and giving liberty to a bird.” “A Lady walking on a garden terrace,” accompanied by a cavalier, who holds his hat in his hand, and followed by a little dog; painted on wood, and signed F. Van Miéris, 1675: these two paintings have been etched by Muxel.

The Florence Gallery.—“The Sleeper,” “A Young Man with a Bottle,” “An Old Man offering Money to a Young Woman,” and a “Portrait of the Painter.”

The Montpellier Collection.—“The Pearl Stringer,” a young girl seated before a table covered with a rich cloth; to the left, in mezzotinto, a young waiting woman.

In the Louvre there are four of Miéris’ works.

“A Lady at a Toilette waited upon by a Negress.” Under the Empire this was valued at 1,000 francs, under the Restoration it rose to 5,000.

“Two Ladies, dressed in satin, taking tea in an apartment ornamented with statues.” This is a painting of exquisite finish.

“The Interior of a Household.”

“Portrait of a Man,” signed Fransz Miéris.

In Sir Robert Peel’s collection, a young woman feeding her parrot (p. 141), a work of great beauty, of which we give an engraving. It was purchased by Sir Robert for the sum of 305 guineas.

The Bridgewater Gallery.—“A Young Woman at her toilette, dressed in a blue satin jacket, and having her cap tied under her chin.”

“An Interior; a Girl laughing, and an Infant at her side.”

“Portrait of the Painter.” This is taken from the St. Victor and Pourtales collections. It is a little doubtful, however, inasmuch as the same painting appears at Munich, and Waagen makes no mention of it.

In the possession of Queen Victoria, in Buckingham Palace, there are four of Miéris’ works.

“A Child playing Frolics,” dated 1663; a repetition of the painting which may be seen at the Hague.

“A Woman with a Parrot;” in this the same red corset appears which we see at Munich and in Sir Robert Peel’s collection.

“A Smoker, and a Young Girl presenting him with a glass of water.” Figures half length.

“Miéris and his Wife.” The painter is pulling the ears of a little dog which his wife is holding on her knees; in the foreground is the mother of the animal. We have engraved this picture (p. 132).

Mr. T. Hope’s collection.—“A Gentleman wearing a brown cap with blue feathers, in a coat of olive green;” before him is a bottle of wine, and a violin resting against the window. A young woman with her back to the spectator writes down the bill. The painting is dated 1660. This is one of the *chefs-d’œuvre* of the master.

Gallery of the Marquis of Bute at Sutton House.—“The Discovered Letter.” A mother reproaching her daughter, who stands in tears with a letter in her hand.

Miéris’ drawings are very scarce. They are extremely delicate. There are some studies of heads, sketched with black lead, known to be his, executed with the utmost care. They are often washed in Indian ink; the truth of the flesh and the excellent rendering of the draperies are as remarkable in the drawings as in the paintings.

Miéris had under his tuition Peter Lermans, Karel de Moor, and his two sons, John and William Miéris; the last was known as the younger Miéris. In the last century, a grandson of Francis was still living, who had been the pupil of his father William, and who was the author of many works, a list of which he himself gave to Argenville, from whom we borrow it:—“A Description of the Episcopal Seals and Coins of the Bishops of Utrecht.”

“History of the Princes of the Houses of Bavaria, of Burgundy, and of Austria, who have reigned over the Low Countries,” 3 vols. folio; with more than a thousand medals drawn by the author from the originals.

“Chronicle of Holland,” Leyden, 1740—1744.

“Chronicle of Antwerp,” Leyden, 1743, 1744.

“Dissertations upon Feudal Law in Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charters of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charter of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1753. 4 vols. folio.

“The Privileges and Customs of the Country of Delfsand.”

Great numbers of engravers have reproduced Miéris’ works. Amongst those best known are—

Bary—“The Drunken Woman Asleep.”

Basan—“The Dutch Rising.” “The Dutch Breakfast.”

“The Lace-worker” of the old gallery of Bruhl. “The Fair Gardener.” “The Dutch Nap.”

Bloteling—“The Portrait of Miéris.”

Greenwood has engraved “The Portraits of Miéris and his Wife, and the Little Dog,” in the same style.

Igonnet—“The Flemish Market-woman.”

Migneref—“A young Girl giving alms.”

Haid—“The Trumpeter awaiting orders,” a painting in the Burghauss collection. “The Surgeon,” in the Kiesel collection at Augsburg.

Villain—“The young Man with Bottle,” in the Florence Gallery.

Wille has engraved us one of Miéris’ works, “The Dutch Knitter,” which, however, has been attributed to Kelscher. “The Absent Observer,” from the Paten Cabinet, which we have engraved: a boy looking out of a window at something passing outside with an abstracted expression. “The Dutch Cook.”

In England, as we have more than once remarked, there are rarely large sales of pictures—an evidence of national prosperity which has seldom been remarked. There can be no surer sign of increasing wealth and stability, than the immobility of moveable property. To obtain any idea of the market value of pictures, therefore, we are obliged to resort to the great continental sales, where the overthrow of proud houses

has brought the heirlooms of many generations to the hammer.

The Gaignat sale, 1768. Three pictures of Miéris:—"A Young Girl," "An Invalid and her Physician," painted on wood; price £238. "A Lady in a scarlet dressing-gown," trimmed with white ermine, and a straw-coloured petticoat. She is giving some cake to her parrot. This is the famous "Red Corset," of which we have already spoken, and of which we give an engraving (p. 141), now in the collection of Sir

the door of a porch. A painting on wood, originally from the collection of the Duke de Choiseul; price £20. "A Woman feeding a Bird," with another painting of G. Schulcken; together, £92.

The Argenville sale, 1778. A drawing of F. Miéris, representing a Female bust; price £6 10s. A Man's bust with a hat on his head, drawn on vellum like the preceding.

Calonne sale, 1778. "A Lady and her Dog." She wears a straw bonnet trimmed with satin and white feathers, and on



TEMPTING PROPOSALS. FROM A PAINTING BY MIÉRIS.

Robert Peel. It was sold for £124. It is painted upon copper. "A Smoker," half-length, leaning his elbow on the table, and wearing a hat ornamented with feathers. Price £7.

The Randon de Boisset sale, 1777. "A Young Lady writing," upon a table-cloth of red velvet; a young man awaiting her orders, and a dog sleeping upon a pillow. Price £324.

The Prince de Conti's sale, 1777. "A Blind Man led by his Dog," and accompanied by a little boy, asking charity at

her bosom a gossamer handkerchief. This came from the Lublin collection at Amsterdam; price £58.

Choiseul Praslin sale, 1793. "A Young Woman feeding her Parrot"—the "Red Corset" of which we have already spoken. This time it was sold for £338. "An Artist examining an antique Statue by candlelight." Another figure stands close beside him, and farther off two students, one of whom bears a light also. This is a splendid display of skill in *chiaro-scuro*.

Solirene sale, 1812. "Sarah and Abraham," £32. "The

Song Interrupted;" a lady in a morning dress of red velvet, holding a music-book upon her knees, another figure offering her a glass of wine. Price £112.

Clos sale, 1812. "A Young Girl brought back by a Gipsy Woman." She is on her knees asking pardon of her mother; her father is in the background. Price £88.

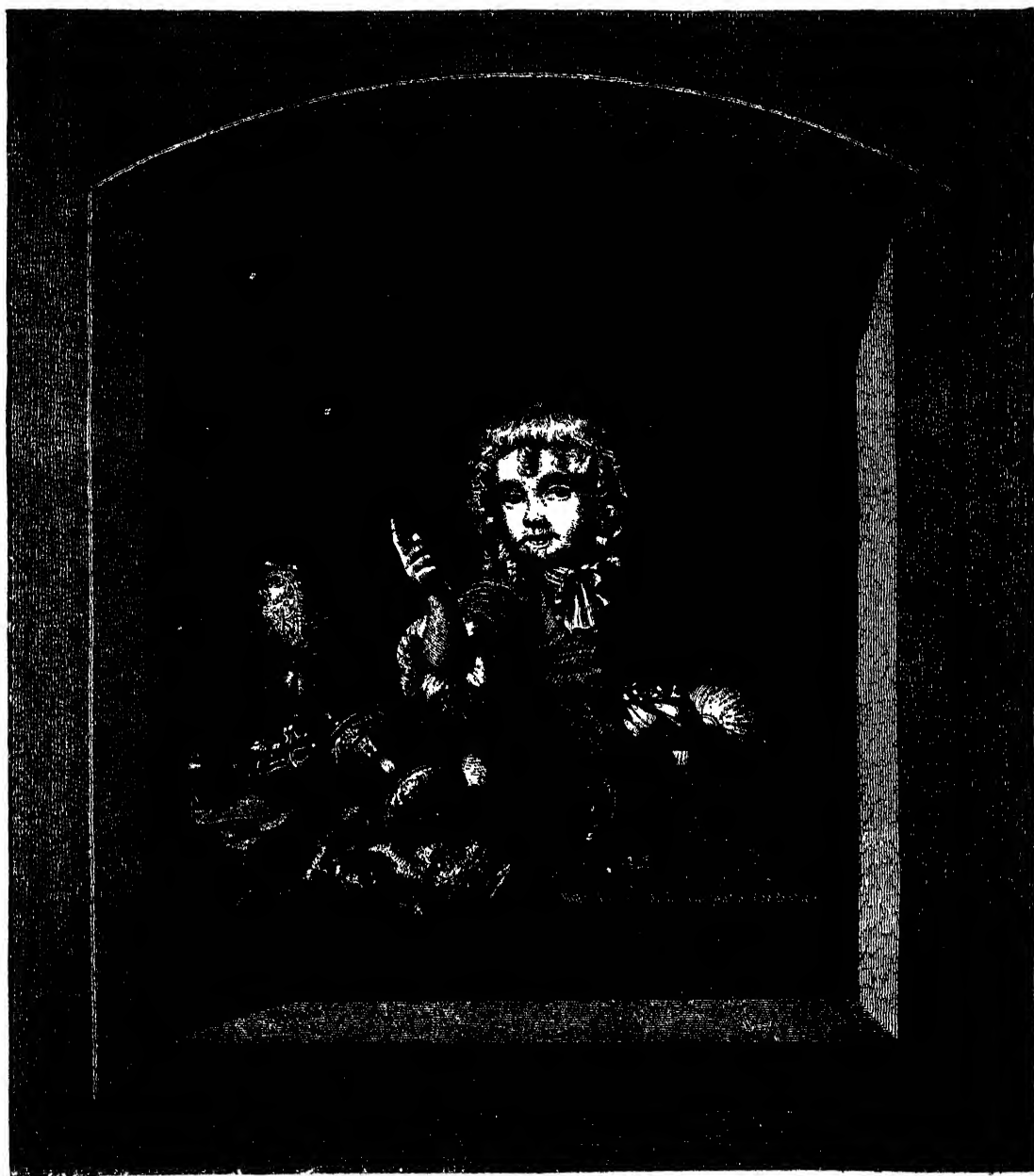
Laperrière sale, 1817. "The Registrar Fagel," a painting mentioned by Descamps. Price £64.

Erard sale, 1832. "A Young Lady studying a Piece of

of pearls in her hair. From the famous Braamkamp collection at Amsterdam; also purchased by M. Demidoff for £200.

Perregaux sale, 1841. "The Song Interrupted." This painting, which we have just seen figuring in the Solirene sale, where it brought only £112, in 1841 rose to £880.

Giroux sale, 1851. "A Young Lady," elegantly dressed, and holding a mandolin in her hand, offering bread to a spaniel; beside her a gentleman leaning on a table covered with a rich cloth. Price £12.



DIVERTED ATTENTION. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

Music." A mandolin lies before her on a table decorated with sculpture. She wears a satin robe, but without neckerchief or head-dress. Price £69.

The Duchess de Berri's sale, 1837. "Portrait of a Magistrate," half-length, beneath a peristyle, through which appears the entrance to a park. This was purchased by M. Demidoff for £240. "The Lady of Quality." She is descending a staircase, which leads to the avenue of a park. She is dressed in white satin, with red ribbons and loose trimmings; a cluster

The following are facsimiles of Miéris' monograms and signatures:—

FR

FR

F. van Mieris

F. van Mieris
1675

COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING.

ENGRAVING is an art essentially popular. It diffuses the beauties of painting without lessening them. It prevents their remaining exclusively in the possession of the wealthy and the fortunate, and places them within the reach of the poorest. It elevates the masses by making them participate in the ennobling thoughts which arise out of the contemplation of the masterpieces of great minds. What printing has done for science, engraving has done for art. These two splendid discoveries, which have shed abroad beauty and enlightenment, ideas and forms, have this peculiarity—that we cannot conceive them separate, and that they seem to be born, if we may use the expression, of one another. Thus printing, which seems to owe its origin to wood engraving, in its turn produced engraving on metals, by the facilities which it exhibited for the production of prints.

There are several kinds of engraving: copper-plate, etching, aqua-tinta, dotted, stippling, outline; but it is copper-plate engraving alone which may be called classical; and with it we shall occupy ourselves here.

Most people know that copper-plate engraving consists in cutting the copper with a sharp instrument called the *graver*, or *burin*, and thus tracing upon it clean, regular, and divided lines, which, on being impressed on paper, after receiving a coating of ink, not only produce the sum of black and white sketched in the drawing, but, by their direction, their turn, their form, their thickness or attenuation, indicate the character of the objects they represent—the shading and morbidez of the flesh, the polish of metal, the softness of drapery, the airy lightness of feathers, the weight and hardness of marble. Stroke engraving, or rather the art of taking proof impressions from engraved steel or copper-plates, only dates from about the middle of the fifteenth century; and it is somewhat surprising that the ancients, who understood die-sinking and cutting reliefs both on stone and metal so well, should never have thought of taking impressions of their works upon paper, or parchment, or papyrus. What treasures would have come down to us if the art of engraving had been known in the time of Pericles! Although its origin is rather obscure, it appears to be tolerably well ascertained that engraving, or rather the idea of printing engravings, first saw the light in the workshop of a Florentine goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, who first learned to take impressions from *niello*—that is, of the little ornaments placed on gold and silver plate by stamping; but the word *niello* properly signifies *black enamel* (*nigellum*), which was melted and poured into the hollows of the engraving, to make them stand in higher relief.

There are many curious stories told of the origin of the invention. According to one, a laundress, having by chance placed some wet linen upon a vessel which Finiguerra had just engraved, was surprised to find on removing it that it bore a distinct impression of the ornaments upon which it had been resting, and upon her master's hearing of it, it furnished him with the key to the new branch of art, that of taking impressions of engravings. We say of taking impressions, because there is no doubt that the art of engraving, of damaskeening, of inlaying, was known to the ancients; and previously to his discovery, Finiguerra himself, according to Vasari, had engraved for the church of St. John the Baptist, at Florence, little figures of the Passion upon those silver patens, then called *peaces*, because upon them the faithful bestowed the kiss of peace at religious festivals. In the year 1452, also, the same year in which Gutenberg and Faust printed their first Latin Bible at Mayence, Finiguerra having engraved the *peaces* of which we have just spoken, and wishing to ascertain the state of his plate, having poured the *niello* upon it, took an impression of it with plaster, in accordance with the usual custom of goldsmiths. Upon this plaster, the lines of which were in relief, he poured sulphur, and in the hollows of this sulphur he passed smoke black, which produced the same outward appearance as *niello*.*

But in order that he might see the effect upon a clearer ground, and thus judge of it better, he bethought him of taking proofs upon moist paper, as was the custom with engravers on wood. This experiment was repeated with more durable ink upon the silver paten as the work advanced, and the impressions thus obtained were the first engravings. One of these proofs, a relic of inestimable value, is preserved in the Cabinet des Estampes in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, where it was discovered about half a century ago, by the Abbé Zani, who, after diligent research and careful comparison, at last put his hand upon the earliest productions of the art.*

He also found by a happy accident that the *peaces* engraved and enamelled by Finiguerra for St. John's Church at Florence were still there, as also the register in which the sum paid to the artist is recorded, and which enabled him to fix the date of the work with accuracy—1452. There are extant, also, besides this proof on paper in the Cabinet des Estampes, two proofs in sulphur, which belonged to the famous amateurs, Serrati and Durazzo, so that there is no gap in our knowledge regarding this curious process.

The invention had hardly issued from the laboratory of its author, when it began to spread abroad; but still its progress was not rapid. The *peaces* of Finiguerra were remarkable for beauty of execution,* delicacy of outline, and the expression of the figures, to the number of forty-two, symmetrically grouped according to the usage of the time, and representing the "Assumption of the Virgin." But Baldini and Sandro Boticello, to whom Finiguerra first confided the results of his discovery, were slow in following it up. The plates which the two artists produced, and which were drawn by Boticello and engraved by Baldini, representing principally scenes in Dante's "Divina Comedia," bear all the marks of inexperience and simplicity. Nevertheless, at the same time that Italy produced engraving, Martin Schongauer, a painter and goldsmith, and a native of Culmbach, in Germany, about the year 1460, produced some pieces displaying the utmost finish and delicacy, and great firmness and clearness in the lines,—and altogether so admirable, that it was almost certain that these were not the first results of the kind obtained in Germany; and their beauty has been adduced as a proof that Germany, and not Italy, was entitled to the honour of having first produced the new art.

The second half of the fifteenth century saw a number of engravers appear, who, with better materials and greater experience, would have risen to sublimity. We do not here speak of Pollajuolo only, who foreshadowed historical engraving in those large plates in which he imitated the easy play of the brush; but, above all, of Andrew Montegna, who, with a process which was still but rudimentary, revived the Greek style in those gems of his which breathe all the fragrant odour of antiquity. The truth is, however, that the glories of engraving did not begin until the sixteenth century, the age in which Albert Durer, Lucas de Leyden, and Mark Antony flourished. If we take, for example, the engraving of "St. Jerome," we must acknowledge that in it Albert Durer has pushed both variety and precision to their limits. What originality, what harmony, what delicacy there is in every line of this work, though traced more than three centuries ago! A bright light enters by two glass windows into the anchorite's chamber, and throws the trembling shadow of the frame upon the embrasures. The saint, whose head displays great character, is seated before his pulpit, and appears buried in the study of the Scriptures. A multitude of objects enter into the composition, and yet, for the first time perhaps, each of them preserves its own physiognomy. A fir plank is rendered with marvellous truth. A lion and a fox crouching in the foreground are treated in such a manner as to express well the fine hair of the one, and the coarse and shaggy covering of the other. The lines are throughout delicate and close without meagreness, and so drawn as to mark the perspective, the form, and the nature of the thing delineated; and the copper is cut with a

* Of *niello* we have spoken in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITION AND MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 200, when describing a vase in that style now in the British Museum.

* The history of this discovery of Zani may be found in a work which he published at Parma, in 1802, entitled, "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' Incisione in rame e in legno."

clearness and propriety which charm the eye. We might mention a great many other works of the same master, in which we know not which to admire most—the gloomy and fantastic genius which has suggested them, or the exquisite feeling which presided at their execution:—"The Armoury with the Death's Head," "The Cavalier and the Lady," and "Melancholy," in which, without mentioning the sublimity of the thought, he has so happily rendered substances so different—the polish of metals, the lightness of feathers, the hair of a sleeping dog; "The Prodigal Son," so remarkable by the exquisite rendering of the swine eating from the trough; "The Arms with Cock's Head," which in execution are perhaps amongst the highest efforts of art; "The Satyr," in which he has displayed so much talent in landscape; "St. Hubert;" and lastly, the "Death's Horse," all unite numberless but different beauties, and the proofs of them, already so scarce, will soon be priceless.

As an engraver, Durer failed in aerial perspective. Lucas of Leyden, his contemporary, was the first who rightly applied its principles to the practice of the new art. From the age of fifteen he engraved with facility etchings on copper-plate—compositions admirable not only for richness of arrangement and the expression of the figures, but also for the distribution of the light; and he first discovered the method of indicating the respective distances of objects by greater lightness or heaviness of touch. In valuable engravings, such as the "Ecce Homo," "Jesus on the Cross," "The Prodigal Son," in which great delicacy of execution is combined with the charming simplicity of the gothic style, Lucas gives some lessons that painters themselves might learn with profit. "The varied colours of painting," says Vasari, "could hardly display in the different stages of a picture so much harmony and truth." During this time Mark Antony, although so fascinated by Durer's engravings as to be tempted to imitate them, attacked the designs which he purposed reproducing, whether his own or those of Raphael, with a ruder and more robust hand. Far from seeking to render, by nice or curious labour, the character of each object, the lightness of the hair for instance, the variety of dress and drapery, the softness of ermine, the brilliancy of steel, he contented himself with carrying the shade in great thick masses to the edge of the light, suppressing all minor tints, and scattering over the plate large patches of pure white, which gave the work an appearance of bold and energetic relief, and produced a very powerful effect. When applied to admirable designs, which could easily dispense with the niceties which Lucas de Leyden and Albert Durer introduced into the accessories, this decided manner of Mark Antony dealing with a few forms of almost godlike beauty, was the means of introducing into the history of art one of its most brilliant phases, and at the same time first showed the capital importance of good drawing to the engraver.

Before passing to the most flourishing periods in the history of the art, we must not forget to name here those wonderful artists known as *little masters*;—Albert Altdorfer, so clever in wood-engraving, Jacob Binck, Sebald Beham, George Pens, and Theodore de Bry, who put so much character, so much grandeur, and so much pure and masculine drawing into their diminutive works. Side by side with Lucas de Leyden, Durer, and Mark Antony, or rather under their influence, there grew up a school of engraving in the Low Countries, the principal members of which were Dietrich, Van Staren, the Breughels, Jerome Cock; in Italy, Mark of Ravenna, the favourite pupil of Marcus Antonius, Augustino Venetiano, Aueqs Vicus, Martin, who attempted to engrave on a small scale the last judgment of Michael Angelo, &c.

The second half of the sixteenth century witnessed several important revolutions in the art of engraving. A Dutchman who went to Venice to study painting was fortunate enough to labour under the eyes of Titian himself in reproducing the works of that great master. Colour was born of itself under his graver by the breadth, the freedom, the swelling or attenuation of the lines, or some strongly marked touch, or by able distribution of the light. Then came Augustino

Carrachi, who, surpassing Cornelius Cort, whose pupil he was, executed real pictures with the graver, principally the "Virgin appearing to St. Jerome," after Tintoretto, an admirable work, the proofs of which are now very scarce, and which would almost lead us to believe that engraving had even then reached its limits. Augustino was, however, an exception. If painting could ever inspire engravers with a taste for richness of tone and finish, it would be the painting of the Venetian colourists, Giorgione, the Palmi, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese; and it must nevertheless be acknowledged that in the engravings which were made of them, the prominent characteristics of these great masters were not preserved. The air and expression of the head were no doubt faithfully rendered, but the general effect of the picture was lost; that is to say, the effect produced by the relation of tones and the distribution of light and dark colours. The time was not yet come in which the Wostermans and the Bolswerts, inspired by the genius of Rubens, invented a complete gamut of hues between pure white and extreme black.

It was reserved for Rubens to give engraving its last and greatest impulse. This extraordinary man, of whom it might so truly be said that *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and who seemed to display equal ability in all branches of art, personally directed the labour of Pontius Wostermann, the two Bolswerts, Witduck, Peter de Jode, and taught them that proper colour contributes to the general effect of the chiaroscuro, because a light colour carries with it a mass of light, a dark colour a mass of shade. He taught them that they should not neglect local tone, which in his own paintings always played so prominent a part. He shewed them, for instance, that Naples yellow, being a lighter colour than cinnabar, should be rendered in the engraving by a high stage of white. From this arose the colourist engravers, and a complete revolution in the art. Pontius and Wostermann became warmer and more brilliant, and instead of showing outlines by a stroke merely, they merged them in the surrounding objects. Sometimes they revealed the colour by scattering here and there large lights, and at others by vigorous and bold lines. Sometimes, even, when the graver wrought in obedience to strong feeling, it imitated the picturesqueness of etching. Bolswert was passionately fond of painting, and followed all the movements of the muscles, the form of the bones, and varied folds of drapery. As soon as the unbroken line became unsuitable, he substituted rough fragments of lines, and rows of dots and points; and by degrees, as he became more and more inspired by the fire of his model, he tarnished his work without hesitation, confused it, and made it contradictory by bold, firm touches, always intent not upon the graces of the burin, but the beauties of the plate.

The art had not yet reached its perfection, when, and in Germany above all, it began to manifest symptoms of decline. Henry Goltzius, an engraver of great talent, would have carried it to perfection, if perfection had consisted in the dexterous management of the burin. What boldness, what lightness, and yet what energy there was in his style! Unfortunately, however, his exploits in the use of the graver led him to neglect more important matters. He was a mannered imitator of Michael Angelo, sufficiently skilled in anatomy, but too fond of showing it, and being devoid of taste he gives to all the painters whom he copies his own stiff and barbarous style. He could never bring himself to represent the drawing, style, and expression of the painting he was reproducing. He forgot the character of the original, and became intent only upon showing his own dexterity. This great master—for great master undoubtedly he was, but he set a very bad example—had taken the mechanism of art for art itself. John Müller, his pupil, carried the audacity of engraving to the highest degree, and at the same time the great defect of long parallel lines. Lucas Kilian, agreeable in his little works, exhibits the same vanity and the same defects in his larger ones. These two artists, following the example of their master, often employ but a single cutting, and this gives their works an agreeable transparency; but as soon as

they cross their lines, their manner becomes intolerable; their squares and lozenges, in place of indicating the flatness of flesh, resemble a piece of network thrown carelessly upon the plate, and each figure enveloped in it.

The example of Goltzius, Muller, Kilian, and Mathan was not without influence, and gave force to the tendency towards exaggeration which began to prevail in all the arts. In the seventeenth century the process acquired an extraordinary and excessive importance. Engraving became a separate and

several excellent compositions. The "Holy Face," which he produced by means of a single line commencing at the end of the nose, is a unique specimen of his style, upon which some have bestowed too great a degree of admiration, and others too great a degree of depreciation; but which, in any case, fatigues the sight and leads the way to faults for which others could not make amends, as Mellan did, by excellent drawing and deep feeling. Schools of engraving began about this time to be opened, which rapidly degenerated into mere mechanical



THE TRUMPETER. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

independent branch of art, with its own beauties, its own resources, its admirers, independently of the works which it reproduced, and the character of the masters with which it occupied itself. It now seemed as if the engravers were tired of spreading others' fame, and now aspired to acquire some for themselves. The singularities, the oddities, the tricks of hand, became a fashion. Then appeared Claude Mellan, who affected to engrave by means of single lines of greater or less depth; but who, nevertheless, was able by this to produce

workshops, in which all the precepts taught and the rules laid down were arbitrary and often ridiculous. Our space will not permit us to enter into them.

All the artists did not, however, fall into this dry routine system. John Morin, the pupil of Philip de Champagne, reproduced all those austere, bold, and energetic portraits of the Jansenists, which his master had painted with a fine, bold, and irregular point, but, nevertheless, singularly expressive. Flesh, above all, he rendered with a liveliness,

relief, and force, not to be found anywhere except perhaps in Vandyke's etchings. Jonas Suyderhoef, also, neglecting the cold regularity of lines, and occupied solely with painting his engravings, if we may use the expression, scratched and nibbled his plates, and reproduced the impastments and proud retouched lights of Rembrandt, the free manner of Huls, the touch of Ostade; whilst another artist, also superior to acquired rules, Wenceslaus Hollar, imitated with the fine point of the burin and with etching, splendid plates much sought after by amateurs, and the finest of which represent churches,

skilful and bold style which has since made his works classical. He was a man of genius, possessing in the highest degree both ability in drawing and skill in cutting, the art and the dexterity of hand; he expresses in different ways the various beauties of Raphael, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Correggio, of Philip de Champagne, of Guido, of Lebrun, and of Jouvenet, and from the manner in which he translates the qualities of these great masters, one would imagine that he possessed them himself. What a fine time for engravers! While Rembrandt shut himself up in his studio, there to



A YOUNG WOMAN FEEDING HER PARROT. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS

landscapes, animals, furs, insects—for instance, "Antwerp Cathedral," "Westminster Abbey," "Hunting," "Fishing," after Barlowe, "The Dead Mole," "The Hare," "The Muffs."

The seventeenth century was a brilliant era in the history of engraving. In it Cornelius Bloemart displayed talent previously unknown in managing the insensible transition from strong light to deep shade, and varying the tones according to the distance of the plans. In it Gerard Edelinck, invited to France by the great Colbert, taught there that

dream over his mysterious and fantastic etchings, and while Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles I., made his debut in the manipulation of the mezzotinto, of which it might be said he was the second inventor, copper-plate engraving pursued its slow and solemn march. Nanteuil, with a correct, ingenious, and delicate hand, gave a second life to the portraits of all the great men of that great age—made intellect, benevolence, and dignity shine out through their eyes—made their mouths breathe and smile, folded their collars neatly, and curled their flowing hair. Masson renewing, and even going

beyond the fancies of Goltzius, gave his burin capricious and singular but expressive movements. Cornelius Wischer, though differing so widely from Edelinck, disputes the first rank with him; the Audrans produced masterpieces of art. One of them, Gerard, copied both on copper-plate with the burin and in etching, the splendid "Battles of Alexander" by Lebrun, and with so much skill as to make us sometimes doubt whether the painter's or the engraver's art was the greater.

It was not until a comparatively late period that the art began to flourish in England. The first engravings worthy of note which appeared in this country were those which accompanied an edition of "Vesaluri's Anatomy," about the year 1545, which were engraved by Thomas Geminus. They were, as might be expected, full of defects, but we can readily overlook these in consideration of its being a first attempt. The art was greatly patronised by Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Elizabeth, who constantly employed a painter and two engravers in his palace at Lambeth. One of the latter, Remigius Hogenbergh, engraved his head twice, and this is said to have been the first attempt at copper-plate engraving ever made in England. He was followed by Christopher Caxton, who undertook to make a complete set of maps of the counties of England and Wales; he engraved many of the plates himself, and they were the first set of county maps ever seen in England. But for nearly a hundred years after this, copper-plate engraving made no advance, but retained all its original coarseness and simplicity. Reginald Elstriche, who lived at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, seems to have introduced a little more neatness of finish into his works than his predecessors, but none of them ever displayed a particle of taste. The art received another impulse in advance from foreigners—the family of the Passes, from Utrecht, who settled in England early in the seventeenth century. Simon de Passe was a man of literary tastes, and displayed indomitable industry. His labours formed the commencement of a new era. They displayed great neatness, clearness, and judgment, and were ably followed up by his sons, Crispin, William, and Simon, as well as by his daughter Magdalen. The native artists of his day were all below mediocrity, and limited themselves to maps, cuts, and small portraits for books.

The first English engraver of note was John Payne, a pupil of Simon de Passe. He possessed great talents, as his works testify; but they are not numerous, as he led an irregular life and died early. The principal are frontispieces and other book-cuts and portraits; he also executed a variety of other objects,—landscapes, animals, flowers, fruits, birds; but several of his portraits are very fine, and by far the best of his works; these he executed entirely with the graver, and in a fine open style, and they have a very pleasing effect. He also engraved a large print of a ship, called the "Royal Sovereign," on two plates, which, when joined, were three feet long by two feet two inches high. He died about the year 1648.

Charles I. was the first English monarch who was sufficiently alive to the beauty of engraving to appoint an engraver royal, and Robert Vander Voerst was the man on whom the honour was conferred. He engraved a portrait of the king's sister, and a plate from a picture painted by Vandyke, to supply the place of one of Titian's "Cæsars," which by some accident had been lost or destroyed. He handled his graver in a bold, fine, and commanding style. The style of Vestermaun, a rival and contemporary of Voest, exhibits, however, more careful finishing and painter-like feeling, and must on the whole be allowed to be superior to that of his rival. He not only translated, but may be said to have stereotyped the great works of Rubens and Vandyke. His etchings, in particular, were excellent.

Faithorne is the next English engraver who merits our attention. He was a man of great genius, and being obliged to leave England during the civil war, he went to Paris, where he derived great advantage from the instructions of Nanteuil; and on his return to his native country, he executed a great number of portraits, and several historical

subjects, in an excellent manner. He worked almost entirely with the graver. In the early part of his life he imitated the Dutch and Flemish manner; but on his return from France he greatly improved it. His best portraits are admirable, and are finished in a fine but delicate style, with much force of colour. His drawing of the human figure is by no means correct, nor in good taste; but as he dedicated so much of his time to portraits, the few historical works he has left are not fair specimens of his talents. His portraits are numerous, but not of equal merit; his best ones are very valuable.

He was followed by Robert White, who was born in London in 1645. Besides many portraits on vellum in black-lead, in which he was very successful, he has left many engravings of portraits, frontispieces, and book-decorations. His portraits are excellent, as they are all strong likenesses; but his engraving was far inferior. He had a son also an engraver, whose works display a good deal of merit, but nothing very striking. The palm was again destined to be carried off by a foreigner, Sir Nicholas Dorigny, a native of France, but educated in art at Rome. He there became known to several English noblemen and gentlemen, who persuaded him to come to England. On his arrival, he undertook to engrave the Cartoons, and presented two splendid sets of prints to George I. After having completed this great work, his sight began to grow dim, and he returned to France, where he was elected a member of the Academy, and died at the advanced age of eighty-nine. In copying Raphael's forms he has often lost much of their exquisite grace and chasteness, and has rendered the expression of the heads coarsely; yet there is a manly energy and freedom in his style bridled by simplicity; his shadows are full-toned, clear, and rich; the lines are often conducted over his draperies with great freedom and elegance, of which the figure of "St. Paul Preaching at Athens" is a good example; as also the same apostle in the cartoon of "Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck blind."

Vivares must be considered the founder of the English school of landscape engraving. He was a native of France, and learned the principles of his art from Chatelain, in London; but, being a man of great genius, he improved on the style of his master. He was followed by Woollett in the same department, whose works were models in beauty of execution and of style for landscape. Like Vivares, he carried his plates a considerable way with the point, and gave them the necessary depth with the graver, touching them up in the more delicate parts with the dry point. His works have all the delicacy and clearness of the French masters, with all the spirit and taste of Vivares. He likewise executed several historical plates and portraits with great success. His chief works are the large landscapes which he has engraved from R. Wilson and others; the death of General Wolfe, after West.

The next remarkable engraver we have to mention is Sir Robert Strange. He is greatly admired for the breadth of his effect, and the beauty of his execution; but his great excellency is the delicacy and softness of his female flesh. In this last he has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, by any other master, as his engravings from the works of Titian, Guido, Corregio, and other painters of the Italian school, sufficiently show; but his drawing is extremely incorrect.

We shall pass over many junior celebrities and hurry on to Hogarth, whose works exhibit a walk of art untrodden before him by any. He made engraving an instrument of high moral teaching, and a vehicle for the keenest satire and the most brilliant humour. His execution was unrivalled for what it professed to be. Having on a former occasion spoken of him at considerable length, we shall not now dwell upon him any further. Since his time innumerable artists of the highest talents have appeared in every branch of engraving.

Some years ago a machine was invented by Mr. Lowry, of London, to facilitate the engraving of parallel lines. It has since undergone considerable improvement, and is now employed in most engravings, particularly in the sky, water, and the architectural parts. Wherever parallel lines are required, whether straight or circular, it executes them with elegance,

accuracy, and facility. The efforts of copper-plate engravers, in more recent times, have chiefly been directed to the illustrations for books; steel having generally taken its place for all larger and more important works, owing to its greater durability.

In the year 1785, Alderman Boydell conceived the idea of establishing a Shakspeare Gallery, in London, for the exhibition of works of art, upon a grand scale. Designs were opened up to competition, a prize of one hundred guineas being offered for all accepted by the committee. They were painted by some of the most eminent artists of the day. The first engravers in England were employed to transfer them to copper; amongst others, Sharpe, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Shaw, Simon, Middiman, Watson, Tytler, Wilson, and many others. Probably no plates ever had the same pains bestowed upon them. As much as five years was expended upon a single plate, and proof impressions were taken at every stage of the work for the subscribers. It was not completed till 1803, a period of twenty years from its commencement.

France has always been celebrated for her triumphs in this branch of engraving. The precision of copper-plate has always suited the character of French art better than the vagueness of dot engraving. During the eighteenth century the burin bore the sway, but there was always much to be desired in the drawing. The influence of David and Regnault, however, caused greater attention to be bestowed upon it, and its effects were soon perceived in engraving. The imperial epoch was remarkable for the extreme purity of style. It was at this period that Bervic executed those celebrated engravings known as the "Education of Achilles" and "Dejanira," and classical engraving was restored to the post of honour. To all the processes of the revolutionary period, to the fine point of Duplessis-Bertaux, to the stippling of Corsia, and the aqua-tinta which popularised the fine caricatures of Karl Vernet, succeeded the perfection of the academic lines, renewed from Edelinck, and Drenet, and Polly. The breast of the Centaur, by Nessey, was copied by Bervic, the author of the "Laocoon" by means of very curious and delicate labours, which please the eye by their elegance and their symmetry, as well as by the skill which displays throughout the flatnesses of the flesh and the presence of the bones and sinews. Such excellence in the mechanical portion of the process was never before exhibited in combination with so much refined feeling.

The triumphs of the graver continued under the Restoration; at one time they were slightly interrupted by the movement known as *Romanticism*. The "Shipwreck of the Medusa" was engraved in the dotted style by Reynolds, and soon after the "Patrol of Smyrna" revived the recollection of Rembrandt; but the methods of this great master were far sooner learnt and understood than his genius. Innovations, variations, expeditious modes and plans became all the rage, but, nevertheless, the tradition of the old masters was upheld by Desnoyer, Tardieu, and Richomme. The first applying himself to Raphael, translated him with great feeling in the "Belle Jardinière;" the second raised himself to the rank of master by his fine portrait of the Earl of Arundel, after Vandyke, and by the "Communion of St. Jerome," in which he preserved all the power and expression of Domenichino; and the third had courage to measure himself against Edelinck in his rendering of one of Raphael's *chefs-d'œuvre*.

After this rapid historical sketch, it may not be amiss to give a short outline of the observations which professors, books, and academies have made the code of engravers.

Generally the burin should follow in its course the hollows and the cavities of muscles and folds, and widen the cutting as it approaches the light, and narrow them as it enters the shade, and finish the outlines without hardness. The various series of lines should be in union, although each object should be treated in its own style. It often happens, for example, that the line which is first in an open space may serve in returning to form the second, when in place of developing the muscle or fold, the engraver has only to strengthen the tone. He must neither indulge in odd and

capricious turnings, nor adhere too closely to straightness of line, which though doubtless easier to make, has always a stiff and monotonous aspect.

With regard to draperies, care must be taken to distinguish them by the nature of the manipulation; in engraving linen, for example, it should be closer and more delicate than in the case of other cloths, and in most cases should be made by a single line; white cloth by two lines only, and with a breadth proportioned to the texture of the material; in shining substances, such as silk, the work should be straighter, and the folds should be imitated by abrupt breaks, and also by an interline, slipped into the intervals of the main lines; woollen and silk velvet with an interline also, but with the principal lines strongly marked, and the second lighter, but still well sustained. The interline, which answers the purpose of producing a shining appearance so well, may also be employed with success in rendering metals, gold and silver vases, and armour and weapons of polished steel.

In architecture the lines must obey the laws of perspective and help to create the necessary optical illusion; that is, the lines which cover receding or diminishing objects must concentrate in the point of view; they must conform also to the direction in which the objects present the greatest dimensions. Entire columns, for example, are engraved by perpendicular lines, to avoid the discord which would arise between the lines of the capital and those of the base. In sculpture care must be taken not to do too much. The work should be light, and appear reflected, as white marble and stone always does. There should be no point of light placed in the pupil of the eye; and the hair should not be represented, as in nature, in detached fibres, but in a mass. Landscape should be commenced by careful and discreet etching, so that, when giving it the finishing touches, the coarseness may be removed without totally destroying, in every place, the picturesque roughness. In earth, walls, trunks of trees, mountains, and rocks, the lines should be broken, interrupted abruptly, trembling, and should cross almost at right angles, to imitate the cold smoothness of the rocks; and should have a nibbled appearance, to imitate the rugosity of bark, and the inequalities of the ground or walls. The intervening air must also be taken into consideration, and allowance made for its influence by making objects close to the horizon very soft and delicate; and the aerial perspective found in the painting or drawing should be reproduced.

Water, if calm, should be represented by right lines parallel with the horizon, and with light interlines, and some breaks, which express very well the glitter and polish of the surface. By perpendicular seconds, the form of objects reflected in the water, and overhanging its banks, may be rendered, taking care to make their shape apparent, and to mark their relative distance from the spectator. If they are trees, their form can be best produced by a light outline, particularly if the water is quite clear. When the waters are agitated like the waves of the sea, the principal lines should be like the movement of the wave, and the interlines should be lozenge-shaped, as they best express the transparency of fluids. In cascades or waterfalls, the lines should follow the course of the fall, with interlines, and a good deal of abruptness in the lights. Clouds are rendered by horizontal lines; if they are those light, hanging vapours that lose themselves insensibly in the blue of the sky, care must be taken that the line, instead of forming a distinct edge all round the cloud, should verge towards the extremity, and disappear there gradually. If the clouds are tempestuous, murky, and agitated, the graver should give itself up to their forms without reserve. The crossings of the lines should be made lozenge-shaped, because this gives transparency and an appearance of motion; but the first should in every case be more prominent than the second. The lines must not be too wavy, because they give the cloud the appearance of a fleece of wool or a bundle of tow. The blue of the sky is rendered by straight, horizontal lines.

Care must be taken to engrave the flesh of women and children different from that of men, and to make the first part of the work close and thick, so as to represent the softness and

delicacy of their skin. The square which expresses hardness must be avoided, as also the lozenge. In general, flesh should be produced by dots; that of men by long dots, such as are put at the end of lines or lozenges, intermingled with round

that the thickness of the coating of wax deceives, from some cause or other, it sometimes happens that when the plate is duly bitten, in spite of all the regularity observed, they come out badly arranged, and if any attempt be made to set the



MIERIS IN HIS STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

dots, and that of women with round dots, prepared by etching,* in order to avoid that rough labour produced by elongated dots. "The dots," says Abraham Bosse, "should be arranged like bricks in a wall; above all, great order and regularity should be observed in disposing them, for whether it is

right with the graver, the flesh will appear as if covered with some cutaneous eruption." When the aquafortis produces them in the right place, however, and they are afterwards mingled with the long dots produced by the burin, the effect is excellent.

ADRIAN BRAUWER.



We do not know whether Vandyck lent his personages any of that dignity which he possessed in so large a degree him-



self; but on seeing the portrait of Adrian Brauwer, which he has left us, we can hardly fancy that a man with such a lordly air, who could twirl his moustache so haughtily, and fold his

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cloak so gracefully, could have been the painter of sottish peasants, debauchees, and low players. It must be confessed, that if the portrait be not flattering, the painter has not given us any means of forming an idea of his personal appearance from the figures he drew. But, unfortunately, it is only too true that his own habits were exactly those which he was fond of depicting, that he lived a drunkard, and died in an hospital, and that he was one of those prodigals who never think of returning, but to whom pardon is granted because they have loved painting not wisely-but well.

Houbraken has recounted Brauwer's life in such a way as to surround him with interest, and make a full display of the accuracy and depth of his own information. A letter of Nicholas Lix, burgomaster, quoted by Houbraken, proves that Brauwer was born at Haarlem, and not at Oudenarde as stated by Cornelius de Bie, the Flemish writer, and also by M. de Piles. He belonged to a poor family, and was possessed of a natural genius which his parents were unable to develop by education. Chance, however, brought it to light. His mother was milliner and dressmaker for the peasant women of the neighbourhood. Her son sketched for her with a pen the flowers, fruit, birds, and other little ornaments that she embroidered on the collars, caps, &c. A painter of considerable reputation, Francis Hals, was one day passing by their little shop, and saw little Brauwer designing, and struck by the ease and taste which his sketches exhibited, stepped in and asked him whether he would like to be a painter. The boy said he should, if his mother would allow him. The latter consented, but only on condition that his master should support him until he was able to support himself.

Hals agreed, took the boy home with him, and installed him in his studio, but kept his promises very badly. Perceiving very soon the advantage he might derive from talent displaying so much freedom and originality as that of Brauwer, he separated him from his other pupils, and shut him up in a

little garret, where he made him work from morning till night without rest or relaxation, and gave him barely food enough to keep him alive. Adrian's disappearance, however, awakened the curiosity of his fellow-students, who seized an opportunity afforded them by their master's absence to pay a visit to the prisoner. They ascended to the garret in terror, and, by peeping in through a little window, were able to discover that he was executing very good pictures. One of them proposed to him to paint "The Five Senses," at two-pence each. Brauwer accordingly completed a sketch, in which the subject, true as it was, was treated in a manner entirely new, for he had never seen it from any other hand, and yet with great simplicity. Another ordered "The Twelve Months of the Year," also for two-pence each, but promising at the same time to increase the sum if he would work out his sketches.

It was a piece of rare good fortune for the poor recluse thus to find employment for such leisure moments as he was able to snatch without awakening the suspicions of his master. But Hals and his worthy spouse, who was, if possible, still more niggardly and hard-hearted than himself, soon began to perceive a falling off in the amount of Brauwer's labours, and set a watch on him; so that he was compelled to fag away without ceasing, and, by way of punishment for past remissness, they diminished his rations. Happily it is with boys as with young ladies in love: if you want to give cunning and address to the simplest or most stolid, you have only to shut them up. So Brauwer began to plan an escape. But here we shall let his biographer Descamps tell the tale:—

"He escaped, and ran through the whole town, without knowing where he should go, or what he should do. He at last went into a baker's shop, and laid in a store of gingerbread, sufficient to last him the whole day, and ensconced himself under the organ-case of the Great Church. Whilst he was ruminating on his position and prospects, he was recognised by a passer-by, who frequented his master's house, and who readily guessed how matters stood from Brauwer's forlorn aspect. He inquired what ailed him; Brauwer, with his usual frankness, recounted everything that had happened, dwelling at length upon the covetousness of Hals and his wife, who, not content with the profit they drew from his labour, were letting him die of hunger and nakedness. The pallid looks and the rage of the narrator corroborated his statements, and interested his hearer to such a degree, that he took him back to his master, and promised him that he should receive better treatment in future."

The remonstrances of his new friend were not without their effect. He experienced more kindness, and was rigged out in a new suit of second-hand clothes. He now set to work with renewed vigour, but still for his master's benefit, who sold his little paintings at a high price, pretending they were the productions of a foreign but unknown painter, and thus stimulating the curiosity of the amateurs. Brauwer, inspired with new vigour by his good clothes and good food, gave full vent to the inspirations of a talent of which he alone was ignorant, but which was already making a good deal of noise out of doors. Amongst his fellow-students was one destined afterwards to be a great painter, Adrian Van Ostade, who was better able than the others to appreciate Brauwer's genius, and the delicacy, warmth and harmony displayed in his works. Ostade was indignant at the Hals' conduct, and told Brauwer that he was a fool not to break loose from his servitude; that he was talented enough to live by his art, and draw from it, not profit only, but honour; that with a very little energy he might regain his liberty and make a name for himself; and advised him to go to Amsterdam and seek his fortune, where, as he was credibly informed, his paintings already sold at a high price. Brauwer was easily persuaded, escaped a second time, and made his way to Amsterdam, where he had no friends, relatives, or any recommendation whatsoever. On his arrival, his good genius led him to the French Crown Inn, kept by a certain Van Sommeren, who had practised painting in his youth, and whose son, Henry Sommeren, executed very good landscapes and flower-pieces. He could not have fallen into better hands.

Our young vagabond, finding the cookery of the French Crown better than that of Madame Hals, took heart, and opening his haversack, took out his colours, and sketched some pieces which astonished his hosts, and induced them to make him a present of a fine copper-plate, upon which he was to display all the talent of which he was capable. He accordingly painted a gambling quarrel between some peasants and soldiers—representing the tables overturned, the cards scattered on the ground, the players throwing pots of beer at one another's heads; one of whom, badly wounded, lies foaming with rage upon the floor, half-dead, half-drunk. The picture was full of nerve, and executed in a warm tone, with great vivacity in the figures and truth of expression. He was at once recognised as the "foreign artist" of whom Hals had boasted so much. M. du Vermandois, a distinguished amateur, gave him no less than ten pounds for this work as soon as he saw it. Brauwer could hardly believe his eyes—he who had begun by two-pence each picture! He took the money, lay down on his bed, and kicked and rolled for joy. After a little, he jumped up and ran out without saying a word. It was evident that so much wealth was burdensome to him, and that he was already longing to see the end of it. At the end of nine days he re-appeared, singing and laughing, and when asked what he had done with his money, exclaimed, "God be praised, I have got rid of it!"

This anecdote alone portrays Brauwer's character to the life. His rude apprenticeship in Hals' garret, as well as the ardour of his own temperament, made him prone to the free enjoyment of life. Painting was in reality but a secondary passion with him. His chief aim was, to eat, drink, and be merry—we were going to say, his chief talent, for it was from this sort of life that he drew his inspirations, being able to paint drunkards all the better from being constantly in their society. His studio was the workshop which he made the scene of "The Gamblers' Quarrels," and the furniture of which consisted of a cask on which the clowns have just thrown down the four aces, a broom, a kettle, which the light fills with golden hues, and a bucket turned upside down, and upon it the smokers' chafing-dish, without reckoning the burden leaning against the wall, as we always see it in Teniers' pictures. It was from this locality, when harassed by his landlady for payment of her bill, that he sent his paintings for sale to the amateurs. If they did not bring the price he expected for them, he burnt them, and set to work anew upon others, upon which he bestowed more care, till at last he got what he wanted.

There is no species of pleasantry or facetiousness that the Flemish or Dutch biographers have not attributed to Brauwer. Cornelius de Bie states, that having been plundered by pirates on the coast of Holland, he bethought himself of getting a coat made of coarse brown holland, and on it painted flowers and foliage in imitation of Indian shawls. Having then given it a shining appearance with gun or varnish, he walked about the streets, attracting great attention from the ladies, who were in raptures with his costume, and were inquiring on all sides where they could procure this new stuff. He then went in the evening to the theatre, and at the close of the piece managed to mount upon the stage, where he walked up and down with a wet sponge in his hand, calling upon the audience to examine the material of his coat, of which he said, he was the sole maker, and carried the only piece in the world upon his back. Then, to the great astonishment of the pit, he rubbed off the painting with his sponge, and revealed the calico in its native coarseness, declaring it to be an emblem of human life, upon which one should place as little value as upon the wretched garment which a moment before had appeared so costly and beautiful. This "pointing of the moral," otherwise commonplace enough, was performed by him with a better grace upon another occasion. Some of his relatives invited him to a wedding, evidently, as he believed, because he had just got a new and very showy velvet coat. At dinner he took some of the greasiest and thickest sauce on the table, and smeared the coat with it, saying that the velvet had a right to the good cheer, inasmuch as it was the velvet

which was invited. He then threw it into the fire, and went back to the tavern for his old rags.

James Houbraeken, who ably engraved the portraits which illustrate his father's "Lives of the Painters," conceived the idea of placing a monkey beside Brauwer's portrait, to express that buffoon humour which, far from diminishing as age advanced, in Brauwer's case only increased and became more repulsive. In fact, what in the child might be called drolleries, in the man were nothing but gross tomfooleries, which smelt of the places frequented by their author. Happily, Brauwer, during his lifetime, achieved better things than pasquinades and farces, and has rendered his name immortal by some masterpieces of expression, touch, and colouring, to which the graver of Visscher has lent new life. Their scarcity, too, has enhanced their value. What nerve, what life, and what accuracy of observation do they not display! Nowhere else, save in the reality, do we find those grimaces, those red and bloated faces, that coarse merriment of tatterdemalions, and those indescribable attitudes and postures of beastly drunkenness. What imagination could conjure merely up by guess those physiognomies of the gamblers—the winner singing with all his might, the crest-fallen visage of his antagonist, and the bumpers which the spectators are engulfing in their huge throats in honour of the occasion? No one but an *habitué* of taverns could have risen to the height, or rather descended to the lowliness, of scenes like these. In wine Brauwer found the truth of his sketches.—*In vino veritas*.

It would, doubtless, have been far better for such a painter if his life were wholly unknown to us, and nothing remained of him except these admirable little works, which might lead us only to suspect his taste for carousal. But it would seem as if history had a predilection for scandal, if we may judge from the complacency with which she records all the follies and weaknesses of her heroes, while she is silent regarding so many charming artists who needed nothing but the *clat* of a great vice to make them famous, and hand down their names to posterity. Brauwer lived at Amsterdam until, having earned a great deal, but spent more, he had to fly from his creditors. He took the road to Antwerp; but as he was not so well versed in the current politics of the day as in the gossip of the tap-room, he was imprudent enough to present himself at the gates of the town without a passport from the States General, which were then at war with Spain. He was arrested as a spy, and imprisoned in the citadel. He there met with the Duke of Aremberg, also a prisoner by order of the King of Spain. Taking him for the governor of the place, he recounted to him, with tears in his eyes, all the misfortunes which had befallen him, and assured him most solemnly that he was merely a painter, who had come to Antwerp to make use of his talents, and offered to prove his statements if he were furnished with a palette and brushes. The duke immediately sent a message to Rubens, asking him to forward the articles; and the latter forthwith sent back canvas, colours, and everything that was necessary. In the meantime, some Spanish soldiers had set themselves down to play at cards in the courtyard in front of the painter's window. Brauwer took them for the subject of his picture, and painted the group with extraordinary truth, exhibiting the minutest traits of character, attitude, and physiognomy in each. Behind them appeared an old soldier seated on his haunches, and watching the game. His face was striking and original, and between his half-open lips appeared the only two teeth that were left him. The artist had never succeeded so well—had never displayed so much fire and vigour. As soon as the duke saw the picture, he burst out laughing, and sent for Rubens to come and see if the work of his dauber was worth preserving. Rubens came, and had no sooner cast his eye upon it, than he exclaimed, "It's by Brauwer; no one else could paint subjects of this kind with such power and beauty." When pressed to value it, he named seventy pounds. "You are right in thinking it is not for sale," said the duke; "I intend it for my own collection, as much because of the singularity of the incident, as for its intrinsic excellence."

Rubens used all his influence to get Brauwer out of prison.

He went to the governor and succeeded in convincing him¹⁴⁸, that the supposed spy was a painter of genius, and obtained his liberation, upon his becoming security that his *protégé* was in reality what he said he was. He then took him home to his house, assigned him a chamber, a place at his table, and procured him suitable dress. But Brauwer, instead of being grateful for these acts of kindness, was only embarrassed by them. The libertine and riotous hero of tavern brawls and merriment felt but ill at ease in the well-ordered, sober, but elegant mansion of Rubens. In a few days our hero was heartily sick of it, and took to his heels, sold his clothes, and returned to his old haunts and associates, declaring that life under Rubens' roof was to him as insupportable as imprisonment in the citadel.

There was then at Antwerp a baker, named Joseph Van Craesbeck, a native of Brussels, who professed to be very fond of painting, and sometimes acted as a broker. Brauwer made his acquaintance, and seeing he had a handsome wife, conceived it to be incumbent upon him to fall in love with her. But, in accordance with the old saying that husbands generally pave the way for their own misfortunes, it so happened that Craesbeck offered Brauwer board and lodging, in case he taught him painting. This was exactly what the artist wanted, and he accordingly snapped at the proposal with the utmost eagerness. No two men were ever better matched. They had the same tastes, the same characteristics, and they soon had the same style. By dint of admiring and imitating Brauwer, Craesbeck began to display some talent, but he made no better use of it than his master, for he employed himself mostly in painting drunkenness, debauchery, and pots of beer. It appears that the two painters had, doubtless at the close of some carousal, some difference with the police, which obliged them to quit Belgium and take refuge in Paris. Brauwer did but little work there, and soon returned to Antwerp, carrying disease with him, and died miserably in the public hospital in that town, in 1660. He was buried in the cemetery of the plague-stricken, that is, on a straw bed, at the bottom of a well. On hearing of this sad end of a life of so much glory and shame, Rubens, it is said, was moved to tears. He was unwilling, however, that due respect should not be paid to art in the person of one of its great professors. Accordingly he caused the body of Brauwer to be exhumed, and paid the expense of the funeral rites, which he caused to be celebrated with great pomp. Roger de Piles has made the assertion that Rubens caused a magnificent tomb to be erected to Brauwer in the church in which he was buried. The truth is, that Rubens did entertain the idea of erecting such a monument, and sketched a design for it, but his own death prevented his carrying his intention into execution, and consequently the epitaph given by Cornelius de Bie, in Flemish verse, had no existence save in his own imagination.

The best proof of Brauwer's power and imagination lies in the fact, that, though Hals' pupil, his style differed completely from that of his master. Hals' is impetuous, and consists mainly in bold touches so placed as to conceal the precision, often painful, of the sketch, and to produce their effect at a distance—and at a distance only. On the contrary, Brauwer's pencil is free and easy; he expresses and finishes his objects without minuteness and without coldness. His pictures are only finished sketches—the impastment is so thin that the printing of the canvas appears through it. But besides this, Brauwer had another style, in which there was more impastment and visible touches; in which lightness and softness are united to firmness, and delicacy to breadth. Fine and *spirituel* as Teniers, Brauwer is warmer in his tones, shows more of reddish brown, and in this approaches Ostade and Rembrandt. In a word, Brauwer is as much to be imitated in his execution as his example is to be avoided in his choice of subjects. Ostade and Rembrandt are never ignoble, because they never seek to be so; while Brauwer, having boldly and openly renounced decency, never fails to call up those feelings of disgust which every man, however blunt his perceptions, must feel at the sight of a vagabond or ruffian engaged in his orgies. And, nevertheless, Brauwer, despite the coarseness of his models,

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

the ugliness and repulsiveness added, during two centuries, in by the delicacy, the warmth, and with a good deal of skill, some etchings, he has furnished a list: they are nineteen

8, 9, 10.—“Two Peasants,” a piece marked, *Abraham Brauwer, fecit.*

11.—“A Tall Man and a Little Woman with an Ape smoking,” with the inscription, *Wats dit voor en gedroecht.*

12.—“A Peasant Girl making Cakes.”

13.—“A Peasant lighting his Pipe at a Chafing-dish held by a Woman.”



THE FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUWER.

1.—“Four Peasants,” underneath, *T'sa vrienden.*

2.—“A Peasant Girl playing a Flageolet, and two Peasants dancing”—*Lustig spell.*

3, 4, 5, 6.—“Three Peasants smoking”—*Wer went smoken.*

7.—“A Peasant sleeping in the foreground, and in the background three Peasants drunk.”—*Brauwer.*

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.—“A series of Peasants and Peasant Girls;” six pieces without any mark: the first represents a “Woman asking Alms.”

The portrait of Brauwer, painted by Vandyck (p. 145), has been engraved by Schelte; John Gole has also engraved it, and Boulonnais has copied it. Adrian Brauwer is one of the

Dutch painters who has been most engraved. The names of the principal engravers are Meyssens, Blooteling, MacArdell, Lebas, Bagan, Bary, Bremden, Delfos, Demouchy, Wenceslas Hollar, John Gole, T. Major, Malcœuvre, Mathan, Marinus, Nicholds, Ploos Van Amstel in his "Imitations of Drawings after the principal Flemish and Dutch Painters;" Riedel, father and son; Van Schagen, Seiler, Schenck, Van Sommer, Spilsburg, Spooner, Jonas Suyderhoef, Wallerant Vaillant, Le Vasseur, Verkoljé.

drinking. This painting, which we have reproduced (p. 148), is called in Holland "The Fiddler."

John de Visscher has also engraved, after Brauwer, a series of four tap-rooms, all of which are excellent, particularly in point of colouring.

This is not all; the famous Lucas Woostermann has engraved, after this master, "The Seven Mortal Sins," represented by half-length figures. Voluptuousness is there sketched in two ways, so that the seven sins form eight pieces. They bear



THE DRINKERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUWER.

Amongst these we must distinguish, as beyond comparison, Blooteling, Lebas, Hollar, John Gole, and Suyderhoef, and we must add to the list the great name of Visscher. He has executed, after Brauwer, two pieces of the greatest beauty, and greatly sought after by amateurs, "A Surgeon dressing a Man's Foot," the first proofs of which bear the inscription, *Ure, seca, purga*, and a tap-room, in which one man is playing a fiddle and winking his eye, three others singing, and one

the cipher V.; and the "Five Senses"—five pieces. We see in Brauwer's drawings a pen outline, aided by a little wash of Indian, and a few bold touches and hatchings of the pen, which produce all the effect that could be expected from them. The short, thick-set figures, their grimaces, and the appearance of their heads, covered with straight, stiff hair, indicate their author at a glance.

Lebrun informs us that David Teniers painted in his earlier

style (not the fine silvery gray) some paintings which have been often attributed to Brauwer, in order to enhance their price, and because they did not seem handsome enough for Teniers himself.

The following are some of the prices which Brauwer's works have fetched:—

The Laroque Sale—Gersaint, 1745: A small landscape, in a gilt frame, 16s. 8d.; a small beginning certainly.

The Caulet d'Hauteville Sale, 1774: "A Dispute at Play, containing six figures, and forming a pendant to one of Cornelius Dusart's, was sold for £2 only. It is true that at the same sale a fine Rembrandt, engraved by MacArdell in the dotted manner, brought only £24.

Random de Boissot Sale, 1777: "A Tap-room," representing a man sitting down and lighting his pipe by a live coal; another, leaning on the back of his chair, is puffing out smoke; a woman holds a pot—a fine painting, £98.

Burgraaf Sale, 1811: A little painting containing two peasants smoking beside an upturned cask, and a third in the background, £2 10s.

Erard Sale, 1832: "The interior of a Public House," on wood, from the Wille Cabinet; ten figures, £38.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1845: "The Card Players;" four peasants seated upon upturned tubs; the game appears to be decided. A wooden partition divides the group from three other figures warming themselves at a large fire-place. £31.

There is but one of Adrian Brauwer's paintings in the Louvre, the "Interior of a Tap-room." A man seen from behind is asleep upon a table; a smoker is lighting his pipe, and another is kissing the maid. In the background two men are chatting with a little girl.

Amongst Brauwer's pupils were Gonzales, Craesbeek, Tilborg, Bernard Fouchers, and Jan Steen, who was also the pupil of Van Goyen. The following is his monogram:—

B A

VAN HUYSUM'S SECRET.

THE setting sun was glittering on the windows of a small house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. In a balcony opening upon a parterre sown with anemones, tulips, roses, and may-flowers, stood a man whose pale and haggard features, bent figure, and white and scanty hair, but too clearly indicated the rapid approach of old age and decrepitude.

It was Van Huysum, the celebrated flower painter, whose pictures, treasured in all the collections of Spain, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, are distinguished from all others by a softness and freshness of which he alone seemed to possess the secret.

Before him lay a palette charged with colours, several brushes scattered about, and some sketches apparently just commenced, one of which he still held in his hand; though, as if forced to suspend his labour, he reclined in an arm-chair, his head leaning back, and his eyes half-closed, as if in a swoon. Suddenly a young girl made her appearance at the lower end of the gallery, ran towards him, and asked him with an anxious air what had happened to him.

"Nothing, nothing!" he muttered in reply—"a little weakness, but nothing more; it's over now. I have been trying in vain to set to work to finish those sketches that were promised so long ago; but I'm not able."

"The doctor has warned you, uncle," said the girl gently, "that you must take rest till you are better."

Van Huysum made a gesture of impatience and chagrin. "And when will that be?" he asked in feverish accents; "don't you see there is no sign of it, Gotta?"

"Patience, dear uncle," was her reply; "you see the fine days are coming back again."

"Yes," said the old man, raising himself with a look of animation, "the garden is beginning to bloom, and the birds are singing and building their nests, and the butterflies flit-

ting about; but what avails all this when I can no longer paint them?"

"Oh, in a few weeks more," rejoined Gotta, "you will be able."

"A few weeks! do you know—or are you forgetting how time passes—that before the end of the month I must pay Vanbruk the next instalment of the price of this house, and that I was hoping to meet it by two paintings that I promised Salomon, and that the sketches are still upon the easel just as I left them three months ago? Vanbruk will call for his money in a day or two, and not getting it, will take possession of the house, and deprive me of my flowers and my sun. Delay, you see, is ruin and desolation."

Gotta stood motionless while the old man was speaking, and when he had done, after a short pause said softly, "Trust in God: I know he'll not desert you."

Van Huysum shook his head, and there was silence for some moments.

"And still," he added a moment afterwards, in a low voice, as if soliloquising, "and still, if I could get assistance, like other painters whose pupils help them."

"And so you can, uncle, whenever you please," said Gotta.

"Aye, and let them discover my secret," interrupted the painter, with an angry look, "so that no one could distinguish my works from theirs; no, no, the bouquets of Van Huysum shall always remain the only ones of their kind."

So saying, he closed the box containing his colours with testy haste, and drew the curtain over his canvas, and casting a suspicious glance at his niece, exclaimed, "I'll engage you would like to learn yourself, Gotta, what patience and perseverance have taught me. But no—if you please—you shan't know. When presents are too costly, the recipients are apt to be ungrateful. Find it out, my girl, find it out, as I found it out myself. Since I grew ill you have painted more than usual. Have you made much progress? Let me see, Gotta; show me your latest attempts."

"Oh, they're not worth your notice, uncle," said Gotta, blushing and looking rather embarrassed.

"Come, come, show them to me," replied Van Huysum. "I mustn't refuse you good advice; you have the stuff in you to make a good painter; but you must seek out your own style."

There was nothing for it but to comply; so Gotta went out and brought in a small square piece of canvas in a frame, and on it painted a bouquet of flowers, principally snowdrops and campanulas. Van Huysum examined it attentively, and at first his countenance darkened.

"Ah! you paint very well, Gotta," said he; "your tone is delicate, your drawing is correct and harmonious; here are some leaves which are absolutely perfect; it's a masterpiece, my dear; in the long run you'll form a school, and throw Van Huysum into the shade."

This was said in a tone half earnest, half ironical and bitter. It was evident that the painter's jealousy was struggling within him with the man's affection and generosity. He placed the picture at a little distance from him, that he might better observe its effect; and after looking at it in silence for some minutes, his face became lighted up with a smile.

"Yes," he said slowly to himself, "the little thing has some taste; but yet it's not my style, nor my colouring. Let us see, Gotta, how much will Salomon give you for this?"

"What he gave me for the former ones, I suppose, uncle—five ducats."

Van Huysum rubbed his hands with delight. "Good," said he; "I could sell one of the same size for fifty ducats. Ah, there's no doubt there's nobody like me; I alone can make the flowers grow out under the brush." Then, as if recurring to his former train of thought, he exclaimed—

"But what good does my skill do me if I can't use it! Miserable that I am! the mine of gold is there, but I have not strength to work it! What day of the month is it, Gotta?"

"The twenty-ninth, uncle."

"Twenty-ninth! is it possible? And Vanbruk will be here in two days—in two days! What shall I do? God has

forsaken me. I'm ruined—hopelessly ruined!" he exclaimed, sinking back into his chair.

Gotta, thinking he was about to faint, administered some cordial, which had the effect of reviving him, and endeavoured to soothe and encourage him by kind words. At this moment the door opened, and Salomon the Jew appeared. Gotta uttered an exclamation of surprise, and waved her hand to him to retire; but it was too late, Van Huysum had seen him.

"There he is," said he, in a querulous, despairing tone; "there he is, coming for his pictures, and the money with him."

"Yes, master," replied the Jew, shaking the gold in a leathern bag and making it clink, "and in good Portuguese pieces, such as I know you like."

"Take them away," said the painter feebly; "don't come here to increase my trouble by the sight of money which I want, but am not able to earn."

The Jew removed his spectacles, and looked at him with an air of astonishment.

"What do you mean?" said he; "don't you want my money?"

"No; because I can't give you the paintings."

"But I've come to pay you for those which you have sent me."

Van Huysum looked at him fiercely—"That I sent you!" he exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

Gotta made several attempts to put a stop to the conversation, which was evidently fatiguing her uncle, and preventing any explanation; but he insisted upon having one.

"I faith," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, "it is easily given; your niece has given me two small pictures, for which I am about to pay you ten ducats, and a large one for which I shall pay you two hundred ducats."

"Pictures of mine!" repeated the painter.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "your large vase with the nest and the snail. It is a masterpiece; and I am now taking it to the Duke of Remberg."

"You have it with you then?" said Van Huysum.

"Yes, I have left it in the parlour."

"Show it to me; show it to me!"

The old painter rose and advanced towards one of the glass doors looking out upon the gallery. Salomon followed him, and on removing the cloth which covered a middle-sized picture, revealed to Van Huysum the work of which he spoke. The latter recognised at a glance one of the sketches which his illness had compelled him to abandon, but so well finished in his own style, and with the processes which he thought known only to himself, that on seeing it he started back with a cry of astonishment. A more minute examination, however, enabled him to discover certain touches which betrayed another hand.

"Who sold you that?" said he to Salomon, in a voice hoarse with anger. "Where is the villain that has stolen my secret?"

"Here, uncle," said a soft imploring voice beside him. He turned, and there was Gotta on her knees, her hands clasped together, and big tears coursing rapidly down her marble cheeks.

"You!" said Van Huysum; "this painting by you! How did you find out my method?"

"Quite unintentionally; by watching you while at work," replied the girl.

"So, all my precautions were useless," said the painter, "since I had a spy in my house. And how long have you known it?"

"A long time," murmured Gotta. Van Huysum looked at her steadily.

"And why, then, did you not make use of it sooner?" he asked.

"Because then I only should have profited by it," was her reply; "so long as you were able to hold the brush, I had no right to interfere with your discoveries; but when sickness came, and when I knew the time for paying Vanbruk the money due to him was approaching, and when I saw you

careworn and anxious, I took courage, and thought that if I employed the knowledge I had stolen from you to give you comfort and repose, it would not be a theft, but restitution. Forgive me, uncle, if I was mistaken; but let me continue to work while you are no longer able to do so, and as soon as you are recovered, I promise you I will forget all I have learnt."

Gotta raised her streaming eyes to his, and the tears that hung on the dark lashes glistened like pearls in the sunbeams that were reflected from the window. He took her tenderly by the hand, and thus proceeded:—

"God, my child," said he, "has taught me a great lesson, by setting your example before me. He has taught me that our gifts, whatever they may be, should not be selfishly kept for ourselves alone, but that our true happiness should be in sharing them with others. Keep the brush which to-day has proved our salvation. Until now there was but one Van Huysum; henceforth, I am willing there should be two."

MR. BANVARD, THE AMERICAN PANORAMA PAINTER.

We are all by this time tolerably familiar with panoramas; but probably not many of our readers have seen one of the same dimensions as that which Mr. Banvard, an American artist, is said to have executed. It represents the mighty Mississippi, with the varied scenery through which it flows; and certainly, so far as mere size is concerned, must be no unworthy representation of that majestic river; for we are told it measures no less than *three miles* in length. The idea of travelling such a distance with the eye to get from the beginning to the end of a pictorial view, is quite a novelty to the steady-going inhabitants of the Old World. We are indebted to an American authority for the following account of the artist and his work, which we think will be read with interest, both as showing what ingenuity and perseverance can accomplish, and as a fresh chapter in the history of art.

There was a young lad of fifteen, a fatherless youth, to whom a very extraordinary idea occurred, as he was floating for the first time down the Mississippi. He had read in some foreign journal, that America could boast the most picturesque and magnificent scenery in the world, but that she had not yet produced an artist capable of delineating it.

On this thought he pondered and pondered, till his brain began to whirl; and as he glided along the shores of the stupendous river, gazing around him with wonder and delight, the boy resolved within himself that he would take away the reproach from his country—that he would paint the beauties and sublimities of his native land.

Some years passed away, and still John Banvard (for that was his name) dreamed of being a painter. What he was in his waking, working moments, we do not know—probably a mechanic. But at all events, he found time to turn over and over again the great thought that haunted him; till at length, before he had yet attained his twenty-first year, it assumed a distinct and tangible shape in his mind, and he devoted himself to its realisation.

No idea of profit was mingled with his ambition; and, indeed, strange to say, we can learn nothing of any aspirations he may have felt after artistical excellence. His grand object, as he himself informs us, was to falsify the assertion that America had no "artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery," and to accomplish this by producing the largest painting in the world.

John Banvard was born in New York, and "raised in Kentucky;" but he had no patrons either among the rich merchants of the one, or the wild enthusiasts of the other, whose name has become a synonyme for all that is good, bad, and ridiculous in the American character. He was self-taught and self-dependent; and when he determined to paint a picture of the shores of the Mississippi, which should be as superior to all others in point of size as that prodigious river is superior to the streamlets of Europe, he was obliged to betake himself for some time to trading and boating upon the mighty stream,

in order to raise funds for the purchase of materials. But this was at length accomplished, and the work begun. His first task was to make the necessary drawing, and in executing this he spent four hundred days in the manner thus described by himself:—

For this purpose he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing the rapid streams, in many places more than two miles in width, to select proper points of sight from which to take this sketch. His hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather.

He would be weeks together without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river.

When the preparatory drawings were completed, he erected a building at Louisville, in Kentucky, where he at length commenced his picture, which was to be a panorama of the Mississippi, painted on canvas *three miles long*; and it is noted, with a justifiable pride, that this proved to be a home production throughout, the cotton being grown in one of the southern states, and the fabric spun and woven by the factory girls of Lowell.

What the picture is, as a work of art, many thousands have had an opportunity of ascertaining personally; and we know that it received the warmest eulogiums from the most distinguished of his countrymen, and a testimony in favour of its correctness from the principal captains and pilots of the Mississippi.

At the meeting in Boston, his Excellency Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, who was in the chair, talked of it with



TAVERN BRAWL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUWER.

When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cottonwood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. After killing his game, he would return, dress, cook, and, seated on some fallen log, would eat it with a biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him.

Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the brink for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning, when he would arise, from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humid mist from the surface of the river, and then start afresh to his task again.

enthusiasm, as a "wonderful and extraordinary production;" and Mr. Calhoun, president of the Senate, moved a series of resolutions expressive of "their high admiration of the boldness and originality of the conception, and the indefatigable perseverance of the young and talented artist in the execution of his Herculean work," and these being warmly seconded by Mr. Bradbury, speaker of the House of Representatives, were carried unanimously.

Soon after Savary's panorama appeared, its popularity brought before the public a series of rival panoramas before the public—Panoramas of the Hudson, Panorama of a Voyage round the World, Panorama of the Rhine, and others without end. We should suppose at the present moment, that many artists thus employed, who might otherwise have languished in poverty, find panorama painting a great source of pecuniary profit.

RICHARD WESTALL.

RICHARD WESTALL, one of whose works we have reproduced, is best known to the public as an illustrator of British poetry—

Cheapside. He was allowed to devote his evenings to attendance on the lectures at the Royal Academy, and here he



A PEASANT BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY WESTALL.

certainly as delightful, if not as useful, a task as an artist can undertake. He was born in 1765, and was bound apprentice to an engraver of heraldry on silver, &c., in Gutter-lane,

formed an acquaintance with Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas, Lawrence. This became so intimate, that as soon as Westall was out of his apprenticeship the two friends took a house

together in Greek-street, Soho, dividing the doors between them—that opening out in Greek-street being Westall's, and the one in the square, Lawrence's.

The course upon which Westall entered in the practice of his art, was one well calculated to insure his popularity with the public, in the then state of taste and feeling, whatever we may think of its real excellence. The spirit of elegant sentiment, which afterwards gave birth to the "annuals" and "keepsakes," and made a great deal of poetry that is denominated "namby pamby" in the highest degree acceptable, was then abroad, and Westall was just the man to minister at its altar. His pencil, as well as his nature, was prone to elegance, grace, and refinement, though with a large amount of affectation. He sketched love and love scenes under every possible type and symbol; and a great many of the best or most artistic—if we may be allowed the expression—incidents in ancient mythology; Sappho in the Lesbian shades, the boar that killed Adonis brought before Venus, Calypso entertaining Telemachus in her grotto, the marriage procession on the shield of Achilles, and an immense number of Venuses in every variety of attitude, and attended by a large number of Cupids. The first production, however, which called public attention to him, was a picture exhibited in 1785, representing a scene from Chaucer's "January and May." Two years afterwards he again made his appearance with "Mary, Queen of Scots, taking leave of Andrew Marvel," "Esau asking for his Father's Blessing," and a "Scene from the Wife of Bath's Tale." His first great work, however, was illustrations of Milton and Shakspeare, which he was employed to execute by Alderman Boydell, the founder of the Shakspearian Gallery. In those of Milton he seems to have caught some measure of the poet's spirit, and in some instances he makes an approach to the poet's sublimity and grandeur; but in those of Shakspeare it can only be said that he is invariably correct, and that there is nothing to offend. For Bowyer he painted subjects from the history of England, and met with the same success.

He now came before the world as the painter of the *proprieties* of genteel and fashionable life *par excellence*. He was in art pretty much what Thomas Haynes Bayley was in poetry. He afterwards illustrated the various ceremonies of the church of England with a decorum, an accuracy, and solemnity that delighted the hearts of the large body of worshippers in that communion. He soon became one of the

most popular book illustrators, and was greatly run after by the publishers; but all his drawings were wanting in vigour. He, however, ministered successfully to the public taste, and for any faults in his style he was not himself entirely to blame.

He was elected a member of the Academy in 1794, the year in which Lawrence and Stothard were also elected. In 1808 he published a volume of poems, entitled "A Day in Spring," which was illustrated with engravings by S. O. C. Heath from his own designs. He taught Queen Victoria drawing; and certainly, whatever were the merits of his works, his pupil does honour to his powers as an instructor.

Probably no man who was so conversant, as an artist must be, with works of art, could have been so miserably deceived in his speculations as Mr. Westall was in his picture dealing. The fact that he was ruined at it, is the most convincing proof that was ever afforded of the folly of connoisseurship. The art of imitating pictures—of giving them the tone of age, and the traces of certain masters' manner—has of late years been brought to the highest pitch of perfection; and to detect a fraud is a much more difficult matter than to discover excellence. The mistake of the connoisseurs is in laying claim to the greatest skill in both, and, in fact, proclaiming that the one is inseparable from the other. The great anxiety on the part of the public, of late years, to become possessed of the works of great masters, has created a corresponding anxiety on the part of the dealers to supply them. In the case of cotton or calico this would not be a difficult matter; but the pictures of Titian or Giorgione do not admit of unlimited multiplication. When Westall entered the lists against dishonest imitators, he found himself completely outwitted. *Chefs-d'œuvre*, for which he thought himself only too happy to pay large prices, turned out to be clever copies. Before he had discovered the cheat he often spent large sums in restoring the colouring, in framing or regilding them. His handsome fortune was soon dissipated in this way, and the unfortunate man ended his days a pensioner on the fund set apart by the Royal Academy for the relief of any of their members who are reduced to destitution. His death took place on the 4th of December, 1836.

His "Peasant Boy," which we have engraved (p. 153), was one of the best of his works. The drawing is excellent, and there is an air of unaffected simplicity and contentment in the expression of the face, and the accessories are all in excellent keeping.

DR. FAUSTUS, AFTER REMBRANDT.

THE story of Dr. John Faustus, as it was popularly believed by our grandfathers, and upon which so much wit and ingenuity and research have been expended, ran pretty much as follows:—

He was born in Germany of poor parents. His father was unable to bring him up, but he had a brother living near him, who took a great fancy to his nephew, and resolved to make a scholar of him. So he put him to school, and afterwards entered him at the university to study divinity; but this was by no means to the youth's taste, and though he applied himself to it with tolerable diligence, he applied far more diligently to necromancy and magic, charms and sooth-saying, witchcraft, and the like. At last, he reached such a pitch of perfection in the black art, that he attained to the power of commanding the devil to appear whenever he pleased. One day he was walking in a wood near Wirttemberg with a friend, who expressed a desire to see some evidence of the doctor's art, and asked him, could he then and there bring the demon Mephistopheles before them. Upon the first call given by Faustus, the devil made a noise as if heaven and earth were coming together, and then made a roaring as if the wood had been full of wild beasts. The doctor then made a circle for him, and round it he ran with a noise like that of ten thousand waggon wheels going at full speed over rough pavement.

After this, it thundered and lightened as if the whole world had been on fire. Faustus and his friend were amazed at this noise, and, tired with the devil's long tarrying, thought to leave the circle, whereupon the latter personage uttered such ravishing music as was never heard in this world.

After many other wonderful prodigies, the worthy doctor succeeded in so mastering the refractory spirit, that he bound him over to appear to him at his house by ten o'clock next day. Mephistopheles accordingly appeared, and Faustus informed him that he wished him henceforward to serve him with whatever he wanted. This was declined unless he signed an agreement with his own blood to deliver himself up to Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness, at the expiration of a certain date. After much bargaining and chaffering, the lust of power and enjoyment so overcame Faustus that he consented and signed the fatal bond.

When he had done so, he called Mephistopheles and delivered it to him, whereupon the spirit told him that if he did not repent of what had happened, he should enjoy all the pleasures his thoughts could conceive, and that he would immediately divert him. He caused a kennel of hounds to run down a part in the hall, and immediately vanished; then a bull danced before Faustus; then appeared a fight between a lion and a bear; and then followed some most exquisite

music, to the sound of which some hundreds of spirits danced. When these had disappeared, ten sacks of silver appeared on the floor, but it was so hot that no one but himself could handle it.

The report of what Dr. Faustus had done soon got abroad, and none of his neighbours would keep his company; but his attendant spirit was constantly with him, and executed his bidding in all things. Not far from his house lived the Duke of Bavaria, the Duke of Saxony, and the Bishop of Salisburg, whose houses and cellars Mephistopheles used to visit, and carry away the best of everything they contained. One day the Duke of Bavaria had invited most of the gentry of the country to dinner, for whose entertainment an abundance of provisions was got ready. The gentry being come, and all ready to sit down to dinner, in an instant of time Mephistopheles came and took all away with him, to their great terror and astonishment. If at any time Faustus had a longing for wild fowl, the spirit would call whole flocks in at the window, so that no lock or key could keep them out. He also taught Faustus to fly in the air, and perform a variety of other extraordinary tricks.

The worthy doctor was ere long favoured with a glimpse into the lower regions, and saw and heard all the unfortunates who suffered torments there. He found that the whole region was divided into a number of cells, or deep holes, and in every one of these there was a devil, whose duty it was to punish the inmates. He was much struck by the sight, and inquired of Mephistopheles what sort of people they were that lay in the first dark pit. He was told they were physicians, who had poisoned many thousands in trying experiments upon them, and were now treated in the same manner as they had treated their patients, though not with the same effect, for death never came to release them from their misery. Over their heads was a shelf laden with gallipots, full of poison. Having passed them, he came to a long entry, in which there was a great crowd, and he asked him what they were in the other world, and was told they were pickpockets, who loved to be in a crowd, and so, to content them, they were put in a crowd here. He saw many other varieties of evil-doers, in various stages of torment, which space will not permit us to enumerate.

The fame of Dr. Faustus having reached the emperor's ears, he expressed a desire to see him and some of his tricks and exploits. So the doctor paid a visit to court, and while conversing with the emperor, saw a nobleman looking out of a window. He instantly fastened a pair of horns on his head, so that he could not get his head in till Dr. Faustus took them off for him. But he was greatly enraged at being thus made the laughing-stock of the court, and resolved upon being revenged upon Faustus. He therefore lay in wait for him outside of the town, intending to stop him and chastise him on his return from the court. Faustus, coming by a wood-side, beheld the lord mounted on a prancing war-horse, and immediately ordered the spirit to whirl him aloft, and set him down in the emperor's palace with a pair of horns on his head, which he could never get off till his dying day.

On another occasion, the doctor was rambling through a field, and out of frolic devoured a load of hay in the presence of the farmer who owned it, and then placed it again on his cart in the twinkling of an eye. Looking out of a window, he saw some students fighting, thirteen against seven, and struck them all blind, so that they fought at random, and hit their friends, to the great amusement of the bystanders. As soon as they had separated, he restored them their eyesight. Another time he was disturbed by the shouting and bawling of some drunken clowns in an inn, so he made them all dumb. He found a young gentleman pining for love of a young lady, who steadfastly refused to receive his addresses, and gave him an enchanted ring, with instructions to slip it suddenly on the cruel fair one's finger. The moment it touched her, she began to burn with love for him whom before she had hated, and sought his company unceasingly, and when he again proposed to her, she accepted him joyfully. He also made a herd of unruly swine, whom their owner could not drive to market,

go the whole way dancing and fiddling into the town; and performed a thousand other tricks, which are recorded by his chroniclers.

At last the inevitable hour drew near. The twenty-four years for which he had agreed to sell himself drew to an end, and the spirit served him with a solemn warning that he must prepare to fulfil his part of the compact. On the day following the receipt of this, in order to drive away dull care, he sent for the doctors and bachelors of art, and the other students, to dine with him, and provided fine music and entertainment for them. But all could not keep up his spirits, for the time was at hand. Whereupon his countenance changing, his guests inquired the cause of his uneasiness, and in reply he confessed all his transactions with the devil. He had no sooner finished his narration, than there came on a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Faustus then went into the great hall, the doctors and masters staying in the next room, intending to hear his end. About twelve o'clock the house shook terribly, as though it would have tumbled down about their ears; and suddenly all the windows were shaken violently and broken to pieces. Then came another great clap of thunder, and the door flew open, and a mighty rushing wind entered, with the hissing of serpents, and the most hideous and dreadful screams and cries, upon which they heard Faustus shrieking piteously, as if in the greatest agony, followed by dreadful roaring and blaspheming, and then all was silent. When daylight came, they mustered up courage to enter the hall, and found his brains beaten out against the wall, the floor sprinkled with blood, and his two eyeballs lying in it. They searched in vain for his body, but at last found it lying on a dunghill outside, smashed and torn to pieces. Out of respect to his learning and other qualifications, it received a decent burial.

Such was the story which one citizen whispered to another with white lips a century and a half ago. In a ballad, supposed to have appeared in 1670, and entitled "The Just Judgment of God upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity," which was once popular in London in no small degree, the doctor is thus made to describe his fate, though how he came to publish his recollections in bad doggerel after his death, is more than we can well understand.

Woe to the day of my nativity,
Woe to the time that once did foster me,
Woe to the hand that sealed the will,
And woe to myself, the cause of all my ill.

At last when I had but one hour to come,
I turned my glass for my last hour to run,
And called in learned men to comfort me,
But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve o'clock my glass was almost out,
My grieved conscience then began to doubt;
I wisht the students stay in chamber by,
But while they staid they heard a doleful cry.

Then presently they came into the hall,
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall,
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
My bowels gone, and this was the end of me."

Now for the moral—

"You conjurors and damned witches all,
Example take by my unhappy fall;
Give not your souls and bodies unto hell,
See that the smallest hair you do not sell."

The story of Faustus has furnished materials for the ingenuity and industry of numerous German writers, both in the last century and in this. And it has, as we all know, derived new and undying interest from having been the subject of Goëthe's great drama. It has also been ably illustrated by Rembrandt, in an etching which we reproduce (p. 156). It is thus described in the Chevalier Clausen's Catalogue Raisonné of Rembrandt's works: "Faustus is standing up, his profile towards the spectator, dressed in a long robe and a

white cap. His two hands are resting, the right upon a table, and the left behind the arm of a chair. He is in an attitude of reflection, and appears to be examining with attention several magic characters, which show him in a mirror, the hand only of which is visible to us. Lower down to the right appears the half of a globe." This is, however, simply a description for the use of amateurs; but our imagination can

the powers of the universe to strife, and drags some soft, gentle, yielding nature down with him in his fall. Such has Goethe pictured him; but from the hands of Rembrandt he comes simply an old magician in his laboratory. We need hardly say that it is extremely doubtful if such a personage as Faustus ever existed. Some author has supposed that the legend had its origin in the invention of printing, the honour



DR. FAUSTUS.—AFTER AN ETCHING BY REMBRANDT.

readily supply what it wants. At first sight, we can hardly imagine that this old man, with his dressing-gown and night-cap, is the famous Doctor Faustus, the bold pioneer of philosophy, the modern Prometheus, the rash and ambitious genius who roused the fire of Marlowe, whom Goethe has immortalised, and who filled Byron's sleep with dreams. We figure him to ourselves as young, proud, energetic, sombre, and secluded—with flashing fiery eyes, and with a defiant spirit, which dares

of which belongs in part, as we all know, to John Fust, or Faust. It appears, nevertheless, more probable that the hero of all these tales was a student in theology, born at Weimar, or at Kundlig, in the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. The first written work on the subject of which we have any knowledge, is the "History of Faust and of Christopher Wagner, his valet, by George Rodolph Widman: Frankfort, 1587."

INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE, BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

Ours engraving is an excellent illustration of the best points and greatest beauties of Adrian Van Ostade's style as a delineator of the home-life of the Flemish peasantry. An old woman tending a nursing; two children, one of them drinking eagerly from a cup, whilst the other shares its breakfast with a dog; the cradle neglected in a corner; the pot overturned, and the whole household in disorder—this is the

in the background, and the thousand streaks and sparkles on the linen, the basket, or basin. The painter of Lubeck found here a whole course of art. Attracted by the variety of lines and the melody of colour, if he found these he needed nothing else. His pencil reproduced what had charmed his eye, and not what had found favour with his thoughts. Hence the tendency amongst painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools



INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.—BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

whole scene, and simple as it is, few but Adrian Van Ostade could depict it so well, because he was the patient and simple painter of reality. One might ask, however, what could induce an artist to select a scene so vulgar, types which boasted no beauty, and accessories which have nothing to recommend them but their rudeness and rusticity? To this Van Ostade would reply by showing you the jet of light which plays across the figures, the harmonious shading which reigns

to scenes of what we call "low life." They are the painters of material life, but hardly ever attain to the poetic sublimity of the Italians. Their inspiration is short-winged, and scrapes the ground. It is a domestic bird, with splendid plumage, but of vulgar appearance, which never goes far from the house; while Italian art is one of those stately but graceful swans which float calmly and majestically on limpid lakes, or soar through blackening clouds.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

VASARI tells us, with charming quaintness, that the Deity looking down upon the earth, and perceiving the fruitlessness of so many labours, the ardent studies pursued without any result, and the presumptuous self-sufficiency of men, which is further from truth than darkness is from light, resolved, by way of delivering us from such great errors, to send to the world a spirit endowed with universality of power in each art and in every profession.

He was born of a most noble and most ancient family, and at a most propitious moment, Mercury and Venus exhibiting a friendly aspect, and being in the second house of Jupiter. His father had a farm about three miles from Florence, which contained some valuable quarries, in which stonemasons and sculptors were constantly at work; and to the wife of one of the former the nursing of the future genius was confided. "Giorgio," said Michael Angelo to Vasari, in after life, when honours were thick upon him, "if I have anything good in me, it comes from my birth in the pure air of your country of Arezzo, and perhaps, also, from the fact that with the milk of my nurse I sucked in the chisels and hammers wherewith I make my figures." His other brothers were placed, as they grew up, with wool and silk-weavers, his father being of a commercial turn of mind; but Michael exhibited an unconquerable inclination for drawing, and he was set apart for an artist. So he was placed in the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo, who did for him all that a good and kind master could do with a pupil who in a few months knew more than himself. Very soon after his entrance into Ghirlandajo's studio, he corrected some female figures drawn by his master, exhibiting the perfection of form, with a few strokes of his pen. Some sketches, also, which he made of scaffolding and the workmen engaged upon it in repairing a building, caused Domenico to exclaim, "This boy knows more than I do." He did many marvellous things of the same kind, till at last an accident brought him before the world with the happiest prospects. Lorenzo di Medici, the magnificent Lorenzo, the glory of Florence, the *dulce decus et presidium* of Italian literature and art, chanced to be greatly desirous of forming a good school of painting and sculpture under the superintendence of the aged Bertoldo, the disciple of Donato. So he desired Domenico to send him any youths from amongst his pupils who evinced a marked taste for sculpture. Michael Angelo and Francesco Gronacci were the two selected, and on repairing to the Medici garden, on the piazza, in which Lorenzo had collected a great number of gems of ancient art, they found a youth of the Torrigiano family modelling in clay certain figures given him by Bertoldo. Michael immediately entered into competition with him, and with such success, that Lorenzo was convinced he was in truth a youth whom he was bound to assist and put forward in every way in his power. This favourable impression was increased by the sight of a marble copy from the antique of the head of a faun, made by Michael about the same time, with marvellous accuracy and ability, though he had never handled a chisel before.

A room in Lorenzo's own palace was accordingly set apart for him, and the great merchant prince signified to Ghirlandajo that it was his intention henceforth to provide for his maintenance and education.

Buonarotti was now sixteen years old, and he lived in Lorenzo's palace during the next four years, namely, till 1492, when death deprived him of his patron. During this period of his career he executed in marble "A Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs," which looked more like the work of a master than that of a youth in his teens. It is still preserved in the house of the Buonarotti family at Rome, and remains in possession of the artist's descendants. Lorenzo entrusted him with the keys of his famous garden, and gave him a general superintendence of it. These honours excited the jealousy of his fellow-pupil, Torrigiano, to such a pitch, that he began to jeer him one day, and struck him so violent a

blow in the face that he broke his nose in such a manner that he bore the marks of the injury for life.

Michael Angelo returned to his father's house in great sorrow upon the death of Lorenzo. He had, in truth, good reason for his grief. We can fancy what delightful, happy hours he must have spent in that delicious abode, steadily pursuing the arts he loved, and surrounded by the finest productions of antiquity, and smiled upon by him whose smiles made happy the wisest, wittiest, and bravest men of the day. After this he wandered through various parts of Italy, visiting, amongst other places, Bologna and Venice, and leaving in each some of his masterpieces. His first visit to Rome was owing to a curious circumstance. He executed at Florence a sleeping Cupid, life size, which was pronounced by all who saw it a work of rare excellence, particularly by Baldassare del Milanese, who strongly advised him to bury it for a time and then send it to Rome, where he would then obtain a high price for it as an antique. It is said that Michael Angelo allowed him to do so for him, and he accordingly sold it to Cardinal San Giorgio for 200 crowns. The cardinal, however, soon heard that the statue had been at Florence, and was greatly enraged by the banter and ridicule he had to undergo in consequence of the deception. He sent it back to Milanese, who had sold it to him, and compelled him to return him the money. But the affair made such a noise that it raised Michael Angelo's credit greatly. He was consequently soon after invited by Cardinal San Giorgio himself to go to Rome and reside at his house; but the cardinal, knowing little of art, never set a proper value on him, and they soon parted. Jacopo Galli, a Roman gentleman, perceived his talent early, and commissioned him to make a Cupid the size of life, and with a Bacchus ten palms high. The union in outline and expression of masculine energy and passion with female softness and roundness of form, was so admirably rendered in this work, that it was now acknowledged upon all hands that Michael Angelo far surpassed all modern sculptors. Amongst his greatest achievements of this period was his "Dead Christ"—a work not for any one age or generation, but for all time. Every muscle, nerve, and vein is rendered with an accuracy which displays consummate knowledge of anatomy; an attainment the more wonderful from the fact, that at that time the structure of the human body was but very imperfectly understood. "There is," says Vasari, in his simple but expressive language, "a most exquisite expression in the countenance, and the limbs are affixed to the trunk in a manner that is truly perfect; the veins and pulses, moreover, are indicated with such exactitude, that one cannot but marvel how the hand of an artist should in such a short time have produced such a work, or how a stone, which just before was without form or shape, should all at once display such perfection as nature can but rarely produce in the flesh."

Michael Angelo appears to have placed a high value upon the work himself, as he engraved his name on the Virgin's girdle, a thing which he never did on any other occasion. It says little for the value of fame, however, that one day when he entered the place where it was erected, he found a large crowd admiring it, and on inquiry being made who had executed it, some one said, "Our Hunchback of Milan," without any one's offering to correct him or set him right.

There was a huge block of marble at Florence at this time, out of which a certain Simone de Fiesole had commenced to make a colossal figure, but had so botched it, that the authorities shut up the marble, and did not suffer him to proceed. Michael Angelo's friends now advised him to try and obtain it, and he succeeded in doing so. He measured the mass, with the view of accommodating his figure to the shape of it, and finally executed a young David holding a sling in his hand. It was erected in front of the Piazza del Signori, and was the admiration of everybody; but the Soderini, a muni-

cial officer of Florence, in all the flush of aldermanic dignity, must needs say something depreciatory, to show his judgment in matters of art. Michael Angelo perceived at once that he was standing in such a position that he could not see it properly, but, in order to satisfy him, slyly gathered up a little dust in his hand, and going up to the nose, tapped it with the chisel, but without taking any off, and at the same time let fall a little dust. "Look at it now," said he to the Soderini. "Ah!" replied the good man, "I like it better now." By all competent judges, however, the work was looked upon as almost faultless, and the Soderini paid him four hundred crowns for it. A bronze cast of it was made and sent to France.

His next great work was a design for the façade which he constructed for the Great Hall of Council, in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. It was entitled "The War of Pisa," and represented soldiers surprised.

His fame was now so great that he was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., and charged with the construction of his sepulchral monument, upon which he intended to display extraordinary magnificence. Upon his arrival he went to the quarries of Carrara, and excavated a prodigious quantity of marble, and having collected it at Rome, sketched a design and began the works. The tomb was to stand within the church of St. Peter, which was to be rebuilt for that purpose. It was to stand apart, and around the whole was to run a range of niches, interchanged by terminal figures, clothed from the middle upwards, and bearing the first cornice on their heads, while to every one was bound a captive, in a strange and abased attitude, the feet of each resting on the projection of a scroll or basement. These captives symbolised the provinces, or *partes infidelium*, which Pope Julius had subdued and brought within the jurisdiction of the mother church. Other statues there were also, representing the Arts and Sciences captive, and in mourning attitudes, emblematic at once of their subjection to Religion, and their sorrow at being deprived by death of their patron and promoter. Above the cornice appeared friezes in bronze, with figures of cherubim, and over all two figures—one, Heaven, carrying a bier upon her shoulder, and smiling with joy that so great and good a man was entering her portals; the other, Cybele, or Earth, bewailing her misfortune in losing him.

It is sad, after having called up before our minds the image of so noble a work, to learn that it was never completed. Many of the statues were executed, but as the building was not forthcoming, they were scattered far and wide. Two of those representing the captives were given to Roberto Strozzi, a gentleman at whose house the sculptor had lain during his illness, and by him they were presented to Francis I. of France. They remained for a while at St. Eusebio, but are now in the Louvre.

The works of the tomb were, however, still proceeding, when an unexpected and rather curious incident brought them to an abrupt termination. Some marble arrived one day from the quarries, and as the carriers had to be paid, Michael Angelo went to the Pope for the money. On his arrival at the palace, he found that he was engaged in transacting some very important business. He accordingly returned, and paid the men himself, believing he would be reimbursed next day. But on repairing to the Vatican for that purpose, the servants refused him admittance. He was astonished—declared there should be some mistake;—but no; the orders regarding him were express and positive. He instantly left the city, and returned, post-haste, to Florence, where he formed the intention of going to Constantinople, and entering the service of the Sultan, who had invited him to his court for the purpose of constructing a bridge to connect the capital with Pera on the other side of the strait. The Pope in the meantime was writing furious letters to the Florentine authorities, demanding his return; but Michael Angelo, who resented affronts keenly, positively refused to do so. At last, so imperious did the language of the pontiff become, that he feared to return, even if he had felt desirous of doing so; and it was not till the Soderini offered to secure him against all harm by invest-

ing him with the sacred character of a Florentine ambassador, that he at last consented.

When he reached the Pope at Bologna, he found that the idea of completing the tomb was abandoned, and he received a commission for a statue in bronze of his Holiness. The clay model was completed before the pontiff left Bologna for Rome, and he came to see it. The right hand was elevated with an air of great dignity. The Pope, not knowing what was to be in the left, inquired whether he was supposed to be blessing the people or anathematising them. The sculptor replied that he was "admonishing the Bolognese to behave discreetly," and suggested that a book should be placed in the left hand. "Put a sword into it," said the visible head of the church; "of letters I know but little." This statue was placed over the gate of St. Petronio at Bologna, but was afterwards destroyed by the Bentivogli, and the bronze was sold to the Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, who made a piece of cannon of it which he called Julia. Of the fragments, the head only was preserved, which remained for some time in the duke's wardrobe; but what afterwards became of it is not known.

On Michael Angelo's return to Rome he was commissioned to paint the ceiling of the chapel in the Vatican, which Julius had constructed in memory of his uncle, Pope Sixtus, known as the Sistine Chapel. His disappointment at not having the execution of the tomb was amply compensated for by the triumph which he now achieved in this splendid work. It was completed in less than two years, and still continues to excite the astonishment and admiration of every spectator.

After the death of Julius, though his successor Leo X. was one of the greatest and most munificent patrons of art the world has ever seen, Michael scarcely comes before us at all during his pontificate. He appears to have been mostly employed as an engineer, in which his talents were as great as in art, working quarries, making roads, bridges, aqueducts, &c. During the reign of Adrian VI., Leo's successor, he resumed the construction of the monument of Julius; but civil war and political troubles interrupted it, and drove him back to his native city, which his talents in engineering proved successful in defending against a large besieging force, so that it could not have been taken had not treachery rendered the great man's labours fruitless. When peace was restored, he returned to Rome, and employed himself for some time on the monument of Julius. His next, and in many respects his greatest, work was his painting of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. It was finished in 1541, and is perhaps the most sublime and even awful work which has ever issued from human hand. Thousands of persons came from all parts of Italy to see it. He afterwards painted the "Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul;" but being old at the time, it cost him great effort and fatigue. Monuments of his genius as painter and sculptor there are, plenty and glorious; but perhaps none of them are so striking and famous as that which testifies to his architectural skill—the Church of St. Peter's at Rome. It was begun by Julius II., in 1506, and was by him committed to the hands of various architects, each of whom acted on a different plan from his predecessor. In 1546 it came under Michael Angelo, and he speedily infused harmony and unity into those parts which had been already completed, and made designs for the remainder, which, though he did not live to witness the completion of the edifice, were faithfully acted upon, and resulted in producing the noblest structure ever devoted to Christian worship.

Michael Angelo died in 1563, and his funeral rites were celebrated with a splendour and solemnity worthy of his great life and great deeds. Sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, and poet: there was hardly anything he did not touch, and he touched nothing that he did not adorn.

We have been unable to discover whether Michael Angelo's drawing, "The Dream of Human Life," which we reproduce (p. 160), is still in existence; and it is impossible even to learn anything of its history. It has been preserved and handed down to us by successive engravers, with slight differences of one kind or another. One only of these versions, however, is recognised by Landon in his works of Michael Angelo.

In the absence of all explanations whose accuracy may be relied upon, we are compelled to fall back upon our own imagination in search of the meaning of the allegory depicted in the drawing, and our readers will be consequently justified in rejecting or modifying the one which we venture to supply.

gratification of material appetites—symbolised by the roasting of the goose. Higher up, the youth leaning listlessly on a table, and dreaming vague dreams of ambition and glory. Then he becomes fond of sensual enjoyment, as his passions awaken and expand. Further on he loves, and woos, and we



THE VISION OF HUMAN LIFE.—FROM A DESIGN BY MICHAEL ANGELÓ.

Man is reposing upon an open tomb, in which a great number of masks are lying scattered representing the different ages and conditions of life, and its passions and vanities. Suddenly, a trumpet from heaven sounds in his ear, and around him is a mysterious arch, which depicts the various stages in human existence. First, Infancy, wholly given up to the

afterwards find him surrounded by the cares and sorrows of a family. Then the world comes strong upon him and chains him down. He loses the nobility and generosity of his youth, and becomes covetous, dishonest, ungrateful. Last of all, he descends into the tomb, leaving children behind him to weep his loss, and run the course over again that he has run.

ALBERT DURER.



ALBERT DURER was born at Nuremberg, on the 20th of May, in the year 1471. His father a native of Pannoniâ,* was



a celebrated goldsmith. In his youth he had studied in the Netherlands, under the famous masters of the school of Bruges, who had imparted to him their style, so full of delicacy and truth. But in the year 1455 he relinquished the fertile meadows of Flanders for the fresh valleys of Germany. At the age of twenty-eight he settled at Nuremberg, and there married a young girl, named Barbara Hellerin, who became the mother of the famous artist. It is probable that Albert Durer began to assist his father in his trade at a very early age, but he always manifested a preference for engraving. Some authors, among others Kaael van Mander, maintain that he received lessons from Martin Schöngauer, a celebrated engraver, surnamed "Le beau Martin," and known by the name of Martin Schön. But this vague tradition is without foundation, and in the account which Albert Durer has himself written, and which Sandrat has preserved to us, there is nothing to lead us to suppose that his father had any intention of placing him under the tuition of Martin Schöngauer, who resided at Colmar. Durer only says, "Having already acquired the art of working in gold, I felt a greater inclination to turn my attention to painting than to pursue the trade of a goldsmith. When I communicated my wishes to my father he was much displeased, for he regretted that I had wasted so much time in learning my trade. Nevertheless, he acceded to my desire, and on St. Andrew's Day, in the year 1486, placed me for a term of three years with Michael Wohlgemuth." Unaffected and pious, living without ostentation in the bosom of a quiet family, it was long before he became aware of the extent of his powers. The first plate executed by him bears

* "Albertum Durcrum à Pannoniâ oriundum accepimus," says Camerarius, in the preface to his translation of Albert Durer's Vol. I.

German work : "Alberti Dureri clarissimi pictoris et geometre de symetria partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum libri in Latinum conversi." Nuremberg, 1534.

the date of 1497; it represents four naked female figures, and far from having been copied, as is asserted by the historian Baldinucci,* from a copperplate of Israël van Meekenen, was an original work, which Israël van Meekenen copied. His first picture, a portrait of himself, was executed in the year 1498; it is now to be seen at Florence, in the gallery set apart for the reception of autograph portraits. The artist has drawn himself in half length, seated before a window, his hands resting on a maul-stick; he is dressed in festive attire, a white tunic striped with black, and a mantle thrown gracefully over one shoulder. His beautiful hair is arranged in long rich curls. Although the lines are very decided, and the drawing hard, there is a boldness in the execution, and a softness in the touch, which is not to be met with in his later efforts. The noble expression which the master has given to his countenance was no flattery, but with this air of dignity he has blended an ingenuous satisfaction with his personal appearance.

Albert Durer was not only handsome, he was also very proud of his beauty, as we learn from his letters to his intimate friend Willibald Pirckheimer. An innocent pride in the painter, which was only one form of his admiration for all the works of God. It seems, indeed, as if nature had been as bounteous with her outward gifts as she had been prodigal of her intellectual endowments. "She had given him," says Camerarius, "a commanding figure, and a body worthy of being the temple of so exquisite a mind."† His features were remarkably regular, his eye bright, his hair abundant and glossy, and his nose aquiline, while the slender elegance of his neck, his expansive chest, sinewy limbs, and hands of exquisite delicacy, completed his personal attractions.

Albert Durer was fifteen when he commenced studying under Michael Wohlgemuth, one of the old masters, who, full of modesty and honour, practised his art in an obscure studio, caring little for glory, diligently reading his Bible, studying nature, and labouring as if to fulfil a moral obligation.

Having completed the term of his apprenticeship, the young artist left Wohlgemuth, in order that he might see something of the world. He travelled through Germany, and also visited the Netherlands and Italy; but we glean little of this first tour, which, made at the early age of nineteen, must have had a decided influence on his character. "I set out," says Durer, "just after Easter, in the year 1490, and returned in 1494, after Whitsuntide, when Hans Frey negotiated with my father to give me his daughter in marriage, and with her a dowry of 200 florins. Our nuptials were celebrated on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day, 1494." If we are to judge by the portrait of Agnes, painted by her husband, she must have been possessed of extraordinary beauty; but with this beauty was mingled an expression of irritability, more especially when anything unusual happened to annoy her. Albert Durer, warned of this failing by the delicacy of his

perception, could not help entertaining gloomy forebodings. He thought of the young girl promised him in marriage, as one of those sinister prophecies which the Pythoness of old was wont to clothe in brilliant language. But he submitted to what he considered his destiny.

The newly-married couple lived happily together for a short period. Soon, however, clouds began to gather. Durer, whose character was mild and gentle, had not the determination to commence a strife with the charming, though formidable, Agnes Frey. The disconsolate artist sought comfort and advice from a near friend, in whom he ever found a ready sympathiser in his sorrows. Being married himself, Willibald Pirckheimer was the better fitted to be his counsellor, though his domestic life formed a strange contrast to that of Albert Durer. His partner was a model of grace and gentleness; no discord had ever disturbed their harmony. But he was destined to have his share of the troubles of this world; his wife died, and her loss was a mutual grief to the two friends. The artist, deeply impressed with the memory of Cressentia, painted her stretched on her death-bed, holding in her failing hand a lighted taper and a crucifix, and receiving extreme unction from a priest seated at the bed-side, while a kneeling Augustine friar reads the prayers for the dying. This painting was executed with pious care. At the side of the weeping Willibald are seen the nuns of St. Clair, who are come to soothe the last hours of his wife. At the top of the canvas Durer wrote, in letters of gold, words dictated to him by his friend.

In the meantime Agnes Frey, tormented by avarice, restless, haughty, and violent, allowed no repose to the husband she had tamed, to the melancholy painter of "Melancholy." She urged him to work, even threatened him, and at last locked him in his studio. He wrote sorrowfully to his faithful friend, Willibald Pirckheimer: "I hear that you have taken to yourself a wife; take care that she prove not also a master." Once he managed to get beyond the reach of this Xanthippe, by making a second visit to the city of lagoons, the home of Italian art, beautiful Venice. He was induced to make this journey, by the pleasant reminiscences of his former sojourn there. This was in the year 1506. The wonderful engravings of Albert Durer were already beginning to astonish the lovers of the fine arts in Italy; his renown had crossed the Alps and reached the ears of Raffaele. These two great masters having discovered that their admiration was reciprocal, exchanged portraits, Durer sending with him some of his fine engravings. The famous engraver, Marc Antonio, of Bologna, was at that time in Venice. He observed in these engravings what was wanting in his own. He remarked the admirable guidance of the graver, the exactitude and delicacy of the figures, and the great precision with which the copper was cut. Admiring also the free and bold style of Durer's wood-engravings, he attempted to imitate it. By degrees he was led on by his success to counterfeit thirty-seven pieces of "The Passion," and to make them complete, placed upon them, instead of his own mark, the monogram of Albert Durer. Vasari relates, that Durer, warned of this fraud by the receipt of some of the proofs, hastened to Venice, brought an action against Marc Antonio, and obtained an order from the magistrates forbidding the Bolognese engraver to use, for the future, the cypher of Albert Durer. This anecdote has been contradicted, and has been pronounced by Bartsch to be one of those fictions so frequently met with in the books of art of the period. The reason he gives for his opinion is, that the pieces of "The Passion" are dated 1509 and 1512, and that, consequently, they could not have appeared for several years after Durer's visit to Venice in 1506. It would be necessary, he justly observes, to prove that Albert Durer made another journey to Venice; but of this we have no account. This argument is forcible, and, we may say, conclusive, when we remember the numerous inaccuracies of which Vasari has been found guilty. From the confidential letters which Albert Durer wrote to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer from Venice, we may gather, that the sojourn of the Nuremberg artist caused quite a sensation among the *Wilsche* (it was thus that

* We read in Baldinucci (Vita di Alberto Durer): "Altro non si vede di quel tempo fatto da lui, che una stampa colla data del 1497, anno ventesimo dell' età sua, e quella anche aveva copiata da una simile, intagliata da Israël de Menz. . . ." There is certainly a mistake here, arising from the fact of the engravings signed Israël van Meekenen having been attributed to Israël the elder instead of to his son, Israël the younger, who has been proved, both by the Abbé Zani and Adam Bartsch, to have been the real author. The learned iconographist enumerates several other copies by Israël van Meekenen after Durer, which are very inferior to the originals. Bartsch, vol. 6 of the "Peintre Graveur;" and the Abbé Zani, "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' incisione." Parma, 1802.

† Dederat huic natura corpus compositione et statura conspiciendum, aptumque animo specioso quem contineret. . . . Erat caput argutum, oculi micantes, nasus honestus, et quem Græci *εὐπρόσωπος* vocant Proceriusculum collum, pectus amplum, castigatus venter, femora nervosa, crura stabilia. Sed digitis nihil dixisses vidisse elegantius." Camerarius *ubi supra*. In the preface to the Latin translation of Albert Durer's German work, are to be found some most valuable details of the life, character, and habits, of this great artist.

Albert Durer named all those who were not Germans). His house was continually besieged by visitors. Nobles, musicians, and learned men sought him, and so disturbed his German tranquillity, that he was sometimes obliged to conceal himself, in order to gain a few hours' quiet. With the characteristic penetration of a German, Albert Durer made his observations on the good people by whom he was surrounded, among whom he detected many of those witty amiable loungers, of whom such numbers still exist in Italy: "One would take them," says he, "for the most charming men. They are well aware that one is not ignorant of their numerous follies, but they only laugh at it." With the solitary exception of Giovanni Bellini, with whom he formed a close friendship, and who overwhelmed him with praises, Durer had ever cause to complain of the painters. Thrice they had him dragged before the magistrate, to compel him to pay the ducs of their companies.

"I have many friends among the *Walsche*," he writes, "who have warned me neither to eat nor drink with their painters, among whom I have many enemies. They place copies of my works in the churches, and in every building where they can possibly have them; afterwards they speak disparagingly of them, say that they are not antique, and are worth nothing. But Giacomo Bellini praised me in the presence of many gentlemen. He himself paid me a visit for the purpose of asking me to paint him something; he promised to pay me well. Everybody tells me that he is a good and pious man, inasmuch that I have conceived a great affection for him. He is very old, but is yet the first painter. The thing which pleased me so much eleven years ago, does not please me at all now.* I only began to-day to sketch my picture, for I have had so great an irritation in my hands, that I have not been able to work, but it is now better. Be, then, as I am—patient. Dear friend, I am anxious to know if any of your pets are dead, either that

which is near the water, that which resembles this



or the daughter of



"Dated at Venice, at nine o'clock, on the night of the Saturday after Candlemas, in the year 1506.

"ALBRECHT DURER."

The painting to which Albert Durer refers in this letter was executed by order of the German community established at Venice, under the name of "The Fondaco dei Tedeschi." The price agreed upon was eighty-five ducats. As soon as it was placed upon the altar of the church for which it was destined, the doge and the patriarch went to see it. Every one praised it, except such as were painters of only moderate fame; for the great artists, on the contrary, acknowledged the splendour of this foreign genius. Giovanni Bellini extolled him. Andrea Mantegna, a native of Mantua, wished to become acquainted with him, and Durer set out to visit him, but before arriving at Mantua he heard of the death of this painter.† Jacopo da Pontormo, having engaged to paint "The Passion of Jesus Christ," attempted, without disguise, to imitate the Gothic style of Durer, and Vasari himself admits, that the inventions and beautiful conceptions of the German painter were of great assistance to the Italian masters.‡ But this sway, exercised in the very heart of Italy, by a German—that is to say, a barbarian, could not fail to

* Should not the thing alluded to, be a person?

† Camerarius, in the preface to his translation of Albert Durer's work on the "Proportions of the Human Body."

‡ Figurò tutte quelle cose così celeste, come terrene, tanto bene che fu una miravaglia, e con tanta varietà di fare quelli animali, e mostri, che fu un gran lume a molte de' nostri artefici che si sono serviti poi dell' abbondanza e copia delle belle fantasie e invenzioni di costui. "Vita di Marco Antonio, ed altri." Parte quarta.

excite the jealousy of the Venetians. Perhaps there never lived a man more happily constituted, and gifted in a higher degree with qualities calculated to gain the affections and dissipate all ill-feeling. Durer was kind and generous to all, and always mild and gentle in his bearing. His conversation, which displayed at once his high appreciation of art, and his profound knowledge of the mathematical and positive sciences, particularly geometry and architecture, was so agreeable and interesting, that his hearers dreaded the moment when he should cease to speak.§ He was never at a loss for words, in which to express himself, and his manner was so noble and dignified, that the highest potentates, Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, and Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, took pleasure in conversing familiarly with him. The latter, having formed the highest opinion of his talents, retained him at his court, where he employed his graver and his brush alternately. It is related, that one day, when engaged in painting some large object, his ladder proving too short, Maximilian requested one of the nobles who surrounded him to hold the ladder, that the artist might mount with safety to the top. But the noble lord considered it beneath his dignity, and refused to obey. "You are noble by birth," exclaimed the irritated Emperor, "my painter is ennobled by genius;" and to show how much easier it was to make a noble than a great painter, Maximilian forthwith commanded that a patent of nobility should be made out for Durer, giving him for armorial bearings—three shields on a field of azure, two on the chief, and one on the base. These arms became subsequently those of all the societies of painters.

At the age of forty-nine, Albert Durer again visited the Netherlands. Unfortunately, Agnes Frey, his terrible spouse, followed him there. Antwerp being at that time the most important town in the Low Countries, and the centre of commerce, was the first place they visited. The evening of their arrival, the agent of a rich banking-house—that of the Fuggers||—gave them a splendid supper. The following days Durer was escorted through the city, and the painters invited him to a dinner which was given at their hall, of which the illustrious guest gives the following account:—"No expense was spared; the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters, with their wives, were present. When I entered with mine, they separated on either side, as if I had been one of the nobles of the land. There were present many persons of high station, who greeted me respectfully, manifesting every desire to be agreeable and obliging in all things. When we were seated, Master Rathporth offered me, in the name of the corporation, four measures of wine, in token of their good will and esteem. I thanked them, expressing my gratitude. . . . The entertainment was continued until a late hour of the night, when we were conducted home by torchlight, amid overwhelming protestations of friendship."¶

At Ghent and at Bruges Durer received a similar welcome. Proofs of esteem were lavished upon him, in the shape of invitations; delicacies abounded, the wine flowed plentifully, and every evening he was reconducted to his abode by torchlight. Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands for Charles V., hearing that Durer was at Brussels, despatched an officer of the court to assure him of the favour of herself and the emperor. In gratitude for this politeness, the Nuremberg engraver presented to Margaret some of his finest plates, "St. Jerome in the Room," engraved on copper with wonderful delicacy, a copy of "The Passion," and afterwards he gave her copies of his entire collection of engravings, with the addition of two subjects drawn on parchment with great labour and care, which he

§ . . . Sermonis autem tanta suavitas atque is lepor, ut nihil esset audientibus magis contrarium quam finis.—Camer. ubi supra.

|| The Fuggers were the Rothschilds of those days.

¶ See Albert Durer's Journal of his stay in the Netherlands, in the years 1520 and 1521. This Journal has been published by Mürr, in vol. X. of his "Art Journal." It is translated into French, in the "Cabinet de l'Amateur et de l'Antiquaire," Vol. I., 1842.

valued at thirty florins. But he soon began to feel the effects of intrigue; the envious prepared snares for him so artfully, that after the favourable reception which Margaret had given him, her manner suddenly changed towards him. Durer showed her a portrait which he had painted of the Emperor Charles V., when she assumed so disdainful an air, that the artist was compelled to remove his canvas in silence. On another occasion, in order to ascertain whether this contempt were felt for his talents or his person, he begged for the little book of Master Jacob (Jacob Cornelisz), which was embellished with choice miniatures; but the lady replied sharply that it was promised to her painter, Bernard Van

spicuously in his memorandum-book these vengeful words "In all my transactions, whether in selling or in buying during my sojourn in the Netherlands, in all my intercourse with the high or low classes, I have been wronged, more particularly by the Lady Margaret (of Austria), who has given me nothing in return for all my presents and labours." Regarding the portrait of the Emperor Charles V., which the regent had appeared to despise, Albert Durer was obliged to part with it for a pocket-handkerchief of English manufacture. Happily a citizen of Antwerp, Alexander-Imhoff, accommodated him with a loan of one hundred golden florins, for which he put his hand to a bill stamped with his seal, and



CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

Orley. Then and there ended their connexion, much to the gratification of the crafty and the envious. This celebrated engraver was not worse treated by the Austrian princess than by private individuals, for in Brussels he painted six portraits, for none of which the remuneration was forthcoming. His abode at Antwerp provoked the following remark:—"I have made here many drawings and portraits, the majority of which have brought me nothing." In consequence of this, although he worked hard and practised the strictest economy, he became involved in pecuniary difficulties. Hurt by the contrast which he remarked between his splendid reception and the strange proceedings which followed it, he wrote con-

payable at Nuremberg. Just as he was meditating his departure, Christian II., king of Denmark, made his appearance in the city, and, hearing that Durer was still there, sent for him, loaded him with favours, and desired to have his portrait taken by so great an artist, for which he paid him liberally. Gratified by the splendid engravings presented to him by Albert Durer, Christian invited him to a banquet, at which the Emperor, the Princess Margaret, and the Queen of Spain were present; but none of these august personages deigned to address a word to the noble and handsome guest, whose genius did honour to a royal entertainment. Soon after this, our artist left Belgium, carrying with him bitter

reminiscences, which made his native Germany appear more charming than ever. There, at least, he had only to bear his customary grief, conjugal strife, a grief which was unvarying and inconsolable, and which was revived, from time to time, by the passions of Agnes.

The study of the Flemish paintings, and his own acute observation, had by degrees worked a considerable modification in Albert Durer's view with regard to the nature and aim of art. The correspondence of his friend Melancthon, as well as the later works of the painter, proves to us that, towards the close of his career, his mind underwent a vast change.

unable to support the double burden of labour and vexation, inasmuch as Agnes Frey became every day more peevish and ill-tempered. In the abode in which the unhappy couple passed their stormy existence, where should have reigned that peace and quiet so dear to artists, and the poetic and softening influences of memory, ill-humour, defiance, anger, all the irritated and irritating passions were let loose. Tortured by the foolish fear of poverty, the avaricious and beautiful Agnes harassed the patient engraver with her lamentations. She watched him with a commanding look, and held his genius captive to her sordid spirit, demanding what was to



SAMSON SLAYING THE LION.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

Instead of the profusion of detail which characterised his more youthful productions, he now sought to throw into his pictures a simplicity and harmony of conception, which he found made a much nearer approach to nature, than the laborious variety which he crowded into his former pictures. He regretted that he had not discovered this earlier in life, for, at his age, it was difficult to alter his style of painting; but with these noble regrets was mingled the still more noble desire to improve the style and general character of his works. Such is the energy of the true artist! Then it was that he painted the sublime figures of the *Apostles*, which are to be seen at Munich.

A fatal hour was approaching for Albert Durer. He was

become of her should she be left a widow.* Those friends who would have solaced and entertained him were driven away,

* *Nemini mortem imputare queat, quam uxori ejus qua cor ipsa usque adeo eroserit, tantoque cruciatu eundem afflixerit, . . . ut nullam a labore remissionem querere, vel societati quendam interesse potuerit, ob continuas querelas, quibus ad laborandum noctu atque interdum rigore cum compulerit, ut pecuniam saltem quam moriens ipse relinqueret, lucraretur . . . etc.*—"Letters of George Hartman," a friend of Durer. Bayle, in his "Dictionary," quotes a letter from Prince Anthony Ulric, of Brunswick, which proves that Durer suffered all the misfortunes, with all the patience of Socrates: "Ipsum domi Xanthippen habuisse possimam et divinæ suæ mentis flagellatricem acerrimam."

and the poor old painter, tired of life, and worn out with struggling, lost his energy, and gave himself up to despair. An eye-witness relates, that his reason sometimes seemed to wander. Albert Durer died on the 6th of April, 1528.

At the cemetery of St. John, at Nuremberg, is shown the spot where this great master, after a life full of troubles and anxieties, found a haven of rest. "It is impossible to imagine a more gloomy place," says one of our contemporaries.* Not one of those country graveyards, so full of nature's poetry; no weeping willows drooping their melancholy branches; no dark towering cypress mounting towards the skies; no flowers, green turf, or garlands, pious offerings from the living to the memory of the dead. The tombs, ranged in long rows, like the beds of the patients in a hospital, are merely flat stones laid over the graves. No railing encloses them, no cross surmounts them; their burying-place might be compared to a camp-bed set up for a night. Meanwhile, the lichen spreads its dusky stains, and the mass of rank verdure announces that oblivion is already beginning to swallow up the memory of those beloved beings to whom the epitaph promises eternal tears.

On Albert Durer's tomb-stone is the following simple inscription:—

Me. Al. Du.
 QUIDQUID ALBERTI DURERI MORTALE TUTT
 SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO
 ENIGRAVIT VIII IDUS APRILIS MDXXVIII.

Willibald Pirckheimer, the faithful friend of the great painter, added, after this short epitaph, a brief catalogue of his virtues, and mentioned the universal grief which was felt for his loss. It well became him to engrave this last farewell on Albert Durer's tomb-stone, for he had strengthened and consoled him all his life. Even fate seemed to respect their old attachment, for they are laid side by side in the same graveyard.

So much for the man: let us now briefly examine the works by which he is known. Having already (*ante* p. 37), ~~on~~ presenting our readers with the beautiful allegorical design called "Melancholy," by Albert Durer, spoken at some length of the peculiarities of his style, it will be unnecessary to go over the ground again. On the contrary, we believe it will be more profitable if we consider with attention the subjects we are enabled to introduce into these pages as illustrations of the genius of the great German artist.

Albert Durer lived in troublous and stirring times—times favourable for the development of genius wherever it was possessed; for, while he sat in his study and imagined moralities and satires upon mankind, while he indulged in those fantastic dreams which he has revealed to us in so many shapes, while he travelled to Venice, to study the arts—and to escape the tongue of Agnes Frey,—Columbus, and Americus Vesputius, and Sebastian Cabot, were opening up fresh fields for the enterprise and commerce of mankind. While he was busy over those wonderful sketches of the great Passion of our Lord, Luther and Melancthon were fiercely battling with old Rome, and the dawn of the Reformation broke upon the world. While he was painting that grand picture of St. Mark and St. Paul and St. John and St. Peter, as a parting gift to the people of Nuremberg—that famous picture, removed a hundred years afterwards to a more princely resting-place, the Protestant inscriptions on which, written by his own hand, were rudely cut away, lest they should offend the courtly eyes of the elector of Bavaria—during that time, Laurentius in Haerlem, and William Caxton in Westminster, were perfecting that "divine art" which has done so much to advance the liberties and increase the comforts of mankind; the people of western Europe were just beginning to appreciate and understand the sciences which the Moors, now driven ignominiously out of Europe, were wont to cultivate in the fair city of Granada; Sir Thomas More was improving the literary taste, of which

* M. Alfred Michiels, author of "Études sur l'Allemagne," where is to be found a summary of the history of German Painting.

Geoffrey Chaucer and old John Gower had laid the foundations in England a century before; the great Raffaele was adorning the Vatican with those beautiful frescoes, which have been the wonder and study of artists ever since; and men were just beginning to wake up out of their long sleep of apathy and ignorance, never, it is to be hoped, to doze again.

The art of engraving and etching upon copper had not long been invented when Albert Durer was born: before he was twenty, however, he had made such progress in its practice as to be looked upon as Michael Wohlgemuth's most promising pupil; and by the time he was twenty-three, he had established himself as a "painter, engraver, architect, and sculptor," in his native place, that

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
 Quaint old town of art and song."

Henceforth he was destined to be the principal painter and engraver of Germany, and to leave on the works of all future German artists the impress of his own peculiar treatment. He found in the works of his predecessors a dreamy, wild, fantastic energy; and he followed in their path with such success as, in his earlier works, to surpass anything that had gone before, in eccentric spirit and vague mysticism.

Of this peculiar manner, this singular treatment, this fantastic, thought-provoking style of drawing, which

"While it charms repels, and while it horrifies enchants,"

we have numerous examples in the works of Albert Durer. Thus, besides the allegory of "Melancholy," already given in these pages, we are enabled to present our readers with two other specimens of what may be called Albert Durer's first manner. In "The Lord and the Lady" (p. 173), we recognise one of those strange German moralities of which the painters of that day were so extremely fond. Here is an allegory of human life, not difficult to translate. The lord is whispering "soft nothings" in the lady's ear, while, in the shadow of the bare and leafless tree, the conqueror Death stands waiting by. Hour-glass in hand, he watches their every motion, as if, at no distant time, he meant to claim his own. Honour and wealth, and pride and station, possess no spells to charm the destroyer; youth and age, ruddy health and tottering disease, beauty and deformity, bravery and cowardice, strength and weakness, genius and stolid ignorance, all fall beneath his resistless dart—all succumb, as it were, to an irrevocable Nemesis from which there is no escaping.

Of a like character, both as respects the high degree of careful finish given to the work, and the mysterious darkness of the theme, is the "Death's Head Coat of Arms." Who can fail to read and understand the dread lesson it essays to teach? The most subtle and learned king-at-arms never emblazoned heraldic picture such as this. Here, upon honour's shield, is painted the escutcheon which every man must hang above his door at last—grim, grinning Death! Oh, the painter is a moralist indeed! A bare, eyeless skull, supported by civilisation and barbarism—the crowned lady and the naked savage—is the picture which our mortality holds up before the eyes of our pride. It is a lesson we may every one of us take to heart. And the crest to this dread coat of arms is an empty helmet, fantastically crowned with eagles' wings and leaves, emblematical of the emptiness of worldly honours and the worthlessness of pride! Well may the satyr leer into the lady's eyes; for the jewel-crowned head, no less than the beggar's, must come, one day, to be a thing like that depicted on the shield.

Albert Durer's mature manner shows itself in more plainly understood, but not less powerful, imaginings. In such designs as "The Passion of Christ," "The Apocalypse of St. John," "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Saints," "The Knight, Death, and the Devil"—a sort of condensed expression of the spirit of the "Pilgrim's Progress," says Sir Edmund Head; in Madonnas and Apostles; in "The Triumphal Arch and Car of Maximilian;" in "The Life of the Virgin;" and lastly, in portraits of friends and homelike

pictures, such as are used to hang over the fire-places in good citizens' houses.

The first-named work consists of two great series of woodcuts, afterwards rendered in more enduring copper. "The Great Passion" comprises representations of the main incidents in the eventful life of our Saviour—his birth in the manger, his dispute with the doctors, his way to Calvary with the cross upon his shoulders, the taking down of his body from the fatal tree, his burial and resurrection.

In all these subjects, says Kugler, the most perfect grouping is made consistent with the greatest simplicity of design; and however indifferently the engraver has executed his part, the very varied expression of the single figures, and the peculiar grace of the lines and movements, cannot be concealed. When we look at such fine works, we easily comprehend why the wily Italians valued Durer's compositions so highly, and how it was that a translation of them into Italian was so much desired.

"The Lesser Passion" consists, as the name implies, of a series of the more domestic incidents in the life of Christ—pictures in which the mysterious events related are all brought before the spectator, as in a moment of time, with truth, power, and the liveliest feeling of the beautiful. Of these, the most celebrated are—"Christ washing the Feet of his Disciples," in which a great number of figures are artistically grouped in a small space, which, nevertheless, is not crowded or confused, but leaves the principal group, in which the Saviour is of course the prominent figure, clear and distinct from all the rest; "Christ praying on the Mount of Olives," one of those simply beautiful compositions in which dignity and feeling are blended with the greatest tenderness and the most profound repose; "Christ taking leave of his Mother," previous to the accomplishment of his great mission (p. 164), another of those touching incidents which Durer, in his best period, knew so well how to depict; "Christ appearing, after his Resurrection, to Mary in the Garden, and to his Mother in the Chamber," both compositions of great beauty and simplicity of arrangement—of one of these, "Christ taking leave of his Mother," our readers will be able to form their own judgment. The noble tenderness of the son, the anguish of the mother, and the sympathy of the attendants, all evince the hand of a master in their development. In this series the utmost carefulness in the arrangement of his groups has been observed, and in the disposition of the drapery there is a nobleness and simplicity which displays the figures to the utmost advantage. It has been noticed, in Albert Durer's oil paintings, that the draperies are generally too much cut up into strange shapes, a plan by no means calculated to improve the forms of their wearers. But in all his ideal subjects, his fancy being allowed full play and his pencil being freed from the fashions of his own country, he has made the folds of his draperies fall in those large imposing masses, so much admired in the works of the great Italian master, Raffaele. A great anachronism, however, occurs in this series of pictures—namely, the frequent introduction of German styles of architecture and costume, and a consequent destruction of that unity of design so highly desirable in works of historical value. This kind of oversight is frequently observable in the productions of the German and Dutch schools of painting; and we need only refer, in illustration of our remarks, to "The Rape of the Sabines," in the National Gallery, in which Rubens dresses his Sabine women in garments of Venetian silk. The two works known as "The Greater and Lesser Passion," have been engraved twice on copper and once on wood.

From "The Life of the Virgin," a series of twenty woodcuts, we have selected the most important, viz., "The Marriage of Mary and Joseph" (p. 169). Instead of the severely classical style observed in "The Passion," we have in this series a representation of those tender relations of domestic life which Albert Durer knew so well how to depict. The series embraces the history, as far as it is described in the New Testament, of the mother of Jesus. The scenes most interesting, after that shown in our engraving, are "The Birth of the Virgin," which event Albert Durer, true to his national predilections and

quite oblivious of facts, has made to take place in a German house in the midst of a numerous company of women and maidens; "The Flight into Egypt," a composition of a few figures simply disposed in a thickly growing wood; "The Repose in Egypt," in which the Virgin sits spinning beside the cradle of her little one, while Joseph is employed at a carpenter's bench, unseen by either father or mother, angels worship beside the lowly resting-place of the child Jesus; and "The Death of the Virgin." This last subject has been frequently copied by the pupils of Albert Durer, and many pictures after it exist in the continental galleries, some of them even bearing the monogram of the original artist. It is stated by Dr. Kugler to be "a perfect composition, with a simple division of the principal groups; fine forms, and indications of the deepest feeling in the solemn exercise of holy rites."

"The Marriage of Mary and Joseph" is a work which may be advantageously studied. It is at once delicate and powerful in the manner of its treatment; and, considering the comparative infancy of the art at the period at which it was drawn, may be looked upon as a great triumph of skill. The arrangement of the lights and shadows in this picture was pronounced by a recent writer on art to be worthy the pencil of that great master of *chiaroscuro*, Rembrandt. St. Joseph is properly represented as much older than his bride, the expression of whose face is tender and submissive, though she is not beautiful. The female figure to the right of Mary is strangely attired in an enormous head-dress and loose gown; but the drapery on the other figures is gracefully and artistically disposed. The architectural arrangements of the building are extremely well managed, and in the bas-reliefs on the arch there is shown great fertility of invention and play of fancy. As a specimen of wood engraving, however, this is scarcely equal to the "Death's Head Coat of Arms," already noticed, or the "Melancholy."

The Dutch and German painters appear to have possessed but little idea of female beauty, or but small power of expressing it. But, in truth, their models were not chargeable with the sin of too much loveliness, a fact which may in part account for the extremely plain, not to say ugly, women whom Durer and his compeers have christened by the name of Mary. A modern writer says that the women of Germany do not belong to the *tender* sex, at least in appearance. Thus, can anything be more unlovely than the female figure with the child upon her lap, which is known by the name of "The Virgin with the Monkey?" (p. 172.) What was the design of the painter in introducing so ugly an animal into his picture, it is impossible to guess; for there is nothing in tradition or history, that we are acquainted with, which would account for such an eccentric combination. The face of the monkey, indeed, is so prominently intruded as quite to call off the attention from the infant Jesus playing with the bird, which should, according to all precedent, be the leading object in the picture. But in the details and accessories this picture is really fine. To be sure, there is in the background a Nuremberg house and a German landscape, but then the lover of old Flemish and Italian pictures has long ago learnt to look indulgently on such little inconsistencies as these.

"The War Horse" (p. 176) belongs to altogether another class of subjects. It bears the date 1505, and the monogram of the painter. Like the rest of Durer's performances, it is characterised by extreme care and laborious finish. Indeed, when we come to examine this design, and mark the evidences of labour bestowed upon its execution—every line completed, every separate hair and muscle of the animal elaborated with the greatest nicety, every part of the design worked up with the extremest pains, every part of the copper-plate covered in with "cross-hatchings," and "dry point" work—we are inclined to ask ourselves, was all this patient labour expended for no other purpose than to show us an unwieldy-looking horse and its soldier-rider, standing quietly in the grass-grown court-yard of an old castle? There must, we think, have been some motive for all this real hard work which, at this

distance of time, is hidden from us. Perhaps both horse and rider were portraits.

attributed to Albert Durer; but whether he really engraved them or not, it is pretty certain that the drawings on the wood



THE DEATH'S HEAD COAT OF ARMS.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

One other subject concludes our list of illustrations. "Samson Slaying the Lion" is one of the many wood engravings

were from his hand. It is a masterly production, and shows, more than any other design we have introduced, how entirely

he could overcome that vague mysticism and eccentricity so common to the school of which he was the head and founder. The amazing strength of the man, as, with his legs bestriding the infuriated animal, he is supposed to be tearing its jaws

moment in a little minute criticism—we cannot but think that the hinder limbs of the latter appear too much at rest for the writhing pain exhibited in its head and fore claws. In this, as in other subjects, the background is Germany of the six-



THE MARRIAGE OF MARY AND JOSEPH.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

asunder, is seen in every muscle of his huge body. The perfect mastery he has obtained over the lion is shown in its crouching attitude and utter prostration. Both man and animal are exceedingly well drawn, though—to indulge for a

teenth century—a rather strange country into which to introduce the enemy of the Philistines and an Arabian lion! A similar inconsistency is observable in Rubens' treatment of the same subject, which is engraved by the Fleming artist,

Wyngaerde, who resided in Antwerp about the year 1640.

Enough has been said of the philosophy and tendency of Albert Durer's works; it will be our task now, therefore, to tell the reader where the originals of his most famous compositions are to be found. As we have already said, no specimens of Durer's oil paintings are to be seen in either the National Gallery, the Louvre, or the Belgian Museum; though the British Museum and the Louvre each of them possess impressions from his copper-plates and wood engravings. In the library of the Louvre are fifteen original drawings by Albert Durer, executed with a pen and shaded on white tinted paper, illustrative of the "Passion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ." In the National Library of Paris there are also five of our artist's beautifully-executed water-colour drawings; and in the Royal Library at Munich, there is preserved the celebrated missal of Maximilian I., during whose reign the Reformation, under Luther, first began. This missal is adorned with numerous arabesques by Albert Durer, drawn about the year 1515. The King of Bavaria also possesses eight drawings by this great master. In the collection of prints at Berlin, there are upwards of two hundred drawings by Durer; and the archduke Charles of Austria likewise possesses five specimens at his palace at Vienna. But the most complete and valuable collection of Durer's unpublished drawings is in the possession of the family of Joseph Heller, the artist, better known as the author of the "Life and Works of Albert Durer." This famous collection contains, besides various drawings, upwards of seventy portraits of persons with whom the painter was acquainted. Several of these drawings are rendered still more valuable by notes and descriptions from the hand of the artist.

Of the ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD attributed to Albert Durer, we have given several specimens. Many impressions exist in the British Museum, the Louvre at Paris, the Museum at Berlin, and elsewhere. Whether Durer actually engraved upon the wood, or contented himself with making the drawings merely, is a disputed question among artists and connoisseurs. Adam Bartsch, the celebrated German engraver, and keeper of the Imperial collection of Prints at Vienna from about 1790 to 1820, is of opinion that, from the multitudinous occupations of Albert Durer, he could not possibly have engraved the wood-cuts attributed to him; and he is further strengthened in this opinion by the inscriptions on the titles of the various productions in which those wood-cuts appeared. The German engravers, Hans Schauflein, Hans Burgmaier, Albert Altdorfer, and Lucas Cranach, most of whom were contemporaries of Durer, agree with Bartsch, who is still further confirmed in his conclusion by Charles Blanc, the editor of the "*Histoire des Peintres*," and George Stanley, the latest editor of Pilkington's "*Dictionary of Painters*." On the other hand, John Young, formerly keeper of the British Institution in Pall Mall, Joseph Heller, Rumohr, Ottley, and Heinicke, affirm the probability of Durer's having both drawn and engraved the blocks. For ourselves, we offer no opinion on the subject; content with the knowledge, that if an artist-mind guides the pencil, no indifferent engraving can altogether mar the effect of the drawing; and that, on the other hand, if the original drawing be bad, no amount of mechanical skill in the use of the graver is sufficient to completely hide its artistic defects.

There are no fewer than a hundred and seventy known wood engravings after Albert Durer's drawings, besides some sixty or more attributed to him. These last, though extremely well executed, do not bear internal evidence of Durer's handiwork. Most of the wood engravings—such as the "Greater and Lesser Passion," the "Life of the Virgin," "Samson slaying the Lion," &c., are from Scripture history.

Of the ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER, STEEL, AND TIN, executed by Albert Durer, Bartsch enumerates no fewer than a hundred and eight, about one-fourth of which are devoted to sacred subjects. It would not be consistent with our space or design to give a list of these, but we may briefly indicate the most noticeable among them. The series of sixteen plates, called

the "Passion of Christ," has been three times engraved, and the coppers bear various dates, from 1507 to 1512. "Adam and Eve," and the "Nativity," impressions of both of which, from plates, may be seen in the print room of the British Museum, bear the date of 1504. Two proofs of the first-named subject sold at Durand's sale for £60. Several "Holy Families," on copper, are much esteemed by collectors, especially that known as the "Virgin with the Monkey," and another known as the "Virgin with the Apple," which represents Mary seated on a stone, in a landscape with buildings, and the infant holding in his hand an apple—a mode of representation very common in Nuremberg, where there exist some dozens of sculptured Virgins, executed by unknown artists, of greater or less pretensions as works of art.

The fine allegorical subject, called "Melancholy," a copy of which was sold at the Debois' sale for £5; "Death's Horse," which at the same sale brought £10; a woman with wings standing on a globe, holding in her hand a cup, "improperly called," says Stanley, "Pandora's Box," but otherwise known as the "Great Fortune," a proof of which was sold for £15; a naked woman on a globe, holding a stick with a thistle at the end of it, which is known as the "Little Fortune," and a proof of which sold for £5; "St. Hubert kneeling before a Stag, with a Cross on its forehead," one of Durer's best works, proofs of which sold for £20 to £30, according to their merit; "Death's Horse," which fetched £10; "The War Horse," also engraved on wood; the "Lord and Lady;" the "Conversion of St. Eustace," a perfect work; "St. Jerome meditating on the Holy Scriptures," the "Twelve Apostles," the "Prodigal Son," "Death's Head Coat of Arms" (also on wood), the "Crucifixion," with the holy women and St. John at the foot of the cross, "Christ praying in the Garden," and the great "Ecce Homo," are all well-known subjects. Besides these, there are numerous engraved portraits, among which are—Albert Mayence, Frederick, Elector of Saxony, Willibald Pirckheimer, Philip Melancthon, the Reformer, Erasmus of Rotterdam, and Joachim Patenier, the landscape-painter of Leige and bosom-friend of Albert Durer.

Various scholars and followers of Durer's style have copied his engravings with more or less success. Among them may be mentioned Hans Wagner, Hans Schauflein, Bartholomew Beham, Albert Altdorfer, Jacques Binck, the first scholar of Albert Durer, Wenceslaus of Olmutz (1481), Wennig (1509), and Marc Antonio Ramondi (1787—1539). The last-mentioned artist has been pronounced one of the most extraordinary engravers of his time. The purity of his outlines, the beautiful character and expression of his heads, and the correct drawing of the extremities, establish his merit as a perfect master of design. But he was at the same time a great forger; for, according to Vasari, he saw at Venice the set of thirty-six wood-cuts by Durer representing the "Life and Passion of Jesus Christ," and was so much pleased with them, that he copied them with great precision on copper; and, having affixed Albert's cipher to them, the prints were taken to Italy and sold as originals. Durer at length, discovering the deception, complained to the senate of Nuremberg of the plagiarism, when the only redress that he obtained was, an order that for the future, when Antonio chose to copy Durer's, or any other painter's works, he should affix his own, and not the original artist's name to the plates!

Albert Durer, architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, geometer, and author, has left numerous evidences of his skill behind him. In SCULPTURE his most important work is an alto-relievo in stone, representing the "Preaching of St. John the Baptist," now in the royal cabinet in Brunswick. The "Adam and Eve," carved in wood, in the cabinet of Gotha; "Jesus Christ on the Cross," a carving on ivory, in the royal collection at Munich; the "Thirty Thousand Virgins," sculptured in agate upon an altar, in the royal collection at Vienna, are all fine works, and display, more fully perhaps than any other of his performances, the peculiar tendency of the artist's mind. Durer's carvings on stone, wood, ivory, and agate, are preserved with jealous care in the palaces of the

nobility of Germany, which fact will account for so few of them being known in the present day. He is also said to have engraved several subjects on gems for seals, &c.

As an author, Albert Durer's fame rests upon several books of a technical character, very little known or read now-a-days. Among these are: "Instructions for Measuring with the Rule and Compasses," published in 1525, and enriched with sixty-three copperplate engravings; "Instructions for Building Fortifications," with nineteen engravings, published in 1517, and translated from the German into Latin in 1531; "Four Books on the Proportions of the Human Body," with plates, published in 1528, and afterwards translated into Latin in 1532, and French in 1557; and, certainly the most amusing work for the general reader, a volume of his letters, political essays, and journals of travels, published in French by Campe, under the title of "Relics of Albert Durer." This last work will be found in the library of the British Museum.

His most celebrated literary production is the Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body. It must be confessed, however, that his German character, with all its obscurity and want of method, is observable in this treatise, in which there is also a great deficiency of comprehensive ideas, no general principle, and no synthesis. The reader can see clearly enough that Albert Durer was a man of imagination, but not a philosopher, and that he was deficient in that clearness of deduction for which French writers are so remarkable. When we find such a master as Durer taking in hand so fine a subject as that masterpiece of creation, the human body; we naturally expect the writer will rise to some elevation of thought, and show some sympathy with the lofty considerations suggested by the contemplation of nature's noblest production. On the contrary, Durer gives utterance to none of those great ideas which might well have served as the foundation for his work; he lays down no general principle, but abruptly commences by entering upon the consideration of a human body, which is seven times the size of the head, remarking at the same time that this proportion belongs only to rustic figures. In the second chapter he discusses one that is eight times as large as the head, upon which he gives no express indication of his opinion, though from other parts of his work it would appear he considered this proportion preferable. He then proceeds to the figure of a man whose height is equal to nine heads. Here the author, foreseeing a large and higher head may be desired, proposes the geometrical mean. Next comes the proportion of ten times the head, which Albert Durer evidently regards as exceeding the true proportion of beauty; for he pronounces the figure to be slender. Hence he allows the reader to increase the size of the head, and make it nearly a ninth part of the body. From a comparison of these various proportions, and Albert Durer's remarks upon them, we gather that, according to his notions, the proportion of beauty lies between the height of eight, and that of nine heads, since this is neither rustic, like that of seven heads, nor slender, like that of ten. But this view is nowhere distinctly expressed. The author avoids declaring his opinion in plain terms, leaving the reader to form his own judgment. He even goes so far, in the third book of his treatise, when touching upon the variety of human figures, as to invent a sort of instrument for lengthening or shortening figures, making them larger above, or smaller below, thicker or thinner, by placing them upright or inclined in a triangle, in which they diminish as they approach the vertex or uppermost point, and increase as they recede from it. If, however, he carries this alteration of figures to excess—that is to say, if he shortens or lengthens the representation of it so as to make it unnaturally thick or thin—no doubt he does this in order to warn the student and preserve him from the faults to which he is liable, and to teach him elegance by showing him deformity. But where is Albert Durer's idea of beauty? Will it suffice for the student to avoid every species of deformity in order to succeed in attaining to beauty? Albert Durer does not tell us this. He hopes the skilful artist will discover the laws of proportion by studying a great

multitude of men, no particular man being perfect. "The beauty," he says, "concealed in nature almost confuses one. We may meet with two handsome and well-formed men, who nevertheless have nothing in common, and of whom it is impossible to say which is the handsomer. Such is the imperfection of our knowledge. Who, then, can say with confidence and precision what is true excellence of form?" And not only does he confess himself unable to determine what constitutes true beauty, but he does not think the artist can worthily express the little he knows of it. And he exclaims, "Art can hardly express the beauty of nature. I speak not of a perfect beauty, but of one known to us and yet surpassing the power of our understanding, and escaping the skilful touch of our hand."

The Italians have been less severe than we in their judgment of this treatise, and Jean Paul Lomazzo, among others, professes so great an esteem for the German writer and his work, that he considers the proportion which Durer gives of a body, viz. ten times the size of the head, to be beautiful; but at the same time admits that competent judges think such a figure too slender, yet says it will not do to deviate from the judgment of so great a man as Albert Durer. He is, however, quite mistaken in attributing to Durer a preference for this proportion. M. Paillet de Montabert thinks he has discovered a sort of treasure (to use his own words) in Durer's work, and imagines the author must have obtained access to some ancient manuscript which has escaped the destruction of barbarous times; but this learned connoisseur does not explain himself with regard to the treasures which he declares he has discovered, and it appears to us that in guarding against one prejudice he has fallen into another. If Durer had possessed the manuscript of a Polyclethus, a Euphranor, or only some pupil of these great masters, we should have found clearer traces of it in his pages. We should have met with the immortal rudiments of that beauty, the rule of which had been discovered and the form imaged by the Greeks.

The constant occupation of our artist on the more profitable employment of the graver, allowed him but few opportunities of exercising his talents as a painter. Consequently, not many pictures in oil are to be seen out of the galleries of the German sovereigns. The following are the principal works of this character of which the pedigree is perfectly known:

In the Belvedere Palace at Vienna the portrait of Maximilian I., dated 1519.

"The Martyrdom of the 10,000 Christians, who were put to a Cruel Death by the command of Sapor II., King of Persia." Albert Durer is represented in this picture with his friend, Willibald Pickheimer. He is holding a stick with a paper attached to it, with the inscription, "Iste faciebat anno Domini, 1508, Albertus Durer alemanus," with his monogram. This picture was painted for Frederick, Duke of Saxony; it afterwards adorned the Rodolph Gallery at Prague. Karel Van Mander, in his "Book on the Painters," speaks very highly of it.

"The Trinity." God the Father, seated on a rainbow, is represented holding the dying Son on the cross; the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovers above. It is surrounded by a glorious company of angels, saints, and patriarchs. Beneath is seen Albert Durer himself, holding a tablet with his monogram, and this inscription, "Albertus Durer, noricus, faciebat anno à Virginis partu, 1511."

"The Virgin and the Pear," signed with his monogram, and dated 1512.

"Portrait of a Fair-haired Youth," dated 1507.

"Portrait of Johannes Kleberger, Merchant of Nuremberg," dated 1526.

"The Holy Virgin Suckling the Infant Jesus," painted in 1503.

In the Pinakothek of Munich, some of Albert Durer's finest paintings are to be seen. This valuable collection, partly formed from those of Dusseldorf, Mannheim, and Schleissheim, contains seventeen works of this great master, many of them

portraits, among others that of Durer's father, with this inscription in German, "I painted this likeness of my father when he was sixty—Albert Durer, senior." Dated 1497.

"The Portrait of Michael Wohlgemuth," Albert Durer's master, dated 1506. Michael was then eighty-two years of age.

"The Portrait of Albert Durer," dressed in fur, his right

By the desire of Maximilian I. they were conveyed to Munich, and replaced by copies by Wisscher. These four figures, the size of life, painted in 1526, are known by the name of "The Four Temperaments." These two works are exquisite, and mark the highest degree of perfection to which their author has attained.



THE VIRGIN WITH THE MONKEY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

hand placed on his breast, with the inscription, "Albertus Durerus noricus ipsum me propriis sic efigebam coloribus ætatis XXVIII." Dated 1500.

"The Apostles St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul, and St. Mark." Durer presented these two pictures to the Council of Nuremburg, where they were preserved until the year 1627.

"Christ on the Cross," "The Descent from the Cross," "The Weeping Virgin," "St. Mary Dying," besides "Lucretia in the Act of Stabbing herself," and two small pictures representing "St. Joachim" and "St. Joseph," painted in 1523, upon a ground of gold, after the style of the school of the Lower Rhine.

The Public Collection at Nuremberg, established in the Mansion of the Brotherhood of Landaner, contains only three of Albert Durer's pictures, viz., "Hercules fighting with the Harpies," painted in water-colours in the year 1500, and two

At Prague may be seen, in the Strahlhauer Convent, the painting which represents "The Virgin Crowned by two Angels;" she is surrounded by persons in an attitude of worship, among whom may be recognised the artist, his friend



THE LORD AND THE LADY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

corresponding panels, the one representing Charlemagne, the other the Emperor Sigismund, both figures larger than life.

The Chapel of St. Maurice contains a painting of "The Dead Body of Christ supported by St. John, and wept over by the Virgin Mary."

Willibald Pirckheimer, the Emperor Maximilian I., and Blanche Marie, second wife of that monarch. This picture, dated 1506, was begun and finished, according to the inscription upon it, in six months, and is known by the name of "The Painting of the Crown of Roses."

In the Dresden Gallery there are two pictures by Albert Durer, one of "The Bearing of the Cross," in black and white, and a small portrait, dated 1521.

The Gallery of Cassel contains four portraits by this master.

There are several of his secondary productions in the Museums of Frankfort, of Cologne, of Carlsruhe, of Gotha, and of Darmstadt.

The northern capitals of Europe boast the possession of several paintings by Albert Durer. The catalogue of the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg mentions five; that of the Stockholm Gallery, three; and that of Copenhagen, four; but there is great reason to doubt the truth of their pretensions.

There are enumerated in the official catalogue of the Museum at Madrid, eight productions of Albert Durer, but they are either of little importance or doubtful authenticity.

In the museum at Havre we lately saw a fine "Holy Family," attributed to Albert Durer. Its pedigree, however, was not authenticated.

In the Gallery at Florence may be seen, among other works of this master, "The Adoration of the Magi"—very remarkable; the busts of "The Apostles St. Philip and St. James," painted, in water-colours, in 1516; also the portrait of the artist's father, dated 1490, and that of Albert Durer himself, painted in 1498. These two portraits came from the gallery of Charles I., King of England, upon the dispersion of that monarch's effects by the parliament of the Commonwealth in 1650.

Albert Durer is always seen to disadvantage in the galleries of amateurs; for the compositions they contain are unimportant, and generally limited to portraits and studies of heads, the greater part in black and white.

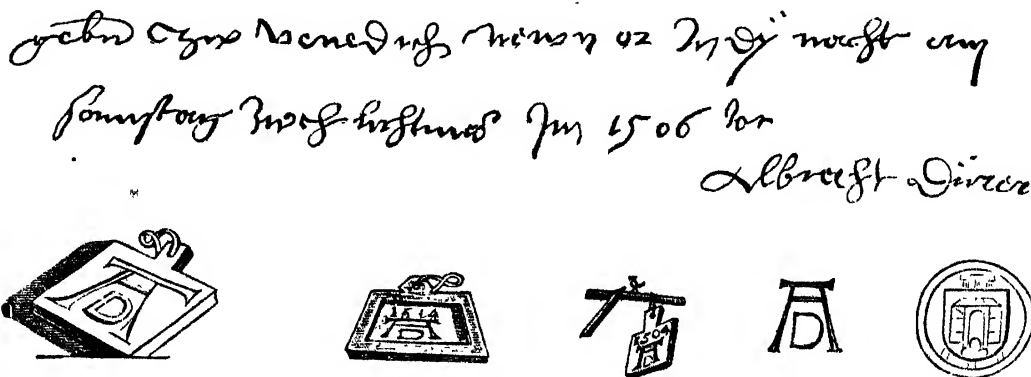
It appears that very few of Albert Durer's works have found their way to public auction.

We have alluded above to the two portraits, now in the Florence Gallery, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I. They produced together only £100.

In later years (August, 1850), at the sale of the collection of William II., King of the Netherlands, we have seen that a picture by Albert Durer, representing "St. Hubert," realised, including the expense of the sale, about £360 sterling.

A few words will suffice, in this place, to mark the appreciation in which Albert Durer is held, both as a painter and an engraver. "If," says Vasari, "this diligent, industrious, and universal man had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied, as we have done, in Rome, he would certainly have been the best painter in our country, as he was the most celebrated that Germany ever possessed." Hear, too, what Dr. Franz Kugler, one of the most accomplished art-critics of modern times, says of this German contemporary of Raffaele:—"In Durer the style of art existing in his day attained its most peculiar and its highest perfection. Rich and inexhaustible, he became the representative of German art at this period. He was gifted with a power of conception which traces nature through all her finest shades; and, above all, he had an earnest and truthful feeling for his art, united to a capacity for the severest study. His drawing is full of life and character, his colouring has a peculiar brilliancy and beauty; and if, in spite of the shortcomings inevitable to the state of education and public taste in his days, the greater number of his works make a deep impression on the mind and feelings of the spectators, it is a strong proof of the peculiar greatness of his abilities as an artist." Again, in reference to Durer's skill as an engraver—"If we do not discover," says Bryan, "in his works the boldness and freedom so desirable in historical designs, we find in them everything that can be wished for in subjects more minute and more finished. Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection which, even in this day, is seldom surpassed."

Beneath is a specimen of the hand-writing of this celebrated artist, his signature and seal, together with several of the more common of the monograms which he affixed to his works.



ART IN GREECE.—THE CONVENTS OF MOUNT ATHOS.

MOUNT ATHOS lies to the south of Macedonia, between the gulfs of Contessa and Monte Santo, at the extremity of a peninsula connected with the continent by an isthmus about a mile and a half long. It is a round and almost conical mass, rising to a height of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and casting an immense shadow in the setting sun almost across the Archipelago. Little mention is made of it in the works of Grecian historians beyond the record of two facts—the one, that Xerxes caused a canal to be cut across the isthmus to give a passage to his fleet; and the other, that a Greek sculptor, Dinocrates, proposed to Alexander the Great to cut the mountain into the form of a statue with outstretched arm, and holding in its hand a town containing ten thousand inhabitants.

The hill is called at the present day by many of the Greeks Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain; and it is rendered remark-

able by the fact, that its population now consists of about six thousand monks, forming a separate and almost independent community, and inhabiting several convents built along the slopes. These convents were the cradle of Byzantine art fourteen hundred years ago, and now, after a thousand storms of war, and change, and revolution have rolled over Greece, they form its last refuge.

Concerning the origin of this religious community, we have no certain information. In the persecutions with which the Christians were pursued in the first centuries of the Christian era, many faced martyrdom without hesitation, and even with joy; others, less confident in their own strength of nerve, sought security in desert fastnesses, and adopted the life of anchorites. It was thus that the seeds of Christianity were scattered over the solitudes of Nubia and Syria. Many more fled to Mount Athos, and took up their abode along its sides, hoping that the seclusion of the place, and the difficulty of access, would afford them safety, however precarious, from the rage of their enemies. When Constantine removed the seat of

the empire to Constantinople, and avowed his adherence to the new faith, the population of Mount Athos rapidly increased, and convents were built, such, in all probability, as we now see them. It is right to mention, however, that this is mainly conjecture; history is entirely silent regarding this retired but interesting corner of the Byzantine empire. We have said that these convents are the last refuge of Greek art; we may add, that they contain some interesting relics of old Byzantine civilisation, and manners, and forms of faith, and are by no means an uninteresting subject of study for those who seek to lift up the pall which for four centuries has shrouded the remains of Greek greatness. They number in all twenty-three, lying around the mountain, none of them at any great distance from the sea. The most ancient to which our attention will principally be directed, are the *Aghia Labra*, or holy monastery, Vatopedi, Ivirôn, and Xilandari. The first, which at present contains about four hundred monks, was founded by St. Athanasius about the beginning of the fourth century, and to this circumstance owes its pre-eminence over all the others. While they are simply dedicated to some saint, it is entitled the holy monastery *par excellence*. Vatopedi was the one to which John Contocuzine, whose romantic story has been so well told by Gibbon, retired to spend the remaining years of his life, when, disgusted with power, he abdicated the imperial throne.

On the highest point of the mountain rises the little Church of the Transfiguration, and scattered around are a town and some little villages; and in the centre of the peninsula lies the *proton* or metropolis of Mount Athos, Karies—all inhabited by a shifting population of monks, whose sole occupation is the importation of provisions and other necessities from Salomen for their brethren in the convent. The monks are divided into two classes, brothers and fathers, or *papas*, and are made up of an indiscriminate mixture of Slaves, Greeks, Wallachians, and Armenians, all reduced to the same state of torpor, both physical and mental, under the rigidity of the monastic rule. The convent buildings present for the most part great uniformity of appearance, generally an irregular and confused mass, with no evidence of unity of design in the arrangement of the different parts. A single door, which is always fastened at twilight, gives entrance to a square court-yard, around which the cells of the inmates are ranged in one or more stories; additions being made, upon a plan apparently dictated solely by caprice, when any increase took place in their number. In the centre stands the church, surrounded by a crowd of small chapels, but all built of brick, and so imperfectly, that frequent repairs have effaced all traces of the primitive style. On all the walls appear stiff, end-looking, and austere pictures, which form a singular contrast to the easy, indolent, and *insouciant* appearance of the monks.

Mount Athos was in the earlier days of Christianity the great seat of intellectual activity—the hot-bed of theological and metaphysical discussion; but the state of listless indolence in which its inhabitants are now plunged is a strange satire upon its former glory. All the convents contain libraries of greater or less extent, filled with manuscripts and rare and valuable relics of the literature of antiquity; but the monks, far from studying them, suffer them to be lost or injured through carelessness, in utter and complete ignorance of the treasures of which they are the guardians. They read nothing but their offices, write but rarely, and are for the most part plunged in complete ignorance, not only of everything that is passing in the outer world—but of the very rudiments of literature and science. There is hardly a doubt that a diligent search by competent persons would bring to light many valuable works of classical authors hitherto supposed to be lost, or known to the western world only in a mutilated state. Some of the monks who visit Salomen to transact business for the convents, take advantage of their stay, to pick up a smattering knowledge of medicine and the Turkish language, but this is the only effort towards self-improvement that is ever made. The rude daubs by which Byzantine art is now represented amongst them, furnish additional proof of their

mental degradation, when we remember that, during the first two centuries after the establishment of the convents on Mount Athos, they were the chief seats of religious art in the world, and students resorted thither from all parts of Europe to receive instruction from the inmates.

In these times such names as those of St. Athanasius and Peter the Athonite figured in their annals, in no very striking contrast with many others of scarce inferior zeal and learning. The church of Aghia Labra, founded by Athanasius in the early part of the fourth century, was endowed richly A.D. 965 by the emperor Nicephorus. The gates, which probably belong to that period, are composed of wrought copper, and display great beauty of execution. They remind one of those of the church of Ravello near Amalfi, as well as of many other religious monuments of Apulia. The portico is covered with Turkish ornaments. The general arrangement is that of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The altar is covered with a great deal of rich gilding, as also most parts of the ceiling, which is covered with carved and fretted work, and encaustic paintings in great abundance; and the body of the church contains desks, pulpits, and other articles of a similar nature of great richness. The monks have substituted these for the massive pulpits of the ancient Latin church. Nearly all are the gifts of the Russian government.

The Byzantine school, which was a school of transition from ancient art, that sought the beautiful merely for the form itself, to Christian art, which uses the form only to veil an idea, devoted itself from the very first to preparing for the transformation which inevitably followed the adoption of this new aim by the cultivators of art. In this point of view the Byzantine artists were successful in arriving at a unity such as has never been attained by those of the Renaissance, and from which they are still very far indeed. The Italian mosaics, executed by Italian artists, can alone give us a right idea of the laborious changes which Byzantine art underwent before it assumed its definitive form from the teachings of the great masters of the school. At a later period, to preserve the established forms from the influences of time or caprice or fashion, a monk named Denys collected the acknowledged and established principles of the school, and compiled them in a code. His manuscript was distributed through the various convents and carefully copied, and thenceforward became the text-book of the painters; and so powerful has been its influence, that it is impossible to fix the date of a Byzantine painting by its style. So closely have its rules been attended to, through a long lapse of time, so intimate, too, has been the connexion between Greek painting and the Greek worship, that the former has everywhere followed in the march of the priests, and we find it prevailing almost to the exclusion of every other in Russia, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in the regions bordering on Mount Sinai, where Greek convents are numerous. The church, Aghia Labra, contains the best specimens of it extant. The cupola is entirely occupied by a colossal figure of Christ, with that air of purity and dignity which the painters of the Renaissance have adopted. The complexion is *straw-coloured*, as the monks there express; one hand is extended towards St. John, as if in the act of instructing, and the other is laid on his heart. The hair is fair, but the beard is black, as also the eyebrows, which give the half-closed eyes an air of mingled simplicity, sweetness, and firmness. The Byzantine artists indicated the importance of the personage they painted by the size of the figure. The saints increase in height as they increase in holiness, while Christ is taller than them all by the head and shoulders.

At the base of the cupola stand a row of archangels in shining robes, holding huge sceptres in their hands, surmounted by images of the Redeemer. The brilliant colours of their garments stand in dazzling contrast to the sombre black of the ground, and in their faces and attitudes there is an air of lofty, calm majesty. Over their heads an innumerable multitude of cherubs flutter round Christ as a centre, and as if typifying the spirits of the blest, they seem to grow more and more ethereal the nearer they approach him. There is nothing human in their figures except the head. The rest is com-

posed of a great number of wings, pointing in every direction, and looking like stars in the deep blue firmament of the vault above; while on a golden ground, and on a grand scale, the image of Christ looks down from the midst of them, all, so that in whatever part of the building the worshipper kneels, he seems to have his eye upon him.

The pendentives represent the four evangelists writing at the dictation of an apostle, and the walls of the rest of the church are covered with subjects drawn from the Old or New Testament. On the two arms of the cross we see the

of the Latin chiefs of the Crusades, who fixed their abode in Greece on their return from the Holy Land. His head-dress is that of the Merovingian kings, and his robe, as well as his crown, is sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and in his hands he holds a model representation of the façade of a church, probably of one which owed its existence to his pious munificence; in front of him appears his son, wearing the same costume.

Under the external portico we find figures of the ancient *asceti*, or anchorites, in an attitude of prayer, who, in imitation



THE WAR HORSE.—AFTER ALBERT DÜRER.

saints of the church militant, who shook off the dust of the schools, and defended their faith on the fields of force, standing upright upon a black ground, in an attitude of vigilant repose. The churches of the other convents present precisely the same aspect, though on a more diminutive and less perfect scale, in accordance with the Medo-Persian laws of the Byzantine school, which treated all subjects in the same manner, with the same figures, in the same attitudes. Towards the end of the principal nave, to the left, appears a painting with an inscription, now illegible, evidently representing one

of the fathers of the desert, lived in grottoes and caverns in the mountain side. They appear to have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, and are clothed in a simple and primitive garment of leaves, while their beard descends almost to their knees. Beside them an inscription informs us, "Such was the life of these anchorites." These ascetics themselves travelled from convent to convent, painting those vivid representations of their own unhappy lives, and also sculptures, numerous little crucifixes in wood, many of which are still preserved.

ALBERT CUYP.



THE painters of the school to which Albert Cuyp belongs were not always fully appreciated in their day. They were earnest and laborious men, with the true inspiration of genius, at a time when artistic talent was less rare than at the present hour. This prevented their being as highly regarded as they otherwise would have been, and it thence followed that many paintings which now are highly valued, and which fetch good prices, were during the lifetime of the artist almost unsaleable. It has been truly said, that no man is a prophet in his



own country, and we have often found this perfectly true with regard to artists of the first eminence. Albert Cuyp, one of the best of the Flemish school, one of the most picturesque and effective who took up the example of Van der Velde, though son of a great artist, was not in any way as warmly considered as he should have been by his contemporaries. This may perhaps be more fully understood when we examine into his character and life.

Albert Cuyp was born in the year 1606, the same year that

gave birth to the great Rembrandt. The first saw the light at Dordrecht, the second at Leyden. These two painters were men of different character and various style, though one would have expected that they would be necessarily strongly influenced in their genius and tone of mind, by the times in which they lived. It was an era of stern warfare and desolation, of blood and rapine, and yet scarcely a trace of this fatal tendency of the hour is to be found in their productions. They were, as many students of art have been, always in a world apart, which separated them from many of the impulses of the age to which they belonged, and it is pleasing and refreshing to turn from the sanguinary drama of civil and religious wars to their admirable productions. It is the quiet contrast offered to the view of him who, escaping from the battle-field, wounded and almost dying, finds himself suddenly in some sequestered woody nook, where man and horse find welcome and cheering repose. Rembrandt sketches with his masterly pencil the varied phases of human life, and still avoids all that has reference to the party quarrels of the day. Cuyp stands before us quiet, calm, unobtrusive—a thoughtful, pleasing man, who appears to know nothing of the war which is raging around him—who is scarcely aware that Holland is ravaged by fire and sword, and who allows his every sense to be captivated by the gentler muse. Neither the noisy forum nor the sectarian struggle has any charm for him. He lives in a world of his own, and that world is nature in its most picturesque forms. He is varied in his loves. Now he admires the sea, now the land. The ordinary landscape and the perilous ocean have almost equal charms in his eyes; for his pencil sketches now a quiet pasture scene, with tame oxen and sheep, now a dashing marine piece, where some tall ship is bending 'neath the breeze; or launching away again, brings before us a picture in some native district, where the sun is warming an otherwise cheerless prospect, where shepherds wander with their flocks, where the huntsman rides merrily, where boatmen pull cherrily, or where fishermen pursue their peaceful calling with true Dutch phlegm.

This philosophic calm, experienced by certain artists during troublous times, has often been remarked upon. It has called forth many a reconcile observation, and though a feeling not easy to be understood by the more active mover in stirring

hours, is yet a circumstance to be much valued. And these were no common struggles. Holland was convulsed by the disputes of its religious sects, who soon turned from arguments to weapons—from theology to warfare. Much blood was shed, and all civilisation, art, science, seemed threatened with utter annihilation. City armed against city, and the inhabitants of the same town killed one another in the streets which gave both birth. It was in the days when Barnayeldt perished with his brother on the scaffold. Young Albert Cuyp was born during these tragical hours. But as he grew up, even more terrible disasters tormented his youth. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV.—the terrible scenes amid which perished John and Cornelius de Witt, his countrymen, his fellow-townsmen—were events of his youthful hours. But so elastic were the spirits, so singular was the character of Albert, that no evils, however great, no trials, however painful, were able to influence his mind. He seemed incapable of feeling sadness. He could not join in the sanguinary struggles of his time, and appears, while others were slaying and being slain, to have spent his time in admiring nature, in sitting beneath the greenwood tree, listening to the murmur of water, or seeking to entice the cunning trout from his crystal retreat. No matter what opinion may be generally entertained as to this seeming insensibility on the part of the artist who could isolate his mind from civil brawls and bloody wars, we owe to this very peculiarity of character many admirable paintings, full of grandeur, many delicious, calm, warm and sunny masterpieces—scenés which everywhere reconcile us to the charms of existence, because they make us love and admire nature in her purest works; and yet, those who would ask everything of the same man, complain that he did not allow his soul to be fired by deeds of heroism and valour, his mind to be developed by dark passions, in which case he might have given us some of those sombre and living pictures of the hour, which have immortalised Ruysdael and the great Rembrandt.

We have said that Albert Cuyp was born in 1606. Some say in 1605; but this is of little consequence. His death, too, is involved in obscurity. But he was living in 1672, for we have his name in a list of burghers. His father, and his master in his noble art, was Jacob Gerritsoon Cuyp, a man much esteemed, and looked upon as the leader of the school in which his son so much excelled. Jacob Gerritsoon shared the fate of David Teniers. He was surpassed and eclipsed by his son. Many masters of first-rate ability have thus been concealed from posterity. David Teniers exists not for the general student of art, because of his great descendant. The same occurred to Paul Bril, the historical landscape painter—to Simon der Vlioger, cast into the shade by William Van der Velde—to Nicolas Mòyart, surpassed by Berghem. Arnold Houbraken, in his important work on painting, quietly remarks, that Albert Cuyp painted better than his father. The fact is, that though remaining attached to a particular line of subjects, and these subjects in which he coped with Paul Potter, Wouvermans, Du Jardin, and Ruysdael, and so many other chosen spirits, he was always so distinct, so native in his genius, as to be ever distinguished from all his rivals. A Cuyp will rarely be mistaken by the most ordinary connoisseur for a Coxis, or a Van der Neer.

Nature was his field, the inexhaustible fount whence he drew the warm impulse which influenced and guided his genius—nature in its grandest, in its humblest phases. He never found anything too great, anything too small for his keen observation. He combined the varied characteristics of most of his contemporaries. He equals all of them, and is sometimes their superior. He revels in the human form, in animals, in still nature, landscapes, sea-views, interiors of churches, winter scenes, moonlights, kitchens, fish, cocks and hens, and all the appliances of humble agricultural existence. All these subjects, and many more, have been vivified by his fertile pencil. His great power consisted in his capability of producing the same thing a hundred times over without plagiarising himself. And yet he does not search for effect; he does not find the picturesque in strange contrasts and rough scenes, in the rags of the poor, in the tatters and hideous

misery of the beggar, in the angular projections of starved cattle, in the manifestation of their bones in quaint style, nor even in rare, though real, effects of light and shadow at morning and eventide. Berghem, Tivoli, Weenix, and many others, had given to the picturesque a novel and ingenious touch of life, by seeking the irregular, the wild, the unexpected, in all things—a style which had necessarily many charms and many admirers. Lizards running over an old wall, with here a lichen and there an ivy-leaf; a rustic hut beside a time-honoured ruin, which gave the humble cot a dangerous shelter; some half-starved beast, a wounded horse, hopping lazily along with bandaged leg; a poor suffering ass, eating timidly by the wayside, were subjects freely chosen by Flemish painters, and subjects which they rendered with rare truthfulness and vigour. They possessed the power of making attractive, by means of their magic pencils, most repulsive subjects—even those subjects men most anxiously avoid in life—the sickly animal, the beggar in rags, the wild desert, or a road overgrown with thorns and briars. They created treasures out of rags. Albert Cuyp, on the other hand, drew his inspiration from a more elevated and elevating source, and, seeking his ideas of the picturesque in objects opposed to general theories, succeeded in a most marvellous way. We wish not to elevate Cuyp at the expense of any of the many singular geniuses of the hour; but no one can study the peculiar features of the painter of Dordrecht without being pleased. Abandoning the ready resource of rustic misery, the easy and catching attraction of rags and destitution, of wretched nooks and unknown and unexplored corners, he paints animals in full health, and the sun at noon-day.

A writer on the genius of this painter quotes complacently a certain William Gilpin, canon of Salisbury, who wrote a book on the picturesque and beautiful. He supports the view practically illustrated by Berghem, Du Jardin, Ostade, and others. "We admire in the horse," he exclaims, "considered as a reality, elegance of form, a fiery mien, lightness, and a soft skin; we admire this animal also in the same way in a painting: but as a picturesque subject, we prefer an old cart-horse, a cow, a goat, a donkey. The coarse appearance and rough skin are better adapted to demonstrate and elucidate the genius of the pencil. Richness of light depends much on contrasts." It was not in the study of Cuyp that William Gilpin sought his inspirations. His genius lies another way. He has much of the feeling of the rich and well-to-do farmer in him, for he loves well-fed cattle, clean and well-combed horses, and broad daylight casting its golden lustre over the plain. This is, in fine, his peculiarity, and the distinguishing mark which separates him from all his rivals, and from every member of his school. Gerard de Lairese put forth, a century later, ideas on landscape quite opposed to those of the worthy canon of Salisbury, and these ideas Cuyp was one of the first to forestall. He revels in the view of nature in her loftiest moods, and paints a meadow and a hill, a horse or boat, as Claude Lorraine did the ruins of Rome, the waterfalls of Tivoli, the Bay of Naples,—embellishing, as it were, the very nature he sought to render faithfully and truly.

The rich variety, and the fecundity of Cuyp lead us to compare him often to other masters whose style was similar. Like Wouvermans, he was fond of a halt of hunters, a quiet bit of woodland sport, but he treated the subject differently. His horses have a marked difference from any others, his nobles have a manner of their own. Few who have visited the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, have failed to note the two Cuyps known as "The Going out for a Ride" and "The Return," the former of which is engraved in the present number.

We have often gazed with pleasure, during our once daily walks in that magnificent gallery, at both. The "Going out" well exemplifies the genius of Cuyp. A richly-dressed lord, clothed in scarlet, has just vaulted on a mottled grey horse, while his squire in green tunic stoops to hold the stirrup. The leading group, lit up by a bright sun, is relieved against a house in deep shadow, whence are issuing the lord and one of his suite. To the right, the shadow of the edifice, falling on the earth, brings out in warm colours the brilliant light which

fills the back of the picture; two shepherds and a flock of sheep are brought within the rays of the sun, and form a light demi-tint, a transition admirably contrived as a contrast both to the dark shadows of the foreground and the clearness of the distant background. It is an exquisite portraiture of a living breathing scene of life in its strongest sense, of the tranquillity and ease of the fortunate, of the heat and splendour of day.

The other, which forms with it a pair, represents three horsemen, among whom you recognise the lord by the magnificence of his costume, the beauty of his horse, and the haughty frankness of his mien. A hunter in livery holding two dogs in leash, presents a partridge to one of the squires, and this little event draws the attention of the three personages. On one side a tuft of trees, mingled with brushwood, brings forward the cavaliers; while on the other we behold a vast landscape inundated by light, where you see cattle, houses at the foot of a hill, and antique towers, doubtless the manor towards which the seignior and his suite are wending their way. The mind is inspired with calm delight as it gazes on that luminous scene, and then comes to rest on the gallant mien of that gentleman in blue velvet garnished with gold, his hair floating on his shoulders, and his head covered by a kind of turban made of some white drapery. The play of *chiaro-oscuro* is here principally caused by the diversity of local colours. The marked tints of the two horses, one chestnut, the other black, are in contrast to the master's steed, whose white and spotless skin is so admirably rendered as to deceive the eye. The painter has rendered and constructed the habiliments of the cavaliers as ably as the tones of the horses' hair, opposing the dim velvet of the squire to the dazzling velvet of their noble master. These pictures should never be passed over on a visit to the Louvre.

We must not be led to believe that Albert Cuyp is a painter without faults. In some of his best pictures we shall find errors to note, bits heavily rendered. Some have criticised rather slightly two dogs in "The Going out." They are not faultless, but they are very little inferior to the rest of the picture. Many of the admirers of Cuyp carry their high sense of his genius so far as to ascribe his little errors of omission to accident, and some attribute even these two beautiful masterpieces to Jacques Gerard Cuyp, rather than own the slight faults of an artist of such power and skill as Albert. But whatever the energy of the execution and the excellence of his touch, often thick and irregular, sometimes sharp and firm—whatever the beauty of his colouring, warm, rich, and harmonious—he is perhaps more remarkable in the expression of sentiment than even in the execution of his works. The modes and fashions he pictures are stamped by his individuality, while strictly in accordance with historic truth; the ideas which he calls up wear the impress of his personal temperament. The same gallant cavaliers who appear in the hunting subjects of Wouwermans, elegant, rude, and proud, mounted on prancing steeds, ready at every moment to rear and leap, are viewed by Cuyp in quite a different light. They too bear the stamp of his peculiar characteristics. His models remind us of those opulent burghers of the seventeenth century who led the life of noble lords without their easy and lively manners, their haughty air, and what can only be explained as wide-awake character. The cavaliers of Wouwermans have a firm air, and one fancies one hears their coarse words; armed for love and war, they carry gorgeous plumes stuck in their broad-brimmed felt hats; they have golden spurs, loose boots, and pistols in their holsters. The heroes of grave and thoughtful Albert Cuyp are not so petulant; their physiognomy is calm and grave, their dress is rich, of dazzling stuff, but without coquetry; their horses are thorough-bred, solid, strong, docile, and ready for gallop or trot, but they know nothing of rearing and kicking—of taking a bit in their mouths—of starting off at a hand-gallop—and other tricks known to chivalric horses. Those who ride upon them are peaceful men—steady and solemn Protestants, who ride side by side, in solemn discourse on the affairs of the state. The father of a family, whom Terburg, Nelsche, or Meiss would show us in the interior of their houses, gently

laying down the law to a beloved child, being present at a daughter's music lesson, or presiding at a meal, we find Albert Cuyp delineating at the hour when he passes along on horseback, with his servants, followed by his dogs, and looking on his ride as a question of health, an amusement at a fixed hour. Albert Cuyp is truly the Flemish citizen painter—the fortunate and well-to-do citizen, be it remembered.

It is much to be regretted that the annalists and biographers of the seventeenth century have been so indifferent as not to transmit to posterity something of the life and habits of the great artists of Holland. There is no biography of Albert Cuyp. The life of an artist is always replete with matter worthy of remembrance. We need only refer to the sketches of those whose friends have recorded their sayings and doings. Was Cuyp brought up in luxury and ease, or was his youth passed in struggling, as so many others have done, against misery and care? Was he rich or poor? Did he ever take wife or have children? Who were his friends and protectors? We know not. To not one of these questions can we find an answer. And yet, were but a few of these details known, how much might we not draw thence to explain and understand his particular genius. His life must have been quiet, regular, happy, of that kind of happiness which gives a long series of years, and an indulgent and vigorous old age. We are, however, ignorant of the precise date of his death. It appears, however, according to Immerzeel of Amsterdam, that he was living in 1680, though the general inquiry of most writers has only carried the evidence up to 1672. We are able to asseverate from one of his pictures, where he paints a salmon fishery, a picture to be found in the Museum of the Hague, that he had for patron a farmer of the fishery of Dordrecht—a vague and dreamy kind of fact, which tells us nothing of either the protector or the protected. The general opinion of historians suggests, and general rumours appear here to be pretty correct, that the life of Albert Cuyp was calm, honest, laborious, and without passion. He must have found, at an early age, ample resources from his mere talent, and could have never known the bitter luxury of want. Of a calm temperament, of a gentle, quiet, and firm character, he doubtless lived in friendly intercourse with the best men of his time. It appears even that he was much connected with Maurice of Nassau, whom he often painted and copied in his hunting subjects, which would lead us to believe him a pure Calvinist. An elder of the reformed church, he no doubt practised with regularity, and without ostentation, his religious duties, as they were then understood. To judge him, in a word, from those histories of themselves which painters sometimes trace as clearly in their pictures as writers do in their books, Cuyp was a simple man, regular in his habits, and respected and loved by all who knew him. It has been truly said, that the tranquillity of his landscapes, plunged in indescribable ether, proves the serenity of his mind, and that the choice of his subjects demonstrates the simplicity of his tastes.

We are informed by Lebrun, that the English were the first who appreciated at their true value the pictures of Cuyp. We are told by Sir Edmund Head, that Cuyp's works were not valued highly until after his death. We are assured by another authority (Smith), that at the principal picture sales in Holland to the year 1750, there is no instance of any of Cuyp's works being sold for so much as £3 sterling (thirty florins). This statement is not corroborated by the *Künstler Lexicon* of Naylor. According to Smith, a gradual advance in the value of Cuyp's pictures took place soon after the period just named, owing to the high reputation they had obtained among English and French dealers. In 1785, at the sale of the collection of M. Von der Linden von Slingelardt, Cuyp's pictures obtained prices, in some cases, commensurate with their merits, but which subsequently have been increased fourfold. In 1774, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, and states, that at a sale of Sir George Colbrooke's pictures, one by Cuyp (a view of Nimeguen), which had cost its possessor only seventy guineas, was readily disposed of for £200. Lebrun says, "The French were a long time before they appreciated

the works of Cuypp, and yet I have been present at sales in England when they have fetched three and four hundred louis. This great painter has treated every style with equal success, and has indeed been so perfect in all, that we know not which to select as his best. Portraits, animals, fruits—nothing was foreign to his genius. . . . The sun warms his productions."

One of these facetious French critics, who follows in the beaten track of prejudice, and who is possessed by a belief that the unfortunate people of these isles never see the sun, that we live in the midst of a fog, which everlastingly conceals from us the real character of that luminary—who believes, with most Frenchmen, that sales of wives in market-places are legal transfers in England, that we have no real green fields, and are, in fine, a nation of purblind shopkeepers, of course thoroughly comprehends our love of Cuypp, and why we should have been the first people to acknowledge his merits. Albert Cuypp did indeed introduce the sun and all its glowing images and radiance with singular power in his pictures. But many artists have done the same, and this by no means explains our

him ensue from a kind of rabid fire-worship on the part of unfortunate islanders, who can never see the sun save in pictures.

The "View of the Maes" (p. 188) is the subject which excites the admiration of the English critic above alluded to. It is truly a lovely scene, happily arranged with a transparent background and a vast perspective. The trees which overhang the borders of the river are not gnarled and strange; on the contrary, they rise majestically and wave beneath the breeze as if saluting in chivalrous manner the river that bathes their stems. The sky is delicate, brilliant, warm; water refreshes the eye, and distant hills make up a pleasing and effective background. Cuypp has placed in this picture everything which we love to find in a landscape. There is a martial cavalier, a rustic and simple herdsman without coarseness, watching cows of dun and spotted colour, a superb bull, and some sheep; and then some splendid oaks of a grandeur suited to heroic landscapes, and a fine river where float a cloud of ducks, upon which a hunter is about to fire. The whole is coloured by a rich sun



VIEW OF DORDRECHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYPP.

calling him the Claude Lorraine of Holland. This name was given him in Boydell's Collection, and the writer of the sketch in that work rates him quite as high as Claude for his colouring—a merit the greater that the Dutch painter never left his native land, and could never, therefore, have seen any of the warm landscapes of the sunny south. But the admiration of English *connoisseurs* has not been excited in favour of Cuypp because he brings us in communication with the sun, which is to be gazed on here about as often as in most parts of France. What has taken the fancy of our fellow-countrymen has been his admirable representations of cattle, his water-pieces, and, above all, his study to paint well-fed animals, fat oxen, clean-limbed horses, and many other things which are in accordance with our tastes as a highly agricultural people. Such criticism as that we allude to is puerile; and there is no subject which should be more cosmopolitan, and less affected by national prejudice, than art-criticism. When the reasons for our admiration of Albert Cuypp are so obvious, it is childish to seek, for the sake of smartness, to make an appreciation of

at an hour when the day is about to give way to night—a magnificent, imposing, and calm effect, full of rich poetry. There is a minute description by the English critic in Boydell, who has examined most carefully every tint, as if he hoped to leave such a description that by the aid of it and the engraving the painting might be recreated if lost. "The principal figure," he says, "is on horseback in a jacket of golden yellow, the sleeve of which is white; his cloak is of pale purple with a blue tinge; the man near him is dressed in black. When painting the human figure, Cuypp conceives very inelegant and short proportions. The one further off, and who carries a stick on his shoulder, is dressed in ruddy violet drapery. The reclining bull is black, and the cow behind is white. The other cows are variously marked with fawn and cream spots. Amid the distant group there is a woman wearing a sky-blue drapery, with white sleeves, and the boy is dressed in brown suit inclined to red. The hunter aiming at the ducks has a yellow doublet with red sleeves, which the neighbourhood of the trees tints with a green reflection."

When one has examined the oxen and cows of Potter, Berghem, Van der Velde, Kenel, Du Jardin, and the sheep of Van der Does, it is difficult to believe in any other mode of comprehending pasturage and cattle. We wonder almost how they can be delineated otherwise. And yet Albert Cuyp, who was the first master in this style, discovered a simple and new mode of viewing animal creation, a manner which is peculiar to no one else, Rembrandt excepted. Power, majesty, calm force, were characteristics discovered by Albert Cuyp in the brutes of the field, because he enveloped them with the mantle of his genius. He takes care always to present them in a way which shows off their best features, their most fully developed and rounded forms. There is something in his animals of the terrible genius which Poussin gives to his heroes. Their aspect is frowning and grand. The horses are lofty and proudly erect. Their thick and bushy tails sweep round their hind legs. They seem to be full of life, energy, and health.

As usual, the warm glow of sunshine adorns the landscape in a peculiar way.

It is somewhat singular that the French *amateurs* and *connoisseurs*, who profess to be very quick in finding out the merits of genius, should have remained so long blind to his talents, when men so very inferior to Albert Cuyp have acquired such rapid renown. The English nation showed better taste, and, indeed, it is our belief that nowhere has art ever been appreciated so highly as in this country. Our private galleries alone are miracles of richness and beauty. But in France sixty years ago Cuyp was unknown. His name is found in no catalogue. Those of the sales of Gersaint and Pierre Remy are silent with regard to his existence. The gallery of the Duke de Choiseul, and the cabinet Poullain possessed one or two of this master; but, despite the renown Cuyp had acquired on our side of the channel, they were unnoticed by amateurs. The nineteenth century came ere



THE CAMP. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.

His herds and flocks are ever floating in a misty and warm light, which harmonises with the general details of the painting, and which conceals every angularity, leaving the eye only the power to examine the general outline. "His reclining bulls," says Thoré, "are magnificent brutes, with their marked spines, and their long noses, and their expansive nostrils."

His painting of "Cattle drinking at a River side" fully illustrates this. In this picture, of which the engraving is given (p. 189), the sturdy, fat, and large-sized cows, the picturesque shepherd, the quiet sage-looking dog, with the distant effect of a small vessel, of other cattle, a village spire, scattered houses, hills, and a rich, warm sky, make up in the painting one of Cuyp's most effective productions. The cows are admirably grouped. Every one is in the very position in which you would fancy it would stand. It is an interesting engraving, as fully exemplifying the style of Albert Cuyp.

The painter of Dordrecht acquired due celebrity in France after his pictures had been turned about from one indifferent purchaser to another. We fully understand, however, why Cuyp came to be more readily appreciated by the Dutch and English, without accepting the salvo which French art-critics find for themselves—our anxious desire to see the sea, even on canvas. His water-pieces, boats, rivers, canals, were more readily understood by naval nations than by a purely military nation, like the French. Both we and the Hollanders have always admired everything of mark connected with our favourite element. The same reason accounts for the popularity of Bachuysen and William Van der Velde.

A painter who could introduce so much air, light, and depth into his pictures, could not but excel in marine pieces. Those of Cuyp are like his landscapes—they are vivid, powerful, and true. They transport you bodily to the port and

seas of Holland, while the execution is majestic, positive, exact. One of his most justly celebrated works in this style, is that which represents the "Canal of Dort," full of vessels. They are arranged in line, their prows towards the centre of the picture. They have something of the aspect of a regiment in battle array. In fact, we notice a boat with three trumpeters, the Prince of Orange and his suite, who are about to pass the fleet in review. The effect is admirable. We look across them, one after another, until the last is lost in the mist which the sun has not as yet dissipated. It would be but repetition to speak of the fresh morning light falling on the scene, of the transparent air, of the extraordinary perspective. Gazing at the picture from a distance, we are struck by the effect produced by the shadows of the vessels in the limpid water. Looking nearer, we are still more surprised at the dashing and masterly style in which the whole is executed. The boldness and decision of his pencil strikes us here, as well as everywhere else. No painter, Van der Velde excepted, ever has been able to give an equally just and life-like representation of Dutch naval characteristics. Mr. Edward Solly refused £3,000 for this picture.

There is a good marine view in the Louvre by Cuyp. The pacific Dutchman has here departed from his usual calm character, and given us a tempest. The sky is overloaded with clouds; a thunder-bolt has just fallen; and across the whole canvas the lurid glare of the lightning is cast, while the dark form of a small boat stands out in strong relief struggling with the fury of the waves. Some critics have thought this production too poetical and too weak to be the work of Cuyp. It is, however, generally believed to be his; while, being a departure from his usual quiet illustrations of nature, it is certainly somewhat distinct in character.

Painters are like lovers: the lover always believes the beloved one beautiful. True painters see beauty in every phase of nature. Albert Cuyp found loveliness everywhere. Wandering on the banks of his favourite Maes, he found admirable landscapes where hundreds of others would have seen nothing worth painting. He has reproduced this subject under every variety of aspect. Fishermen's barks, ships of various size—some at anchor, some under sail—became, beneath the power of his pencil, delicious pictures. He adds but a ray of the sun, showing the fleet of boats, perhaps, in bold relief, playing amid the ropes, and pulleys, and masts, refracted from the deep waters of the river, giving marked outline to the faces of some of the crew, and shining on the oars of the boatmen and the pearly drops of water that fall therefrom. Such pictures started complete from his mind. We must not, however, forget the Steeple of Dort, of which the painter contrives to make a kind of pivot for all his little water-pieces. One of the best of these is in the possession of Mr. Holford, of London. Albert Cuyp is almost unique amongst the Flemish school in this style. His popular rival, Van Goyen, is too monotonous and superficial. It required the varied genius of Cuyp to produce such pictures, as he generally introduces a little of everything in which he excelled. Horses crossing a river in a ferry-boat; picturesque cottages surrounded by foliage, situated on the borders of a canal, and inhabited by Dutchmen with painted hats; figures of sailors descending the Maes; boatmen hauling along timber-rafts to Flessinguen; or a barge full of travellers, and drawn by a horse. This barge is what is called in Holland *Trechtschuyt*, a light boat with one mast, and in which travellers are conveyed for one halfpenny a mile. Those who love quiet can hire for a trifle, in addition, a little separate room, called the "Roof;" it is at the stern of the boat, and has two windows on each side. The hiring of this room affords a lively illustration of the extreme formality of Dutchmen even in their most trivial transactions. For the few halfpence that this luxury costs, the traveller has to give a printed receipt to an agent, whose duty it is to attend at the entrance of each town for the purpose of regulating the accounts of the *Trechtschuyt*.

This silent mode of travelling by water, which is the characteristic of these northern Venices, could not escape the keen

eyes of Albert Cuyp, who observed everything, and who loved Holland with all the enthusiastic love of a painter. The same man who so successfully treated midday scenes, when the sun shed its beams on fields and meadows, on water and on trees, was equally successful when he undertook to paint the interiors of churches in the style of Emanuel de Witte or of Nikkelen, or moonlight scenes in the style of Artus van der Neer. He was, indeed, their master, having indicated to them their peculiar styles. He was one of the first who succeeded in rendering on canvas that solemnity which we feel in the interior of a cathedral, when from some gloomy chapel we behold the light fall from the lofty windows of the nave, gilding the rich and elaborate carving, and playing fitfully upon the tessellated pavement. Even in historical subjects—such as the "Baptism of the Eunuch"—Albert Cuyp displayed equal ability. It is difficult, in fact, to mention any style in which he did not excel. Our readers are aware that many Flemish painters obtained celebrity by devoting their talents to illustrating the poultry-yard. Here, too, Albert Cuyp preceded Melchior Hondecooter, in depicting the heroic combats of the cockpit. In the collection of Dr. Leroy d'Etiolles, there is a cock-fight by Cuyp, which is admirably rendered. The action is animated and energetic. One of the combatants has thrown his adversary, his outspread wings supporting him; he digs his talons into the breast of the vanquished, and tears with his beak his bleeding crest. The defeated bird has thrown his wings back, and is thus trying to raise himself. His desperate struggles are expressed with painful truth. In the background, to the left, is a fowl looking on, half in terror, half in admiration, at the combat of which she has been the innocent cause. Many French critics have compared this picture to a fable of La Fontaine, and several modern French painters have imitated his style. This is perhaps the least meritorious of all Cuyp's pictures, and was produced probably at an early period of his career. He has left, however, many admirable paintings of the poultry-yard. A hen-house, which was sold amongst the other pictures of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, is said to be worthy of his best days. M. George speaks of it as combining keen observation with the highest powers of genius. If Cuyp's works were placed in chronological order, we should find, we believe, that those great landscapes in which animals appear only as the accessories, belong to that period of his life when he had nothing to learn—when his genius had become fully developed. In those pictures which bear the stamp of early years, we find animals occupying a prominent position, and the details of scenery and human figures are subordinately treated. This will be found to be the case in that strange production somewhat resembling the "Paradise" of John Breughel, where we behold Orpheus seated under a tree, and taming the animal creation by the music of his violin. As Cuyp had to represent tigers, elephants, and leopards—creatures with which he was less acquainted than with domestic animals—the worthy Batavian has exhibited considerable ingenuity in getting over the difficulty. Near the divine musician is represented a cow, a horse, a dog, a cat, and some hares, and in the distant background are placed those ferocious beasts with whose forms he was less familiar. It has been remarked that Albert Cuyp rather destroys the effect of the marvellous music of Orpheus by this arrangement, there being no great merit in taming the tranquil animals which inhabit our stables and our farm-yards. It is difficult, however, even for genius to think of everything. This picture is in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. The "Pasturage on the Banks of the Maes," an engraving of which we present (p. 184), affords a remarkable contrast to this mythological creation. Here the genius of Cuyp had a congenial field in which to exercise its powers. He drew his inspiration from a home source. The principal group is composed of cattle—as in so many of his other works—some reclining lazily upon the ground, others clustering round a tree, as if for shelter from the sun. They are larger than Cuyp usually paints them, and are drawn with a care, a precision, and a power which is increased by the marvellous beauty of the tone. In the foreground are plants, grass, and shrubs, rendered with

that fidelity to nature which is one of the principal characteristics of this artist. The grass is thick, silky, fresh and inviting—such a grass as that which poets have sang so much of. The whole scene is flooded with light. A saffron-coloured vapour tints, towards the horizon, the water, the trees, the plants, and the distant houses that cluster round the church. The clearness of the air surpasses belief. The background is filled up by an eminence, on which are shepherds and their flocks, while across the river are houses, windmills, and steeples. One of the most pleasing features of this picture is that which fills the right corner. A shepherd, his faithful dog by his side, is playing upon a pipe, and two children are listening to him with intense earnestness. The whole picture is redolent of the richly fertile land watered by the Maas—all is abundance, wealth, happiness. The sun is warm and bright; the well-fed cattle scarcely touch the rich pasture at their feet; the water is cool and pleasant to gaze on; while the shepherd—confident, happy, sure of to-morrow—amuses himself in a quiet and rustic way. One cannot but feel that the painter who conceived and executed this work of art must have been a happy man. The calm serenity of his mind is reflected everywhere. Cuyp would have been no hero for the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters." The quiet, calm, unmysterious man who painted this picture could scarcely have experienced the fierce torments of Ruysdael—torments which speak in many of his paintings—nor the fantastic visions of Rembrandt, nor the wild eccentricities of Everdingen.

There are two other pictures, of which we give engravings, that are worthy of the genius of any master of the Flemish school. "The View of Dordrecht" (p. 180), contains some effects of light and shade truly remarkable. The boats at their moorings, the water, the quaint houses, and the old church, have about them that peculiar picturesqueness which belongs to Holland. The horse and horseman delineated in the scene called "The Camp" (p. 181), which is generally called "The Trooper," exhibits the genius of Cuyp in its best light. The horse is admirably rendered. It is a dapple-gray charger; his master, a citizen soldier, is just arranging the harness about his head, and adding a blue ribbon. The dress of the soldier—his bold manly bearing—the minutiae of the accoutrements—all are portrayed with the customary fidelity. The buff jerkin, cuirass, and large hat, are exceedingly characteristic, while the scene itself is rendered eminently picturesque by the introduction in the background of an eminence, at the foot of which are tents, and soldiers mounted and on foot. Cuyp's usual love of the animal creation is exhibited by the introduction, in a prominent position, of an excellently-painted dog. A horseman coming across the hill, is a picturesque accessory. This picture, which is 3 feet 10 by 4 feet 10½, is in the possession of Her Majesty.

"When Albert Cuyp died"—and the exact year of his death is not known—"there was found," says Arnold Houbraken, "not one model, not one painting of any master in his house." He never studied but from nature herself. It has been suggested that this arose from his disinclination to spend money in purchasing the masterpieces of others. Nothing can be more puerile than to attribute the voluntary ignorance of Cuyp to avarice. If he did not study the works of his predecessors or contemporaries, it was because he needed not to do so. Nature spoke to him in more eloquent language than anything he could find depicted upon canvas. The man of genius concentrates all his faculties on the one great object of his life. Everything that interferes with the accomplishment of his views must inevitably be cast aside. We often find that even those passions and eccentricities which would appear to militate most powerfully against success, which appear even calculated to degrade the artist, and to remove him from his high pedestal, frequently become the means which fatally impel him onwards. If Cuyp was possessed by the good old gentlemanly vice of avarice, and thus was led to be indifferent with regard to the productions of his rivals; if he thus escaped from the current infatuation relative to engravings of the old masters; we may predicate, that to this cause do we owe his originality. Happy Cuyp! guilty of this one weakness, it

kept him from being a mere imitator; it compelled him to drink at the true source of inspiration; and it gave him that characteristic physiognomy which distinguishes him from all the Flemish school, which he surpasses both in simplicity and grandeur; while the ease, the boldness, and the finish of his execution, defies all imitation.

The lovely plains and hills of Italy, where the outline of all objects is cast in bold relief against a pure sky, bordered by a cloudless horizon, have inspired the genius of the Italian, French, and even, English schools. The French have carried this to excess, and given us little else than historical landscape, the scene laid in Italy. French landscape painting, like French tragedy, is stilted and overdone. Painters, like the rhymers of modern French tragic drama, "arranged nature," to use one of their own phrases. They painted so as to elevate that which God had not made sufficiently divine for them. They turned hills into mountains, and mountains into hills; they altered trees, and gave them picturesqueness, and thrust in, on all occasions, Roman ruins and broken Greek columns. Poussin conquered the difficulties of this factitious style; even when the scene was artificial, his genius mastered the incongruous elements he had to deal with. He struck his contemporaries dumb with astonishment; but his imitators and disciples—Guaspre, Francisque Milet, Locatelli, Orizonti, Van Huysum—could not succeed in disguising the defects of their style, as adorned by the genius of such a man as Poussin. In these imitators, the faults and errors outweighed whatever little talent they possessed. Their pictures, in as far as they were imitations of Poussin, are something like those stoic definitions of virtue which elevate man to something like the character of a demi-god. Their pictures are so replete with conventional majesty, and solid nobility of style, that we search in vain for nature and its pure and sweet emotions. This was not the case with old Albert Cuyp. He loved, it is true, tall trees rising majestically towards the sky, the rippling waves of rivers; but he was too much of a real student not to be aware that all this needed no imagining, also, that nature had no need of being corrected and improved in the closet. He knew that the difficulty was to come up to nature. All those beauties which certain painters aimed at inventing, he knew to exist already in creation, needing but eyes to see them, and a heart to feel them. He bore within himself the sentiment of grandeur, and everywhere he naturally invested what he saw with elevated ideality.

Albert had so strong a dislike to deep shadows, to cloudy skies, to the aspect of a country veiled by melancholy and gloom, that even when depicting his favourite winter scenes—rivers clothed in ice, effects of snow whitening the roof of huts, and hanging heavily on the boughs of the naked trees—he must chase away the fog, scatter the clouds, and show the cold but pleasing rays of a winter's sun upon the landscape. There is one beautiful piece of this kind engraved by Fittler, representing "Fishing beneath the Ice." This picture is in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, and cost originally 1,200 guineas.

It is a view on the river Maas during a severe frost. On the foreground and left are sixteen fishermen, the greater part of whom are busy with nets and long poles, fishing under the ice, while others are putting the fish into tubs. On the opposite side is a market woman seated in a sledge, drawn by two horses. Several persons skating and otherwise engaged, are distributed over the river. A tent and the tower of a church are seen in the distance, and a few leafless trees and a windmill give interest to the banks of the river. The consummate skill of the painter has given to this bold and dreary scene an aspect the most agreeable and inviting, by the cheering presence of the sun, whose warmth appears to soften the sharp fridity of the atmosphere, and to diffuse a sparkling brilliancy upon every present object, lighting up the whole scene to dazzling brightness. Groups of fishermen, whose countenances and gestures indicate health and vigour, add materially the magical effect, which is perfected to illusion by the delightful truth of the gradations and purity of colour. But Cuyp never tried to represent that heavy and gray sky

which hangs upon the earth like the marble covering of a tomb. It is really remarkable to notice how this painter has succeeded in painting winters without coldness, and moon-lights without sadness.

There are to be found in old print-shops eight engravings by Albert Cuyp. It has been objected that as Adam Bartsch, Huber, and Rost, the catalogue of Brandes, that of Winkeler,

with a bold and firm hand. A writer on the subject, who takes his facts from Smith's catalogue, says of his drawings:—

"They were generally executed with black chalk or India ink, without the charms of colouring, and not displaying accuracy or great talent. They are not held in high esteem, although but few of them are in existence. Some few etchings of Cuyp, evincing careful study of nature and bold-



PASTURAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE MAAS. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

make no mention of any of them, while even the catalogue of the Rigal sale is equally silent, therefore they are not genuine. It is, however, sufficient to examine them to be assured whence they come. They have the marked character, the accent of his pictures, and it is impossible for one learned in the history of Flemish art to ascribe them to any one else. They are, as may naturally be expected, studies of oxen and cows, engraved

ness of execution, are much valued. They, however, are exceedingly rare, a very few specimens only being known to exist in the galleries of amateurs."

We have already spoken of the mixture of elevation and ingenuity which is the true characteristic of the paintings of Cuyp. This is the first impression which strikes us when we examine his landscapes. But it is necessary to add, that no

Dutch landscape painter has carried further the knowledge of aerial perspective. No one has carried further the power of representing air, transparency, depth, and purity of atmospheric effect in his pictures. It seems strange; but it must have been that this Dutchman, born amid the fogs of his country—a country he never left—must have had in the depths of his tranquil mind something like an interior and serene

Italian palaces, we should do so forgetting that the two painters were born at far distant extremities of Europe. Claude passed his life at Rome or at Naples, Cuyp seldom left the city of Dort, and never saw any sky save that of the Low Countries. We must not then expect him to paint the cerulean blue ether of Italian skies. His sun is more pale, of a clearer and softer hue, but the spectator feels around him a freshness which



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light, which made him see everything in creation through an impalpable and imponderable ether, which bathes his radiant pictures in lucidity. He has been called the Claude Lorraine of Holland, and this warm praise is only exaggerated in appearance. If one expected to find in Cuyp the golden specks playing in the sunbeams, the orange tints of the skies of Lorraine, her green and silvery waves, and the warm vapoury clouds that play round the columns of the

penetrates to the heart, calming and consoling the mind. The atmosphere of Claude is burning, it scorches the lungs; loaded with the perfumes of poetry, it draws the soul on to indolence and love: that of Cuyp impels to freshness, excites a desire to travel, gives strength, and rouses activity and life. These two different masters, so different in character, are yet both true. The few degrees of latitude between their two lands made the difference of their genius. But we cannot but

allow that the inspired painter Lorraine had much more before him to rouse his pencil and brush, to create rich nature, than any northern painter could find, however much he might be a worshipper of light. Claude had but to wander on the shores of the Bay of Naples to find radiant and dazzling subjects every day. In Holland, on the contrary, the sky has splendid pictures for the eye only at rare intervals. Like Ormuz, the sun struggles during a great part of the year against darkness. And yet it is strange that we find in Cuyp none of those struggles between light and darkness, between day and night, which so moved the soul of Rembrandt. The artist and painter of the cold north always loved the light, the day, the sun. In fine, the great, the crying, the wonderful characteristic of Cuyp is, that in Holland, in the seventeenth century, that is to say, before the second invasion of a foreign style, he sought the picturesque elsewhere than in rude disorder, effect rather than in contrast, and found grandeur in simplicity, as he found happiness in a peaceful life.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, of France possesses several engravings, all of cows.

In Smith's catalogue there are 335 pictures of Albert Cuyp mentioned; but some of them are the same, described, however, under different names.

The Museum of the Louvre contains six—a "Pasturage on the borders of a river" (p. 184), valued at £2,000. "The Return" and "The Departure for a Ride;" the pair are valued at the same sum. The Departure, of which we give the engraving (p. 185), is the best. The others are in the same style.

Vienna has one picture of "Five Cows," four of which are lying down.

At Munich there are two, one of "A Horseman," the other a "Cock and Hen on a dunghill."

At Dresden there is one, "A Woman spinning and a Man sleeping."

Amsterdam has two, "A mountainous Landscape," and "A fierce Charge of Cavalry."

At the Hague is a very clever "View of the Environs of Dordrecht."

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg contains several small specimens.

It is in England, however, that we find a great abundance of Cuyp's, because here this great painter has always been appreciated and understood. The reader may therefore enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of fully examining into the merits of this painter himself.

The National Gallery contains a picture which has been engraved by Bentley and by Goodall. It is a "Hilly Landscape," intersected by a winding river. On the right and front is a gentleman on a dappled-gray horse, represented with his back to the spectator; he appears to be in conversation with a woman who stands by his side, and at the same time is pointing with his whip towards three sportsmen, who are seen in the second distance watering their steeds at a river. Two cows lying down, a flock of sheep, and three dogs, are distributed over the foreground, which is diversified with docks and other wild plants. The aspect of a fine summer's morning is diffused throughout the scene. It originally belonged to Laurence Dundas. It then passed to Mr. Angerstein, and in 1824 was bought by Parliament for the National Gallery at a cost of 195 guineas.

Dulwich contains eighteen, and there are the pictures which are best known in this country. They are of a very varied character, though all rustic landscapes, interiors of houses, and water-pieces, enriched by barks and fishermen. Smith has given a lengthened catalogue of them, but one or two will suffice for those readers who are not disposed to examine for themselves. It is one part of the progressive education of this country that picture-galleries are now beginning to be fully appreciated by the millions; and it is the pleasant province of a work like that we are publishing, to assist the great mass of the community in forming correct ideas in relation to the great masters, who otherwise would be confounded. Everybody can admire a striking and effective picture, but it is only after some study that its beauties can be fully appreciated.

The first worthy of note is a landscape with a broad road on the right, and two lofty trees at its side, which stand near the middle of the picture. At the foot of these are seated two shepherds guarding a flock of thirteen sheep, which are browsing around them; further on the road is a woman in blue, wearing a straw hat, in conversation with a man who is mounted on a mule loaded with panniers. The left of the picture is adorned with shrubs and bushes, growing luxuriantly on the banks of a river. It originally cost 180 guineas.

We have then a landscape composed of a hilly foreground, and a canal flowing in the middle distance on which are vessels under sail. A group of eight cows occupies the front, the whole of which, except one, are lying down; they are guarded by a peasant in a red jacket with a knapsack at his back, who is leaning on a stick apparently in conversation with a woman seated, with a little girl standing by her. This is a pretty and pleasing production, quite *à la Cuyp*.

Another is still of his favourite land. It is a landscape representing a "View in Holland." In the foreground are two shepherds, one of whom stands with his back to the spectator, the other is lying down; at a little distance from them are a black and white cow standing, and a red one lying down, and under a lofty hill on the left, is seen a herd of cattle. This cost the nation 130 guineas. "A Woman keeping Cows" is a pleasing landscape of a mountainous country, with a river on the right, extending into the extreme distance. In a meadow, composing the left foreground, are seven cows, four sheep, a horse, and a woman with a stick in her hand. This picture was in the possession of Sir Francis Bourgeois, and cost £225. "A Gentleman on Horseback," which cost 950 guineas; now in the collection of Edmund Higginson, Esq., of Saltmarsh Castle, is a beautiful picture—the glowing warmth of a summer sun glids the scene. "A Herd of Cows Reposing," is a picture such as none but a great artist could have painted. It cost £800, but it was lately in the possession of Baron Delessert, Paris.

"An ancient Castle with Towers, encompassed by a moat and surrounded by lofty hills." A man on a black horse, and a herdsman with five sheep, give interest to the foreground. This picture is a perfect gem. It is 1 foot by 1 foot 8 inches.

This painting was originally bought of an old-clothes man, at Horn, in Holland, for about fifteen pence. It passed through many hands, increasing in value whenever re-sold, and was at length brought to England by Mr. La Fontain, who sold it for three hundred and fifty guineas. It is a delightful composition, with charming effects introduced.

The Earl of Ashburnham has a "View of the Castle of Neumagen on the confluence of the Rhine," which cost eight hundred guineas—an admirable work, brilliant in tone and admirable in the execution.

The Marquis of Bute possesses a Landscape with a large river on the right, on the further side of which is a small town, and beyond it a lofty hill. The brilliant effect of the morning sun pervades this lovely scene. This beautiful picture merits the highest commendations for the various qualities which give interest and value to this work of Cuyp, which is valued at 1,800 guineas.

The late Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., possessed many which have passed into the gallery of Lord Alford:—"A View on the River Maas," with the town of Dort on the spectator's left, and numerous vessels lying in long perspective by the side of the quay. Among them may be chiefly noticed a large Dutch passage-boat filled with persons, alongside of which lies a small boat, having on board an officer in a scarlet dress seated, and another wearing a dark dress standing near him; a yacht and several other boats are distributed over the river. The effect of a fine summer's evening pervades the scene and gives to the rippling wave a thousand varied hues. A few light summer clouds float over the azure sky, and contribute greatly to the charm of this superb production.

Of the very few pictures which Cuyp painted of this size (it is 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6½ inches) and subject, the one just described is perhaps the one most agreeable to the eye.

and feelings; as it possesses an agreeable warmth of tone, combined with the appearance of a genial atmosphere, free from that sultry and oppressive heat which sometimes predominates in his pictures; it is worth £2,000.

Another is a number of "Horsemen watering their Steeds in a river." It is impossible to commend too highly this beautiful work of art; the masterly execution displayed in every part, the science evinced in the arrangement of objects and forms, and the wonderful and lovely gradations of tints and atmospheric truth, justly entitle it to the first rank among his last productions. It is worth from £1,500 to £2,000, and is in the collection of J. Martin, Esq.

"The Thirsty Herdsman." A hilly country, beautifully diversified by clusters of trees and an extensive river, represented under the aspect of a brilliant sunset. An example of superlative excellence. It is in the possession of Mr. J. Norton, and cost 380 guineas.

In the collection of Mr. J. H. Hope, is a very beautiful "Cattle Piece."

In the private collection of the Queen, besides that already described, may be seen, a negro holding two horses, a cavalier conversing in the middle of a crowd, a group of three cows, with a shepherd and his wife.

Lord Yarborough has a very effective "Winter Scene," a frozen river, which is not to be confounded with that in the possession of the Duke of Bedford.

The late Sir Robert Peel had three pictures of Cuypp, which we believe are still in the possession of his son; a "Group of Cows near a River," which was purchased at an expense of £400; "Cavaliers and Cattle," £200. The third is an "Old Castle surrounded by Towers," the deep shadows of which are reflected on the surrounding water. A horseman, a shepherd and some lambs fill the foreground. The light and shade of this picture is exquisite in finish.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains the remarkable "Naval Piece," described above.

Lord Lansdowne has two Cuypps; one, a scene on the everlasting Maes, the other "A Woman Milking."

The Grosvenor Gallery has four—"A Landscape," "A Moonlight," "A Stream," and another "Landscape."

A well-known Parisian connoisseur possesses an important and superb picture by Cuypp. It is a large and splendid "View of Dordrecht" (p. 180), taken on the side of the jetty. The scene is animated by barks and vessels, of which some carry the Dutch flag. A bale of merchandise is being unloaded from a schooner into a boat, and addressed to A. Cuypp. A vast multitude of vessels are seen on the horizon; others enter the roads, and are firing the saluting cannon. On the first foreground to the left is a group of three barks, loaded with merchandise and men. On the side of the vessel towards us, we read, "A. Cuypp f. 1640." This was the epoch when the artist was in the full force of his genius. To the right is the town of Dort, with its crowded jetty. In the canal are two other boats, on board of one of which are two, and on board the other, four persons. There are fifty figures in this painting. It is one of his richest productions; every detail is rendered with the perfection of genius.

Baron James Rothschild possesses two very good Cuypps. The subjects are, "A View on the Water" and "A Paysage on the Borders of the Maes." There is a town sleeping in a luminous fog, on a motionless canal, where a great trading-ship is at anchor. Here we see two elegant cavaliers, one of whom with a red cloak, mounted on a black horse; the other has dismounted to arrange the bridle of his white horse, seen *en croupe*. A shepherd, sitting on the ground, is speaking to them. To the right, in the foreground, are three cows and two figures. In the distance, in golden vapour, is a church with ruined towers.

At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a group of seven persons, of whom six are gambling, was sold for £10 8s.; while another, "A View of the Maes," loaded with sailing vessels and sloops, fetched £80. "Two Cows," in the sale of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, fetched £76. At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "A View of the Maes"

fetched £94. Towards the middle of the picture are six cows, while the right is occupied by a boat manned by two sailors. At the Robit sale, 1801, was sold "A View of the Banks of the Maes." To the left is a rich hill-side with several cows; one stands up, and a woman is milking it. It sold for £400. Also another "View of the Maes by Moonlight," which fetched £112 16s. At the sale of Leyden, in 1804, there was sold a "View of Flessingen," which realised £160. At the Lebrun sale, in 1811, a beautiful "Interior of a Village" was sold for £104. It is a sweet and pretty scene. At the Laperière sale, in 1823, "A Hunting Party" was sold for £916. It represents a young Prince of Orange, mounted on a brown horse of small stature, stopping to give orders to his hunters. He is accompanied by two squires, mounted on a black and a gray horse. Towards the second foreground is a hare, dogs, a piqueur on horseback, and a valet running on foot.

As we have before stated, the works of Albert Cuypp were not held in high estimation during the lifetime of the artist. It was the English who first showed a proper appreciation of their merit. After the sale of the Van Slingelandt collection, which took place in 1785, the prices of his pictures increased so much that imitators of his style speedily arose. The most noticeable of those imitators was Jacob Van Stry, born at Dort in 1756. Van Stry took Cuypp for his model, and ultimately acquired the art of copying and imitating him with wonderful success; so that many of his pictures, after being artfully disguised by dirt and varnish, were sold as original works of Albert Cuypp. But, in addition to this, he was frequently employed to introduce figures and cattle into the genuine pictures of that master, either for the purpose of improving their composition or to please the fancy of the purchaser. Notwithstanding the assiduity with which he studied the works of Cuypp, and the success which has attended many interested persons in imposing his productions on the inexperienced as genuine pictures by that master, he has in every instance fallen far short of those peculiar beauties which constitute the great charm of his teacher. In addition to a prevailing mannerism and hardness of outline which runs through all his pictures, there is an evident deficiency of that mingling of the warm and cool tints so essential in painting. There is, also, a want of truth in his gradations, and an absence of atmospheric effect. He died on the 4th of February, 1815, aged 58, at Dort. His pictures fetched from three hundred to six hundred florins, after his death.

Another imitator was Dionysius Van Dongen, born at Dort in 1748. His attempts at copying were so successful that he found a readier sale for them than for his own pictures. Cuypp, Paul Potter, and Wynants, were his principal models. False Cuypps he excelled in. He died, in 1819, at Dort.

Another was Abraham Van Bossum. He was less servile in his imitation than the others. Some of his works are highly prized by the Dutch collectors. His style closely resembles Cuypp's. He flourished about the end of the seventeenth century, and was most successful in landscapes, cattle, views of towns, cottages, and poultry. His pictures have fetched very high prices.

The last imitator was one by name Bernard Van Kalraat, born at Dort in 1650; the date of his death is not known. His style does not much resemble Cuypp's; he, however, began as an imitator of that master, but ultimately abandoned his imitations for a style more easy and more native to him.

The numerous artists who endeavoured to build a reputation and a fortune on the mere imitation of Cuypp, is of itself evidence of that painter's genius. Mediocrity has no ready followers. Mediocre talent is common enough. It is the privilege of genius to be pilfered. Poets; authors; artists, have all had their plagiarists; and there is scarcely a painter of any real value, of whom false copies may not be found in the market.

Severe and careful critics will not, however, be imposed upon, and the shafts Cuypps are now cast back to merited obscurity. There is some difference between copying a master as a study, and copying him to palm the imitations on the

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

public. Careless and ignorant purchasers may not know the difference, and a false Cuyp may be as interesting and valuable to them as a real one. We know ourselves a man of rank and fortune who glories in a Greuze and a Watteau—both barefaced shams, sold to him by a speculative Jew dealer. As the worthy squire is happy in his ignorance, we have not sought to undeceive him.

A critic feels a natural tendency to elevate the subject he is treating. It is impossible to treat of such a painter as Albert Cuyp without rating him very high. One is roused to warm enthusiasm by the study of his pictures. But we think that we have not fallen into exaggeration as far as the great master we have been treating is concerned. It is to be regretted that we have not richer materials about him. We should have been glad to know what kind of a wife he chose unto himself, if he had stalwart sons and fair daughters. But he has no history save his works, which, though so little appreciated in his day, are now immortal. Proud, indeed, may the man be who owns a genuine Cuyp.

Flemish art holds a very high position in the history of the

art of Europe. The men of the Netherlands, who revived painting, did so in a most attractive form. They did not seek the beauty of the ideal, of the very highest order of art, but their characteristic was breadth, freedom, and originality. They combined with this great attention to individual objects. They painted the life they knew: its different phases, its petty and larger peculiarities; the daily existence of the town and village; nature in her works; in-door and domestic. Consequently there was a particular delicacy of touch about them. They do not hold the first place in art, but they tend very much towards it.

Historical painting was a very large department of the Flemish school. It had two branches: one influenced by the catholic clergy in Brabant, the other guided by protestant Holland, and very different in character and attributes. The founder of the Brabant school was Peter Paul Rubens—a painter who had little influence on Cuyp. Cuyp, in the little he did study, studied the Dutch school. But as we have said before, it was by throwing off the trammels of all schools that our artist of Dort became truly great.



VIEW OF THE MAAS, NEAR MAASTRICHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUIP.

PIETRO DE CORTONA.

SOME two centuries ago, in the sunny land of Italy, beneath the warm sky of Tuscany, there was a little shepherd-boy, of twelve years old, feeding his flock by the wayside. He was a simple herdsman; and there he sat on the warm bank, beneath the shade of a tree, thinking, one would have supposed, of nothing in particular, when suddenly he started up, cast down his crook, and walked away towards Florence. What he did this for, and under what impulse he acted, it is difficult to imagine. But to Florence he did go.

Now in Florence there dwelt another boy, of not more than eight years old, nearly as poor as himself, who had left his native village of Cortona to become turnspit in the kitchen of Cardinal Sacchetti.

Now Pietro did not come to Florence to enter upon the lucrative duties of the scullion of a prince. He was fired by

a noble ardour. In Florence there was a school of painting, and Pietro had determined to become a painter. How, it was difficult to imagine; but he determined to try.

And Pietro stopped before the palace of Cardinal Sacchetti, and waited patiently until monsignori had dined, to get an opportunity of speaking to his comrade and friend Tommaso. He waited a long time, but at last Tommaso appeared.

"How do you do, Tommaso?" said Pietro, looking at the well-fed young official with great respect.

"How do you do, Pietro? And what have you come to Florence for?" said the scullion.

"I have come to learn painting," said Pietro of Cortona, quietly.

"Nonsense, you had better learn cooking," replied Tommaso. "It's a good trade; one never can die of hunger in that profession."

"You eat, then, as much as you like here."

"I should think so. I could give myself an indigestion every day if I liked."

"Well," said Pietro merrily, "we can come to an understanding. You have too much, and I have not enough. I'll bring you my appetite, and you'll give me your kitchen."

"Done—settled," said Tommaso.

"Then let us begin from this very moment," cried Pietro, heartily, "for as I have not dined, I feel anxious to begin our partnership at once."

Tommaso took Pietro up secretly to a garret where he himself slept, offered him half of his bed, and told him to wait, for he would soon come up with some leavings from his lordship's table.

"Very good," said Pietro; "but don't be long. My long walk has given me an appetite."

Tommaso soon returned, and the two sat down to supper. It was a gay repast indeed. Tommaso was full of spirits, and laughed heartily at the voracious appetite of Pietro.

whole house with his architect, and visited rooms he had never entered before. The garret of the scullion did not escape the joint investigation of his highness and the artist. Pietro was out; but his numerous sketches on the walls and on paper testified to the patience and talent of the child who dwelt in that garret. The cardinal and the architect were struck by the merit of these works.

"Who lives in this room?" said the prelate.

"Tommaso, a scullion, my lord," replied one of the servants who stood behind.

The cardinal sent for the boy, in order to pay him some highly-merited compliments upon his great ability, and to confer with him as to his future prospects. When, however, poor Tommaso learned that his highness had entered the garret, and had seen what he called the daubs of his friend Pietro, he gave himself up for lost.

"You are no longer to remain among my scullions," said the cardinal, who little thought the boy had a lodger.



CATTLE DRINKING. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT GUYOT.

Pietro had not the means of buying paper and pencil, and Tommaso had as yet no wages. But the walls of the garret were white, and Tommaso brought up some charcoal, with which Pietro began boldly to make sketches. In this way time passed, until Tommaso by chance received a small coin. Great joy in the garret. The young artist procured paper and pencils. He now went out at daybreak, and entering the churches, studied the pictures, the monuments, and wandering about to the outskirts, studied nature again in these fields which had fired his infant genius, and which by some strange and irresistible impulse had driven him to the study of painting.

By degrees the first crude sketches in charcoal on the walls disappeared, and Pietro of Cortona covered the narrow cell with more perfect pictures. The garret of the young scullion became a little temple of art and friendship.

But even the best kept mysteries are one day explained. Cardinal Sachetti determined one year to have his palace undergo thorough repair. For this purpose he went over the

Tommaso, deceived as to the true meaning of the cardinal's words, thought merely that he was driven from his kitchen, and was without a home. The poor scullion saw ruin for himself, and exile and starvation for his friend. He accordingly, while weeping bitterly, threw himself at his master's feet.

"Oh!" cried he, "do not send me away. What will become of Pietro?"

The cardinal, considerably puzzled, asked for an explanation of these words; and after some little hesitation, he learned that Tommaso had for two years kept in his garret, in secret, a young shepherd-boy.

"When he comes home this evening," said the cardinal, "bring him to me."

And the cardinal dismissed the scullion, after telling him to keep his place, laughing heartily all the while at his mistake.

In the evening the artist did not come back. Two days passed, then eight, and even a fortnight elapsed before anything was again heard of Pietro de Cortona.

At length the cardinal, a great patron of the arts, began to be exceedingly anxious relative to the lad. He caused inquiries to be made, and found that the monks of an isolated convent had sheltered the young artist of fourteen, who had humbly asked permission of them to copy a picture by Raphael which was in the chapel of the cloister. He had been freely allowed to carry out his wish. He was then brought back to the cardinal, who received him with kindness, and placed him at school with one of the best painters of Rome.

Fifty years later, there were two old men who lived like brethren in one of the most beautiful villas of Florence. People said of the one, "He is one of the greatest painters of the day," and of the other, "He is a model of friendship." It was Pietro de Cortona and his friend, the scullion—the one a great painter, the other a rich and honoured citizen.

THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE.

THERE is a tradition current in Spain, which is not one of the least singular of the tales which float about in connexion with painters. One day Rubens was in the neighbourhood of Madrid, and went into a convent of very severe rules, and remarked, not without some surprise, in an humble and poor choir of the monastery, a picture of the most sublime and admirable talent. This picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens summoned his scholars, showed them the picture, and asked their opinion. All replied, that it was of exceeding genius.

"Who can be the author of this work?" asked Vandyk, the cherished pupil of Rubens.

"There is a name at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully rubbed out," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens begged the favour of an interview with the prior, and asked of the old monk the name of the artist, whose production he admired so much.

"The painter is no longer of this world," replied the abbot.

"Dead!" cried Rubens, "dead! And no one knows his name, no one ever hinted to me, no one told me, of his name, which should be immortal,—a name before which my own would have faded. And yet, my father," said the artist with a flush of pride, "I am Paul Rubens."

At the sound of this name, the pale face of the prior was animated by singular warmth. His eyes flashed and he looked at Rubens with a strange and wild look—a faint glimmer of pride flashed across his face—but it lasted only a moment. The monk then looked down, crossed his arms, which for a moment he had raised to the heavens in an instant of enthusiasm.

"The artist is not of this world," he repeated.

"His name, my father—his name, that I may let the whole world know it, that I may render unto him the glory which is due unto him."

The monk shook in every limb; a cold sweat burst out upon his body and tinged his wan cheeks; his lips were compressed convulsively, like priests ready to reveal a mystery of which you know the secret.

"His name, his name," cried Rubens.

The monk shook his head.

"Listen to me, my brother; you have not understood my meaning. I said to you that the artist was not of this world: I did not say he was dead."

"You say he lives," cried the artists in chorus. "Give forth his name."

"He has renounced the world—he is in a cloister, he is a monk."

"A monk, my father, a monk? Oh, tell me in what convent. He must come out of it. When God stamps a man with the seal of genius, this man should not be buried in obscurity. God gives such a man a sublime mission, and he must accomplish his destiny. Tell me in what cloister he is concealed, and I will tear him from it, telling him of the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will have him commanded

by the Pope to return to the world and resume his brushes. The Pope loves me, my father, and the Pope will hearken to my words."

"I will give up neither his name nor the cloister which has opened its shelter to him," replied the monk in a firm tone.

"The Pope will command you," said Rubens, exasperated.

"Listen to me," replied the monk, "listen to me, in the name of God. Do you think that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, did not first struggle firmly against such a resolution? Think you, brother, that he must not have felt bitter deceptions, bitter sorrow, before he became convinced that all was deception and vanity? Let him then die in peace in that shelter he has found against the world and its sorrow. Your efforts, moreover, will be in vain—he will triumphantly reject your advances," he added, making the sign of the cross, "for God will continue to be his friend, God, who in his mercy has deigned to appear to him, and will not drive him from his presence."

"But, father, he renounces immortality."

"Immortality is nothing in presence of eternity."

And the monk refused to carry on the conversation.

Rubens went away with his pupils, silent and sad, and returned to Madrid.

The prior went back to his cell, and kneeling down on the straw mat which served him as a bed, prayed fervently to God.

Then he collected together his pencils, his colours, and his easel, which were scattered about his cell, and cast them through the window into the river which flowed beneath. He gazed then a little while sadly at these objects as they floated away.

When they had entirely disappeared, he knelt down again, and prayed with excessive fervour.

The author of the masterpiece was never known.

GERARD DOUW.

GERARD DOUW, the most feeling and expressive of Dutch genre painters, Durer excepted, was born at Leyden on the 7th of April, 1613. His father, Janszoon Douw, was a glazier. Gerard, however, showed no inclination to follow that trade, but early manifested a taste for the fine arts. The father did not oppose his son's inclinations, but, on the contrary, did all in his power to encourage and strengthen them. When a mere child, Gerard Douw was placed with Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver, with whom he remained for some few months, acquiring considerable skill in the art. He was then placed with Peter Rouwhorn, painter on glass, with whom he remained about two years more. At the expiration of that period, such was the progress the young artist had made, that his master had little else to teach him, and accordingly, at fifteen years of age, Gerard Douw became the pupil of the celebrated Rembrandt. After three years of unremitting study under that master, Douw felt that he might release himself from the trammels of an instructor, and dispense with all lessons, except those taught by nature herself. Accordingly, he left the studio of Rembrandt, and prepared to take his own independent position in the world of art.

Portrait painting was the first style which engaged his attention; but of this he soon tired. He found that it exacted too much of his versatile powers. Not only did it necessitate the trouble of taking accurate likenesses, but also of painting good pictures. He required more time, too, to perfect his works than many people who wished to engage his talents were disposed to give. Their patience was fairly exhausted before he had completed more than a mere sketch of their features. Such was the elaborate patience which he bestowed upon the effort to render every detail of his picture in the most perfect manner, that Descamps assures us, on one occasion, when Douw was engaged in painting the por-

trait of a lady, he spent five days upon the hand. Another authority says, that to a broomstick, in one of his pictures, he devoted three, some say five, days of incessant application. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have abandoned a department of his art which demanded such a vast outlay of time, and which, moreover, did not allow his imagination sufficient scope to develop itself. He obeyed the instincts of his genius, therefore, in surrendering himself to the spirit of his fancy, whether that led him amid the beauties of nature, or among the homely scenes of domestic life. Whatever picture he undertook received the utmost attention, even in its minutest particulars, at his hands. The care he bestowed merely upon his colours almost exceeds belief. He always ground them himself. He kept them shut up in air-tight boxes, and closed every aperture of the room in which they were placed, so that the apartment itself was almost air-tight; he also entered the room on tip-toe, with the scrupulous caution with which a sick chamber is visited; sat himself down softly, to prevent his clothes from sweeping against the floor or the furniture, and thus causing dust to arise in the room. He also kept his brushes, palettes, and pencils, in positions where they were secure from atmospheric variation and influence. This care was not bestowed in vain. His colouring presents a richness and purity which has rarely been equalled, and probably never surpassed. The neglect of these minutiae affects much the slow progress of modern art. When studying the style of Rembrandt, he appears to have viewed the works of that master through a convex lens; for when Rembrandt's pictures are seen through that medium, they bear a marked resemblance to those of Douw.

Gerard Douw had a most intimate knowledge of the mechanical details of his art; an artistic capacity to group those details in a spirit of harmony; and unflagging manual and mental industry. His industry was indeed marvellous. He would bestow hours in studying new effects, in viewing the contrasts and combinations of light and shade, and in perfecting the most trivial accessories of his subject. He cared not how he laboured or how protracted his labour was, so that he was enabled to attain to that degree of excellence to which he felt his genius was capable of leading him. He was guided, as is every truly great mind, solely by the light of his own opinions. If he pleased himself, he had achieved the highest possible amount of success. He was his own critic; all other critics might be listened to, but it was himself alone who was to be obeyed. It was no easy task he set himself, but it was one that at any expenditure of time and patience he determined to execute. How he succeeded is well known. Other painters may have been as painstaking, but in no works of art are the evidences of industry more unobtrusively apparent than in the works of Gerard Douw.

An eminent critic thus sums up the character of Douw: "Formed in the school of Rembrandt, Douw appears to have received from him a thorough knowledge of light and shade and the power of treating it, so as to produce complete harmony; but he abandoned the fantastic tendency and the striking effects of his master, and formed for himself a peculiar style. Gerard Douw delights most in subjects within the narrow circle of kindly family feeling; we meet with no action, as in Terburg, in which an interest is excited by the traces of some passion hidden beneath the surface, but merely the affectionate relations of simple domestic life, and the peaceful intercourse of a quiet home. The execution, as is necessary in such subjects, is extremely neat and highly finished, without degenerating into pettiness or constraint: the various accessories are handled with the same care as the figures, for they perform a necessary part in domestic life; and the daily intercourse with them seems, as it were, to lend them an independent existence and a peculiar interest. The arrangement is, therefore, such, that these accessories not only combine agreeably with the whole, but in general occupy a considerable portion of the picture. We often look through a window, on the sill of which lie all kinds of household utensils, into the busy scene within. Frequently the comfort

of domestic privacy is made more striking by the twilight of evening or by candlelight; for in the treatment also of the effects of light of this kind Gerard Douw has shown himself a great master. Although the life of the lower classes, such as housemaids and retailers of articles in daily use, frequently forms the subject of his pictures, yet they are painted without any leaning to the burlesque and vulgar feeling of such masters as Brauwer; indeed, whenever Gerard Douw approaches to coarseness of this kind, we can observe that it is done with design and with an effort. On the contrary, neither the drawing-room of the great, nor subjects supplied by poetry, are suited to his natural taste; and though he has frequently tried them, the result is not happy."

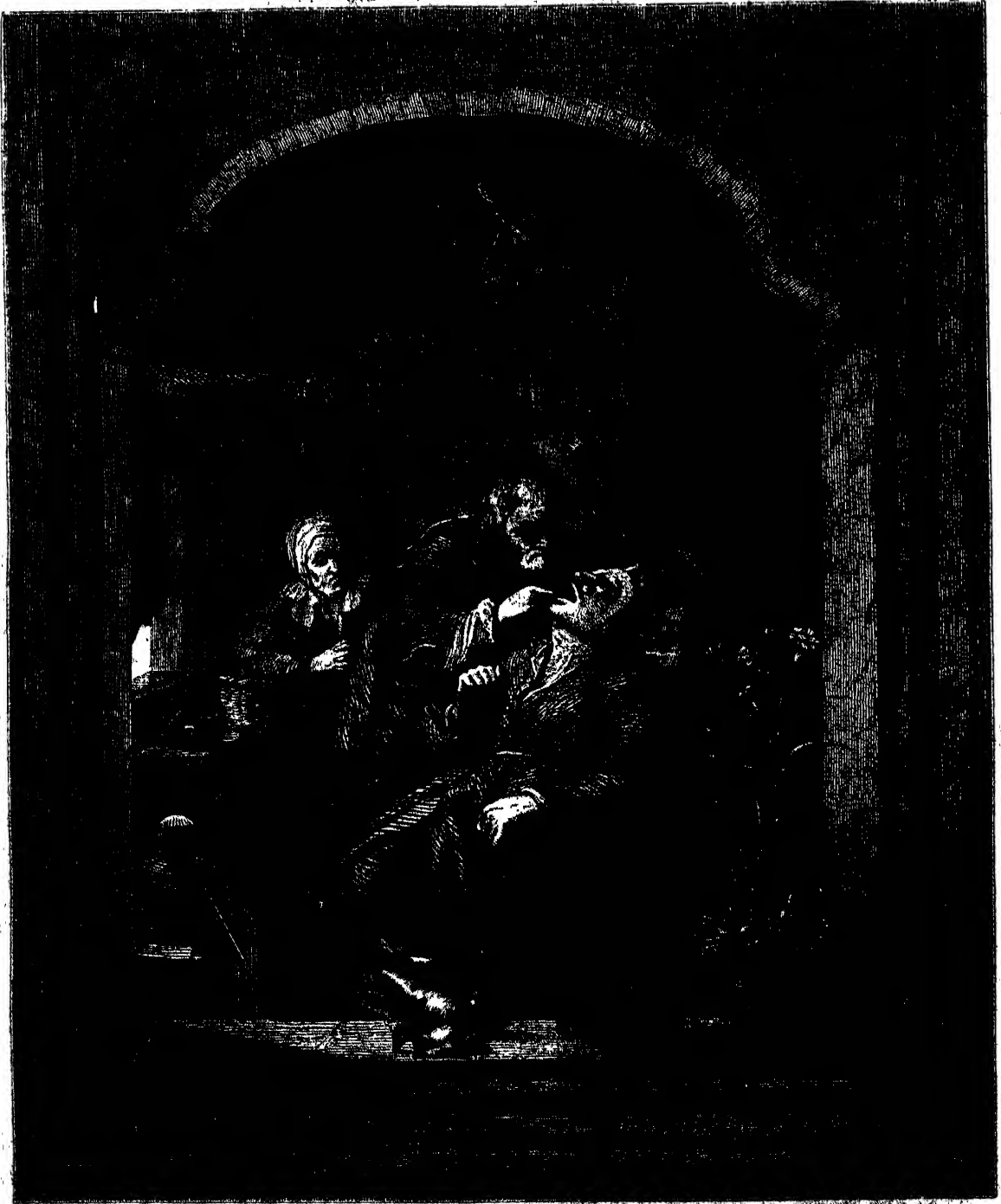
Gerard Douw lived in honour and prosperity, and died at the age of sixty-one, in the year 1674. He had several imitators, the most successful of whom was Francis Miéris, born 1635, died 1681. His imitations frequently deceived experienced judges. Peter Van Slingeland was another imitator of Douw, and many of his pictures bear a marked resemblance to those of that master, and are frequently sold as such. But there is a certain weakness and irresolution in Van Slingeland's pictures, which the practised eye is enabled to detect at once. John Van Staveran was another imitator and pupil of Douw. His subjects were, however, limited, and his style far from effective. The principal works of Gerard Douw are "La Femme Hydropique," in the Louvre; "A Schoolroom, by Candlelight," in the Musée at Amsterdam, and valued at £1,600; the "Interior of a Room, with groined ceiling and arched windows," in a private collection in Paris, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "A Grocer's Shop," in the possession of the Queen, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "The Poulterer's Shop," worth 1,270 guineas, formerly in the possession of Sir Robert Peel; "La Marchande Épicrière du Village," in the Louvre, value £2,200; "A Schoolroom by Candlelight," now in the Musée at Amsterdam; "The Interior of a Dentist's Shop." Many valuable portraits of himself, in various collections. "La Lecture de la Sainte Bible," in the Louvre, valued at £1,000; "A Hermit at his Devotions," in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and valued at £1,500; "The Water Doctor," now in the palace of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; "The Surprise," in the Gallery at Dresden, and valued at 500 guineas, &c. &c. Some of his pictures, of great value, were sold to the Empress of Russia, and were lost at sea in 1771. Of the pictures to which we have alluded, we select a few for description.

The first is "La Femme Hydropique." The picture represents the interior of a large and lofty room, with an arched window on the right, and a circular one above it; in the opposite side of the apartment is suspended a rich piece of tapestry, which is drawn up, and forms a pleasing object, both from the tasteful cast of the folds, and the angle which it makes in the picture. The composition exhibits a group of four figures, disposed near the window. The centre one is a lady of middle age, evidently suffering under a severe malady; her affliction is affectionately deplored by her daughter, a beautiful girl, who is kneeling by the side of her parent, holding one of her hands. A doctor, in a purple silk robe, and a scarf round his waist, stands on the left of the lady, attentively examining the symptoms of the disease; while a female attendant, who is behind her chair, is offering her some refreshment in a spoon. The elegance of the dresses, and the taste displayed in the furniture, denote the rank and opulence of the family. This surprising production is no less excellent for its finish in all the details than for the strong natural expression of each figure: the patient resignation of the lady, the filial affection of the daughter, the anxious attention of the nurse, and the ominous gesture of the doctor, are portrayed with a refinement of feeling that would do honour to the best Italian masters. This picture is in the Louvre, and is valued at £4,800. It is his master-piece. It was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and, after his death, remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. They gave 100,000 francs instead of restoring it.

The next is "The Interior of a Dentist's Shop," of which we present an engraving. An old man is being submitted to the operations of the dentist. At the back, an old woman, resting upon a basket, is waiting to see the tooth extracted. On the window-sill in front are a shell, a bottle, a basin, and a pot of flowers. A skull on a shelf at the back of the room, several medicine jars, and a stuffed lizard suspended from the

and the general air of life and reality which invests it, speaking in no small voice of the genius of the creator.

In the collection at Hampton Court there is a small Gerard Douw of "An Old Woman asleep with a Book on her knees." The Dulwich Gallery also contains two small pictures, and in the gallery of the late Sir Robert Peel was a picture which formerly belonged to Mr. Beckford, and was sold at the Fent-



THE TOOTH-DRAWER. FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

roof, give completeness to the scene. The scrutinising look of the operator contrasts well with the resigned appearance of the patient; and the steady reflective gaze of the old woman is shown to great advantage in the light of the window. This picture, one of several illustrations of dentistry, a subject Douw often treated, is remarkable for the richness of the colouring, the truthfulness of detail, the admirable grouping,

hill Abbey, sold for 1,370 guineas. It represents "A Hare bargained for between an old woman and young man."

In the Berlin Museum there is a picture representing "A Storeroom with vast quantities of Provisions." The cook has just opened the door and has a candle in her hand. She steps lightly to avoid disturbing a mouse about to enter a trap. The light on her face produces a pleasing effect.

THE WORKS OF AMBROSE MASTERS.

JOHN VAN HUYSUM



Difference between the genius of a
Curry or A. D. and the latter reach to

the verge of the very highest branch of art, in
artist is of another school, though sufficiently
way. Some have instituted a comparison between
Huysum. But these two artists are
the wide difference that exists between the
the Flemish schools. It is from the
the contrast between them that we can
distinction between the two schools, and can then
judge of the difference between the styles
have severally treated flowers. The French
generally considered to regard nature as somewhat
secondary, much inferior to man, and bowing
servient to his greatness. For a long time they
landscape but as the framework of an historical
garden, where wandered poets, and heroes, and
They rarely took for subjects the lovely creations
Flowers, above all, were disregarded by them,
who did make them their special study and
workmanship, used them only as light decorations
to adorn the panels of the palace and boudoir of the lady of
fashion. The artists of the French school used
simply to show off their delicacy of touch, their rich
colouring, and the keenness of their eye. The painters
Flemish and Dutch schools always placed nature in the
rank both in their admiration and in their pictures. As
as they confined themselves to natural sources to inspire
arising from their own characters and climate, on
a subject for a masterpiece. They were quite

they could paint the banks of a river, when they could make a picturesque scene out of an old moss-grown wall, or render the grace and elegance of a flower, its peculiar and gentle charms, its every tint, characteristic, and hue. The same country which produced so many amateurs of flowers, so many enthusiastic worshippers of the tulip, gave to the world also the best artists in this peculiar line. The son of Gaul devoted a leisure hour to a bouquet, to show his power of rendering contrasts, and to bring together all the bright colours which are found in this sun-born department of creation. The Dutchman seeks to rouse sympathy and admiration in the heart of the amateur of gardens, to awaken in his soul the emotions naturally suggested and kindled in the mind of one who loves flowers, who knows their history, their family, their varieties, and their perfume. He seeks to make the rose of an hour live a hundred years. Huet paints a bunch of flowers merely for effect and contrast. John Van Huysum painted flowers from love, and under the influence of a kind of inspiration.

The place where he was born was peculiarly the locality where flowers were always highly appreciated. No other nation at that time could enter into the floricultural enthusiasm of the Dutchmen. Huysum was born at Amsterdam, in 1682. He was the pupil and the eldest son of Justus Van Huysum, a flower-painter, who had transformed his house into a kind of manufactory of everything which could contribute to the decoration of apartments and gardens. At the head of this peculiar establishment Justus Van Huysum placed his son John, while all his other sons, whom he had also initiated into the mysteries of the art of painting, worked under him. The coarse work of this trade soon disgusted John, who felt within himself higher and nobler aspirations towards true art. He accordingly entered deeply into the study of Abraham Mignon, an able painter, of Verelst, and David de Heem, who was a kind of master in this school. His flowers and fruit were executed with the utmost neatness and finish, while his colours were brilliant, and harmonised in the purest manner. From the study of these masters, John Van Huysum turned to the ever-open page of nature, where, despite the clear and transparent light shed on all creation's works, so few learn to read. This imitation of their line of conduct was most fortunate for our artist, as it enabled him to see all that was good in his predecessors, who were considered inimitable, and to correct, by reference to reality, any errors into which they fell. He found errors in their copies of nature, slight and trifling faults, indeed, but such as he endeavoured to avoid. It was, then, by active and industrious search after the real and the beautiful, that the genius of Huysum was cultivated to the highest pitch. Beginning only with flowers, he saw open before him a whole world—fresh, new, delightful. He investigated every branch of his subject; he visited every corner of his new domains. Birds, butterflies, wasps, bees, all came in for their share. He made them all, as it were, the satellites of floricultural creation. At an early period, he studied diligently to imitate the marble slabs which were to support his baskets of flowers, the pots which were to contain his bouquets, the bas-reliefs which were to adorn his vases, and all the delicate minutiae of ornaments for handles, etc. He armed himself from head to foot to conquer the domain of roses. He was a regular Don Quixote of horticulture.

This taste for flowers seems to have been innate. Even when an infant, it was remarked that his eye was constantly attracted by the bright colours of nature's most beautiful and most short-lived children; and, during his boyhood, his great delight was the cultivation of a little plot of garden-ground, where he would pass hours sitting upon a bench, watching in spring and summer time, the result of his labours and his care. This taste of his was so well known that his father's friends never thought of giving him any other presents than a packet of seeds or a bunch of roots, and it was the general opinion that he would ultimately become a great botanist—perhaps a great physician. Those who thought so, however, did not know that the young Van Huysum cared little to study the secret processes of nature, and was captivated only by the

graceful forms, the exquisite colours, and the beautiful grouping of his flowers. Vanderkamp relates, in his collection of anecdotes of the notabilities of Amsterdam, that when our painter was a mere youth, a curious adventure happened to him from this excessive fondness for the floral productions of nature. He was one day wandering in the neighbourhood of the city, when he came to a garden separated from the road by one of those neat hedges which form the admiration of all travellers in Holland. According to his usual custom, he looked over to see if there was anything in his way worth admiring, and having discovered that all the flowers in the beds were already well known to him, was about to go away, when his eye was attracted by a magnificent tulip that stood in a pot upon one of the lower balconies of the house. Its size, its form, its lustre, at once threw him into ecstasies of delight, and he would have given anything to have been allowed to approach it, to hang over it, to contemplate it from various points of view.

Timidity, natural to his age, prevented him, however, from entering the garden and asking permission to gratify his desire; and so, after having lingered near the hedge for more than an hour, he tore himself away with a sigh and returned homewards.

But the tulip still occupied his thoughts. He neither supped nor slept that night, and next morning early went forth and returned to the garden, in hopes of again seeing his beautiful flower. The windows of the house, however, were still closed, and the tulip had not yet been put out into the air. Van Huysum was patient. He walked up and down meditating, until at length he saw a young girl come out with the tulip pot in her hand and place it carefully where it could catch the first rays of the sun. Anybody else would have observed that the young girl was beautiful exceedingly; but the young painter only looked upon her as a thing that carried a flower, or rather he did not look upon her at all, but gazed with his great eyes at the real object of his admiration.

It happened that Agatha Koster—such was the young girl's name—was betrothed to the son of one of the richest burgo-masters of Amsterdam, who came out that morning on a visit to his intended father-in-law, partly to discuss the preliminaries of his marriage, and partly to settle the price of two hundred and fifty hogsheds of sugar, which Van Koster had for sale. As he walked deliberately by, examining as he went the nice little garden and the neat house which were to form part of Agatha's dowry, he could not help being struck at seeing rather a wild-looking youth staring like a tiger over the hedge full upon the balcony; while his betrothed still stood, after having set down the flower, admiring it, and now and then brushing off a few grains of dust that had fallen upon its petals.

Dutchmen are slow in most things. The son of the burgo-master took this fact into his mind, without making any comment, and walked into the house. But when he came to the window, and perceived that Agatha still lingered there, under the raking fire of as eager a pair of eyes as he had ever seen, he could not help feeling a small, a very small pang of jealousy; and touching the young lady on the shoulder, said to her,

"Who is that young man?"

The young girl looked very innocently first at him, and then at the stranger, and replied:

"I had not seen him; he is some beggar probably. I will send him out something."

"Some broken victuals," economically observed the burgo-master's son, in whom the feeling of jealousy began slowly to die away.

Next morning, however, again perceiving Van Huysum at his post, he took note of his costume, and convinced himself that he was no beggar. Now, as he perfectly well knew that a plate of broken victuals had been sent out, and did not know that Van Huysum had gone away in the meantime, all this business appeared very strange to him, and he determined, as he stepped slowly towards the house, to come to an explanation.

He found Van Koster sitting enjoying his pipe at one of the back windows, in a state of contemplative beatitude, with a large ledger open before him; for the good old gentleman had long been confined to his house by obesity and the gout, and was compelled to transact all his business there.

"Good morning, my son," said he, stretching out his fat hand. The young man took it, gave it a solemn shake, sat down, and came at once to the point.

"I am not satisfied with Agatha," said he. Then, leaving this observation to sink into the old gentleman's mind, he took up a pipe, filled it, and began to smoke in a very jealous and melancholy way.

Van Koster looked at him, and took more time in trying to get at the meaning of his phrase than he did generally in deciding on the merits of a commercial operation. At length he said what he might have said before, "I don't understand what you say."

The burgomaster's son then stated that he had seen a young man making love to Agatha over the hedge, which, for a Dutchman, was rather a stretch of imagination. Van Koster opened his eyes, laid down his pipe, and struck a blow with his fat hand upon the table.

"Son-in-law," said he, "what you say is not true. I know Agatha, and shall call her at once to have an explanation."

Now it happened that Agatha, as even the discreetest young ladies will sometimes do, had been listening at the door, and heard the charge which had been made against her. Instead of coming in at once, and exculpating herself, she instantly ran back to the balcony, moved by a natural female curiosity to have a look at this young stranger, of whom she had hitherto taken no notice.

Van Huysum was still there, and was employed in trying to sketch on a piece of card the object of his fond admiration. "It is true," thought Agatha, blushing, "and he is writing a letter to me. Upon my faith, he is a very handsome young man; and Gerard never looked at me in that way."

Whilst she was indulging in this dangerous speculation, Gerard, the burgomaster's son, made his appearance, and conveyed to her her father's message, that he desired to see her, but without alluding to the suspicions which he had himself entertained.

On seeing his kind grave face, Agatha repented a little of having allowed her thoughts to wander, but still could not help carrying on the mortification a little further. She was quite convinced that Gerard was right, so far as Van Huysum was concerned, and equally convinced of her own innocence.

There is nothing that makes women so revengeful as being wrongfully suspected; and Agatha is therefore deserving of credit that she did not determine to flirt with the stranger as soon as she found out who he was. "I am afraid," she said, "that I know what my father wants."

Gerard started, for as yet there had been no fact to confirm or justify his uneasiness. He looked sorrowfully at the young girl, and taking her hand, led her to the chamber where her father was waiting rather impatiently for her presence. The old man exclaimed at once, "Well, daughter, has Gerard told you what is the matter?"

"No, father," she replied; "but I think he is jealous."

"That's it," exclaimed the old man, laughing; "but you must tell him at once that he is mistaken, and that the young fellow with the eyes thinks no more of you than he does of my tulips."

"I am not quite sure of that, father," replied Agatha.

Van Koster gave a long whistle, and then meditated for a few moments. At length he said, "Would it not be well, Gerard, instead of talking to this foolish girl, to learn who this stranger may be? Go out, like a man, and tell him to come in. I have always found, that to be straightforward is the best way to do business."

Gerard immediately walked out and went to Van Huysum, who had just finished his sketch, and said to him, "Young man, will you come with me? I know not who you are, but I am afraid that you are nearer to obtaining what you desire than I am."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Van Huysum with the accent of a passionate lover.

Gerard felt his heart sink within him, and said, "Have you loved long?"

"Three days," exclaimed Van Huysum.

"And I have loved her for three years," said Gerard, with a sigh.

"Three years!" cried the young painter. "Has that flower been in bloom so long?"

Gerard thought to himself, this is the fine talk with which these young popinjays win the hearts of maidens. If she be inclined to him after having only seen his head over a hedge, what will it be when he makes fine speeches to her? Then he said aloud, "She is eighteen years old."

"Eighteen years!" again exclaimed Van Huysum, in a dreamily poetical manner. And so he followed his rival into the house, and was soon in presence of the old man and his daughter.

Gerard by this time had made up his mind that the young stranger loved Agatha, and that Agatha loved the young stranger; and being both a prudent and a good man, said to his intended father-in-law, "It is useless to struggle against fate. I know that they are destined for one another; and if this young man makes his demand, and it be accepted, I shall withdraw my claims, and the relations of our houses shall not be disturbed."

Agatha looked rather surprised at being so easily abandoned, and having compared the appearance of Van Huysum with that of Gerard, saw that, after all, the latter was much the most eligible individual. Besides, she had not really thought of breaking off a good match in this romantic way, and now exclaimed, "I suppose my consent will be asked?"

Van Huysum approached her, and taking her hand said, "I beseech you not to disappoint me."

By this time Van Koster had a little recovered from the surprise which their strange doings had excited, and roared out:—"Is everybody mad? What is the meaning of all this nonsense? Do you think I will give Agatha to the first stranger that is picked up by the way-side?"

Van Huysum thought that the tulip had received a name. And looking very respectfully at the irate old gentleman, said, "If you will not part with Agatha herself, as you have been so kind as to call me in, will you give me one of her bulbs?"

At this extraordinary speech it seemed evident that the young painter was insane, and Gerard began to think whether it would be most proper to knock him down or coax him away. Our painter, however, not understanding the odd looks that were cast at him, went on to say: "I saw your tulip the day before yesterday, and so admired its perfection, that I wished to possess a similar one, or at any rate to be allowed to make a sketch of it. I have tried to do so over the hedge, but am afraid that I have not succeeded." He then drew forth his card, and exhibited his performance. Agatha bit her lips, for she began to feel rather ridiculous; but her father and her lover laughed heartily, and the former exclaimed, "Young man, you may have my tulip, pot and all, and if you will paint it for me, I will buy the picture, and make a present of it to my daughter at the christening of her first child."

Agatha, says the worthy Vanderkamp, who seems to have hung over this story with fondness, ran away blushing, and Van Huysum afterwards found in Van Koster one of his most liberal patrons.

The Dutch are very extreme in their love of collections. They describe this peculiar taste by the word *lijf-hobby*, which may be translated, curiosity-love. Some collect shells, some indulge in the luxury of medals; and in many a grocer's and cheesemonger's house will you find a library of strange and rare books of Elzevir and primitive editions; or you will find the same man making unheard-of sacrifices for antique Chinese and Japanese ware. But the greatest instance of the *lijf-hobby* known, is this devotion of the Dutch to the flower-painting. They worship this branch of art, as a subject of adoration. It will then be readily understood what a degree John Van Huysum received encouragement;

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

we mention that he succeeded in eclipsing Abraham Mignon. In the same picture he flattered both their love for painting and for flowers. It may, however, be remarked, that one of the first persons, after Van Koster, to purchase his works and to cry up his talents was the envoy of France, the Count of Morville, who ordered four pictures, two for the Duke of Orleans, and two for himself.

The generous protection of this friend soon made Van Huysum fashionable. It drew attention to him, particularly from foreigners of rank and wealth; and from that moment, we are informed by Deschamps, his pictures fetched as much as 1,200 Dutch florins (about £120). His reputation having spread far and near, several German princes and all the sovereigns in Europe were eager to possess flowers from the hand of

bouquets of Van Huysum, and informs us that the brother of the painter, James Van Huysum, "lived with Lord Orford, and painted most of the pictures in the attic story."

Though fashion does sometimes decide the temporary fate of an artist, yet when that reputation continues to hold its own, it can scarcely be deceptive. The unanimous suffrages of artistic Europe were never yet given to mediocrity. At all events, they were not in the case of John Van Huysum. He really did reach, in flower-painting, almost to perfection, and we may almost say of him what d'Argenville says of Baptiste, "his flowers only want perfume to make them real."

The arrangement, the drawing, the perspective, the *chiar-oscuro*, the touch, were all studied by Van Huysum with ardour. He seemed to catch by intuition at the varied



THE LITTLE BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

a painter, whose workshop was the gardens of the richest floriculturists of Amsterdam and Haarlem; the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse, ordered pictures of him, for which they paid him very large sums; and one, who, to use a French hyperbolic phrase, "was almost a sovereign," Sir Robert Walpole, obtained from him four pictures to adorn his mansion at Houghton-hall, in Norfolk. Huysum from that hour was a favourite in England. His charming productions were appreciated at once, at a time when it was fashionable to follow the example of a noble lord, and when the good opinion of such a man as Walpole did more for an artist than even his genius. The pictures purchased by Sir Robert Walpole, says Horace Walpole, in the account he gives of his father's pictures in 1762, were most highly finished. In this work, he only mentions two

elements of his glory. He may have been less skilful, he may have been less of a painter than Huysum in the more artistic co-ordination of a bouquet. The French academicians looked principally to the effect of the whole, and regarding flowers only as ornaments, made all the little sacrifices necessary to give relief, unity, and animation to his picture. Van Huysum often mars by certain little details the general whole. To render it more light, he cuts his picture up by small, fine, and capricious branches. The elegant lightness of all this satisfies the heart of the botanist, who recognises and names with joy the arbutus, the fuchsia, and the blue campanula; but these delicate accessories sometimes injure the frankness of the general effect. There was a want of completeness which drew down the blame of other artists, and laid him open to censure; men, who see in a sprig of lily of the

but a bunch of little bright points, and for whom an anemone is rather a tone than a flower, objected to the artistic carelessness of some of his productions.

Without falling into the insipidity which is the necessary result of an attempt to attain visible symmetry, the painter must give to his basket of flowers an order which, however, he must take care to hide. The young girl who has returned from the garden with her great straw hat full of flowers, has made haste to immerse their stalks into a vessel full of water

other hand, be symmetrically divided and present to the eye a too methodical arrangement. A tuft of anemones may counter-balance a hyacinth; the rose of Provins may be the companion of a double full-grown poppy; because the brilliancy of a tone increases the size of a flower, and exalts its importance; a daisy is larger in appearance than a violet of the same size. These ideas are suggested by the painting we have engraved (p. 200); for it is Van Huysum who speaks, and we are only translating, in an imperfect manner, what the admirable picture



GROUP OF FLOWERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

With her simple hand, without thought and without design, she has given to her bouquet a charming aspect, an inexpressible and unexpected beauty. So must the artist do. What an ingenious child, in whom grace is natural, discovers by instinct the painter must attain by a scenic combination. In what that combination consists, it were difficult to say. We only affirm, nevertheless, that the corresponding parts must be equal, and that if the bouquet does not look well when viewed entirely on one side of the vase, it must not, on the

eloquently teaches. It is the master himself who tells us to what degree perspective and design are necessary to the flower-painter, and that there is nothing so difficult to teach, for example, as a leaf shortened, or a flower with the petals curled inwards. It is he who shows us what care is necessary for setting these pretty models as whether seen inwards they may also be prepared the which are seen to be parallel to

anted. A round flower may appear square or triangular, and seen from a particular point of view, a chesnut flower, which takes a pyramidal form in nature, may seem to be round.

One of the ablest writers upon painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has said, speaking of Rubens, that his paintings were *nosegays of colours*. This phrase darts like a ray of light through this difficult subject of flower-painting. It is evident that nature supplies those who follow this art with the proper tone of every one of the elements—we were going to say, of the personages—of their picture. The painter, therefore, has only to compose his *chiaro-oscuro*, with the local colours, and without having to invent the harmony of his work, he finds it ready made. As Philip Wouvermans makes use of the variegated coats of his horses—the bay, the chesnut, the dappled grey, the black, and the white—to develop the gamut of his *chiaro-oscuro*, so Van Huysum, taking his flowers, in one sense, as so many tones and demi-tones already formed on the palette of nature, has only to dispose them to produce the nosegay of which Reynolds speaks; and may thus, by softening away towards his background, by means of flowers in demifaint and of deep coloured models, like the iris, the bluebell, and the pansy (grouping his light flowers towards the centre), discover, we will not say only optical perspective, but even a poetical aspect, from the fidelity of the imitation.

"The artist who wishes to attain a certain amount of talent in this department of art," says Millin, "should pass the greater part of his life in studying his models. He ought to possess a garden in which to cultivate them himself, in order that he may be able to procure the most beautiful of each season of the year, to make a choice of them, and to have nature under his eyes as he works. To be successful in painting flowers, certain natural dispositions are necessary, which every artist does not possess. There are, indeed, certain moral qualities, which seem to favour the artist in this department who has possessed them. To the exact *coup d'œil* which makes them correct draughtsmen and good colourists—to the indefatigable patience in matters of detail—to the cleanliness of handiwork which leads to perfection—these artists commonly unite a gentleness of character, a serenity of soul, and an evenness of temper, which tend to make them at all times equally correct, equally pure in colour, equally certain and like in their 'handling.'"

Who would not believe that this portrait of the flower-painter is precisely that of Van Huysum? Who would suppose that the author of these sweet masterpieces—the assiduous companion of hyacinths, of tulips, and of roses—had lived an agitated and sombre life? It is, nevertheless, true, that in the midst of his triumphs Van Huysum suffered the pangs of jealousy. He had married a woman who, according to some biographers, was neither young, nor pretty, nor desirable; but it happened one day that the railleries of one of those men who feel a stupid pleasure in disturbing the happiness of others introduced grief into his soul. From time to time indeed his mind wandered. Once, in a moment of irritation, he insulted the master of the house in which he lived, and was turned into the streets. To these excesses succeeded a long fit of melancholy. As an increase of misfortune, the son of this suspected wife fell into evil ways, so that Van Huysum, seeing him to be incorrigible, was obliged to ship him off to India. It happened, however, as a rare exception, that his painting was by no means influenced by these miseries of his domestic life. His temper was sad and sombre. His paintings were always smiling and transparent. When he was at work no one was admitted into his studio, not even his brothers; as if he had desired, says his biographer, Deschamps, following Van Gool, to hide from all his method of purifying his colours, and making use of them. But, perhaps, we should believe that solitude was necessary to his disturbed spirit,—that Van Huysum, to paint his flowers, required tranquillity and silence, as Gerard Deas to paint his quiet interiors, did his readings of the Bible. His exquisite taste supposes, in fact, an almost morbid isolation, and a certain enthusiasm which is not common to most artists. He was, therefore, sensitive

to something else besides vulgar chatter, or the littleness of egotism, the habit which the painter had of hiding himself from everybody when he was in presence of his flowers.

Vanderkamp, in the collection above quoted, has preserved some particulars of the domestic life of Van Huysum, which are worth recording. He differs, however, from other writers in stating that, although Catherine, the painter's wife, was ten years older than himself when he married her, he was led to the match rather by affection than by interest. He became acquainted with her one morning at the market, when he was purchasing some rare and curious flower-roots, while she had come out to get provisions for her father's family, which was by no means well off. He liked her appearance so much that he broke off a bargain, which he had nearly concluded, to follow her home. They talked together, and he almost immediately expressed a wish to marry her. She told him that she was free, but that for the present neither her father nor her mother could do without her assistance. "The matter may be arranged, however," said Van Huysum, who calculated very sagaciously that a housewife would be rather a decrease than an increase to the expense of his establishment.

"Catherine," says Vanderkamp, who was a contemporary and had, probably, often seen the lady herself, "though not remarkably beautiful, was an agreeable-looking, neat-handed person, and it was easy to understand the affection which a quiet man like Van Huysum experienced for her."

They were married in due time, and during the early part of their union lived happily together. Catherine seems really to have been a virtuous person, though somewhat light-minded, and given to other society than that of her family. Having been somewhat neglected in her youth, she listened with pleasure to the compliments paid her by the fine people who came to look at her husband's pictures, and as he often left her for days and even weeks, to shut himself up in his room, or wander through the country to study the beauties of nature, her ardent affection for him somewhat diminished. The very fact that many young men paid court to her proves that the common opinion of her want of fascinating qualities is erroneous. Among her admirers was a Frenchman of the name of Gervais, who used to express his passion by sending every day a large bouquet of flowers.

Catherine perfectly understood what was meant by this attention, and yet rewarded the tender by nothing more than a few gracious smiles, when he paraded up and down in the street before the house, smiling with that self-satisfied air which is peculiar to French *romés*. She was so far, indeed, from understanding the danger of what was going on, that instead of throwing away the flowers, she made a practice of giving them to her husband, saying, or leaving him to understand, that they were sent to him by his friends.

Generally speaking, he observed, simply, that the arrangement of the flowers was too formal. At other times he pulled the bouquet to pieces, and tried, by casting it loose into a vase, to give it a natural arrangement. This went on for some time, and at length M. Gervais, finding that his presents were always received, began to think himself entitled to an interview. He accordingly wrote to the painter's wife and told her to meet him by the canal about sunset. To his first letter Catherine paid no attention; but as she had contracted habits of idleness, and often sat for many hours musing on the pleasures which the wives of less intellectual persons than her husband could freely indulge in, it is not to be wondered at that the idea came to her, that if M. Gervais wrote again she ought to comply with his invitation, in order to tell him how very improper it was for him to pursue her in this way, and that she was determined to remain faithful to her excellent husband. The second letter came, of course, full of protestations and entreaties; and Catherine, whose indifference seems to have been quite asleep, took the opportunity, while her husband was still shut up in his studio, to dress herself in her best in order to go and answer the letter of the Frenchman Gervais.

That she was then less capable of his passion, is not to be

he might probably have succeeded in leading her away, but the boldness of his manners frightened her at the outset, and she understood of what an unpardonable imprudence she had been guilty. Gervais even proposed that she should run away with him, but instead of that she ran away from him, and returning to her house shed bitter tears of repentance. Her husband, seeing her in this melancholy mood, sought to comfort her, and asked the reason of her grief; but she would not explain further than to say that she was a very bad woman, unworthy of his love. He laughed at this, and thought she had probably upset one of the valuable pots of varnish which had recently been sent to him as a present from Paris, and like a prudent man thought it best to say no more of the matter. His gentleness only made his wife more sorrowful, and indeed there was reason for her sorrow, though she did not know it, for from that time forth unhappiness and discord were introduced into the house.

Monsieur Gervais, furious at having been made a fool of, as he thought, determined to revenge himself, and meditated for some time how to carry his project into effect. He began by writing a third letter to poor Catherine, expressing his sorrow for his previous conduct, calling himself all the villains in the world, and begging her to grant him that forgiveness without which he said his life would be miserable. The good woman was delighted on receiving this communication, and consented easily to a request which it contained—that Gervais should be allowed to continue his presents of flowers as if nothing had happened. Every morning, accordingly, a magnificent bouquet was brought to the door, and Van Huysum used to say, smiling, "I see that our friends, whom I had thought had forgotten us, begin to remember us again." Whereupon Catherine, in her innocent joy, would take the flowers and place them in various lights, that he might admire them. Some time afterwards, Gervais met Van Huysum out in the fields, and coming to him said, in a very mysterious manner, "I hope you are happy."

"I hope so, too," replied Van Huysum, smiling, and stooping down to gather a remarkably fine blue-bell that grew at his feet. The French Iago laughed in a curious way, until he succeeded in attracting the painter's attention.

"What do you mean?" said the latter, rising up and looking inquisitively at him.

"I mean," replied Gervais, "that if that be the case, all the foolish stories that the people tell about your wife Catherine must be mere malicious inventions."

"And what do people say about my wife Catherine?" cried Van Huysum, beginning now to feel uneasy, and remembering the unexplained tears of his wife some short time before.

"Nothing particular," said Gervais.

"Nothing! People don't allude to 'nothing' in that extraordinary tone," exclaimed the painter.

"Why," said Gervais, "if I thought that the reports abroad were true, I would not repeat them to you; but as they are evidently mere calumnies, you ought to know them. They say that your wife is in correspondence with one of the Spaniards recently arrived in the suite of the Duke of Alva, and the most amusing part of the matter is, that he pretends to be a Frenchman, and has even assumed my name. I know that every morning he sends a nosegay of flowers to your house; but perhaps this may be by your permission; although some add that letters are concealed among the flowers."

On hearing these words, Van Huysum turned very pale, for he remembered that he had never thought of asking who was that sent the presents of flowers, which he had received so unthinkingly for himself. He broke away from Gervais, and returning home, shut himself up in his studio, and began to paint that celebrated picture of the deadly nightshade, which was the only one remaining of his that possesses a sombre character. We may remark, because it was last heard of in the Louvre gallery in 1815, when it was claimed as stolen property by one of the petty princes of Germany. It is not known, however, in any of the catalogues we have seen, whether it had been destroyed or, which is more probable, formed the ornament of some private cabinet. This, at least, is the

account which is current in Paris. Probably M. Jeanron, the late able director of the Louvre gallery, and one of the most learned men in the history of painting in the present age, might be able to furnish some further particulars. He has paid great attention to the annals of Dutch painting; and no man would be more capable, if he felt disposed, of giving us an account of all that vast number of little-known painters who illustrated the period in which Van Huysum lived.

To return, however, to Vanderkamp's narrative of the domestic tribulations of our flower-painter. On the morning that succeeded his interview with Gervais, he watched carefully the arrival of the accustomed nosegay, and instead of allowing his wife to take it in her hands, seized it himself, and hurriedly saying that it contained a flower which he wished to copy, ran to his studio, and shutting himself in, tore it to pieces. Sure enough, there was a small piece of folded paper concealed amongst the stalks, containing these words, "Thank you, dearest, thank you, you shall hear again to-morrow."

This missive, signed "G," naturally confirmed the dreadful suspicion which had agitated Van Huysum's mind. Instead, however, of going to his wife, and asking for an explanation, the unfortunate man determined to indulge his grief in silence; to create no scandal, and simply to watch the proceedings of Catherine with greater care.

This incident was the beginning of a long series of domestic unhappiness. Van Huysum was not able sometimes to restrain himself from making bitter allusions to Catherine's misconduct, and she, feeling that his accusations were in the main unjust, and forgetting what cause she had given to his upbraidings by a moment of imprudence, often answered with asperity, and terrible quarrels were the result. Van Huysum, by degrees, seemed to lose all self-guidance, except when his art was concerned. Among other things, he imagined that the son who bore his name, was not really his, and the rough treatment which this suspicion naturally caused may have partly contributed to drive the youth into bad company. At any rate, the whole town began soon to talk of his excesses, and it became necessary, in fact, to send him away. Gerard, the husband of Agatha, of whom we have already spoken, put him under the care of the supercargo of one of his ships. He went to India, as above stated, and seems, as he grew older, to have seen the error of his ways. At any rate, we find him about fifteen years afterwards established as a merchant at Batavia, where the name is still preserved in that of the firm of Dewink, Van Huysum, and Co. We do not know whether Van Huysum ever came to a proper explanation with his wife. The story of his quarrel with the master of the house in which he lived, according to Vanderkamp, was connected with a much more unfounded fit of jealousy than that suggested by the malice of Gervais. It appears that the landlord used sometimes to remonstrate with the painter on the violence of his language and conduct, and to praise the general good behaviour, and the decent demeanour of Catherine, who, at that time, might almost be called an elderly woman. Van Huysum imagined that there must be some improper reason for this interference, and once forgot himself so far as to address the landlord in answer to some more than usually vehement remonstrance. This led to a terrible quarrel, at the end of which Van Huysum was driven from the house. It would seem, however, that he was not ultimately compelled to change his mode. Probably an explanation ensued; and there seems some slight reason to believe that in this explanation Catherine's conduct was in some measure cleared up, for the painter still continued to live with her, which it is not likely he would have done, if she had been anything more than the innocent cause of his sufferings he temporarily underwent.

However, his melancholy mood of mind still clung to him, and in the advanced years of his life he became more and more fond of retirement, more and more cautiously attached to his beloved flowers. Even when not occupied in painting them, he would sit for hours contemplating their beauties, and communing with them as if they were persons, and with him. In the end his whole existence came upon him

he would talk to his tulips and his anemones as if he believed that they were capable of understanding him and appreciating his feelings. Some pretended that this strange behaviour

been a simple-minded man, rendered unhappy both by temperament and circumstances.

It has been asserted that Van Huysum was accessible to



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

was affected merely in order to attract attention; but Vanderkamp, who knew him at this period of life, denies that affectation was any part of his character, and represents him to have

been a much more cruel and less easily aroused sentiment than jealousy; for envy is but a variety of hate, while jealousy is another form of love. The only pupil who was

ever brought up by Van Huysum—we speak on the authority of Van Gool—was a lady of the name of Havermann, who almost rivalled her master. The Dutch historian informs

received. He adds, that Van Huysum rejoiced at a circumstance that deprived him of a dangerous competitor. We may, however, very readily be led to infer, to the honour of



ROSES, AURICULAS, ANEMONES, POPPIES, AND AFRICAN MARIGOLD.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

us, that the young lady, dishonoured in the eyes of the world by impropriety of conduct, fled from her country and sought refuge in Paris, where she and her works were equally well

our artist, that Van Gool speaks here only from supposition, when we find him in error as to the career of Mademoiselle Havermann. He informs us, that on her arrival in Paris

she was received by the Academy of Painting, which is not correct. It is scarcely likely that Van Gool should be more correct on one point than another. However this may be, Van Huysum allowed no trace of this bitterness of character to appear in his pictures. It may have been that he allowed something to peep out, but he expressed it symbolically and mysteriously in a language understood only by himself. He may have allowed the complaints of his wounded spirit to find vent sometimes in the bitter perfume of some wild flower, which he mingles with his garden favourites. Antiquity had set an example of these delicate allusions, and the celebrated flower-girl of Athens gave a meaning, and that a clear one, to every garland she wore. But whether Van Huysum sought or not to emulate Glycera must for ever remain a mystery. All we know is, that he threw his whole soul into his works.

We regret that Vanderkamp, usually so copious in his details, has not given us some distinct account of Van Huysum's female pupil. He does not mention the name of Mdlle. Havermann at all, but alludes, with considerable vagueness, to reports of some symptoms of envy exhibited by his favourite artist. He declares them to have been totally unfounded, and a little afterwards tells the story of a Miss Petermann for whom Van Huysum appears to have entertained a great affection. If, indeed, we did not know his character too well, we should imagine that he sought a refuge from the unhappiness produced by his jealousy in the society of this young lady, who was an artist like himself, though not his pupil.

Her favourite subjects, indeed, were the bright-coloured birds brought home by the Indian traders; but as she introduced frequently a few flowers as accessories, it is probable that her friend gave her some advice as to their composition and colouring. From the similarity of the names we should be disposed to think that the whole story of the envy of Van Huysum for Mdlle. Havermann was an invention of his enemies. Miss Petermann, according to Vanderkamp, some years after her intimacy with our painter had diminished, married without the consent of her parents, and left the country in order to avoid their displeasure. She settled in Paris and was no more heard of.

Haarlem was, in the seventeenth century, the city of flowers *par excellence*. It boasted of some of the finest gardens in the world. George Foster, one of the comrades of Captain Cook, thus speaks of the famous flower-garden of Haarlem:—"I can no longer deny that the winds scatter perfumes from Araby the Blest to the very ocean; for through the balmy atmosphere we could distinguish the balsamic odour of the hyacinth and other flowers." We all know the fabulous prices paid by certain Dutch amateurs for flowers, and particularly for certain varieties of the tulip. At the time when Van Huysum lived, certain squares of tulips were priced at six and eight hundred pounds. A passionate admirer of this plant, one day, in default of money, gave cattle and goods to the value of 2,500 florins (about £250). The proud owners of these rarities were the men who delighted to open to Van Huysum their marvellous conservatories, their incomparable gardens. Woerhelm is quoted as owing a portion of his great celebrity as a gardener to his extreme hospitality, and the friendship which existed between him and the painter. Our artist, then, had only to select the most lovely amid all that was lovely; and every one will at once appreciate the immense advantage he enjoyed in having before his eyes on all occasions the most perfect and choice examples.

By dint of constant contemplation, Van Huysum appears to have discovered in flowers every aspect of insect life; but as he has taken care to make details always subordinate to the triumph of his bouquet, it is only by careful examination that we discover those little insects which surround the rose with a shining, singing, buzzing escort. The queen of flowers, however, is not the only one that rejoices in a court; the narcissus, the forget-me-not, the honeysuckle, receive within their calix the honey-bee; the Spanish jessmin has its parasites; and the more insignificant bell-flower has its winged ants and other satellites. The insects of our friend Van Huysum are almost as numerous as the flies which visit the strawberry-bed of

Bernadin de St. Pierre. "They were," says the latter, "distinguished one from the other by their colour, their shape, and their movements. There were some of golden, some of silver, some of bronze tint, some were spotted, some streaked, some blue, some green, some dark, some clear. Some had heads round like a turban, others long like the point of a nail; to some they looked like a point of black velvet, others they dazzled, as if they had been rubies." Such is this little world, and Van Huysum has given it life with as delicate a pencil as the pen of the poet. But he is not satisfied to raise a fly with its gauze wings on the clear ground of an apricot or other fruit; he further observes and studies, to enrich his work, the snail which crawls under the leaf of a raspberry-bush, the butterfly which flies around his vase, and the bright beetles, with their gold and copper hues. If we examine these beautiful bouquets, engraved by Eardom in mezzotint, we see admirably represented an insect which crawls timidly on a gooseberry branch, which serves as a junction between two peaches, like a bridge between two mountains upon a precipice. We often see the bullfinch making its nest at the feet of the bouquets of Van Huysum, and beside his little gray-spotted eggs are to be seen numerous rose-buds. Birds and flowers are about to burst forth together. Even to the very dew-drop is the painter accurate and admirable. He paints this little accessory with life in all its fresh transparency, and there stand trembling on a bunch of grapes, fresh, cool, and humid, in the pictures of Van Huysum, those liquid pearls which live but a fitful hour.

This may be a proper place to say a few words of mezzotint, alluded to above. Some writers have indicated, as the inventor of mezzotint engraving, the Prince Palatine Robert Rupert of Bavaria, nephew of Charles I. Others say that this prince was let into the secret by Louis de Siegen, an officer in the service of Hesse-Cassel, whose first work, published in 1643, was a bust of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth. The prince communicated the secret of De Siegen to Walleran Vaillant, a Flemish painter, and it was divulged by the indiscretion of some workmen. We shall return to this point.

It is generally known in what mezzotint differs from line engraving and aquatint. Instead of the engraver in aquatint and line using his point to form the dashes and the shades upon a polished plate which represents the lights, the engraver in mezzotint uses a particular instrument to produce the lights upon a granulated plate which represents the shadow. In other words, he spreads black on a white surface; the other distributes white on a black surface. The graining of the plate on which the engraver operates in mezzotint is obtained by means of a tool called a cradle. This tool, of a circular form, is armed with little, all-but-imperceptible teeth; it is moved over the surface of the plate in every way, so that the copper is covered with little asperities, which form the grains of which we speak. If the copper-plate thus prepared is placed in the press, there results a proof of a velvety black and of a perfectly even tint. This uniform black, obtained by a merely mechanical process, is the basis of the artist's work. After having traced his drawing, the engraver makes his lights and half-lights, wearing away the grain more or less with the scraper. These lights, the half-tints and the black furnished by the upper grain, compose the effect of *chiaro-oscuro*, which is necessary to produce the desired effect. The labour of the engraver in mezzotint consists not exactly in engraving the copper, but in destroying artistically what the workman has engraved with the cradle.

Mezzotint is more fit than any other style to represent phantoms, enchantments, artificial lights, like that of a lamp, a torch, fire—in a word, all kinds of night effects. Latrous also declares that this process is the best by which to render the effect of plants, fruits, flowers, vases of gold, silver, and crystal, armour, etc. But this is somewhat of an erroneous opinion, and is surprising in one who was himself so able in mezzotint. Fruits, flowers, precious vases, and armour—all objects distinguished by the rich variety of their surfaces, and which present such divers aspects—are much better re-

pressed in line engraving than in mezzotint. This is so true, that classical science has found a thousand ingenious ways of cutting copper to characterise each of these objects, and to have them recognised at the first glance—metallic and reflective bodies, as well as the satin surface of a flower, or its thorny stalk; the skin of an apricot, as well as the rough coat of a melon, or the tough skin of a pomegranate. While the one can easily represent the soft petals of the tulip, or the ruddy peach, mezzotint has not a grain to render all the other varied tints with energy and native softness.

The fact is, mezzotint, with its deep shades, its union of masses, and its bold demi-tints, suits fantastic subjects, subjects of sombre poetry, so familiar to the genius of Rembrandt; it is suited to moonlights by the melancholy Elzheimer, or night-scenes as understood by Schallhem and Gerard Douw. Certainly, if this style of engraving does not imitate solid bodies effectually, and render the apparent character of their substances, it is admirably adapted to the representation of rich hangings, of satins and velvets, and even of flesh; for the mezzotint engraver has not to fear that shiny effect which often renders the naked form unnatural in other engravings. In the reproduction of colours, this process easily gives almost inexpressible demi-tints, which made the Italians call the style *mezzo-tinto*, a name we have adopted instead of the *maniere noire* of the French. But still it must be confessed, that if mezzotint colours a scene more broadly and more naturally, it is not so easy to render in it the finer elements of the art. It offers less scope to the genius and power of the artist.

Another defect of this style is, that it does not last, that the plate soon wears out when in the press. William Gilpin says himself that you cannot obtain more than one hundred good proofs in mezzotint, the rubbing of the hand, and the press, having soon worn out work that has scarcely penetrated beyond the surface of the copper. "Nevertheless," says this writer, "if you constantly repair the plate, it may give four or five hundred proofs of a very tolerable character. The best impressions are not always the first; these are too black and too crude; the good ones begin from the fortieth to the sixtieth."

By a singular contradiction in the usual order of things, it happens that mezzotint produced its best results in the early days of the discovery, so that the first engraver in mezzotint was the ablest and the most justly celebrated. On this point many writers have disagreed with the canon of Salisbury, who asserts that this art has gone on progressing with the age, and who says that the masters of the eighteenth century are very far superior to the contemporaries of Prince Rupert. Even the very existence of pictures executed by Rupert is denied by Gilpin, who says distinctly, "As for the works of Prince Rupert, I know those that are positively proved to be by him; and those which are given out as his are executed in a hard, black, coarse, disagreeable style, which the masters who succeeded him imitated." This is an error to be regretted in a man of such eminence as Gilpin. A very eminent and graceful critic says, "In the first place, it is certain that the prince did engrave; and what more convincing proof can I give of this fact, than that his arms are attached, by way of signature, to the works he has executed, especially to that admirable picture of the Executioner who holds up the head of St. John, an engraving after Rebeira." These arms are found on the plate when it has been reduced, and nothing but the bust of the executioner remains. To such a decisive proof need we add the testimony of Bacon?

But without entering into a long analytical inquiry into the questions raised by Gilpin, we can by no means agree that the engravings are executed in the harsh, black, and disagreeable style which is ascribed to them by Gilpin. On the contrary, one length piece representing the "Executioner" appears to us to be a masterpiece in mezzotint; especially, if we examine it in fine proofs, such as are sometimes found in England, generally very superior to those found in the National Library of Paris, in this valuable and inexhaustible great department. In fact, it is from this very production that we learn what the full force of mezzotint is, when in the

hand of a master who knows how to remove its crudity, and to correct its natural difficulties by the boldness of his lights and shades, the suddenness of his transitions, and the proper use of his scraper. Thus treated, the engraving in mezzotint is a true picture, because to the tranquillity produced by broad and well-defined shadows it unites free and lively touches, masculine relief, and dashing touches which belong only to painters. These admirable attempts are difficult to reach in ordinary engraving, because the hand only touches the black, and is compelled to be chary of lights, instead of applying them with resolution and vigour, as you can in mezzotint, by energetic strokes and the careful use of the scraper. In other words, in ordinary engraving the whites are negative, and all the energy is in the shadows. In mezzotint, energy can as well be found in the touch of the deeper scratched lights as in the shadows, where softness is increased by aquatint.

"The character of Prince Rupert," says a somewhat partial historian, "is pictured fully in this fine engraving of the 'Executioner holding the head of St. John,' as boldly dashed off, as proud as the picture of the Espagnolet." In the midst of a refined court, as Horace Walpole says, Rupert looked like a rude artisan; but let us rather copy the portrait traced by the Tory Hamilton, and which Walpole himself cannot help quoting. "He was brave and valiant to a fault. His mind was subject to certain errors he would have been sorry to correct. His mind had been fertilised by experiments in mathematics, and by some study in chemistry. He was polite to excess when it was not required, while he was proud and even insolent when he should have been civil. He was tall and had a truculent look. His face was dry and hard when even he tried to soften its expression; when he was ill-humoured he looked like a demon."

Such was the man who rested from the fatigues of Naseby and Marston Moor, and from acts more than questionable, who fled from the fatigue of courts by giving himself up to an art of which he only knew the rudiments, and yet which he carried to perfection. If he really was the inventor of the mezzotint, as Horace Walpole affirms, it is curious to know how, according to this author, Rupert was brought to this discovery.

"Let us take the prince in his workshop," says Walpole, "covered with dirt, ill combed, and perhaps with a dirty shirt. On the day of which I speak, he certainly was not shaved and powdered to pay his court to Miss Hughes; for I speak of the time when he was living in retirement at Brussels, after his uncle's final catastrophe. Going out that day early in the morning, he remarked a sentry, who, at a certain distance from his post, was doing something to his gun.

"What are you doing?" said the prince.

"The soldier replied, that the dew which had fallen during the night had rusted his gun, and that he was scraping and cleaning it.

"The prince approached, and, examining it nearer, thought he saw something like a figure on the barrel, with innumerable little holes close to each other, like a damask work in silver or gold, and of which the soldier had engraven a part. Every one knows what an ordinary officer would have done in a similar case. If he had been a simple sprig of fashion, he would have scolded the young fellow and given him a shilling; but the 'genius fertile in experience,' drew from this simple accident the idea of mezzotint. From what he had seen, the prince concluded that the means were to be found of covering a plate of copper with a grain composed of fine asperities which would give, on being printed, a black proof; and that on scratching different parts, more or less, demi-tints and would be produced. He communicated this idea immediately to the painter Walleran Vaillant, and they set to work together. After numerous experiments, they invented a small roller with teeth like a rasp, which produced a grain on the copper; that is to say, the black background they were in search of; and on this background, scratched or rubbed as will, they easily found every gradation of light."

Such is Walpole's version. According to this, that Rupert invented mezzotint at the time he was

retirement at Brussels; that is to say, after the death of Charles I., and consequently after the year 1649. But we have seen before, that already an officer in the service of Hesse Cassel had published a mezzotint representing the portrait of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth, which picture bears the date of 1643. It is impossible, then, to admit that Rupert was the inventor of a process which a Bavarian officer found before him, unless we suppose, which is unlikely, that the prince knew nothing of the discovery of Louis of Siegen.

a small mezzotint engraving, representing a satyr, and then after taking a proof he finished it in another hour.

In France, mezzotint has never been a favourite style, either with painters or with the public. In England, however, it has been very popular, and many could be named who have given lustre and vogue to the style.

Van Huysum painted many flowers in water-colours, and they are his best, and those which at the present day fetch the largest sums, not only because of their rarity,



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

Horace Walpole, who in this instance simply put in order the manuscript of Virtue, assures us that he had the story from Kibbrow, who had it from the painter Evelyn. It is, however, well known that other writers have attributed the discovery to Sir Christopher Wren, who communicated it to Prince Rupert. However this may be, this style of engraving has many advantages. Independently of the poetry which it affords, on many subjects, mezzotint offers a more expeditious and on this point the painter Gerard de Lairesse tells us, printed in an hour, while walking in the garden.

but also because they so admirably represent the freshness and beauty of nature. As to his paintings in oil, they have all the qualities of a solid water-colour, and the faults of a painting on porcelain, fine and tempered, but slightly defective. They seem as if they were painted with water-colours on panels prepared with glue, and finished up in oil. The colours, still brilliant and unchangeable, show the extreme care he took to purify and to select them.

The landscapes of Van Huysum are highly esteemed by the Dutch, and they have been known to pay as dear for them as

even for his flowers. And yet these landscapes, to speak frankly, are but copies of Gusspre, imitations of Glauber, reminiscences of Poussin and Claude. Van Huysum lived at a time when the Dutch school was reverting to the foreign style. The naïve lovers of nature, the Karels, the Van der Veldes, the Paul Potters, even Ruysdael—those great painters to whom the sight of a shady hut, the humblest rill, and a few houses, sufficed to inspire a masterpiece—gave way to landscape-painters influenced by historical pre-occupations. The great Gerard de Lairesse, a learned master, "too literary to be a painter of the first order," had introduced into the

had to be rendered, produced, in these instances, insipid and cold pictures, which, despite all his talent, had neither the picturesque style of Berghem, nor the sylvan charm of Ruysdael, nor the grandeur of Gusspre and Gonsels. The only reason why the Dutch are so proud of a landscape of Van Huysum is, that their very rarity makes them precious and rarity is often more coveted than genius.

We must then, after all, come back to the bouquets of Van Huysum; and it really should suffice for an artist to be the greatest of flower-painters in his school, as great, indeed, as any. Even in fruits we must not wholly absolve him from



THE FISHERMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

simple pasturages of Holland the nymphs and demigods of Poussin. Ancient dryads came to visit the groves where before had only wandered the buxom and short-petticoated farmers' wives of Berghem. But this bastard classicism could never inspire the same enthusiasm, and win the same success, as the productions which emanated from the simple impressions of the masters. The natural consequence of his composing his landscapes merely from the study of old engravings (and he certainly knew nothing of the countries he attempted to paint) became evident. Van Huysum, who was so admirable, so warm, so exquisite, when a leaf or a flower

having been unsuccessful. Some of them resemble wax, and assume the polish of ivory. We must confess, in fact, that in this department of his art, Van Huysum is below David de Heem. His peaches are too firm, his prunes have "not a thirsty look," and his grapes are wanting in maturity, in golden hue, and in sunny warmth. He succeeds better in bunches of red currants, and the inside of

sparkling raisins, which excites the sight, to make the thirst.

Whether the subject was fruits or flowers

very fond of mixing them up). Van Huysum liked to paint his pictures on light grounds; and these are the favourites with amateurs. "There is no colour," says Lairese, "which does not look well upon white, though really the most sombre then look best." By keeping his background slightly gray, Van Huysum could easily display clear flowers there with vigorous tone; and he had, moreover, this advantage, that this neutral ground, being less luminous, gave a reflection to the dark models which were projected upon it.

Van Huysum had three brothers, who were distinguished in painting: Justus, who died at twenty-two, and who painted large and small battle-pieces with astonishing facility, and without models, with great genius and taste. Jacob, who died in London, used to copy the works of his brother so as to deceive even a practised eye. He also designed pictures himself, after nature, which are much esteemed. The third, named John, lived still in 1773, in the year that Deschamps published the fourth volume of the "Lives of Painters." Van Huysum died on the 8th of February, 1749, leaving three children; and though he received, during his lifetime, considerable sums of money for his pictures, he died poor.

"The high price of Van Huysum's pictures," says a French critic, "is accounted for in several ways. In the first place, their finish is exquisite, and it is a circumstance worth remarking, that amateurs pay according to the labour which a picture seems to have cost; then to their beauty, for it is certain that, in the special instance of flowers, Van Huysum never had a rival; in fine, to their rarity, for in all Europe we can scarcely find a hundred pictures altogether." The painter himself sold them at a high rate, and his principal purchasers, therefore, were such men as the Count de Merville, the Duke of Orleans, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse Cassel, the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector Palatine, and the Stadtholder.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses some of the finest of Van Huysums known to the world. They consist of landscapes, flowers, fruits, &c.; some rated as high as £480. Smith says:—"He attained to as high a degree of perfection in painting fruit and flowers as is likely that science will attain. His best works defy imitation; but there are skillful copies in existence, which closely resemble his works. His imitators were his brother Jacob Van Huysum, who devoted his time to study and copying his brother's pictures, in which he became very skillful. He died in London, 1748. He lived for some time with Lord Orford, and painted a number of pictures for him. Another was Herman Van der Myn, born at Amsterdam, 1684. He studied under Ernest Steven, and being attracted by the beauty of Van Huysum, began to copy him, succeeded well—and none have arrived at considerable eminence in this branch of art, but became anxious to distinguish himself in others—painted distance and portrait subjects; but was not prudent, and died in London, in poverty, 1741."

John Van Os, father and son, studied Van Huysum; the younger produced some brilliant pictures; two of them are in

the Royal Museum at the Hague. His other imitators were Wytward Hendricks, Harman Van Brussel, and John Linthorst.

The Marquis of Westminster has a fine picture, worth £260. It is a rich assemblage of fruit, consisting of purple and white grapes, a cut melon, peaches, plums, apricots, an open pomegranate, a bunch of filberts, a cracked walnut, currants, and raspberries, some of which are disposed in a basket, and the whole skillfully grouped on a marble table, mingled with a few flowers, consisting of the cock's-comb, the hollyhock, and the convolvulus. This picture gives evidence of a master hand in every detail; the effect of the whole is most exquisite.

In the Amsterdam Museum is a picture representing an elegant group of flowers, composed of roses, hyacinths, auriculas, anemones, disposed in a vase adorned with boys playing with a goat, placed on a marble slab, on which are a bird's nest with four eggs, and a pæony, some blue-bells, and a rose. Dated 1726, painted on a light ground.

There is another representing a fine collection of fruit, consisting of grapes, peaches, plums, apples, &c., and a vine branch and a sprig with raspberries on it, interspersed with a few flowers and insects.

In the Louvre is a very fine work—"A quantity of Fruit," piled indiscriminately on a marble table, consisting of grapes, peaches, and plums, amongst which are mingled an African marigold, hyacinths, and a cock's-comb. A basket of apricots is also on the table. It is on a light ground.

Another represents "A quantity of fine Fruit," consisting of melons, peaches, grapes, and plums, interspersed with flowers—white poppies, cock's-combs, and convolvuluses, grouped on a marble slab. In the background is a terra-cotta vase, adorned with Cupids.

In the Royal Gallery of Dresden is "A group of Flowers," consisting of red and white roses, irises, tulips, &c., tastefully arranged in a vase, standing on a marble slab, on which lies a chaffinch's nest with three eggs.

In the Royal Hermitage of St. Petersburg is the representation of "A beautiful Vase, embossed with Cupids," standing on a marble table, containing a rich assemblage of flowers, consisting of white, red, and yellow roses, auriculas, anemones, poppies, African marigolds, &c., upon the table. At the foot of the vase are a chaffinch's nest containing four eggs, a sprig of nasturtiums, and a full-blown rose. The background represents a park scene. Signed and dated 1722.

The companion to this is "A choice selection of Fruit," disposed in the most skillful manner on a marble table, amongst which may be enumerated clusters of grapes of different kinds, peaches, pomegranates, apricots, and plums; with these are tastefully mingled the white poppy, the scarlet lychnis, and the marigold. A bunch of red currants, a cracked walnut, and another in its shell, lie on the front of the table; and at the extremity of the group stands a handsome vase, adorned with nymphs, in which are a hollyhock, a rose, and other flowers.

'LA RENAISSANCE' (REVIVAL OF ART).

"LA RENAISSANCE" is a term which is now exclusively applied to the revival of art, the return to Greek and Roman ideas of beauty as displayed in the ancient statues, and the general diffusion of better taste in matters of art, which took place in the fifteenth century. It was in Italy, that mother and nurse of modern art, that this movement took its rise. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no painters there during the dark ages; not only history, but pictures still extant testify to the contrary; but they were hardly worthy of the name of artists. None of them were scholars, and they followed their calling rather as a trade than as a profession. Their art was a sort of stupid mechanism stupidly followed, in which nature was not even imitated, but distorted. This

state of things continued till the middle of the thirteenth century; and the first symptoms of a change appeared in the marked improvement of sculpture amongst the Tuscans. Byzantine rules had hitherto completely enchained the Italian artists, but they now turned from the works of the modern Greeks to those of their ancestors. There was in Italy a very good collection of ancient statuary, but it was not until now that they began to be studied. Niccola Pisano took the lead in this great work, and in various works, particularly bas-reliefs on the outsides of vessels and ornaments, showed the Italian artist how much still remained to be achieved. His associate, Andrea Pisano, was the founder of that great school which produced Orcagna, Donatello, and the celebrated

Ghiberti, the maker of the Florentine gates, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise. The improvement of sculpture was followed by that in mosaic, the school of which has existed in Rome so early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries; but for want of specimens for study, painting long remained in a more incomplete state than either of the foregoing branches of art. The revival in painting is due to Florence, and the genius which presided over it was Cinnabue. He appears to have learnt the art from some Greeks who had been invited to Florence, and painted in the chapel S. Maria Novella. The essential and fundamental principle of the Greek art, however, was a fixed and unalterable adherence to established rules, so that, every artist copying his master, no change, and consequently no improvement, could ever be effected. Cinnabue, however, like most other Italian artists, got the better of his Greek education, threw off the yoke, and went straight to nature for instruction. "But his talent," says Lanzi, "did not consist in the graceful. His Madonnas have no beauty; his angels in the same piece have all the same form. Wild as the age in which he lived, he succeeded admirably in heads full of character, especially in those of old men, impressing an indescribable degree of bold sublimity, which the moderns have not been able greatly to surpass. Vast and inventive in conception, he executed large compositions, and expressed them in grand proportions."

Giotto made another step in advance, by giving greater chasteness to symmetry, more pleasing effect to design, and greater softness to colouring. The meagre hands, the sharp-pointed feet, and staring eyes of the Greek style all disappeared under him. This gradual transition was due wholly to the study of the antique. It was to this that many of the greatest geniuses of Italy owed their development. In 1349 we find the Florentine painters, who had now become a numerous body, forming themselves into a fraternity, which they styled the Society of St. Luke. Many similar ones were formed in other parts of Italy, particularly at Venice and Bologna. Those associations, however, did not include painters alone, but were open to all who worked at the various trades requiring most skill and dexterity. Painting was not yet looked upon in the light of a liberal profession, but still the *esprit de corps* was growing up amongst those who practised it. Giotto's discovery of oil-painting, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, was the crowning step in advance. The rest was left to genius; and how nobly genius did its part, it is not necessary here to relate. The beginning of the sixteenth century was styled the Golden Age of Art, though much remained to be achieved.

It was not, however, until the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo that the Renaissance made its way beyond the Alps, and spread its blessings over France and the north of Europe generally. These great men belonged to what is called the Florentine school—a school which, though wanting in power of relief in drapery, in beauty, in grouping, as well as in many other points, yet always excelled in design. Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were its two great masters, and when they appeared they inaugurated a new era by pointing out the immutable characteristics and established laws of nature, thence deducing rules which their successors have since followed with great effect both at home and abroad. The history of the former of "these grand old masters" is a series of triumphs of the highest order, in which art seemed almost to have attained to perfection. We all remember the pleasing story, which illustrates so strikingly the splendour of the ideal to which he strove to attain, and the indomitable patience with which he laboured in pursuit of the great object of his ambition. He laboured for four years at a portrait of a Florentine lady named Mona Lisa, but was never able to complete it to his own satisfaction, and at last relinquished the attempt in despair. Francis I. of France saw at Milan one of the finest of his works, "The Last Supper," and endeavoured in vain to saw it from the wall. Failing in this, he invited the artist, now in his sixty-third year, to accompany him to Paris. Da Vinci complied, and although he no longer continued to follow his calling, his presence in the

French capital gave an impulse to French art, to which it is indebted for all its subsequent successes.

It is owing to this circumstance that a French artist, M. Landelle, in a painting, representing the Renaissance under a symbolical form, which he has this year exhibited at the Louvre, and an engraving of which we here supply, places him in so prominent a position amongst the authors and promoters of the Renaissance. This picture, which is to form part of the new decorations of the Louvre, contains several exaggerations and peculiarities of a former age. The artist has introduced into it all the characteristics of the sculpture, as well as of many of the paintings of the sixteenth century; the slender eyebrows, removed far from the pupils; the high forehead, the elegant, but almost disdainful features, all remind us of the proud beauties of the French court at that period. The length of the arms, legs, and fingers, and various other details, belong to a type well known to those who are familiar with the different schools and different epochs in the history of French and Italian art. These proportions, no doubt, give a certain air of nobility to the figure, but many of the artists of the Renaissance have exaggerated them, and M. Landelle has intentionally copied this exaggeration, in order to indicate the taste of the period, and give an appearance of chronological accuracy to his work. If we suppose the woman in this painting to stand up, it will be found that the different parts of her body are not in the proportion laid down by rule; for instance, her length will be greater than ten heads. But we must not characterise this as a fault, because it is in reality an historical trait. It was thus the artists of the time drew their women, as may be seen by an examination of any of their works in the palace at Fontainebleau. The huge mass of drapery is another characteristic also, which shows that the artist has been careful to avoid all appearance of anachronism, and the figure generally is distinguished by the dignity of the attitude, the elegance of the features, and the fineness of the outline.

At her feet are two little cherubs; one, resting on a medalion of Francis I., the great patron of the arts in France, raises his head, and contemplates the Renaissance apparently with unmixed satisfaction. This is the genius of the approaching good time, full of faith and hope, and gladly hailing the transformation then taking place in the arts. The child's head displays great feeling and power of thought and observation. Infantile simplicity and artlessness together with the intellect and forethought of a more advanced age breathe from every feature. The other cherub reclines in a sorrowing attitude, and with a very sad expression of countenance, against a beautiful enamelled vase. Though the character is not here so well marked as in the other figure, it is not difficult to perceive that this symbolises middle-age art,—Christian inspiration mourning over the triumph of pagan art and Græco-Roman traditions.

There is one man in England, however, whose distaste in matters of art are yearly acquiring additional force and authority, because he supports them by eloquence of penning brilliancy, by all the weight of personal conviction of no ordinary depth and fervour, and by a passionate devotion to the subject on which he writes—we need hardly say we mean Mr. Ruskin—who looks upon the Renaissance as an unmitigated calamity. Short as is the space in which we are compelled to notice the subject, in connexion with a work of art which has attracted considerable attention in the French capital, it would be unpardonable to pass from it without alluding to the views propounded regarding it by one whose study of it has been so profound. In his recently published work, "The Stones of Venice," treating of the various kinds of architecture which adorn the "City of the Sea," he bestows an unmixed praise upon those of the two first periods, Byzantine and the Gothic, and almost unmixed censure that of the latest—or, in other words, upon the art of the Renaissance; and so it, also, he assigns ugliness and deformity which meet our view in and public edifices. He draws glowing contrast between the rich quaint pictures

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

in Nuremberg and other old mediæval towns of the Continent, and the bald flimsiness of our present streets and squares. The fact is by everybody admitted, though there is a wide difference of opinion as to the cause; but on this we cannot dwell. As to the difference in the spirit which animated

morality, began to lose sight of Christ, and fix their thoughts more on themselves, and consequently to analyse instead of believing. It is a return to that early subservience of art to simple and undivided faith and undoubting hope—to make it a veritable form of worship, and not merely a source of amuse-



'LA RENAISSANCE'—SYMBOLICAL FIGURE BY M. CHARLES LANDELLE.

early Christian art, and that of the Renaissance, his statements, though not so lengthy, are certainly clearer; and according to him, the Renaissance owed its origin to the revived study of the ancient classics, of the works of the philosophers. The Christians, by exhibiting pagan

ment for *dilettanti* and connoisseurs—that Mr. Ruskin professes to admit. Judging from the wide difference in the *morale* of France and England, we suspect his views will make little way in the former country. The spirit of pure devotion is not there racy of the soil.

